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SPECIAL EDITION—30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MOTION PICTURE

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
MOTION PICTURE
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
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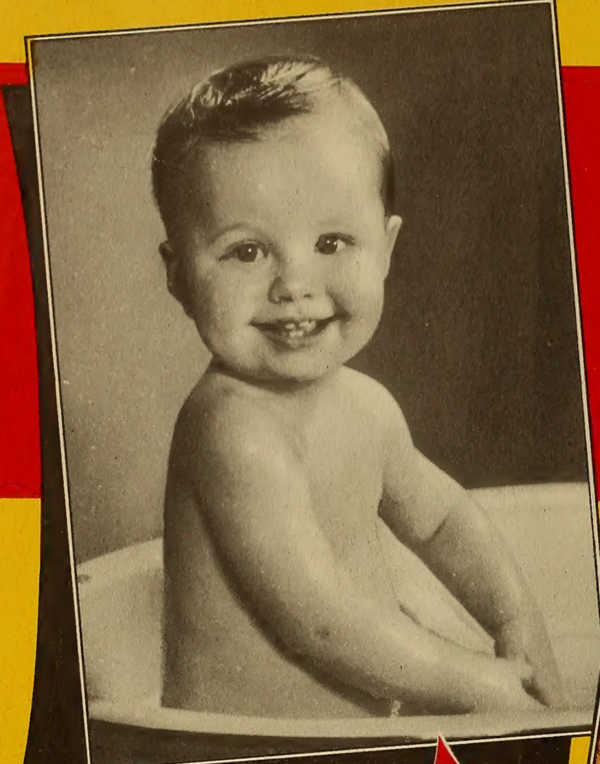

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Color of Eyes ....

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HE THOUGHT:

"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

54

Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest—the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! I *must* meet her at once!"

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.

POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly.* It may not mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—"the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.

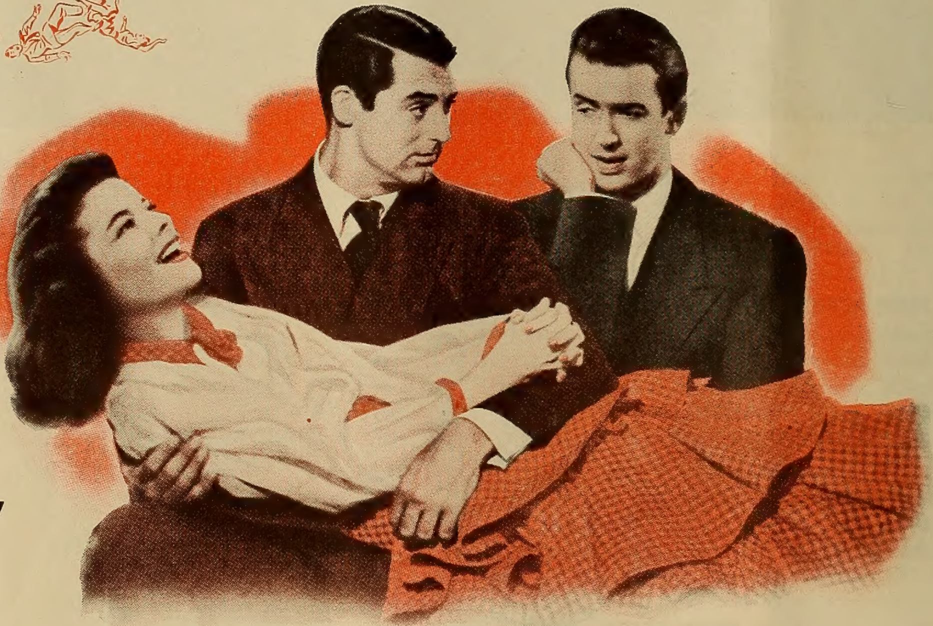
WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

4B2 Je16/42

Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing redhead who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind of goddess. *(Imagine!)* . . . And she was all set to marry a truly stuffy guy . . . when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow with many human frailties such as and and you-know-what. This time he brought with him a handsome reporter with candid camera and candid girl friend by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his Scandal sheet. So-o-o-o things got hotly mixed up. There was a midnight bathing party for two . . . and a fight . . . and a wedding . . . and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years . . . which should cause you to roll in the aisles with laughter



Cary
GRANT

Katharine
HEPBURN

James
STEWART

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry
Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • *Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ*
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's More About "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" in the Lion's Roar Column on page 5

MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LXI No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1941 Thirtieth Year

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LIONS ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. The 3R's

★ ★ ★ ★

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

★ ★ ★ ★

They were all Handsome. The 3H's

★ ★ ★ ★

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

★ ★ ★ ★

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Filadelphia. The 3F's

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

★ ★ ★ ★

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.

Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

★ ★ ★ ★

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story"

—*Leo*

SH-H-H!

Another *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 4

Fred's Best Yet..!
'Cause He's
Got Paulette!

FRED **ASTAIRE** • PAULETTE **GODDARD**

"SECOND CHORUS"

with **Artie Shaw** *and His Band*

Charles Butterworth • **Burgess Meredith**

Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter

THE PARAMOUNT SEAL IS YOUR SEAL OF ENTERTAINMENT THIS WINTER

YOU CAN TELL A PARAMOUNT PICTURE BY THE APPLAUSE!

Conrad's Great South Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD
in Joseph Conrad's
"VICTORY"
An Island Tale
with **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**
and **Jerome Cowan • Sig Rumann**
Directed by John Cromwell

The Year's Most Beautiful and Exciting Picture!

MADELEINE CARROLL • FRED MacMURRAY
in
"VIRGINIA"
(in Technicolor) with
Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick
Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee
Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Director Mitch ('Arise, My Love') Leisen Brings You First Drama of America's New Air Defense Forces!

"I WANTED WINGS"
starring
RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN
WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY
with **Constance Moore • Veronica Lake**
Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Paramount's Glamorous New Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE

LET DOWN BY MAKE-UP?..JUST

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!

INSTEAD of being discouraged and upset in your search for the one lipstick which suits you best...turn to Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. To *look* your *best*... you *must* "Be Yourself, Be Natural."

Tangee NATURAL, used with its matching Rouge and Tangee Face Powder, give complete make-up harmony. Orange in the stick—it changes, when applied, until your own most beautiful lip shade of tempting blush rose is produced.

And during winter Tangee's pure cream base helps prevent chapping and frees you from that dry, "drawn" feeling. Apply Tangee NATURAL and see how *long* it keeps your lips smooth and fresh.

TWO OTHER NEW TANGEE LIPSTICKS! Tangee RED-RED...one of the rarest, loveliest reds of them all—and Tangee THEATRICAL RED...a bright, daring vivid shade. Both are entirely different from Tangee Natural. They do not embody the *color change principle*—yet both have that famous smooth Tangee cream base.

TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name________ (Please Print)

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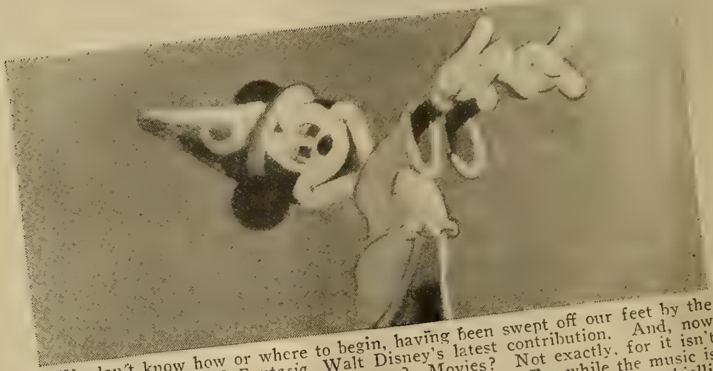
PICTURE PARADE

FANTASIA

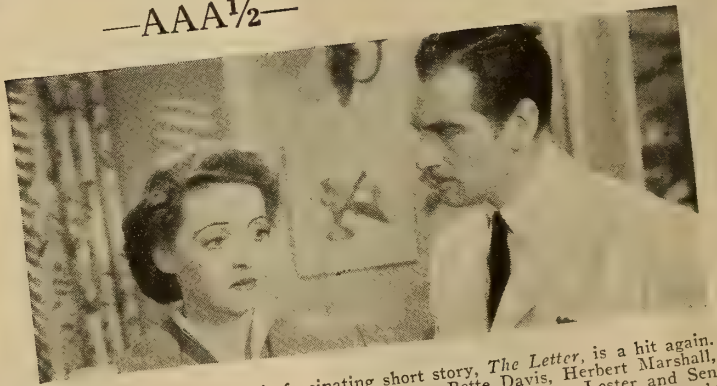
—AAA½—



We don't know how or where to begin, having been swept off our feet by the novelty and beauty of *Fantasia*, Walt Disney's latest contribution. And, now we're stuck. What is it a contribution to? Movies? Not exactly, for it isn't like any movie you've ever seen. Music? Yes and no. For while the music is magnificent—compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Dukas, Moussorgsky, Ponchielli, Schubert, Stravinsky and Tschaikowsky interpreted by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra—it isn't like any concert you may have heard, for it's music plus visual interpretation. So let's call it a new art and we can't go wrong for isn't it a combination of the two most popular arts—drawing and music? If you know your music well you may disagree with Disney's pictorial interpretations as taste and appreciation of music is a personal thing; but we don't think you'll have any arguments with the magic beauty of Disney's brilliant creation of characters—his fairies, fauns, cupids, centaurs, dragons, winged horses, monsters, skeletons and last but not least *Mickey Mouse*—the irresistible—as the *Sorcerer's Apprentice*.—*Walt Disney-RKO*.

THE LETTER

—AAA½—



W. Somerset Maugham's fascinating short story, *The Letter*, is a hit again. This time, thanks to director William Wyler, Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Gale Sondergaard, Bruce Lester and Sen Yung, among others. But mostly thanks to Bette Davis, for as Maugham's passionate murderess, *Leslie Crosbie*, it's almost entirely up to her. It's likely that you never saw *The Letter* or that you never read the story so let's review it. In the bright white light of a full Singapore moon *Leslie Crosbie* shoots *Jeoffrey Hammond* dead. Her motive, *Leslie* tells her husband *Robert* (Herbert Marshall) and her attorney *Howard Joyce* (James Stephenson) is that *Jeoffrey* made love to her and in self-defense she shot him. A good alibi if *Leslie* hadn't written *Jeoffrey* telling him that *Robert* would be away and demanding his visit, and if *Jeoffrey's* Eurasian wife (Gale Sondergaard) didn't know the value of that letter. Compromising his career, *Joyce* helps *Leslie* buy the letter and her freedom, but she can't buy her happiness and in the light of the next full moon there is another murder—by order of Will Hays.—*Warner*.

[*Continued on page* 79]

IT'S BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG
I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY LUX SOAP **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**. IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT THE LATHER IN...
RINSE WITH WARM WATER THEN A DASH OF COOL
PAT THE FACE LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW IT FEELS **SMOOTHER**, SOFTER!
LOVELY SKIN'S IMPORTANT TO **ROMANCE**. YOU'LL FIND THIS LUX SOAP CARE REALLY **WORKS**!
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—*right in your own home*

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give *your* skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—help you keep skin *smooth!*

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness

BE SMART...
BE AMERICAN!
Dress with
FIFTH AVENUE
Smartness
...yet **SAVE!**

FIFTH AVENUE has become the Style Center of the World...today American stylists create *the* authentic fashions! Through our "MAGAZINE OF FASHION," *you* can "shop Fifth Avenue," no matter how far away you are from New York—*you* can dress in the height of fashion, yet *save!*

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THE SMARTEST NEW SPRING FASHIONS

■ Our beautifully illustrated "MAGAZINE OF FASHION" for Spring brings the brilliant new American styles... our clever adaptations of the smartest Fifth Avenue fashions... right into your home, at a fraction of what you'd pay for the original models in the exclusive shops on the Avenue. Let us show you how to dress with Fifth Avenue smartness, yet well within your budget!

SEND FOR OUR "MAGAZINE OF FASHION" ...A GUIDE TO STYLE AND ECONOMY!

■ Select your *complete* Spring wardrobe from our "MAGAZINE OF FASHION." We offer a glamorous array of the newest frocks, suits, coats and wardrobe accessories, including the latest BETTY WALES FASHIONS, in far greater variety than you could hope to find in any one shop!

■ *Save time and effort* by "shopping" direct with us, and *save money, too!* We offer outstanding values in everything that you'll need for your Spring wardrobe.

SEND TODAY FOR OUR "MAGAZINE OF FASHION" —IT'S FREE!

WE HAVE A BUDGET PAYMENT PLAN FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc.
71 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 81, New York, N. Y.
Send me, FREE, *your Spring* "MAGAZINE OF FASHION"

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________State__________

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Deanna Durbin who lately turned 19 has convinced everybody from family to studio biggies that it's love between her and Vaughn Paul—and not a puppy affair. Odds are against an elopement but rather a Hollywood wedding with fancy trimmings

and talking things over—and it'll be months before their divorce decree is final. The odds are pretty good that Perc and Gloria will tear up their interlocutory any day, now, and try double harness again.

■

THIS Raymond (*Baker's Wife*) Hakim manages to get around. Helen Del Valle and Simone Simon are just two of the girls he's been hotspotting it with.

You can learn a lot from these French pictures, huh?

WHAT Rand Brooks wants to know is: where does this story come from about there being an oversupply of beautiful girls and an undersupply of eligible young bachelors around Hollywood?

Seems that Rand tried to get a date, the other night, for a party. He thought it'd be a cinch, what with so many girls on the loose—so he waited until the eleventh hour before calling up the honeys. And so what?—so he called up girl after girl, and found 'em all busy. He tried at least twenty

—*Mark Stagg*

There's nothing serious here in a love way between Linda Darnell and Mickey Rooney. Linda has boy friend back home in Texas, and Mickey likes most all the girls

before he gave up, and stagged it to the party. But was that a break for Rand! uh-huh, on account of at the party he discovered June Storey, who'd also come alone—and now they're off in a cloud of steam.

■

MISCHA AUER, whose wife won a divorce, is all ajitter over Barbara Elliott. Will she be Mrs. A. No. 2?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wayne Morris and pretty Pat Stewart—
Looks like Cupid's got 'em well skewered!

■

MAUREEN O'HARA is SOOOOoooo annoyed because the gossips have been teaming her with John Shelton. Don't they know she's STILL married, is what she wants to know . . .?

Sure, honey, sure. But this IS Hollywood.

■

IN HOLLYWOOD, you can lay 10 to 1 on the verity of the ancient adage: "Where there's smoke, there must be fire."

For weeks, even for months, there've been rumors smoking around town that all wasn't well between Myrna Loy and Hubby Arthur Hornblow. Your Ol' Tattler has slipped you the tip on this, more'n once. But always, Myrna and Arthur have denied and denied and denied and denied. . . .

BUT—they've stopped denying.

"With great reluctance," Myrna just announced (or, rather, let her lawyer announce) that their marriage has gone the usual Hollywood way.

By the time you read this, Myrna's divorce suit should be on file in court . . . Most unhollywoodishly-gallant crack of the whole thing is Hornblow's comment:

"This STILL leaves Myrna the loveliest woman in the world."

Bravo, Arthur; bravo!

■

GOODBYE to romance for Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye, the man she said she was going to marry.

■

HEDY LAMARR, who denies oh-so-earnestly that there is any thought of romance in that pretty head of hers, goes about proving it in an oddish sort of way. Tete-a-teteing with John Howard—and now it's Woolly (why don't they call him Wild and Woolly) Donahue who's paying court.

Never mind all that talk about your heart being all for your adopted youngster, Hedy. You're just too ooooooooooh!

CUTEST romance in town continues to be the Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul marriage-approach. Deanna's just turned 19, you know (or did you?) and it's a cinch that inasmuch as she still feels this way about Vaughn, and thereby has convinced everybody from family to studio biggies that it's really loooooove, and not just a puppy affair, that all those concerned will give their blessings before long.

Odds are against any elopement for these two. It'll be a real Hollywood wedding, in all probability, with all the fancy trimmings.

■

HOLLYWOOD got all excited because Bob Preston, who's married to Kay Feltus, was being seen around the nite-spots with a red-head. . . .!

Answer: it was just Kay, with her hair dyed.

■

AT LAST, at l-a-s-t, at LAST—Steffi Duna is married. Uh-huh—her true name is Mrs. Flanagan, now. Yes, FLANAGAN—but don't let that confuse you. Flanagan is the real name of Dennis O'Keefe, who's been carrying on one of the longest and most faithful twosomes that ever led up to a Hollywood wedding.

Steffi used to be John Carroll's wife, you know—and O'Keefe used to be married too, to Louise Stanley (of Addison Randall fame). But even though they've each made a flop of their previous marriage, they seem to be taking this one seriously—for the wire

[*Continued on page* 17]

Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps helps Women Everywhere to a Lovelier Skin!

"I'm just thrilled by new Camay," writes Mrs. J. W. Carlisle, Boston, Mass. "My skin has always seemed rather sensitive, but new Camay is so wonderfully mild that it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. I know women who feel they have sensitive skin will be grateful for new Camay!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!

"I'm telling all my friends about new Camay!" says Mrs. A. L. Valery, New Rochelle, N. Y. "It's so mild and gentle it's just perfect for my skin!"

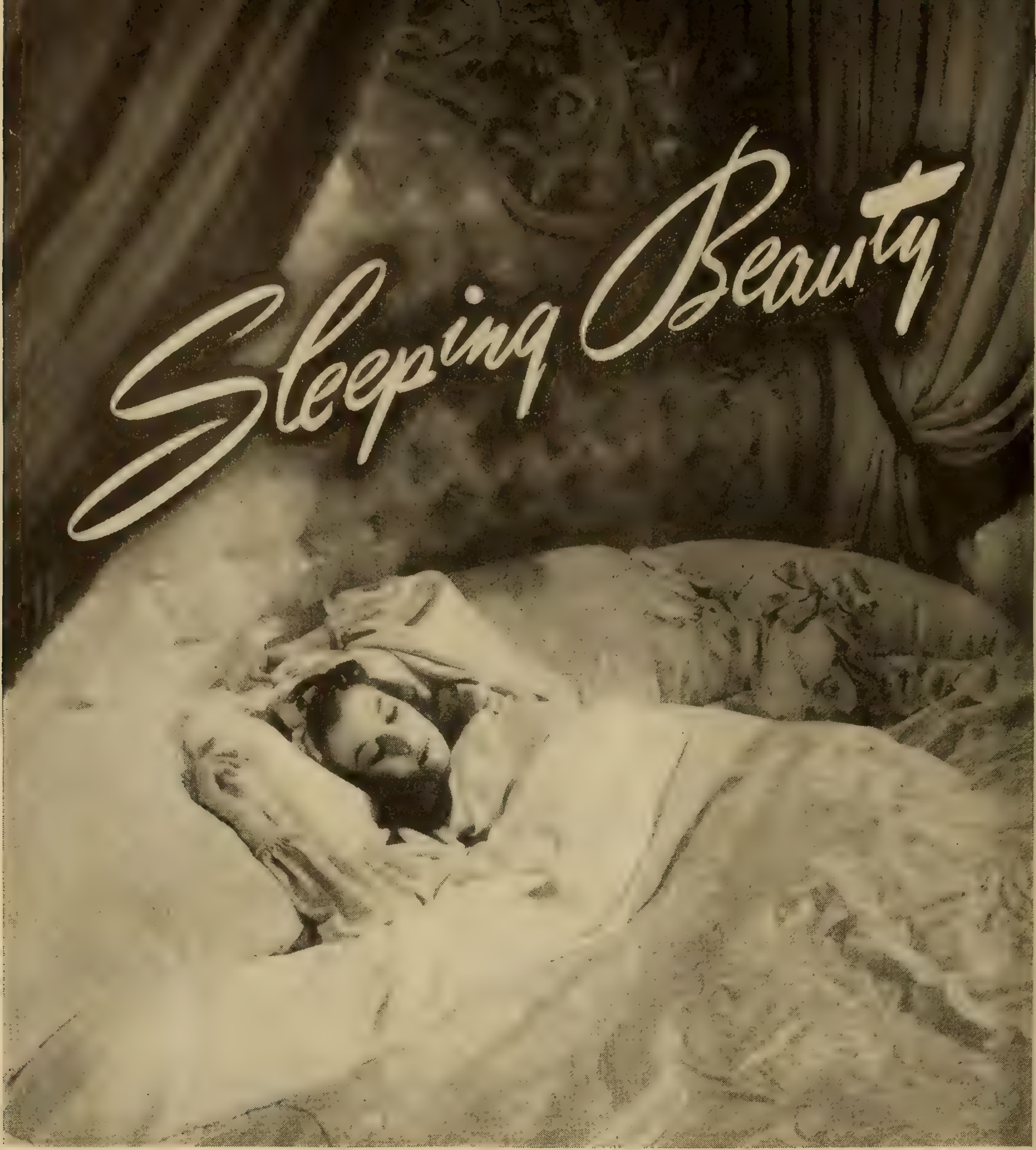
Everywhere women are turning to this wonderful new Camay to help them in their search for greater loveliness! They're thrilled to find a beauty soap milder than other leading beauty soaps they have known.

We proved Camay's greater mildness by tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find. Proved, too, that Camay gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If like many beautiful women your skin seems sensitive, let regular cleansing with this milder beauty soap help you to loveliness!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Sleeping Beauty



VIVIEN LEIGH, OUR SLEEPING BEAUTY, KNOWS THAT BEAUTY IS MADE AT NIGHT AND FOLLOWS A BEDTIME GLAMOR ROUTINE NIGHTLY. TO BE A DREAM GIRL FOLLOW SUIT

By DENISE CAINE

IN ALMOST every one of us there is a sleeping beauty just waiting to be brought to the surface, a latent loveliness that will help to make us the *femmes fatales* we've longed to be. We all know what wonders daytime beauty tricks of make-up can work—how a dash of lipstick will bring out the provocative curves of a pretty mouth, how a touch of mascara or eyeshadow will make eyes lovelier, or how a dusting of the right shade of face powder will dull the shine on your turned up nose, and make it look twice as pert and cute as before. But do *you* stop to think that proper facial care at bedtime will make your skin finer and clearer—not only the next morning—but every day? That the same one hundred brush strokes Grandmother and Mother used will make your hair a shining frame for your face?

The beauty routine you go through at night is twice as beneficial as the same routine followed in daylight hours. Why? Because it goes on working while you're asleep. Not only do the creams, astringents and hair tonics you use have a longer period in which to take effect—they have a relaxed body to work on, too. During the day you're all tied up in knots over this business of living; you smear a bit of cold cream on your face, and wipe it off immediately—walking around the room and grimacing at yourself in the mirror the while. That's no way to use cream of any kind. Cleansing creams should be allowed to melt on the skin for five minutes, so they'll mix with the dirt and take more of it away with them; lubricating creams can get in all their benefits in twenty minutes—but they need that much

[*Continued on page* 68]

ARE YOU HIS DREAM GIRL?

Denise Caine's Bedtime Beauty Hints will help make you lovely enough to be one! Write her for special advice on your skin, hair and make-up problems, too. The only charge for this service is a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope sent with your letter. Be sure to address Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 15]

they sent to a friend, right after their Phoenix, Arizona, wedding, read simply: "Let no man put asunder."

■

SLAPSIE MAXIE ROSENBLOOM says that marriage CAN last in Hollywood. He just celebrated his first anniversary by giving wifie a set of diamond-and-ruby clips, yet!

(He ought to give her a medal, too!)

■

CUPID'S UNCOUPLET: Balanchine, and Wifie Zorina— Lately he hasn't even sina!

■

WELL, while Georgie Brent was buzzing about her, Bette Davis wasn't even suspected of carrying on some sort of secret romance with that young feller Harmon Nelson, whom she used to be married to . . .! But now —now that George is all wound up with Annie Sheridan—Bette confesses that well, maybe she and Harmon (she still calls him "Ham") may try a retake on matrimony.

On her recent New York trip, Bette saw Nelson more often than you'd guess. They talked things over, and they learned that it isn't all ice and sub-zero temperature. They even got to the hand-holding stage! And Bette frankly admits that reconciliation isn't at all impossible—"but we want to be sure everything will really work out before we try it."

■

GARSON KANIN really would just love to marry Katie Hepburn—but he's talking himself out of any chance he may ever have had. Not that Katie doesn't really like the lad—but Hepburn is not the one to do much talking, or to have anybody else do talking for or about her. Kanin is sooooo uncontrollably excited over her. In New York recently he told the press—"nothing to it."

■

SO NOW Lupe Velez is Mrs. Big Boy Williams. My oh my oh my oh my oh my oh my oh my . . . . !!!!!! —and how Gary Cooper and Johnny Weissmuller must be laffin!

■

TO MARTHA RAYE, it seems, "a Rose by any other name would be as sweet"— anyway, now that she's free from Dave Rose, her current heartbeat is New Yorker Terry Rose.

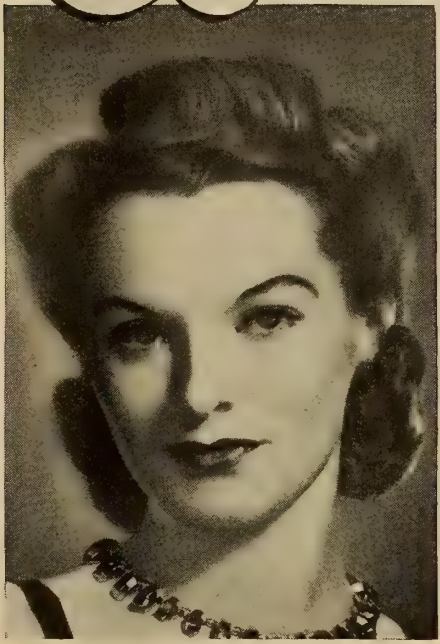
■

THOSE Barrymores are always good for an item, here—even though there's no sense to it. This time,

[*Continued on page* 87]

Spotlight THE BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR —says EMILE, of Rockefeller Plaza

Coiffure by Emile, Rockefeller Plaza, New York—one of America's foremost hairstylists. Courtesy National Artists Bureau.



Illustrates soap-washed hair

Illustrates Drene-washed hair

Tests Against Finest Soaps Prove Drene Reveals Up To

33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

LOOK once more at the two photographs above. Wouldn't it be thrilling to see such a change take place in your hair? For it to lose that dull, drab look! For sparkling highlights to come dancing out with richer, warmer color-tones revealed!

Then remember, please, that these photographs were made under exactly the same lighting conditions and that they truthfully illustrate the actual difference between soap-washed hair and Drene-washed hair.

A single shampoo with Drene can bring out beauty you'd never suspect was hidden in your hair! Leave your hair shining with up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance than when washed with soap! And with an alluringly smoother, silkier feel!

What's the magic? Simply this. Drene is not just a soap—it's amazingly *different!* Its exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient *does not* combine with minerals in water—as all soaps and most prepared shampoos do—to form dull, beauty-hiding film (bath-tub ring). Even though you may not know this dulling film is there, it leaves your hair with a drab, off-color look.

After Drene your hair *glows*—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse.

Moreover, Drene routs loose dandruff completely. Its amazing lather sweeps away every fleck of scaly, loose dandruff, dirt and dust.

And Drene is *economical.* Because Drene makes 5 times as much lather as soap in hardest water, one tablespoonful is enough for an exhilarating shampoo with two rich sudsings.

Get Drene at any drug, department or 10¢ store—or ask your beauty operator to use it. Try it—and thrill to the new-found lustre, color and beauty it reveals in your hair!

***Scientific lustre-meter tests** at Procter & Gamble experimental beauty shop prove that hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.

MANY FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USE DRENE, INCLUDING:

Burton Skiles Hairstylists
Hollywood

Octave's of the Clift Hotel
San Francisco

Condos, Chicago

Filene's, Boston

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of that *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

TITIAN: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of bringing out its reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

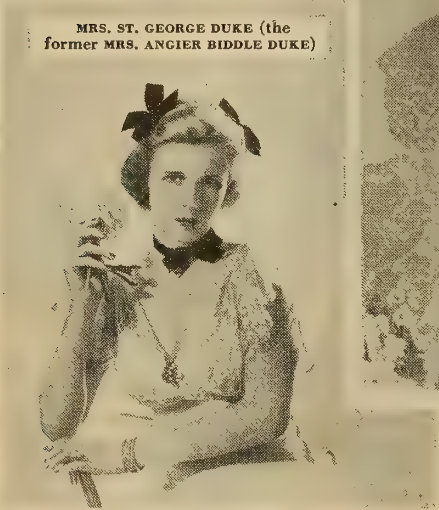
SPECIAL — for normal or dry hair REGULAR — for oily hair

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.
(FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(the former MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)


MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE (the
former MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE)

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*-clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippy cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. **Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 6-CVB, Clinton, Conn.**

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual

CATCHING UP WITH CARY

By ROGER CARROLL

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE UNPREDICTABLE CARY GRANT IS UP TO NOW, HOP ABOARD, WE'RE GOING THAT WAY

IT'S too bad Cary Grant didn't grow up in America and play college football. He would have been a sensation as a broken-field runner. No man alive can change his pace more unexpectedly.

Consider his 1940 record. He started the year hilariously, doing *My Favorite Wife* with Irene Dunne. Then, completely reversing his field, he swung over to serious historical drama: *The Howards of Virginia.* Next, pivoting sharply in another direction, he became one of Katharine Hepburn's three suitors in that devastating portrait of a willful wench: *The Philadelphia Story.* Now—well, we went around to the set of *Penny Serenade* to find out what he's up to now.

"Do you mean on the screen, or off the screen?" he asked, with a wary, sidelong look. "Because," he added cheerfully, "if you mean off the screen, it's none of your business!"

Good old Cary, The Interviewers' Delight! He always makes it so dismayingly clear that he isn't answering any questions about the private life of C. Grant, Esq.

Lying in our teeth, we said we weren't interested in his private life. We were there to find out what made him so unpredictable *on* the screen.

For example, he and Irene Dunne were together again, but *Penny Serenade* wasn't a comedy, like *My Favorite Wife.*

"That's right," Cary admitted. "Irene and I sit here and worry a half-hour a day, regularly, about the people who are laughing already, in anticipation of another mad marital mix-up.

"They're going to get chances to laugh," he hastened to say. "But the concentration isn't on laughs. The concentration is on human drama. There isn't any other man, and there isn't any other woman. We're married, and that's that. The story is a story about the trials and tribulations of two ordinary people, the pitfalls they find in marriage. Pitfalls brought on by such things as the adoption of a baby, and the loss of their money, and the husband's inability to make a steady livelihood. Things that might happen in any marriage.

"It's told in a little different way. You know how you associate certain pieces of music with certain events in your life? Well, the picture opens with Irene on the verge of leaving me. She's pretty unhappy about all the trouble we've had, and the fact that she has never had the sense of security that a lot of wives have. In her moodiness, she starts playing some phonograph records we've accumulated together. The first one reminds her of the time we met. There's a fade-out to our meeting and our falling in love. As the story progresses, the stack of records keeps going down, until finally they've all been played—and she realizes, after reliving her memories, that she has had one thing every woman doesn't have. Love.

"We're pretty enthused about it," he said. "It's a good story. And the best thing about it is that it's completely different from *My Favorite Wife.* That's why we're doing it.

"We aren't just being contrary. We're just trying to keep the customers happy. After *My Favorite Wife,* they said they wanted to see us together again. But they wouldn't be happy if they spent their good money to see us do the same thing right over. Variety is the spice of entertainment."

CARY looked out through the doorway of his portable dressing room to where electricians were arranging lights for the next scene. The set was the interior of a Japanese house, with the skyline of Tokyo [*Continued on page* 53]

WILL THE CHAPLINS DIVORCE? CHARLIE AND PAULETTE SAY

NO!

IN AN EXCLUSIVE
TRANSCONTINENTAL
INTERVIEW
WITH

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

One of Chaplin's greatest joys is his yacht, the *Panacea*. The master and his mate, Paulette Goddard, opposite page, are accompanied by Charlie's older son, Charles, Jr. on one of their sailing sprees. Above, the Chaplins with their pet Doberman Pinscher during a visit to Louella O. Parsons' (right) beautiful country place, Marsons Farm

No sooner had Charles Spencer Chaplin introduced Paulette Goddard as his wife, during the New York premiere of his latest picture, *The Great Dictator*, than a tidal wave of divorce rumors swept the country. We decided to get to the bottom of this gossip and called upon Hollywood's best authority, Louella O. Parsons, who was appearing then at Loew's State in New York, to get the answers from the stars themselves. Being a good newspaperwoman, Miss Parsons didn't fail us and here's her story which she got straight from Charlie and Paulette.—Editor's note.

"I HAVE no intention of divorcing Paulette Goddard," said Charlie Chaplin. "No such thought has ever entered my head."

That was Charlie's answer when I told him that all New York was buzzing with rumors that his marriage with Paulette was about to be dissolved by mutual consent, and asked him whether it was true that he planned once more to seek his marital freedom.

He was emphatic in his denial and said, "Louella, if you are a betting woman, you can wager all you have in the world that Paulette and I are not separating."

When I telephoned Paulette long distance, she was entertaining H. G. Wells, the brilliant novelist, at the Chaplin home atop a hill in Beverly Hills. Paulette was filled with the happiness of having a man of Wells' intellect as a house guest and she told me of all the good times she had been having, and the many offers she had received to make pictures.

"Are you going to Mexico to divorce Charlie?" I asked her, when I could get a word in. "What," she fairly shrieked, "are you serious? Charlie is coming home a little later and divorce has never entered my mind. I suppose now that Mr. Wells is here and Charlie can't get home, there will be more scandal.

"You know," said Paulette, "I never discuss my private life with anyone." "Well, you're discussing it with me," I told her, "and I'm a reporter." Then she laughed and said: "I tell you more than I would anybody else in the world whether you are a reporter or not. But honestly and truly, all this is just gossip. You know our life. Charlie has completely unorthodox ideas and in order to accept them, I must live my own life. That is the only way we can be happy."

I don't know of anyone in the world who hates more to talk about his domestic life than Charlie, who will discuss any other subject under the sun from Schopenhauer to his favorite breakfast food, always with a charm that is typical of Chaplin. Yet touch on his marital troubles and he will go into his shell and change the subject.

I have known Charlie for twenty-five years, ever since he married Mildred Harris, a beautiful seventeen-year-old child who had no more business being the wife of a moody intellectual like Chaplin, than the funny paper *Blondie* would have, being

Although the Chaplins deny having domestic troubles the rumors still persist. That's why we recommend they take a trip on the *Panacea*, like the one above. You know Panacea means cure-all and that surely should remedy whatever's wrong with domestic life of the Chaplins

Mrs. Einstein. Mismated and unhappy, the marriage between Mildred and Charlie ended on a note of tragedy when their son was born dead.

His second marriage to Lita Grey Chaplin, also in her 'teens, was another ill-fated match though the bitterness of that strange union has settled into just a memory—with Lita now appreciating Charlie and what he tried to do for her.

Charlie never would talk about Mildred Harris nor would he discuss his affairs when he and Lita Grey came to the parting of the ways, so I suppose my question about Paulette came as a surprise.

"You can say for me, Louella," said Charlie, "that I am too busy with the success of my picture, *The Great Dictator,* to worry about any gossip. You ought to know me well enough," he went on, "to know that nothing in my life is of such interest to me as the way the public receives my picture."

Had that remark come from any other husband in filmland, you could have laid it at the door of indifference. But, knowing Charlie, and that no woman in the world could take his entire attention, it seemed to me a perfectly natural reply.

Charlie again is in the limelight. He is enjoying the excitement of success. Once again people are calling him a genius, and it's the very breath of life to him. Nothing, so long as he has success, can ever really threaten Charlie's peace of mind.

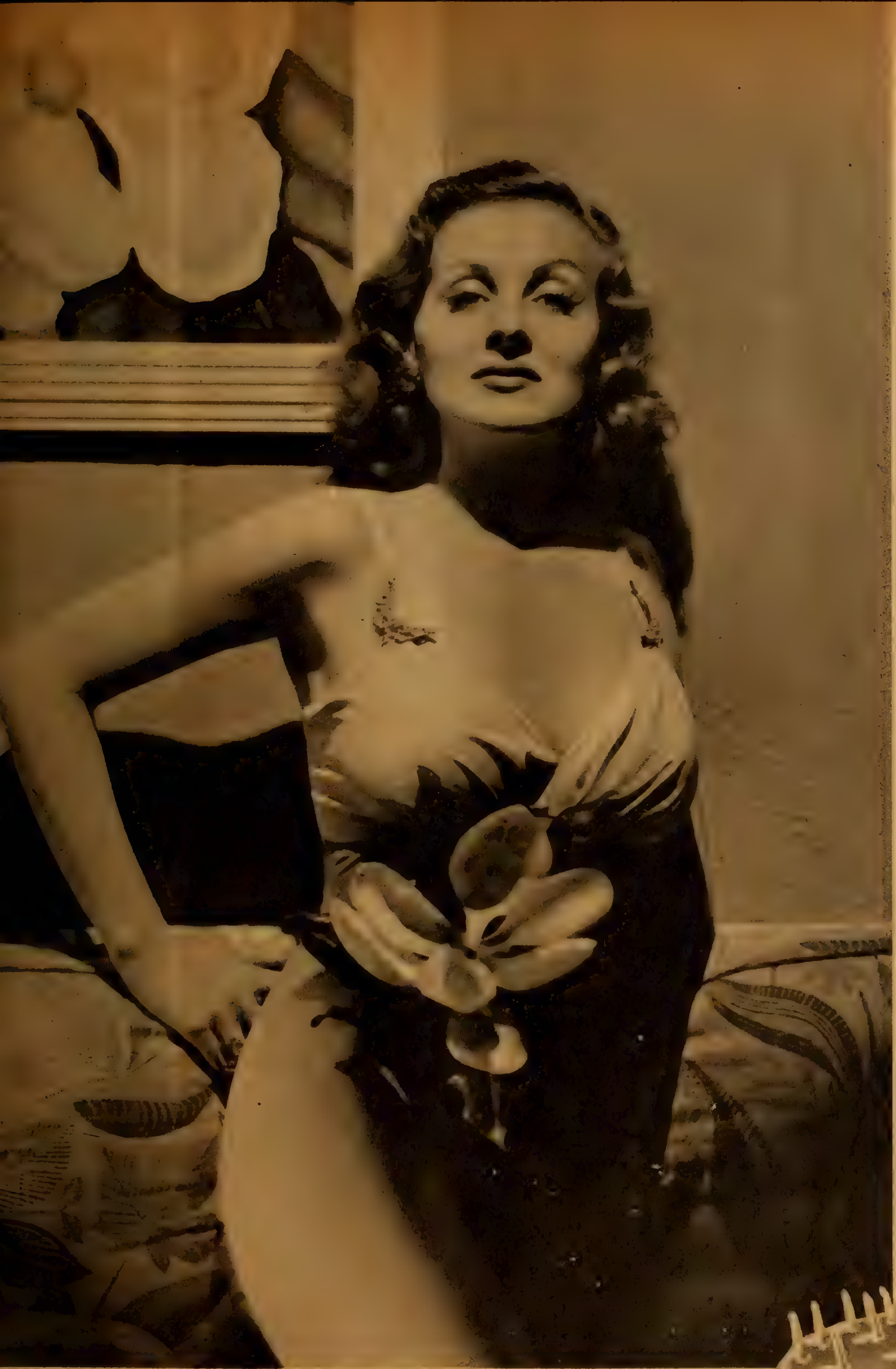
Curiously enough, Paulette is much the same way. Their marriage has been based on complete unconventionality. In Hollywood and New York there was buzz, buzz, buzz, at the time Paulette went to Mexico City. Everybody was buzzing, that is, everybody but Charlie. He knew where Paulette was and it was all right with him. He couldn't understand why everyone was so concerned.

While I haven't known Paulette as many years as I have Charlie, I know she has always had much the same ideas. What people think of her never bothers her so long as she is right with herself. When the whole world was talking and wondering why she and Charlie didn't announce their marriage, it never gave Paulette any concern. She had a stock answer for every reporter: "I never discuss my private life."

WHEN Charlie finally came to Marsons Farm and introduced her as his wife and Paulette whispered, "We were married in Canton, China, in 1936," I said: "Why did you keep it secret?"

"I'll tell you why," she said. "I do not mind telling you that when we were first married I did not think our marriage had any chance of succeeding. I wanted to be sure that we would remain together before we announced it. Then, as the days went on, it didn't seem the time to

[*Continued on page* 73]



1941
MOTION PICTURE
30th Anniversary

CONSTANCE MOORE

Constance, soaring to stardom in *I Wanted Wings,* was selected by jury of ace illustrators as nation's typical American girl. Iowa born, Texas raised, nationally admired

WHAT IT MEANT TO BE A STAR IN 1911

By
GLADYS
HALL

Maurice Costello was first movie star—the Gable of 1911. Still in films playing extra roles now. Photo reproduced from portrait page in very first issue of MOTION PICTURE, Feb., 1911

HE PUNCHED the time-clock on the Paramount set of *Lady Eve,* starring Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. Barbara and Henry passed him as he stood there. They did not know him. He is an extra. A "dress" extra, to be sure, but only a voiceless face in the crowd, for all that . . . an *extra,* I thought, a clutch in my throat, remembering him in his glory, the *Sidney Carton* of *A Tale of Two Cities,* the star of *Les Miserables, Through the Darkness,* and hundreds of history-making others.

Costello, an extra, *Maurice Costello,* the First Star, the greatest of the stars of thirty years ago, the Clark Gable of the dear, dead days beyond recall. *How* "beyond recall" he demonstrated in heartbreaking pantomime when he punched that servile clock. No scene he ever played in silent pictures, I thought, could touch that for drama and pathos.

A kind of ghost, I thought, these former greats who return to haunt the medium of their one-time fame in the impersonal forms of extras . . . and around him, almost as tangible, I seemed to see the shadows of other stars of the Yesterdays . . . Florence Turner, Carlyle Blackwell, Mary Fuller, King Baggot, Edith Storey, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, Marguerite Courtot, Flora Finch and John Bunny, "Broncho" Billy Anderson, Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Johnson, Guy Coombs . . . legions who were loved and are now dead, in fact or in effect . . .

Maurice Costello's famous curly hair is snow-white now, [*Continued on page* 58]

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A STAR IN 194

"IF ANYONE ever writes one of those post-mortems about me," Clark said, laughing, "I hope they'll say, 'Luck was with him—and he knew it!'

"That's how it feels to be a star in 1941—*lucky*. It's the fourth largest industry in the world, this one I'm in. It's intensely competitive, it depends wholly on public favor, said to be variable, it's staffed with the best actors, the best-looking guys and the most beautiful women in the world. You hold your head above that kind of competition and, brother, first of all you're lucky and you *better* know it!

"But it's Big Business, too, nowadays. You can't kick it around. You've got to keep your head above water and, at the same time, keep your dogs on the ground. Or else. . . .

"How'd I become a star? How'd I get in? Sister, it's a long and twice-told tale. But for those who don't know or don't remember, I began via the extra route. Unlike Maurice Costello, I didn't have any year's contract in my pocket the first day I walked into a studio—I had a dime in my pocket. And no one asked me to lend my kisser to the camera, either. I didn't 'condescend' to play in a 'galloping tintype,' because it was off-screen on the stage or to oblige a friend. I wanted to oblige my stomach. I got me a day's work as an extra because I wanted to eat.

"Yeah, ma'am, it was 'eating money' that pulled me into a studio. That five bucks for my day's work set me up at Happy Joe's for two weeks. That's where I ate. Because you could get the biggest piece of meat in California at Happy Joe's for 35 cents. I don't feel any differently now, about eating. I still like to get the biggest piece of meat in California, as reasonably as possible!

"There have [*Continued on page* 64]

Gable who was once an extra, is the Costello of Today. He tells how it feels to be a 1941 star as compared to stars of galloping tintypes. Competition's keener now, stars are wiser, save money

WHO'S WHOSE

By JAMES REID

AGAIN MOTION PICTURE PRESENTS THE DATA YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD AND SEE WHO HAS BELONGED (OR BELONGS) TO WHOM IN HOLLYWOOD'S TOP "200" LOVE-MAKERS

NEARLY three years ago, MOTION PICTURE published the first complete directory of Hollywood's romances, entitled "Who's Whose in Hollywood." It settled all those questions about who was married, and when, and who was single, and who was in love with whom.

But three years are a long time in Hollywood. Long enough for countless changes to occur. Stars have left the screen, new stars have arrived, and Cupid has called for a number of re-deals.

It's time to bring Hollywood romance up-to-date.

Last time, we covered the 400 top Hollywood names, including character actors and actresses who weren't known for their sex appeal. This time, we're listing only the 200 who do most of the movie love-making—ranging all the way from Victor McLaglen to Deanna Durbin. You will get an idea of what they know about love in person.

Here, pithily, is the lowdown about Hollywood's lovers.—*Editor's Note.*

AHERNE, BRIAN—Fell in love with Joan Fontaine even before she made *Rebecca.* Has been making her happy since August 27, 1939.

ALBERT, EDDIE—Rumored wed pre-Hollywood. Left marriage question blank on studio questionnaire. Since Jane Bryan eloped with someone else, Eddie has been playing the field.

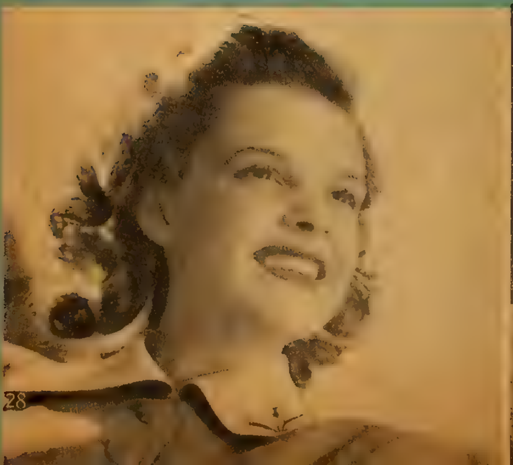
AMECHE, DON—One of Hollywood's great lovers. Has four sons: Donnie, Ronnie, Tommy and Lonnie. Mrs. A—since Nov. 26, 1932—is the former Honore Prendergast. To get a girl, they're thinking of adopting one.

ARLEN, RICHARD—Has grown-up daughter by early first marriage, a 7-year-old son by second marriage—to Jobyna

Rita Hayworth promised her father not to marry until 21, but eloped at 18—on May 30, 1939—with E. S. Judson, wealthy oil man. No rifts. Everything peaceful

Many girls would like to capture Robert Stack, wealthy socialite actor. Played the field for time. Allegedly has ideas about marrying starlet Mary Beth Hughes

Judy Garland is no longer a child, has romantic ideas. People try to keep her from eloping with Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex. This romance looks serious



Strong silent man Randolph Scott hasn't anyone in mind just now as possible mate. Wed socialite divorcee Marion DuPont Somerville, March, 1936. Separated 1938

Constance Bennett just Reno-vated third hubby, Marquis de la Falaise, to be eligible for fourth—whose name is carefully-guarded secret

IN HOLLYWOOD—NOW

Ralston. They separated July, 1938. If and when divorced, he will probably marry Virginia Grey.

ARNAZ, DESI—One Latin who isn't a lousy lover. You can take Lucille Ball's word for it.

ARTHUR, JEAN—First marriage, in teens, lasted a month. Second marriage—to Frank Ross, Jr.—has lasted since June 11, 1932.

ASTAIRE, FRED—Belatedly took a bride in 1933: socialite divorcee Phyllis Potter. There's a little Fred, Jr.

ASTOR, MARY—Widowed when Director Kenneth Hawks died in 1929 air crash. Married Dr. Franklyn Thorpe in 1931, divorced him in 1936 in Hollywood's most bitter court battle. Married writer Manuel Del Campo in 1937. Has 7-year-old daughter, Marylyn, year-old son Anthony.

AUTRY, GENE—Never kissed a girl on the screen till this year, but has been a Great Lover to Ina Mae Spivey since April, 1932.

AYRES, LEW—His first wife (1931-33) was Lola Lane. His second (in 1934) was Ginger Rogers. Their divorce will be final next March. His third wife? Maybe Tina Thayer, Capra's new "find."

BALL, LUCILLE—Her heart used to belong to Director Alexander Hall. Now it belongs to Desi Arnaz.

BARI, LYNN—On the theory that a girl's best friend is her agent, Lynn married hers—Walter Kane—on March 5, 1939. They're "expecting."

BARNES, BINNIE—Divorced Samuel Joseph, London antique dealer, in 1937, after six years of marriage. Married radio announcer Mike Frankovich Sept. 28, 1940.

BARRIE, WENDY—Recently changed color of hair to please a Certain Man. But won't tell who he is.

BARRYMORE, JOHN—says, "Love is such a gorgeous gamble. It makes roulette look like tic-tac-toe." He should know—after four marriages. No. 1: Katherine Carri Harris. No. 2: Blanche Oelrichs ("Michael Strange"), mother of Diana Barrymore. No. 3: Dolores Costello, mother of Dolores and John Barrymore, Jr. No. 4: Elaine Barrie, whom he recently sued for divorce.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Lucille Ball's heart used to belong to Director Al Hall. Now it belongs to Cuban oomph boy, Desi Arnaz. They were married recently

After Power romance faded, Sonja Henie passed up actors. Skated into arms of Dan Topping, millionaire sports promoter, July 4, 1940

Dick Powell gave up first wife Mildred Maund when she wanted him to chuck career. Wed Joan Blondell in 1936. Baby Ellen born June, 1938

Sister "Pat" had secret marriage but Rosemary Lane is career girl not interested in marriage yet—to Buddy Westmore's disappointment

John Shelton is separated from Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in. Is not in circulation as he just got himself engaged to Carole Gallagher

WHAT

The stars predict that your favorite star, Deanna Durbin, who is attached to Vaughn Paul, above, will make it binding in 1941

Ann Sheridan and George Brent will also join the Hollywood marry-go-round before the year's out if you believe in the stars

The accuracy with which Mrs. Smith has called her shots for more than thirty years has given her world-wide prestige

The stars say Hedy Lamarr's latent talent and energy will be awakened by a love which leads to the altar this year

Bette Davis will be ill but not seriously during the year. However, she will find a new love and *that's* going to be serious

1941 will be a favorable year for Connie Bennett. She will marry someone who is now in her life. Gilbert Roland, maybe?

The aspects of Venus, the Planet of Love, indicate that this year Garbo will not beat the stars. She will definitely marry

the STARS SEE in the STARS

HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE ASTROLOGER, MABEL WALRATH SMITH, MAKES STARTLING 1941 PREDICTIONS

By

FRANC DILLON

THE United States will be at war before the end of 1941.

So will Russia, Brazil, Mexico and virtually every other nation in this so-called civilized world.

The final defeat of Germany and the other Axis powers will bring peace at last to a war-weary world in 1945, a peace that will be brought about by America in collaboration with Russia.

Hollywood is a part of the world and the war will come right to its door when an attempt is made by Japan, backed by Germany and Italy, to invade the Pacific Coast.

Meanwhile the day-by-day life of Hollywood will go on—pictures will be made, stars will get married, stars will be divorced and newly arrived big shots will continue snubbing the people who knew them "when."

These are among the predictions made for 1941 by Mrs. Mabel Walrath Smith who, after many years of successfully mapping out the lives of your favorite screen stars as well as advising people of prominence all over the world, has come to be known as Hollywood's favorite astrologer.

Her reputation for forecasting future events is based upon the uncanny correctness with which they have been realized. The accuracy with which Mrs. Smith has been calling her shots for more than thirty years has spread her prestige far beyond Hollywood, until today her clientele is world-wide.

When, in 1932, she predicted the death of King George V she missed the date by two days. It was also in 1932 that she first announced (in print) the outbreak of the present war in 1939 and at the same time foretold the amazing pact between Russia and Germany. It was at that time, too, that the stars whispered to her the dire news that the United States would be in uniform late in 1940 and at war early in 1941. An interesting detail of the latter revelation, according to Mrs. Smith, is that the United States will be drawn into the war by a trick, which will not come to light until it is too late for us to withdraw.

With her knowledge of what is ahead for the world, Mrs. Smith wishes that for once her prognostications would turn out to be mistaken.

"Over the entire world," she says, "bad aspects will make themselves felt. Rulers of every country will feel their bad effect. Some rulers will not live to see the end of 1941, but that does not mean that oppression will stop, for men even more ruthless will replace them.

"Eventually, South America and Mexico will join the Axis powers against us. There will be trouble, which is starting now, in Mexico and South America. Following a revolution there, Mexico will have a new president.

"It is inevitable that we will be drawn into a war with Japan and in the end we will help China to win her war. An attempt will be made to invade our shores right here in California, although the first blow will be struck at Alaska. However," she added on a more cheerful note, "the enemy will be driven off and neither the Pacific Coast nor any part of the United States will be conquered."

In Europe Mrs. Smith sees England in mortal danger and moving the government to Canada before the end of 1941. One member of the Royal family will not live to make the journey and the little Princess Royal, Elizabeth, will never be Queen of England, according to the stars, as Mrs. Smith reads them.

TURNING to the local scene, she finds the outlook for Hollywood more encouraging and says that despite war and consequent hard times, the studios will continue to make profitable pictures. "Many propaganda pictures will be made," she says, "but they will be more subtle than previous efforts along this line. We will have reason to be very proud of the film colony. They will not run away from danger but will keep at their jobs in order to fill the demand for amusement that is always felt during times of stress.

"Ordinarily an easy-going, good-natured lot of people, busy with their own problems, the stars are content to leave worrying over outside affairs to others. Events in Europe during the past two years, which have curtailed the picture market there and consequently cut salaries in Hollywood; the departure for the fighting lines of several of the popular young actors in the English colony here and the deaths in Europe of relatives and friends have brought the war close to Hollywood. Personally, they have no fears, their own safety, they think, being well taken care of by trusted servants, bodyguards and other people close to them—but some of them need to be guarded from their protectors.

"Right now Hollywood has more than its share of saboteurs and the war will come closest to the film capital when one day in the coming year a huge bomb—planted by enemies of the nation—will explode right in the heart of one of the largest studios."

[*Continued on page* 82]

Gary Cooper will be in the mood for some kind of change, the stars say. Will it be a friendly stranger who adds zest to his life?

If the stars are right Mickey Rooney will be engaged in 1941, married in 1942 and later several children will call him Dad

Ty Power will be cast in the role of Daddy perhaps before end of the year. Three years from now there's domestic sorrow

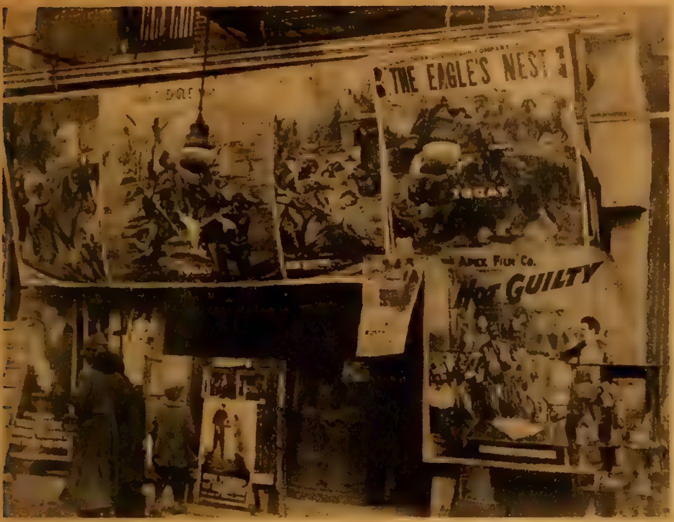
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF
1911

BACK THROUGH THE YEARS WITH MOTION PICTURE

—*Ewing Galloway*

Back in the early days of MOTION PICTURE, fans of that bygone era of happy memory attended such "pretentious" movie theaters as the nickelodeon. Note fancy screen

In going back through years we find Mary Pickford on a crude set as crude camera grinds out a tear-jerker



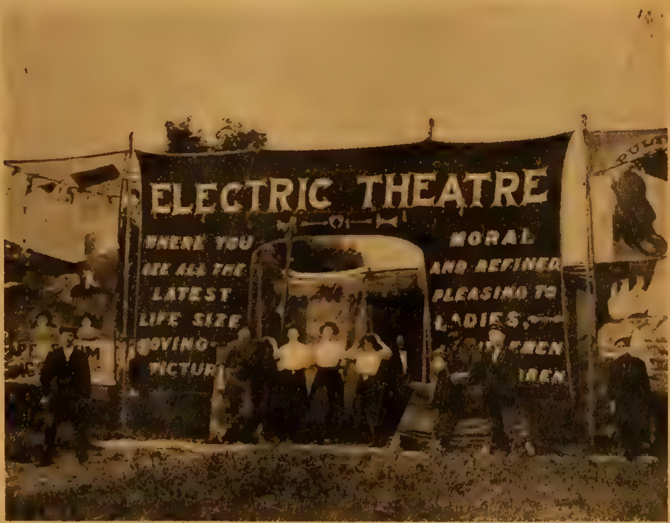
When MOTION PICTURE reached newsstands in the early days of 1911, the nickelodeons of that era carried lurid lithographs of the tear-jerkers and mellers to lure the cash customers

Movies of nickelodeon era and early days of MOTION PICTURE felt proud and grown-up when they graduated into multiple-reelers. Here's first four-reeler, *Great Train Robbery*

It was Maurice Costello (see story on page 26) who suggested teaming fat man John Bunny and thin woman Flora Finch as a nagging wife—for laughs. Early fans laughed themselves silly

In foiling the villain, serial queen Pearl White had the fans in awful suspense. In his clutches at the finish, you had to wait to find out what happened "next week." This went on for years

That the Warners were enterprising showmen was proved as long ago as 1910, year before MOTION PICTURE was born, when Sam and Jack Warner (latter now Warner Brothers production head) put on first picture road show, *Dante's Inferno*


ELECTRIC THEATRE
WHERE YOU SEE ALL THE LATEST LIFE SIZE MOVING PICTUR
MORAL AND REFINED PLEASING TO LADIES,

—Ewing Galloway

In early nickelodeon days in Kansas they presented "flickering tintypes" in tents, a la circus side show. In spite of the discouraging announcement "moral and refined; pleasing to ladies, gentlemen and children," films drew crowds

FROZEN ASSETS

By CANDIDA

An asset on ice or off is Susanna Foster's Sally skating costume of velveteen lined with taffeta. It has knee length skirt, detachable hood, $6.95. Skating socks by Shepherd, $1.50

Change partners—Susanna's sweatshirt jacket from Shepherd doubles as coat, for sport or later, $1.95. Her latest picture is *The Hard-Boiled Canary*

TURN TO PAGE 86

For the names of stores handling these ready-made clothes. If no store near you is listed, write Candida. Be sure to state which items interest you.

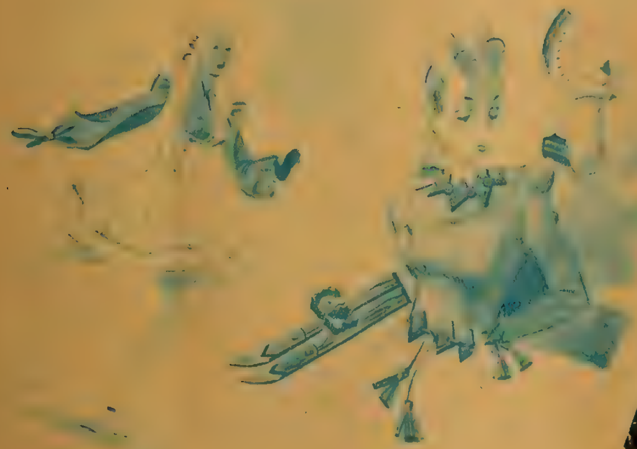
Check this coupon for the accessories (opposite page) you would like to make yourself, and mail to Candida MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

All instructions are free.

Handknit Spool Cotton "Playmates" set..............

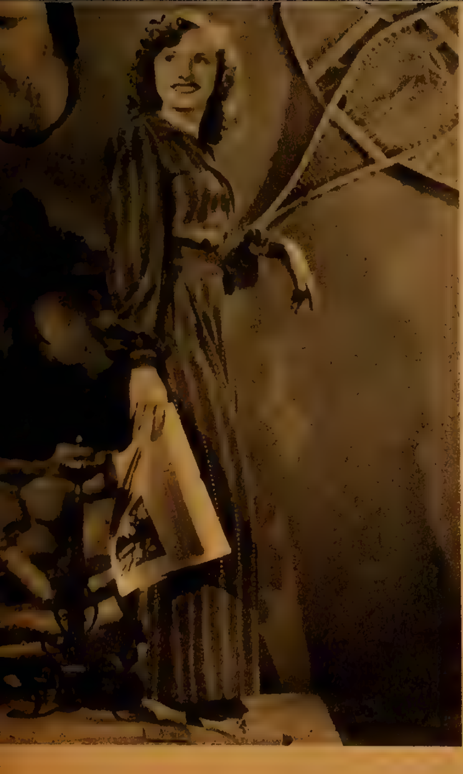
Singer Sewing Machine-made patriotic mittens, skull cap, collar, belt or scarf..............................

Make patriotic accessories sketched top left from our instructions—with help of Singer Sewing Centers. Pantie girdle is one of new "Moldees" by R. & G., with diagonal boning for easy bending, $2. Wintertime wool boots, in red, white and blue, from Gadgets, $2. Crysler's gabardine skating jumper is $7.95. Ski lapel pin shows your sport, $1; western bracelet, necklace, belt of leather are $1, $2, and $3, from Accessocraft. Paris Fashion shoes "Moc-Vamp" Lariat-Tie of Wigwam Beige calf with Indian Copper trim is $4



Mix or match Susanna's man-tailored jacket, $8, and pleated skirt, $4, both from Gotham Sportswear. Both come in winter pastels

Susanna relaxes after skating in lumber jacket slack suit of striped spun rayon. Order it from your local Real Silk representative, for about $6



To wear with suit or skating togs, Susanna's Navajo sweater from Shepherd Knitwear. Silver buttons, multicolor embroidery and all, $2.95

Handknits for you to make are Sue's Spool Cotton "Playmates" set of hood, sweater, matching mittens. Write Candida for easy-to-follow directions

NO STUFFED SHIRT

By
DAN CAMP

In *So Ends Our Night*, March plays German officer who becomes a political refugee

HOLLYWOOD HAS MANY STUFFED SHIRTS BUT FREDRIC MARCH ISN'T ONE OF THEM. IF HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T LIKE FREDDIE'S WAY OF DOING THINGS, HOLLYWOOD KNOWS WHAT IT CAN DO ABOUT IT. CATCH ON?

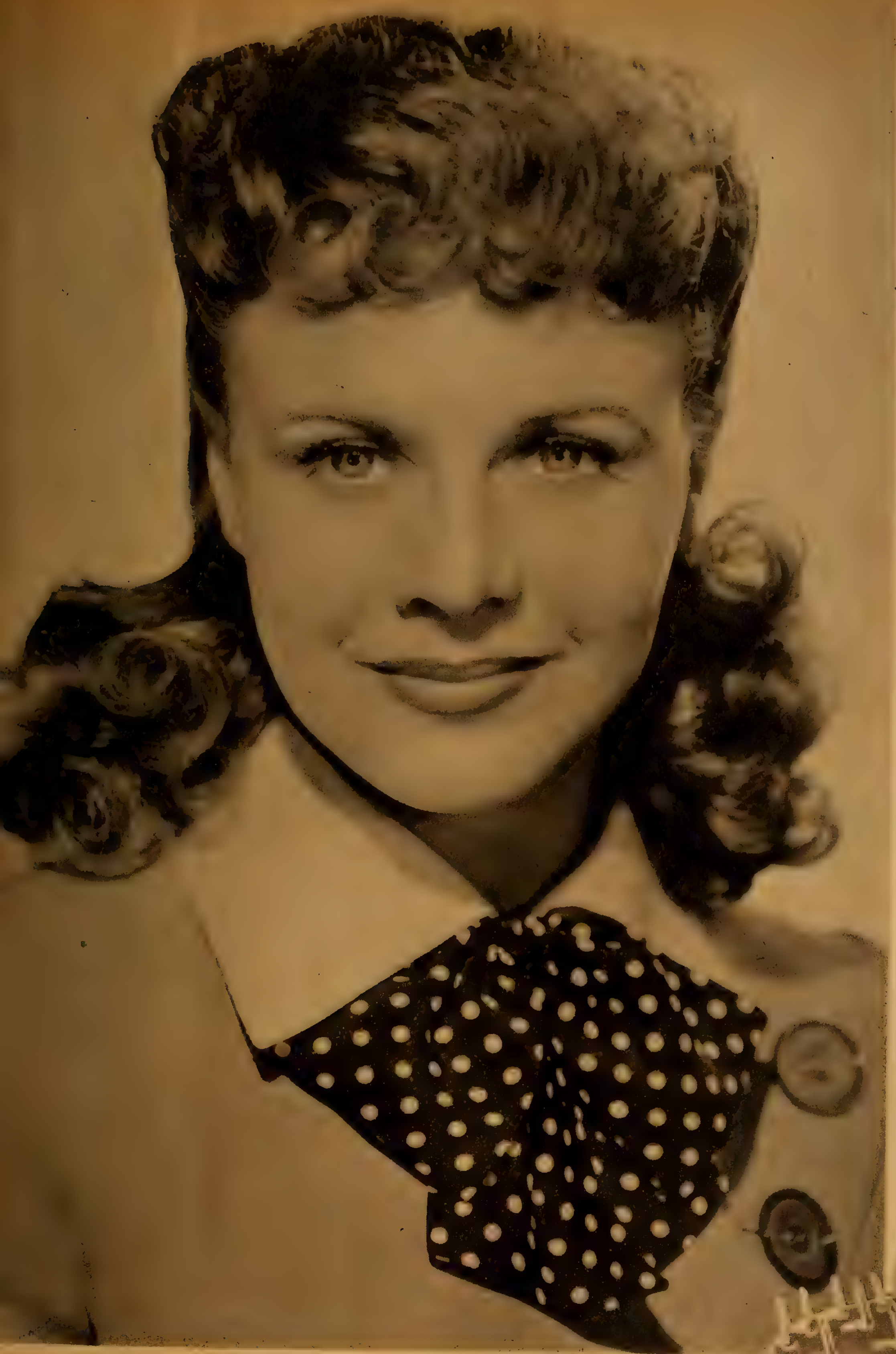
WONDER where so many people ever got hold of the notion that Freddie March is just another of Hollywood's big stuffed shirts . . . ? Gawd knows, Hollywood has plenty of 'em! I certainly ought to know. For many, many years, now, I've been interviewing and writing about Hollywood's big shots—and I'll confess sadly that there have been too many stuffed shirts among 'em—and let's not mention names now. You just go on and guess, my fran's, and you'll probably be pretty right.

BUT—and get this!—DON'T include Freddie March among 'em. Include him OUT! No matter what phony chatter you may have heard about him having a puffed-wheat grain for a head, about him having his nose so high in the air that he has to carry an umbrella when it rains on account of otherwise he'd drown, about him having a violent attack of capital-A-Art-itis, and all such twaddle—no matter about all that, take it from me that Freddie March is NO stuffed shirt. Tuck that down your bodice, darlings.

Can you imagine, for instance, any stuffed shirt pulling a gag like this one? —a gag that EVERYbody who's ever driven a car would give his right arm to DARE to pull!—

It was on Sunset Boulevard. You know, where all the movie stars drive and all the tourists

[*Continued on page 70*]



1941
MOTION
PICTURE
30th Anniversary

GINGER ROGERS

Here is Kitty Foyle herself, just as you probably pictured her in reading Christopher Morley's best-seller. Yes, Ginger is the white collar heroine to the life. Well cast

Laughton--the UNPREDICTABLE

By LOUIS RAYMOND

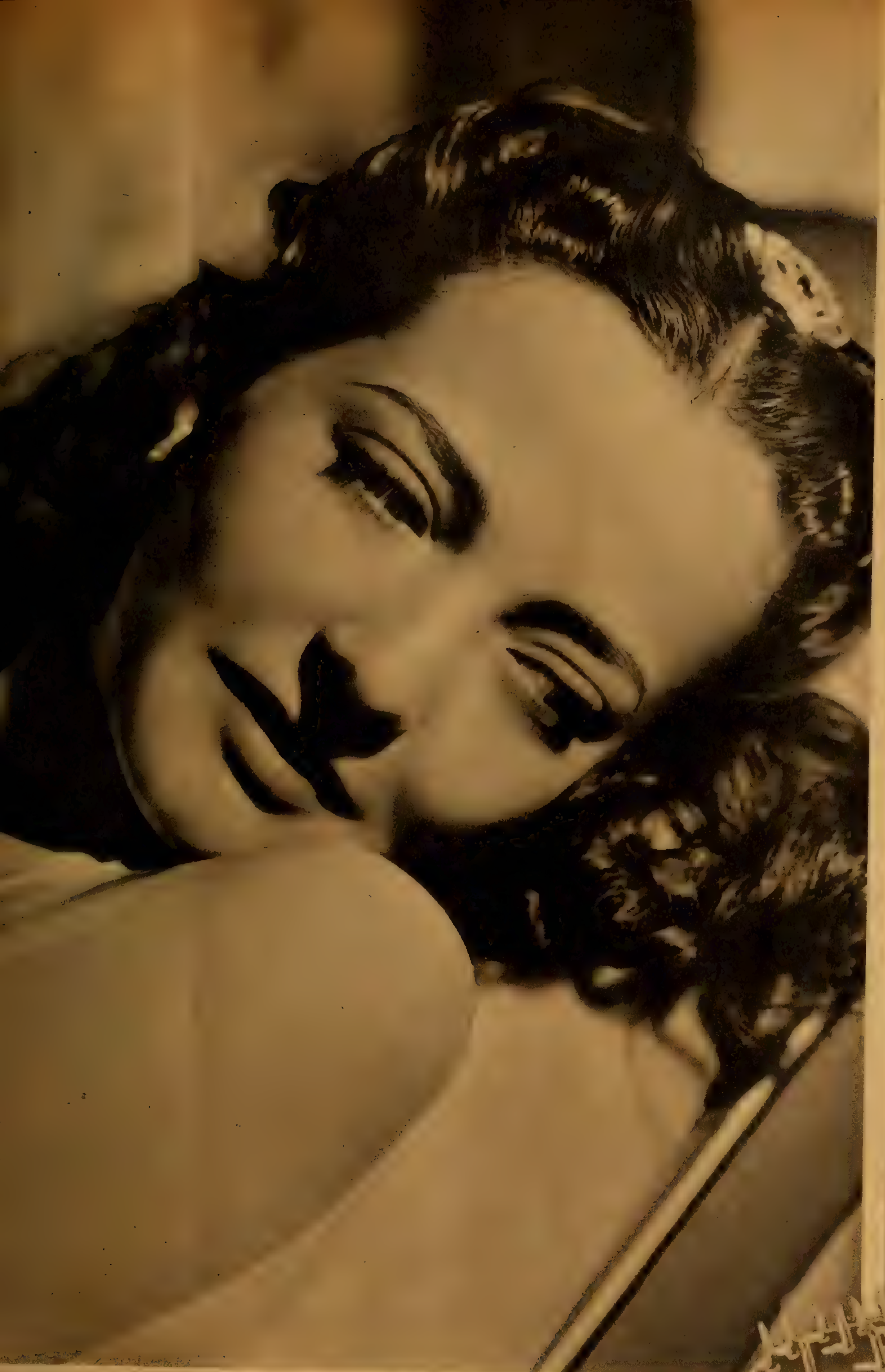
AS AN ITALIAN-AMERICAN GRAPE-GROWER IN "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED," LAUGHTON ONCE AGAIN STEPS OUT OF THE GROOVE. YOU CAN'T PREDICT HIM—WON'T BE TYPED

OF ALL the tillers in the gold fields of Hollywood, none is more unpredictable, more difficult of analysis than Charles Laughton. He defies that precise and impressive host of Movieland that goes in for card-indexing and cataloguing. Hollywood long ago gave up trying to figure him out. Today it takes refuge in such terms as "paradox." Characteristically, it even dramatizes the man in mystery story style, refers to him and his career as "the strange case of Charles Laughton."

Strange he definitely is, for he doesn't fit any of the accepted rules and standards by which man judges man.

Certainly Charles Laughton looks less like an actor than anybody a census-taker or tax-collector could mention. Yet, he is one of the great actors of our time. You no sooner set him down as a gifted interpreter of the tragic and sinister than he bobs up serenely as a particularly ingratiating comedian. Kings, butlers, hunchbacks, sea captains—it makes no difference.

He makes the transition from *Captain Bligh* to *Quasimodo* to *Rembrandt* as easy as falling off a chair at a back-yard barbecue in Beverly Hills. Associate him with [*Continued on page 77*]



1941

MOTION PICTURE
30th Anniversary

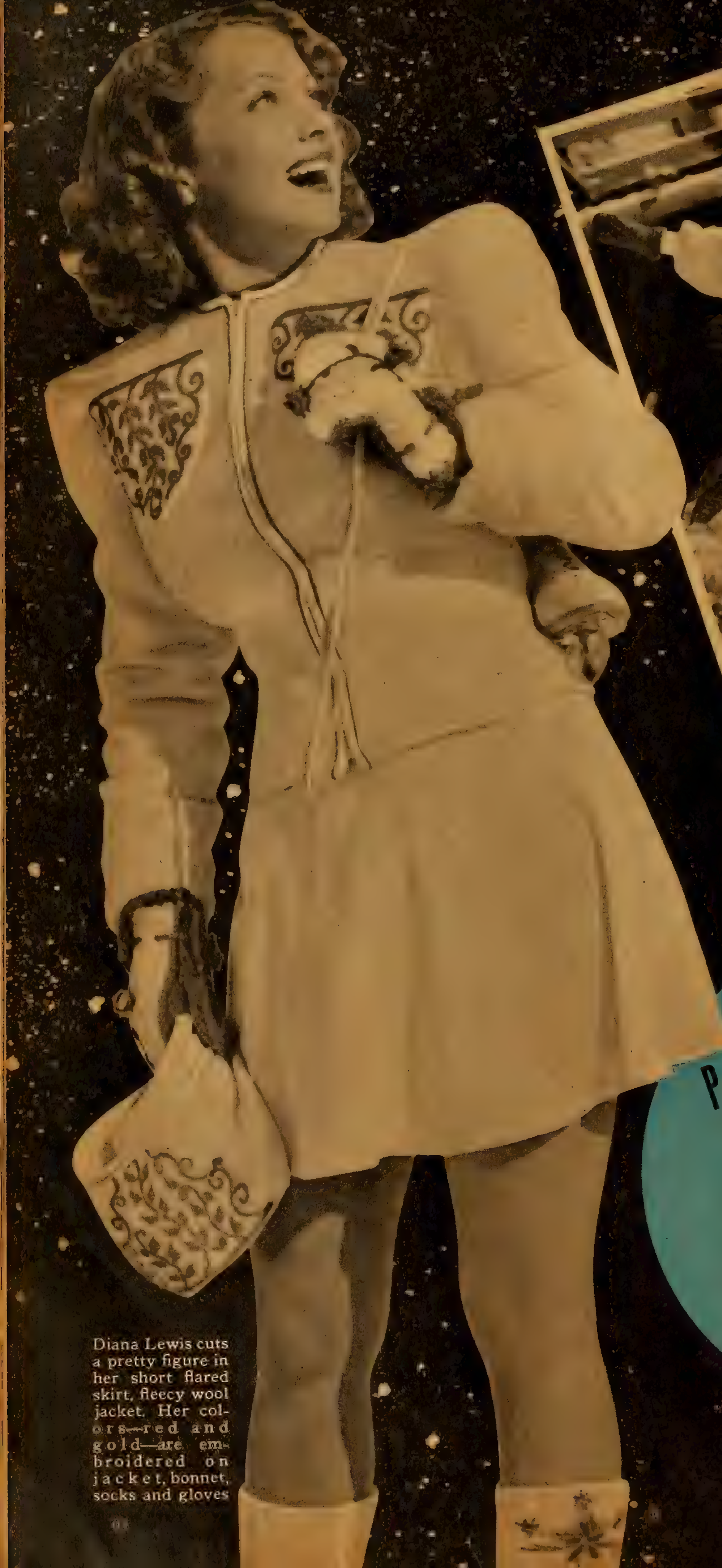
SYLVIA SIDNEY

Time was—not so long ago—when Sylvia was right up there in front. Then she found real life romance, married and retired. Celebrates return in *The Wagons Roll at Night*

If you can't wear the pants in the family put them on ice. Diana's are sheer blue wool, Tyrolean style, with white appliqued on pockets, suspenders. Peasant blouse is white jersey

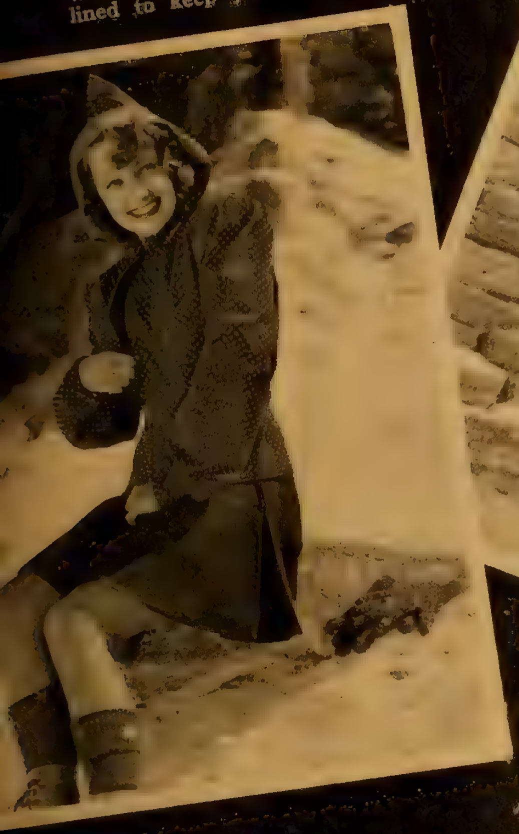
PUT IT ON ICE

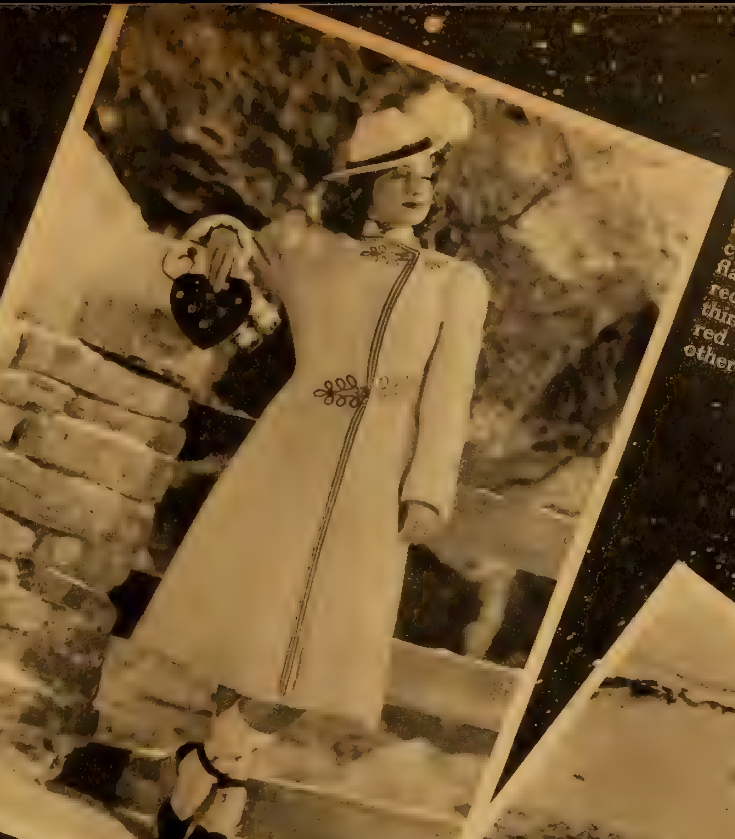
By HOLLY WOOD



Diana Lewis cuts a pretty figure in her short flared skirt, fleecy wool jacket. Her colors—red and gold—are embroidered on jacket, bonnet, socks and gloves

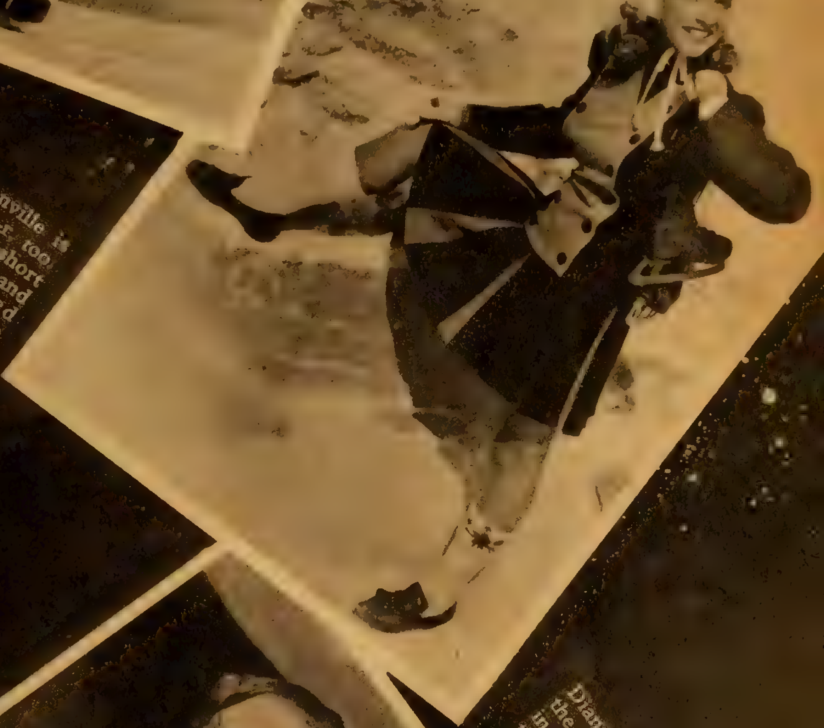
Even if you are a good skate-r and keep your balance you will fall for Diana's water-proof over-all jacket of navy with white pin dots. It's flannel lined to keep you extra snug



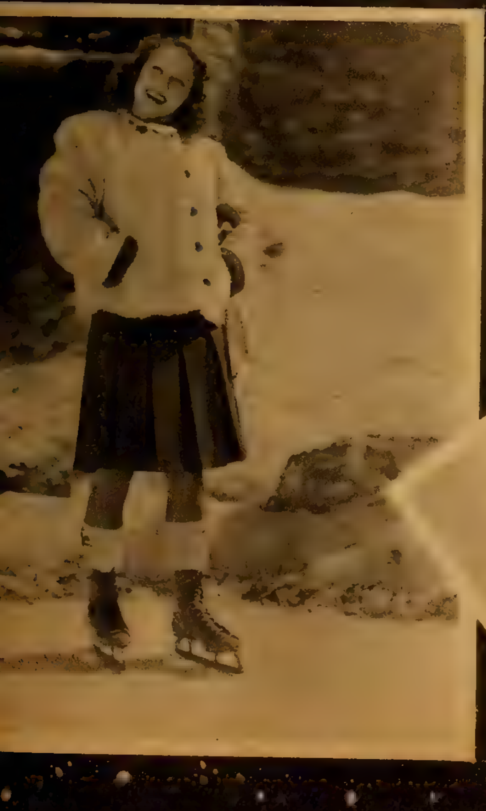


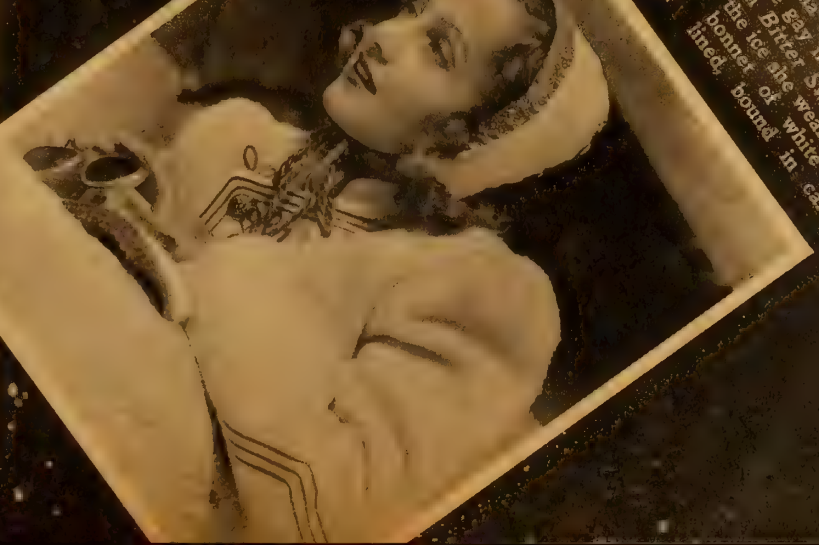
If you're a spectator sport, Diana's full-length coat of fleecy flannel braided in red is just the thing. So are her red wedgies, other accessories

Bonita Granville is a good skate-r too. She wears a short pleated skirt and double-breasted jacket. Both are in navy and light blue



Diana has a little lamb (jacket) and its fleece is white as snow—against the red serge of her box-pleated skirt. It is lined in bright red and her shoes are in the same warm color—to keep her tootsies warm?





Diana wears bonnets of the gay nineties vintage in Bitter Sweet but on the ice she wears a baby bonnet of white faille lined, bound in calico

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Alla Nazimova-Rudolph Valentino

Carmel Myers-Francis X. Bushman

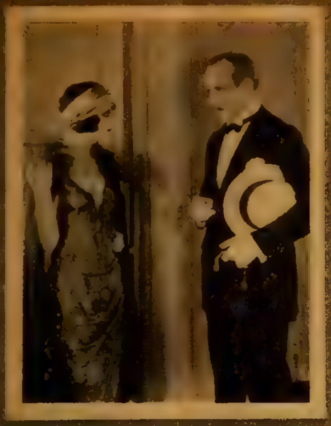
Greta Garbo-Ricardo Cortez

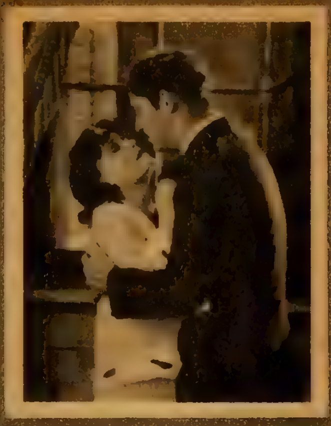
Fay Wray-Erich Von Stroheim

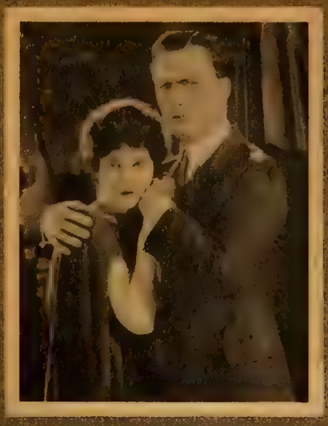
Renee Adoree-John Gilbert

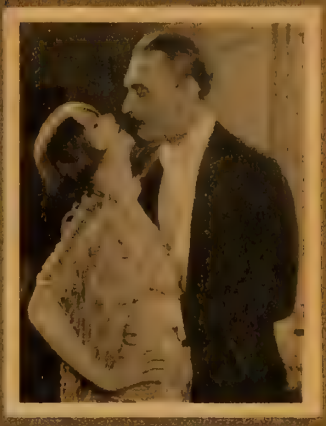
Jobyna Ralston-Harold Lloyd

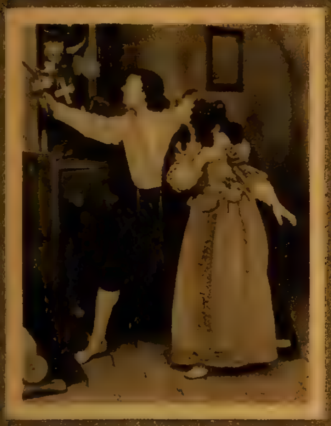
Norma Shearer-James Kirkwood

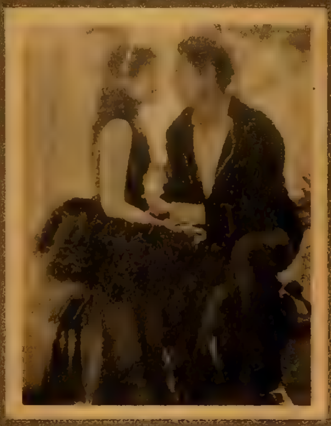

Alma Bennett-Lewis Stone

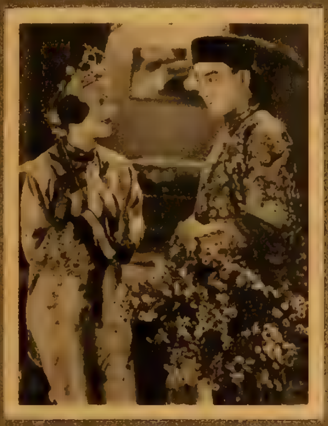

Pola Negri-Norman Kerry

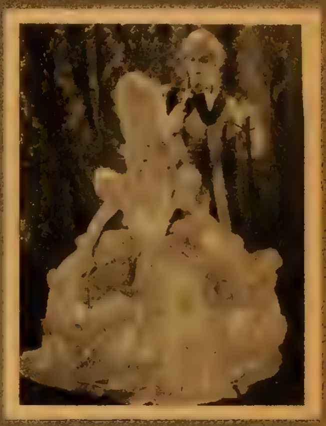

Betty Blythe-Robert Elliott

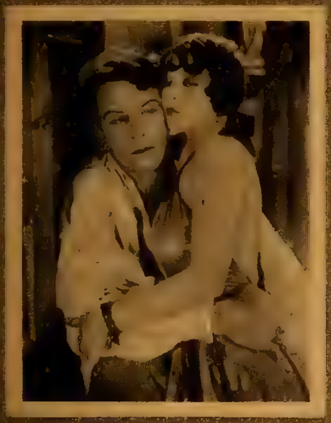

Blanche Sweet-Lew Cody

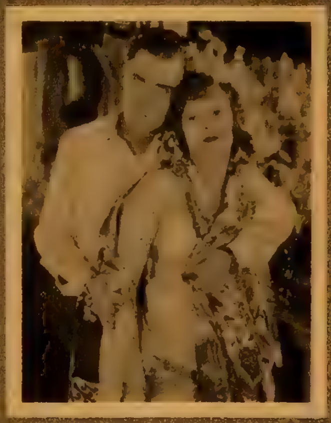

Douglas Fairbanks
Marguerite De La Motte

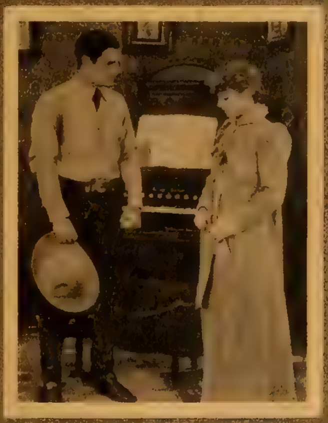

Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell

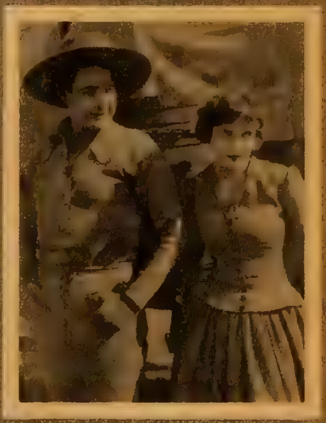

Bessie Love-Sessue Hayakawa

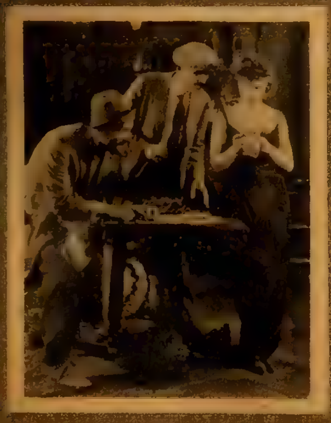

Lillian Gish-Joseph Schildkraut

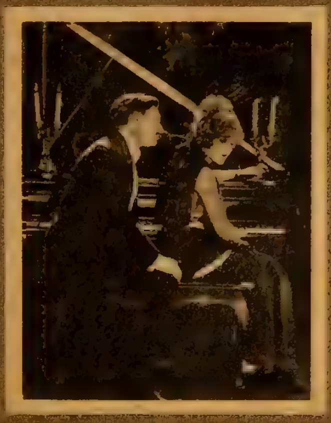

Milton Sills-Alice White

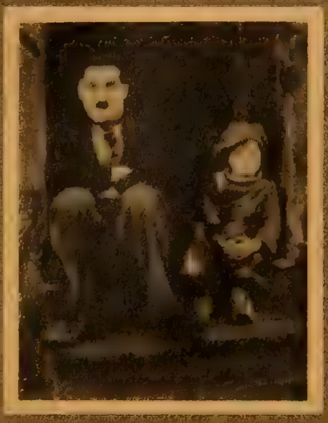

Bert Lytell-Anita Stewart

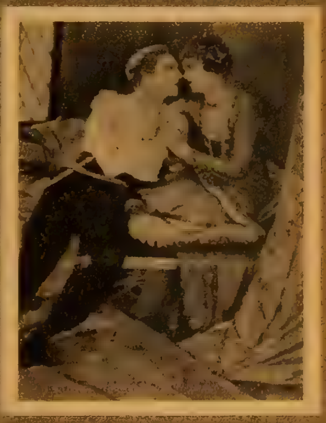

Tom Mix-Eva Novak


Warren Kerrigan-Lois Wilson


Lon Chaney-Betty Compson


Jean Hersholt-Mae Murray


Charlie Chaplin
Jackie Coogan


John Barrymore-Myrna Loy

Dorothy Dwan

Madge Bellamy

Billie Dove

Corinne Griffith

Dorothy Mackaill

Bebe Daniels

Lila Lee

Madge Kennedy

Viola Dana

Irene Castle

Mary Pickford

Gloria Swanson

Theda Bara

Norma Talmadge

Laura La Plante

Louise Fazenda

Conway Tearle

Richard Dix

Warner Baxter

Richard Barthelmess

Tom Moore

Monte Blue

Eugene O'Brien

Wallace Beery

Jack Hoxie

William Farnum

Emil Jannings

Antonio Moreno

Charles Ray

William S. Hart

Creighton Hale

Jack Holt

HOW ALICE FAYE WON HER BATTLE

By JACK HOLLAND

WHEN HOLLYWOOD BECKONED ALICE TO COME ON OUT AND MAKE GOOD, SHE WAS SCARED STIFF. BUT WITH THE PASSING YEARS SHE HAS LEARNED TO TAKE WHATEVER COMES ALONG, CRY A LITTLE, GRIN A LITTLE, AND GO BACK SLUGGING

THREE years ago, I met Alice Faye for the first time. I interviewed her on a subject that was being widely discussed in Hollywood: was she a misfit in this town of cinema genii, running about heckled by brainstorms? Was she a girl who was destined for the heights of success?

The story I got never reached print, simply because it amazed me so much that I preferred to keep it until a better time. Now I feel is the occasion to tell Alice's story, but only to prove how radically three years have changed her.

It's not a yarn about a girl's reaching the top because of a steady stream of tragedy. It's nothing as slushy or sensational as that. And it's not a story about a girl who had attained some fundamental success and had then lost it. It's simply the story about Alice Faye's triumph over fear, a triumph that Hollywood, even today, is slow to grasp.

There has been much written about Alice recently—about her heartaches, her loneliness, and, yes, jinxes that stalk about in the night casting eerie spectres on her blond hair. But such impressionistic literary nightmares have served only one purpose—to impregnate a star's life with pathos and drama when reality and courage were the only real issues.

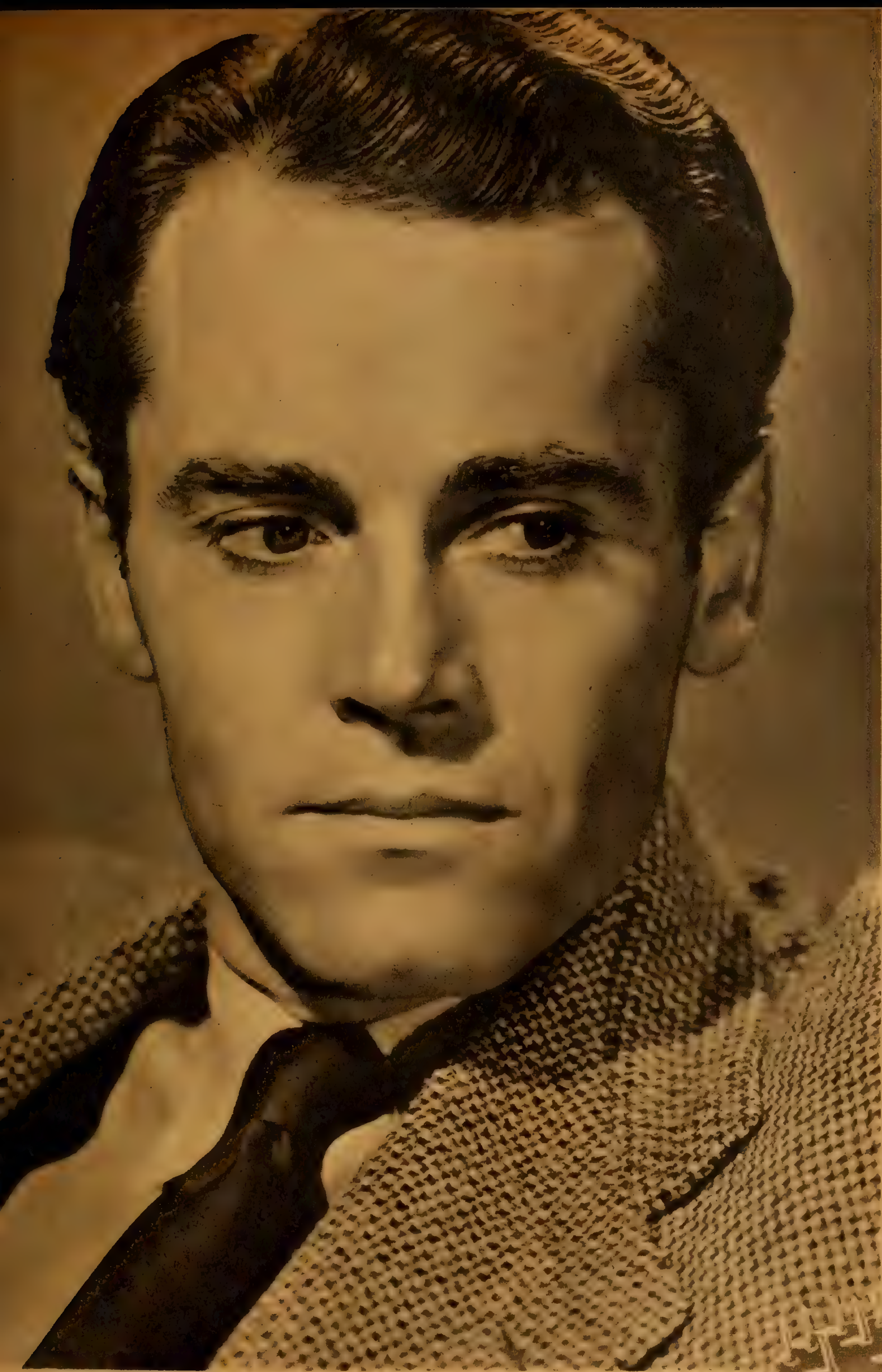
Today, Alice Faye feels her battle is won. Now she is *sure* of her place in Hollywood and more than ready to prove to doubting Thomases that she has completely overcome the obstacles that confronted her.

When Alice first came to Hollywood, there was probably no more unhappy or lonely person in town. She was not impressed with the glittering lights, the promises of great things to come. She longed only for one thing—to leave Hollywood and go back to her home in New York where she was known and where she had gained confidence.

There was one person that she missed, perhaps, above all others—Rudy Vallee. He had become impressed with Alice's undeniable talents and he wasted no time in furthering her capabilities. He made her a star on radio. He taught her everything about radio technique, about the best way to sing before a "mike." And whenever she sang with his band, she was at ease, because there he stood beside her, helping her. Rudy Vallee, then, gave Alice one important thing that she lost when she came to Hollywood—confidence.

In her first days in Hollywood, she missed that secure feeling—that feeling of someone near on whom she could depend. She was, as she put it *then,* brought face-to-face with her shortcomings. I remember asking her why she preferred to remain in

[*Continued on page* 75]



1941

MOTION PICTURE

30th Anniversary

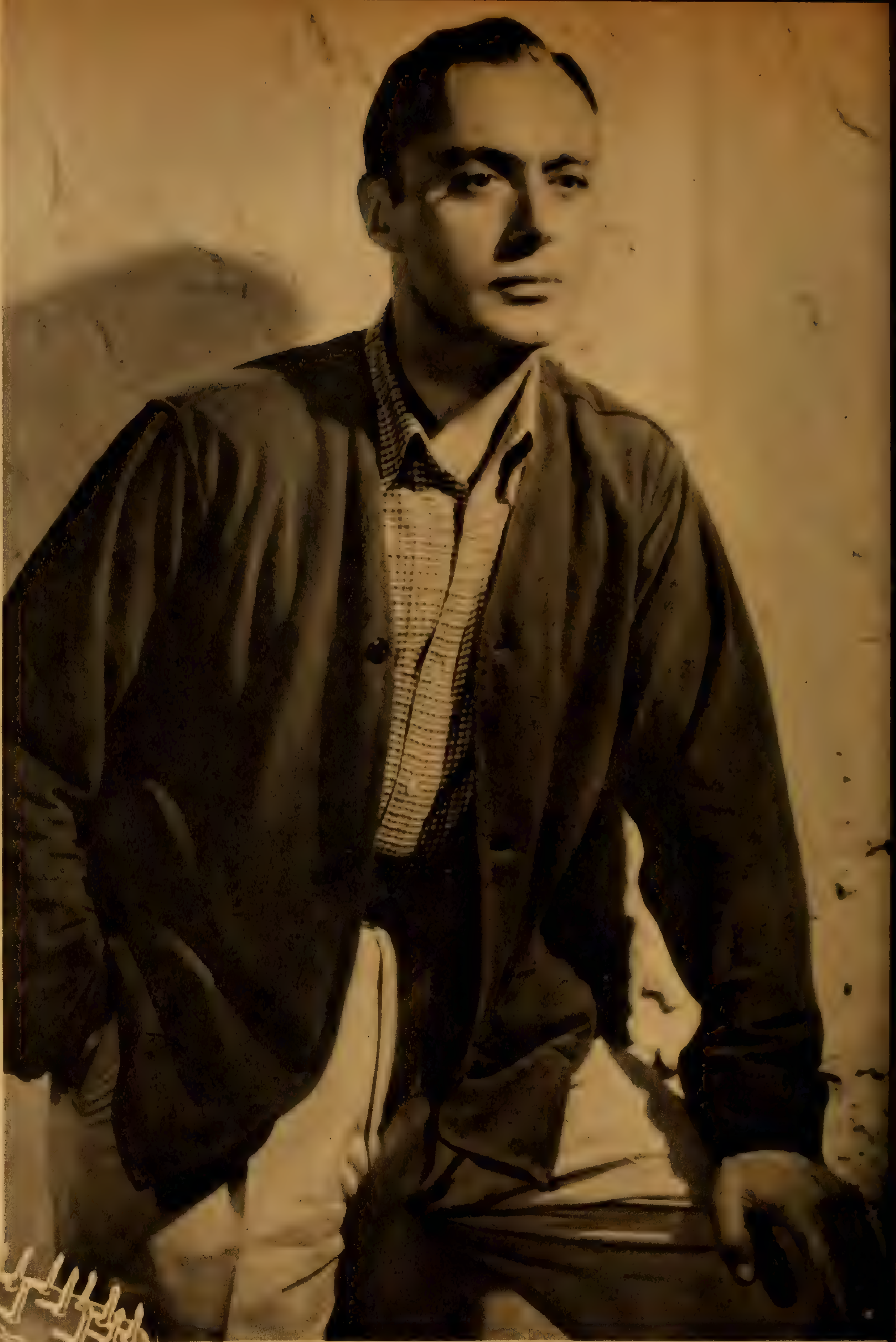
HENRY FONDA

Homespun Hank, who puts more earthy "feel" into roles than other stars, gets down to earth again as *Chad Hanna*, soars into romantic skies with Stanwyck in *The Lady Eve*

1941

MOTION PICTURE

30th Anniversary



CHARLES BOYER

The presence of Boyer in Fannie Hurst's great story, *Back Street* (once made with Boles and Dunne—remember?) indicates box-office lines from front of street to back

NOTHING TO HIDE

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WHEN PARAMOUNT'S PUBLICISTS FIRST SAW VERONICA LAKE THEY WENT AROUND WITH A "PEACE—IT'S WONDERFUL!" LOOK IN THEIR EYES. YOU BETTER GET USED TO PRONOUNCING HER NAME. SHE'S HERE TO STAY

WHEN you see her on the screen, as you will as *Sally* in *I Wanted Wings,* you see a long tumble of wheat-blond hair, half-obscuring her right eye, a childish yet age-old swagger to slim shoulders, slight figure, the whole thing as seductive as Eve. This is the youngster, just twenty-one, that Paramount studios, inspired by Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., slipped into one of the plum roles of the year, that of the luscious lovely who causes the crash of an Army bomber, the conflict between two Army flyers for her love in this newest epic of aviation.

The role is strictly that of a five-letter word, commencing with "b" and Veronica Lake, who plays it, is the first to admit it, pronouncing it succinctly. She's a great one, this kid. Likes Shakespeare—on the level; talks about the hide-bound qualities of the "older generation," those golf-loving buddies in their thirties and forties; has a waist so slim it could be spanned by the two hands of a big-fisted fellow: eighteen-and-one-half inches. And she exudes femininity.

This appeal of the sex probably won her *Sally.* Against a background of Adams like Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris and barrel-chested Brian Donlevy, she will unwind her wiles. (On the credit to womanhood side of the ledger we have Constance Moore as heroine.) It may have been, too, that Mr. Hornblow saw the glimmerings of talent, real acting ability, in the little Lake when he saw the film test that won her a Paramount contract.

The test was made for another film company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was made, too, under circumstances that may have contributed largely to the genuineness of the emotion that was recorded on the gelatine. The night before it was made Veronica's father became desperately ill, so ill that Veronica and her mother sat at his bedside until dawn, expecting him to die at any moment.

When morning came, physically spent, emotionally taut, Veronica was in no mood to go out and make faces for a film camera. The tragedies of real life had superimposed themselves over make-believe. But she went. Her test did not win a term contract at Metro, but it showed her two things. One was that she, as a novice, was able to "carry on" over personal distress in the best "show must go on" tradition of the theater.

THE other, and it sounds corny, of course, was that the great heart of Hollywood, and it has one, although it may beat in another direction at times, could reach out and embrace her. "Not one of my old friends offered to do anything to help mother and me when father was ill," Veronica tells. "But casual acquaintances, people I had just met on the lot, phoned to ask if there wasn't something, big or little, that they could do to help us. That made me want to be a part of a Hollywood that could be so kind."

There is a chance that Veronica will become an important segment of Hollywood. Five [*Continued on page* 62]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

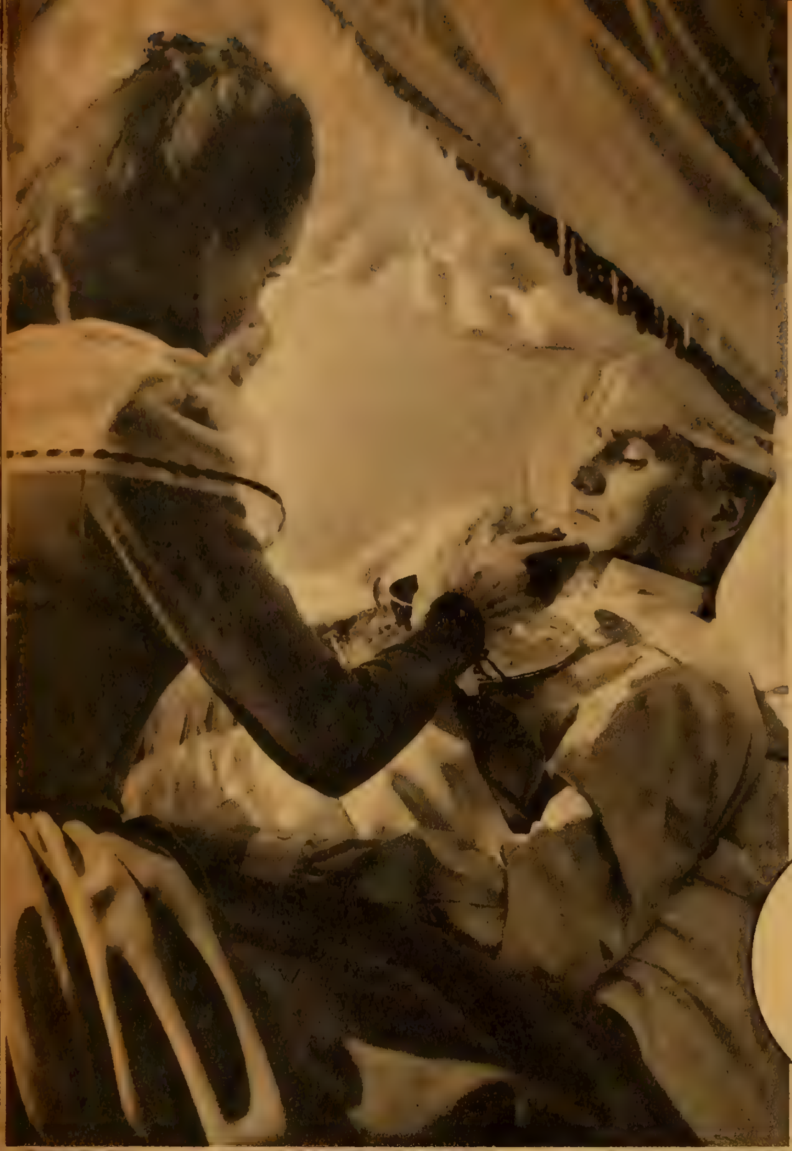
What! No Camera?

■ Latest of Hollywood's frequent "one-punch nite-club fights" stars Forrest Tucker in the role of knight-in-shining-armor.

It happened outside Slapsie Maxie's joint. Just as Forrest left the place after a night's fun, in company with new-wifie Sandra Jolley, an unidentified couple were having an argument at the curb.

In full view of Tucker, the man suddenly stepped back and climaxed his wordy beef with his gal-friend by letting her have a mean slap across the mouth. That was too much for the movie man. Forrest just stepped in and repaid the slap—with interest. One clean, neat punch sent the lady-slapper sprawling in the gutter.

And there wasn't a movie camera within miles, either!



Lady Hamilton (Vivien Leigh) nurses wounded *Lord Nelson* (Laurence Olivier) in a tender romantic passage in *Lady Hamilton*

Carole Lombard, who's *Mrs. Smith* to Bob Montgomery's *Mr. Smith* in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, gives you her "robe of the night," of chiffon, black lace, pink satin

Paulette Goddard's well-filled stockings are on display in *Second Chorus*, which is Fred Astaire's newest venture. Paulette can dance and sing. And so can Freddie

Newcomer Gene Tierney, who was big moment in Henry Fonda's life in *Return of Frank James*, becomes big moment to John Sutton in *Hudson's Bay*, with Muni

Taylor the Tickler

■ Have you heard about the old maid who had a picture of Robert Taylor tattooed on her Adam's-apple?

Now, every time she swallows, she gets a Great Big Thrill!—on account of every time she does, Robert Taylor tickles her under the chin!!

Vell, Vy Not?

■ Most succinct comment of the month on any movie came, NOT from a smart-cracking Hollywood reviewer, but from the fan who sent in this post card-comment after seeing Paulette Goddard in *Northwest Mounted Police*: "If Chaplin doesn't vant her, I vant her!"

Facials After Hours

■ Latest beauty-gag in Hollywood now is that the major beauty shops stay open through midnight and early morning hours. The film folks' days are so full of studio and social schedules that many of them can't get their hair and faces done except around midnight or later . . . !

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Rah, Rah, King

■ Imagine Sir Cedric Hardwicke's astonishment when his young son, fresh from England, came back home after seeing his first American football game and its cheering sections, to burst out with: "God bless Papa! God bless Mama! God bless the King! Rah, rah rah; RAH RAH RAH!!!"

Poor Bait?

■ No mounted fish, mementoes of deep-sea prowess, decorate Nat Pendleton's private home bar. Instead, there are placques around the wall—and on each of them is mounted a photo of a beautiful gal. AND, on each, there's a card, telling how this one or that one GOT AWAY before he could land her . . . Hmmmmmmmm!!

When boys marched to war in *Tin Pan Alley*, there was Alice Faye stepping along with John Payne. Yes, she goes into a song

Dorothy Andre who is seen in *Mee*[illegible] *Doe*, has "dietrichs" that out-[illegible] Dietrich's—and compare favorab[illegible] Betty Grable's. Warner's new Oo[illegible]

[illegible] *Command*, story of U. S. Naval [illegible]e, Bob Taylor is rigged out [illegible]sacola graduate assigned to a [illegible]ght squadron, the "Hell Cats"

So Sorry

■ Li'l Annie Sheridan, w[illegible]
George Brent but who do[illegible]
the salary Warners are payi[illegible]
being slapped with a neat p[illegible]
spanking by the studio, bec[illegible]
recent beef and run-out.

The spanking consists of t[illegible]

[illegible]h a little demonstration, hoping
[illegible]come to her senses. Apparently,
[illegible]en partly successful—for just
[illegible]eing written, Ann has sent her
[illegible]he studio to hint that she'll be
[illegible], and please, can she have that
[illegible] *Blonde* role? So far, how-
[illegible]ers are leaving the Hayworth
[illegible]e top spot.

1941
MOTION PICTURE
30th Anniversary

BER

was
to
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nd
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Catching Up With Cary

[*Continued from page* 21]

visible through the open rice-paper windows.

"That set," he said, "illustrates the difference between the two pictures. It's built for drama. Irene and I are in the house when an earthquake hits. The house collapses. Irene is seriously injured. And that's very important to the story because, after that, we can never have a baby. We have to adopt one.

"We happen to be in Tokyo," he explained, "because I'm a newspaperman. I get sent there."

Didn't he have courage, playing a newspaperman again? The last time he played one—the scheming managing editor in *His Girl Friday*—the newspaper profession jumped up and down and screamed, "Newspapermen aren't like that."

Cary grinned. "That was a laugh—newspapermen objecting because a managing editor was portrayed as a scheming so-and-so. Why, any newspaperman would murder his own grandmother if he thought it would make a headline.

"It's a funny thing about newspapermen," he added. "They can dish it out, but they can't take it. They're forever exaggerating what movie people are like. It makes their stories better. But let movie people, for the sake of better stories, exaggerate what newspapermen are like, and newspapermen object. Doctors object to movies about doctors. Truck drivers object to movies about truck drivers. They all say, 'We aren't like that.' We know they aren't like that. We know movie actors aren't like that, too, when we go in for broad gestures and ham a yard wide in every picture about Hollywood. If we showed any profession as it actually is, movies would be as dull as dishwater. Entertainment consists of exaggerating everything except human nature. And sometimes you get called for trying to be true to human nature.

"Yesterday, for example, the sound man almost got fired because nobody could understand what I was saying in one scene. It was a scene at Coney Island. Irene and I hadn't been married yet. I had been trying to talk her into going to a hotel, and she wouldn't have any of it. She wanted me to take her home. The train was about to leave. In a desperate effort to find some stall that would make us miss it, I faked a knot in my shoelace. The script called for me to yank off my shoe and go into a struggle with the alleged knot.

"I thought of a little extra touch. Why not have the guy mutter to himself, pretending to curse the knot? A lot of people mutter to themselves when things go wrong. Other people can't understand what they're saying—but they can imagine. I didn't intend anybody to understand what *I* was saying. But sound departments are so used to hearing every word crystal-clear, they thought this poor sound man had muffed his job. They thought they were missing part of the plot.

"Not that it wouldn't be a good idea, sometimes, if actors did mumble—to hide the plot."

Rosalind Russell claims that Cary lies awake nights, thinking of ways to make his characters more human—which (Roz says) is why no other player is ever safe in the same scene with him. We asked Cary about that.

"With all I know about Roz," he said darkly, "she wouldn't dare make a statement like that, if she didn't rely on me to be a gentleman and keep my mouth shut about *her* . . . . I deny the charge. Any extra gags I think of, if gags they be, come to me on the set, in the heat of acting. I work hard only when I work."

THAT puts him somewhere between the actor who lives his roles off-screen and the actor who takes every role in stride.

"If I played the kind of roles Muni plays, I'd carry my work home with me, too. It takes practice to have all the little mannerisms of an old man, or acquire an accent. I play young men—either American or British. So I don't have Muni's worries. But I have other worries. I can't rely on my looks to make the customer pay to see me. I've got to give them entertainment. I can't ever forget that. Every time I step on a sound-stage, I have to say to myself, 'Cary, old boy, you'd better think of something to make this guy a little more entertaining. It's your bread-and-butter, you know.'

"I'll never be able to understand how I got by for five years, playing serious romantic leads opposite glamor queens.

"That casting was all an accident. In the Spring of 1931, some pals of mine came out to Hollywood from Broadway. That summer I drove out to play some golf with them. In my showy clothes, I got mistaken for a glamor boy.

"I wasn't the type, but Paramount kidded a lot of people, including themselves, into thinking I was. Only they couldn't kid me. I knew better. For five years I begged them to let me do something besides straight romantic leads. I said I ought to be doing light comedy. They wouldn't listen. When the five years were up, they offered me a new contract. I said, 'Does choice of roles go with it?' They said, 'No.' So I didn't sign. I became a free-lance. I was going to play some comedy or starve in the attempt.

"The first picture I did as a free-lance was *Topper*."

In other words, the first movie role he did of his own choosing was a comedy role. And he seems to have done all right as a picker since. In spite of the fact that he still is a free-lance, with no big studio behind him, constantly ballyhooing him, he is one of the Top Ten box-office stars. He draws one of Hollywood's Top Ten salaries. He gets $125,000 a picture—a fact that leaked out when he gave his entire salary for *The Philadelphia Story* to British War Relief.

Here is a success story like no other in Hollywood. His popularity can't be traced to the usual things: shrewd handling by some studio, careful selection of pictures by some Front Office guardian angel, and a big publicity build-up. He has got there quietly, playing his own hunches, making his own breaks.

But ask him how he has done it, and he can't tell you.

We asked him, for example, what made him go in for comedy, and his answer was: "I don't quite know. I can't explain it. I just felt I might be more capable at that than at any other thing." He grinned persuasively. "Maybe it all goes back to when I was a kid and got the idea, from music hall shows, that actors were people who could make other people laugh. Maybe, subconsciously, I still had that idea—and had to find out if I was an actor or not."

If he ever had a son who wanted to go in for comedy, what formula for getting laughs would he give him?

"I'd tell him he ought to be able to find an easier way to earn a living. And if he were obstinate (like his pappy), and still wanted to try comedy, and wanted a formula for laugh-getting, I'd tell him there shouldn't be one. The funniest gags are the unexpected ones. The spontaneous reactions of human nature in a plight. . . . If there's any trick to the trade, it's to avoid the appearance of being mechanical, the appearance of having rehearsed."

Would he say that he has a talent for portraying embarrassment because he has had some excruciating experience with embarrassment, himself?

"I've never thought about it before—but I *am* easily embarrassed. Only, off the screen, I manage to hide it pretty well. It's all inside."

Few stars get the chance to choose their pictures, because few stars are good at guessing what the public wants to see. But Cary has been picking his own for four years—and he hasn't picked a "dud" yet. That can't be just luck. What's his secret? How does he pick 'em?

He never forgets that good movies are, first of all, good entertainment. "When I go to the movies, I want to forget the dirty dishes in *my* sink, and what's on *my* mind. I want to forget my troubles, get out of myself. I want to laugh a little. I don't always want to see comedy. I want to see love stories, too, and murder mysteries, and adventure yarns. And I figure I'm human. Other people must be the same way.

"Most people go to the movies for the same reason that many financiers read detective stories at night—to get completely away from the pressing problems of the day. We should make films with that in mind. We shouldn't give people their own lives on the screen. People can find enough misery and hardship in the world without going to the movies to find it. That thought influences me more than anything else, picking a script. I read fifteen to twenty scripts for every picture I actually do. And the question I keep asking myself is: 'Would this make people forget their own worries—at least for an hour or so?'

"Walt Disney has the only perfect formula. No human being can find himself in the fixes that Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse get in, because they're animals. That's why Disney appeals to both men and women, boys and girls, rich and poor, intelligent and stupid—of all nationalities, all creeds. Other pictures have to be about human beings. But they can take a tip from Disney: Make people forget themselves.

"I suppose the way I pick a picture is a form of egomania. I ask myself: 'Would *I* like to see it? Would *I* be interested in these characters, watching them on the screen? Would they take *me* out of myself?' That's more important than the size of the role I might play. I don't judge a script by the number of lines I have to say. In fact, I'm constantly squawking about script writers' making me such a gabby guy."

THE thing about Cary that staggers most people, especially other stars, is his energy. He goes from one picture right into another, oblivious of the importance of vacations. He doesn't seem to need to refuel his vitality. He has an inexhaustible supply. Where does he get it? He must have to

[*Continued on page* 67]

HE'S NOT A HEEL!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

ONE DAY WAYNE MORRIS FOUND HIMSELF SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD, AND THE NEXT DAY HE WAS IN THE DOG-HOUSE. HE HAD TO BE A COUPLE OF OTHER FELLOWS TO CRAWL OUT OF IT

BEING a local boy, Wayne Morris was practically weaned on the adage that you never can tell which way Hollywood will jump, or why. But when he made that discovery for himself it proved to be a deflating, non-plussing and perplexing sort of revelation, nonetheless.

"One day," says Wayne, "I was sitting on top of the world, and the next day I was in the dog-house. Just like that!"

How come?

Well, Wayne Morris was dealt one of those strange hands Hollywood sometimes shuffles out—a lone ace in the form of a flying start for stardom, and then a fist-full of grief.

Kid Galahad made Wayne, an unknown, the fair-haired boy of pictures—figuratively as well as literally. After he played that part, nothing short of an earthquake could jar him out of popularity's saddle. That is, nothing except maybe a change in his screen personality, or a love affair that didn't turn out the way the fans thought and hoped it would, or some bad pictures, or the public misunderstanding him, or perhaps an unsuccessful marriage.

Never a piker, Wayne tried them all—and suddenly found his fans backing away from him, or demanding "WHY" to a number of questions.

WHY, after he had that wonderful break in *Kid Galahad* handed him on a silver platter, did he change his screen personality from a nice, unspoiled boy to a smart aleck; WHY had he broken up that lovely romance with Priscilla Lane; WHY had he married heiress Lenora "Bubbles" Schinasi (for her money?); WHY did he steer that marriage on the rocks and WHY, after he had done all this, did he sulk like a spoiled child?

For months Wayne didn't have the heart to attempt to answer these questions. But now, with his work in *The Quarterback* hailed as excellent, and himself in the middle of making *I Wanted*

Wings, a picture he loves, the big boy has his confidence back and will talk.

"In the first place," says Wayne, "nobody handed me *Kid Galahad* on a platter. I had a terrible time getting it. As soon as I heard they were going to make the picture I started to haunt the producer. But he couldn't see me at all. Nor could anybody else around the studio.

"So I just kept after them until finally the producer said: 'All right, Wayne, I'll test you for the part—just to prove to you that you can't handle it.' I got the test—and the picture.

"About becoming a smart aleck on the screen. Nobody knows how I dreaded taking that part in *Submarine D-1.* It was intended for Jimmy Cagney, and I knew it wasn't for me. I said so. But after my good fortune in *Kid Galahad* I wasn't in any position to put up an argument.

"*Submarine D-1* almost torpedoed me. After that picture had been showing a little while the change in my fan mail was brutal. The public doesn't like smart alecks and let me know it.

"My mail carried everything from gentle admonitions from nice old ladies to invitations to come out in the alley from hard-boiled men fans. One letter I got will tell the whole story. It read:

'Dear Wayne: I wrote you a few months ago telling you how glad I was to see a nice American boy in pictures, and how I was teaching my boy to be like you.

But you failed in your obligation to boys like mine. I'm terribly sorry I took him to see you in that submarine picture.

Now I wouldn't have him like you for anything in the world.'

"That letter was just signed 'A mother,' but it was handwriting on the wall to me.

"THEN the studio told me they had bought the play *Brother Rat* for me. That made me happy, because I loved the part of *Bing*, that big, well-meaning, awkward fellow that everything happened to. But somebody discovered that *Billie* had more lines in the play than *Bing*, and they switched me to that part. I was miserable making that picture.

"I knew that while the public gets a kick out of hearing a little fellow talk other people into trouble that they would resent a man my size 'fast talking' his pal behind the eight-ball.

"And *how* the public resented it. As the wise-cracking tough guy in *Submarine D-1* I was objectionable. But after *Brother Rat*, most of my former fans just dropped the *Brother* for me. I was plain rat.

"You think it's strange that the movie-going public shouldn't realize that I was only playing a part, and that my character hadn't changed since I was the big chivalrous bell-hop in *Kid Galahad*? Well then, what do you think of the Hollywood producer who, when I asked him why he didn't give me another picture said: 'Look, Wayne, you used to be swell; but since you changed the public doesn't like you any more. The only important part I have is a sympathetic one, and you're too smart alecky for that.'"

Which seems to explain why Wayne Morris changed his screen personality and became a smart aleck. Because he couldn't help it.

But how about splitting up that charming romance with Priscilla Lane? They were always together and it had reached the point where they were even holding hands in public.

American fans are very fond of Priscilla. They regard her as a perfect specimen of sweet, happy, unspoiled girlhood. The women, and they are the large part of the movie audience, resented anyone jilting little Pat.

THE workers at Warner Brothers studio will answer this one for Wayne, and will explain what Wayne meant when he said he was miserable making *Brother Rat.* Here are the facts they submit.

Wayne did NOT break up that romance. Priscilla's mother engineered that, exclusively, and it happened while Wayne was on location.

He was very unhappy over it, and utterly miserable when, as *Billie*, he had to make violent love to Priscilla all through the picture—when the two were under the strain of the break-up.

As a matter of fact, Wayne really won his spurs as a regular guy at Warners by his behavior. And Wayne holds Hollywood's respect by refusing to present his side in either this or the crash of his marriage. To use the succinct expression of one of his Warner Brothers admirers, "Wayne would much rather be considered a heel than be one."

When accused of marrying Lenora "Bubbles" Schinasi because she was the daughter of a millionaire tobacco manufacturer, Wayne refused to point out that she was under age and didn't bring a dollar into the marriage, or to later defend himself when the marriage broke up.

Nor did Wayne attempt to broadcast the facts when he was accused of endangering the lives of others during the Santa Barbara Fiesta by reckless driving.

These facts are that some young boys asked Wayne if he would ride in their car with them—so they could have their pictures taken.

A good sport, Wayne said sure, and crawled into the contraption. In less than five minutes the boys side-swiped another car, and Wayne, who was not driving, and who was the only one to sustain an injury, received the blame.

Regarding the charge of sulking, Wayne's one and only explanation will take care of that.

"It was tough waiting—and knowing I had made a bad impression," said Wayne, "I wasn't getting the kind of picture I knew I could do, and I was worried about my work. When the marriage broke up I was at a loss—didn't know which way to turn. The one bright spot was that I could see my child whenever I wished."

ONCE Wayne Morris was cast for Paramount's *The Quarterback*, and had read the script, he was a changed boy. That picture gave him a chance to prove that he was only playing a part when he was smart alecky, and that he was still the unassuming lad of *Kid Galahad.* In it he played two parts; one a tough, wise guy, and the other a boy very much like the character *Bing* that he wanted to play in *Brother Rat.*

Those twin parts proved a "natural" and a vindication for Wayne, and his work in them was so fine and convincing that Paramount signed him for *I Wanted Wings* even before *The Quarterback* was previewed.

Immediately after the preview, both his own studio—Warners, and other producers were after him to make pictures. Apparently they were convinced that he had reformed from being a smart aleck and that his whole nature had changed back to that of the shy and chivalrous "pug" in *Kid Galahad.*

Meanwhile Wayne had plunged happily into his new picture.

"My part of *Tom Cassidy* in *I Wanted Wings*," he explains, "is just the sort of thing I'd have given my shirt to get a year or so ago.

"I played the part of an ex-All-American football star—a big, awkward, sympathetic fellow who finally gets killed in a crack-up.

"I'm sure tickled with it. Because, gosh; I don't want to have fans writing me and saying they hope none of their relatives are ever a smart aleck like me. I'm beginning to believe nobody can see an actor play a mean part without thinking it's just his real nature peeking out. When I started on this picture I discovered that even Bill Holden thought I was a wrong guy because of the parts he had seen me play."

At first Bill wanted no part of Wayne, but now they are close pals. In fact they have just made an agreement that if either is drafted or enlists that the other will pay him fifty dollars a week for the duration of his service.

"I'm getting a terrific kick out of this flying picture," Wayne said, "not only because it let me meet a lot of the future aces of America's air force, but because of the swell fellows I'm working with. Brian Donlevy, Ray Milland, Bill Holden and director, Mitchell Leisen, are a circus. There are a million gags going on in this picture all the time. Take this haircut Bill and I are getting on the set today. That's a Leisen gag. We were told this morning that we couldn't work until we got a haircut—because Leisen didn't want any airedales in his picture.

"PLAYERS from other pictures on this lot and even from other studios are coming over to watch the fun. You saw Brenda Marshall from Warners sitting behind the camera yesterday, almost laughing herself off the stool, didn't you? Well; that's the way it goes—news of a 'right' set travels fast in Hollywood.

"Making this picture hasn't been work, but fun. Strenuous fun—almost as strenuous as making the shots out on the football field with the U. S. C. and the U. C. L. A. football squads in *The Quarterback.*

"Everybody predicted I'd be in bed a month after making those football sequences. And I figured they were right. But, strangely enough, I never got so much as a scratch all through the shooting—until the very last day. Then I had only to run past the camera and turn around. In turning I tore a ligament in my leg and was laid up for five days.

"But I didn't mind—that part was worth tearing a leg off to get. It really meant that much to me."

To see Wayne Morris today you'd never dream that he was the lad that everything looked so black and completely "lost" to just six months ago. Now he has a keen interest in many things besides pictures. He has learned that it doesn't pay to hang all his hopes on one peg.

His unhappy marital experience has not soured him, and while he says his mind is far from the thought of another marriage, he seems to be taking Pat Stewart pretty seriously.

The other day I found him in a far corner of the *I Wanted Wings* set, hunched over a small table, his head buried in a book. He was working problems in navigation—for Wayne is taking his aviation seriously. He loves pictures—but he's determined to have another interest and another profession.

Because he's positive now that you never can tell what will happen in Hollywood.

THE IRONY OF IT ALL

Virginia loved her role in *The Philadelphia Story* but her favorite role is playing house, making Molasses Cookie Dolls

For a delicious and wholesome cold-weather meal, serve Savory Dutch Oven Dinner topped with old-fashioned Dumplings. You'll find the recipe on page 81

Busy Day Baked Beans, homemade Boston Brown Bread, both rich in iron, add up to a tempting supper. A green salad completes the meal. Recipes on page 81

PEP UP YOUR MEALS AND YOUR FAMILY WITH GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES

By
PAULINE RAWLEY

THERE'S a *believe it or not food* on your pantry shelf you may not have thought about in a long while. It's molasses—good old-fashioned pure New Orleans molasses—made from Louisiana sugar cane. Of course, molasses is not *new* to you, it's old as the hills. But what is NEWS is that recent scientific research shows it to be one of the best-known sources of *iron*. The kind of iron we all need to make our blood rich, prevent anemia, and generally keep our bodies strong and healthy.

The iron richness of molasses, research proves, is comparable to that of liver, and we all know how good that is for us. It is important in our everyday diet because it tops even those iron-clad old-timers like beef kidney, eggs, apricots, and raisins. This does not necessarily mean that molasses is richer in iron than these foods . . . but it does mean that the iron found in molasses is in a form that makes it more easily available for our bodies to assimilate.

Molasses, therefore, is a food we should all use actively in everyday menus *if* we are anxious to keep our families radiantly healthy. This won't be hard to do, and brings up the reason *why* I call it the *believe it or not food*. Unlike many good things, molasses is one of the exceptions to the rule for it is not only superb in taste and superior to other foods in its iron content, but, ironically as it may seem, it is also the LEAST EXPENSIVE SOURCE of iron.

"How" to give our families plenty of iron through the use of molasses in everyday dishes is easily answered. It needn't necessarily mean that you must go in for serving "sweet" things, for there are lots of good substantial foods like the Savory Dutch Oven Dinner with

[*Continued on page* 81]

Who's Whose in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 29*]

BAXTER, WARNER—As long as Hollywood has known him, which is a long time, he has been married to Winifred Bryson. His brief, unhappy first marriage—to one Viola Caldwell—was pre-Hollywood.

BEERY, WALLACE—Not lucky in love. Gloria Swanson, his first wife (1916-17), preferred a career. Rita Gilman, his second (1924-39), divorced him to marry someone else. His consolation is his adopted youngster, Carol Ann.

BELLAMY, RALPH—He got the girl in real life. She was Catherine Willard, English actress.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE—Just Reno-vated her third husband, Marquis de Henri la Falaise, to be eligible for a fourth—whose name is a carefully-guarded secret. Her first two mates were college boy Chester H. Moorehead and millionaire playboy Philip Plant. She has a son, 9-year-old Peter, and an adopted daughter, 3-year-old Linda.

BENNETT, JOAN—Married John Fox at 16, divorced him at 18, meanwhile having a daughter, Diana. Married Gene Markey in 1932, received final decree in 1938, meanwhile having another daughter, Melinda. Married Producer Walter Wanger Jan., 1940.

BENNY, JACK—Mary Livingstone has been putting up with his nonsense since Jan. 12, 1927. They have an adopted 5-year-old, Joan. Now they're "expecting."

BERGMAN, INGRID—The long-distance wife of Dr. Peter Lindstrom, Stockholm dentist. They have a 2-year-old daughter, Pia.

BLONDELL, JOAN—Her first marriage—to cameraman George Barnes—lasted three years, gave her a son, Norman, now 6. Since Sept., 1936, she has been Mrs. Dick Powell. They have a 2-year-old, Ellen.

BOGART, HUMPHREY—The Merchant of Menace has tried marriage three times—first with actress Helen Menken, then with actress Mary Phillips, now with actress Mayo Methot. They call their happy home "Sluggy Hollow."

BOWMAN, LEE—Made the mistake of introducing his love interest, Anne Shirley, to his pal, John Payne—and hasn't fallen in love since.

BOYD, BILL—Divorced from Elinor Fair and Dorothy Sebastian, married to Grace Bradley, who said after the wedding (June 5, 1937) she was going to give up career. But now she's resuming it.

BOYER, CHARLES—That Great Lover technique seems to work in real life, too. He won Pat Paterson in three weeks in 1934 and she's still happy as Mrs. B.

BRENT, GEORGE—Unlucky, three times running, in marriage—first with one Helen Campbell, then with Ruth Chatterton, then with Constance Worth. Now he's monopolizing Ann Sheridan, but denies they're secretly wed.

BROWN, TOM—Briefly married to pretty Beverly Hills debutante, Natalie Draper. Now "engaged" to Ronnie Warner, H. B. Warner's daughter.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA—Became fourth Mrs. John Gilbert in Aug., 1932, mother of a daughter, Susan, in 1933, and a divorcee in 1934. Married since Dec., 1937, to Producer J. Walter Ruben.

CAGNEY, JAMES—Married Frances Vernon when they were both hoofers. That was quite a while ago. They're still in step—and thinking of adopting a little Cagney.

CARLSON, RICHARD—Eloped on June 10, 1939, with Minerva ("Mona") Mayfield, who doesn't act. They're planning a house now, a little Carlson next.

CARROLL, JOHN—Has settled down only once, long enough for a brief marriage to Steffi Duna, who has custody of their daughter, Julie, aged 4.

CARROLL, MADELEINE—Her 1931 marriage to Capt. Philip Astley couldn't survive 6000 miles of separation. She got a divorce in Dec., 1939. Now she's in love with a French aviator, Lieut. Richard de la Rozier.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE—His first marriage, to Mildred Harris, was a secret until she divorced him. His second marriage, to Lita Grey, wasn't so secret. She gave him two sons, Charles Jr., and Sydney, now in their teens. He has publicly admitted that Paulette Goddard is his third wife.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE—Tried the separate-house brand of matrimony with Norman Foster. It didn't work. Since Dec. 24, 1936, she has been married to Dr. Joel Pressman. They live under the same roof. It's working out fine.

COLMAN, RONALD—Hollywood's champion recluse until he married Benita Hume Sept. 30, 1938. Now he rhumbas. What made him a recluse was his unhappy first marriage, to actress Thelma Raye, which finally ended in 1934.

COOPER, GARY—Was once attracted to his opposite, Lupe Velez, but their romance didn't end in marriage—as his romance with socialite-actress Veronica Balfe did, in 1933. They have a 3-year-old, Maria Veronica.

COOPER, JACKIE—At 18, his big love interest in Bonita Granville. "She's a lady," he says, in explanation.

CRAWFORD, JOAN—After a series of romances, settled down with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in 1929. It lasted 4 years. Two years later, she married Franchot Tone. That also lasted 4 years. Now she's rumored in love again but isn't telling his name. Has just adopted a baby, Christina.

CROSBY, BING—Don Ameche's rival as a Great Lover. Bing also has four sons: Gary, Philip and Dennis (twins) and Lindsay Harry. Mrs. Bing—since 1932—is the former Dixie Lee, who's still hoping for a girl.

CUMMINGS, ROBERT—Bob, who likes to fly, has been up in the clouds with Vivienne Janis, ex-Ziegfeld beauty, since Feb., 1935.

CURTIS, ALAN—As soon as his divorce from Priscilla Lawson is final next March, he'll be marrying Ilona Massey.

DARNELL, LINDA—18-year-old Linda still blushes, making love scenes, still has only one date a week. Mickey Rooney has been calling lately. But she has a secret heart—Jaime Jorba, her high school sweetheart, now living in Mexico City. She's going down to visit him.

DAVIS, BETTE—Eloped with her school day sweetheart, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., on Aug. 18, 1932. Hollywood made life difficult, calling him "Mr. Davis." He got a divorce in Dec., 1939. But they're suspected of still being in love.

DAY, LARAINE—Attorney Louis Blau is pleading for her to say "Yes."

DEE, FRANCES—She and Joel McCrea just celebrated their seventh anniversary. They have two boys: David, 6, and Joel, 4.

DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA—Still keeping people guessing about whether or not she is Mrs. James Stewart. Livy likes to be mysterious.

DEKKER, ALBERT—He has a wife who doesn't think he's a villain. In fact, they're infanticipating.

DIETRICH, MARLENE—The only Glamor Girl with a daughter as tall as she is. Maria was born in 1925, two years after Marlene married Director Rudolf Sieber, who she seldom sees nowadays, though they're still married. Her most persistent escort is writer Erich Remarque.

DIX, RICHARD—The papa of twin sons by his second wife, Virginia Webster, whom he married in 1933, year after he was divorced from socialite Winifred Coe, who has custody of their daughter.

DONLEVY, BRIAN—"The Great McGinty" voted for marriage a second time, in Dec., 1936, when he married singer Marjorie Lane.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN—Twice a husband, thrice a father. His first wife gave him a son, Melvyn, now 13. His second wife, Helen Gahagan, has given him a son, Pierre, now 5, and a daughter, Helen, now 2.

DREW, ELLEN—In her struggling days, married make-up man Fred Wallace, bore him a son, David, now 6. Then came success, and Fred didn't like being called "Mr. Drew." He got a divorce last October.

DUNNE, IRENE—Her favorite husband, since July 16, 1928, has been Dr. Francis Griffin. They have an adopted 4-year-old, Mary Francis.

DURBIN, DEANNA—Would like to start the New Year right—as the 19-year-old bride of young Associate Producer Vaughn Paul.

EDDY, NELSON—Gave up title as The Perennial Bachelor when he eloped Jan. 19, 1939, with Ann (ex-Mrs. Sidney) Franklin.

ELLISON, JAMES—Won Gertrude Durkin in 1937, after a four-year courtship. They're brand-new, first-time parents.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.—Played the field, after his divorce from Joan Crawford, until he met socialite divorcee, Mary Lee Epling Hartford. They were married April 22, 1939. Daughter Daphne born April, 1940.

FARMER, FRANCES—Eloped with Leif Erikson, Feb., 1936. Rifted Oct., 1939.

FAYE, ALICE—Heart-free at the moment. Her divorce from Tony Martin will be final next March. The marriage lasted a year-and-a-half.

FIELD, BETTY—Still looking them over.

FITZGERALD, GERALDINE—Quietly married to a wealthy young Briton, Edward Lindsay-Hogg. She gave him a son last May.

FLYNN, ERROL—He and Lili Damita have been enjoying the bonds—and the battles—of matrimony since June, 1934, confusing all the prophets.

FONDA, HENRY—When he was an unknown actor, he married an unknown actress named Margaret Sullavan. They were divorced in 1933. In Sept., 1936, he married Frances Brokaw, pretty socialite widow. They have two children.

FONTAINE, JOAN—Briefly engaged to Conrad Nagel, before she met and married Brian Aherne. Thinking of giving up career for a complete home-life.

FOSTER, PRESTON—Married to his hometown (Ocean City, N. J.) sweetheart, Gertrude Warren. They have an adopted two-year-old.

FRANCIS, KAY—At the moment, between husbands. She has had four to date: William Gaston, John Meehan, Dwight Francis and Kenneth MacKenna.

GABLE, CLARK—Before he could marry Carole Lombard (on March 29, 1939) he had to pay a fancy price for his freedom from Maria Langham, the second Mrs. Gable. The first was Dramatic Coach Josephine Dillon.

GARBO, GRETA—Testified recently, when applying for American citizenship, that she had never been married. But didn't testify she isn't going to marry Dietician Gaylord Hauser, her constant companion.

GARDINER, REGINALD—Hollywood Man-About-Town No. 1 and first Hollywood boy friend of Hedy Lamarr. Now concentrating on Mary Parker. Once married to Wyn Richmond, English actress.

GARFIELD, JOHN—The Fates guided John to Roberta Siedmann in 1933. They have a 2-year-old, Catherine, and are rumored expectant again.

GARGAN, WILLIAM—Leslie Howard's best friend has been married for years to Mary Kenny. They have two boys, Leslie and Barrie.

GARLAND, JUDY—People are trying to keep her from eloping with Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex. The romance looks that serious.

GARSON, GREER—Hollywood didn't know she had a husband until she went to court last May to divorce one Edward Alec Abbott Snelson, a British civil servant in India. Producer Benny Thau is attentive.

GILBERT, HELEN—She and music-master Mischa Bakaleinikoff called it a day, Sept., 1939.

GODDARD, PAULETTE—At 17, gave up show business for Edgar James, wealthy North Carolina lumberman. At 21, gave up James for show business. Now mixing movies and marriage to Charlie Chaplin.

GRABLE, BETTY—Unlucky in love to date. Her marriage to Jackie Coogan (1937-39) didn't work out. She was "engaged" to Artie Shaw when he eloped with Lana Turner. Her newest suitor: Victor Mature.

GRANT, CARY—Has been wary of matrimony since the quick washout of his first marriage—to Virginia Cherrill (1934-35). Fooled all the people who predicted he would marry Phyllis Brooks. But may not fool the people who predict he'll marry heiress Barbara Hutton when she's free.

GRANVILLE, BONITA—Reciprocates Jackie Cooper's devotion.

GREENE, RICHARD—Suspected of secretly marrying Virginia Field before he left for England and war duty last August.

GREY, NAN—Was once engaged to writer Charles Martin, but married jockey Jackie Westrope—on May 4, 1939.

GURIE, SIGRID—Denied having a husband until she went to court to divorce one Thomas W. Stewart in 1938. Since Aug. 6, 1939, she has been married to Dr. Lawrence Spangard.

HALL, JON—Secretly married Frances Langford June 4, 1938—but couldn't keep it secret more than four days.

HAYDEN, STIRLING—While sailing around the world, he got himself engaged to a girl in Tahiti. But that's all off now. And there's no one else.

HAYWARD, LOUIS—Won Ida Lupino after a two-year courtship, Nov. 17, 1938.

HAYWORTH, RITA—Promised father not to marry until 21, but eloped at 18—on May 30, 1939—with E. S. Judson, wealthy oil man.

HENIE, SONJA—Skated into the arms of Dan Topping, millionaire sports promoter, July 4, 1940.

HEPBURN, KATHARINE—Since her 1934 divorce from Ludlow Smith, of the New York "400," hasn't been interested in marriage. But Director Garson Kanin hopes to change that. Or is it all a lot of "eye-wash"?

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What It Meant To Be a Star in 1911

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he does not stand so straight and tall as when he was the Gable of his day. But the dimples are still there, and so is the smile that was called "irresistible" by the fans of another era. There is no dressing room nowadays for Costello. Not even a chair marked for his use on the set. He doesn't seem to mind.

I asked him to tell me how it all began, how one became a star in the first days of motion pictures; how, especially, *he* became a star . . .

He said, "It happened right on Broadway, this way: I was standing in front of the Hofbrau House. I had a year's contract in my pocket. A stage contract, of course, having been on the stage, in stock, since childhood. Larry Barber, a friend and stage director, happened to pass and saw me standing there. He stopped as if struck. He said: 'Don't go away, Cos, I'll be right back.' I said: 'I'll be here.' Presently he returned. He asked me to go with him to the office of Van Dyke Brooks. I knew Van, too, knew he was directing these new-fangled 'attractions' called moving pictures. I'd seen a few of them in nickelodeons. Funny old things like magic-lantern slides with the jitters. People laughed at them but, I remember, *I didn't laugh.*

"Brooks said to me, 'Look, Cos, will you work in a motion picture?' I said 'My God, Van, not in those galloping tintypes!' I didn't laugh at them as others did, true. But we were proud in those days. Moreover, it was well known that theater managers threatened to blacklist actors who worked in movies. But Van said, 'Come, now, you're young, you have a family, this is the off-season in the theater. Isn't five dollars a day coming in better than five dollars a day going out?' I thought it over. I thought, *Maybe no one will know!* I said, 'All right, Van, what's the plot?'

"AND that's how I went into pictures. Things haven't changed so much. Actors still go into movies for the dough. As I was leaving, Van said, 'If it rains, we can't work, of course, but you'll receive fifty cents just for coming over.' And that's what I did receive for my first day in a studio—fifty cents! In those days you got $2.50 if you just put your make-up on and it rained and you couldn't work.

"And if the handle of the camera so much as turned, you got your $5.00. I never used make-up until I became an extra. But I often made a pass with that powder puff just to get the $5.00!

"I don't know exactly how to give you the feeling of what it was to be a star in those days," he continued. "It was a *pioneer* feeling, I'd say . . . we were young, we were blazing a new trail in the entertainment world, we were in at the birth of a new, great industry. I can't say that I *knew* how great it would be, how big, but I can say that I sensed a lusty, growing thing. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have given up the stage. Yes, I did foresee a future. Not my future, thank God, but a future for what we then referred to, tongue in cheek, as 'galloping tintypes.' Lionel Barrymore christened them that, by the way.

"So I went to the old Vitagraph Studio on the outskirts of Brooklyn. And my Great Days began. A. E. Smith and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton were the men at the helm of Vitagraph, the first producers. Van Dyke Brooks was my first director. Florence Turner was my first leading lady. My first interview, first gallery portraits, first stills were published in the first fan magazine, MOTION PICTURE!

"We began together, MOTION PICTURE and I. I won the first Popularity Contest ever run, also in MOTION PICTURE. And received an imposing, gold-framed certificate, a handsomely-bound set of the magazines as prize. I feel a great debt of gratitude to MOTION PICTURE, a sense of warmth as for a personal friend. For it held out to me the helping hand of the printed word. It was the channel, the *only* channel then, through which I, and all of us, became known to our fans. It helped to make me a star and it helped, enormously and loyally, to keep me a star. Yes, we came a long way together, MOTION PICTURE and I. And it has not forgotten me, even now, you see . . .

"SO, I was the First Star. I was also responsible for having the players' names put on the screen. I was responsible for slower motion in pictures. I helped the 'tintypes' to cease their galloping, to slow down to normal motion. I can't say that I wouldn't like to be young again. I would, of course I would. I can't say that I don't wish I were Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, up at the top again, as they are. But in my heart, I don't envy them so much. I don't regret I was a star when the industry was very young. For we didn't only play parts in those days. We *were* part of the whole thing. We helped to build it and mould it and make it.

Costello, in movies for thirty years, once had name as big as Gable's. Today he plays extra roles. Here he's on set of *Lady Eve* at piano with Barbara Stanwyck as Preston Sturges, the author and director, gives them the once-over

"But I was saying . . . in those days, we didn't have our names on the screen. I was known to the public only as 'Dimples,' sometimes as 'Curly.' Others were known only as the 'Thanhouser Kid,' the 'Kalem Girl,' Mary Pickford was the 'Biograph Girl.' Then, after I'd made three or four pictures the fan mail began to come in. Oh, yes, right at the beginning it came in, by the hundreds of letters a week. I did foresee, then, that there was a public, an avid, eager public for moving picture actors.

"*That public has never changed.* They loved us then; they love us now. It is still eager, still avid, and it is the most loyal public in the world. To this day, I am not afraid of my public. I get a hand every time I so much as pass across the screen. They have been more faithful to me," said Costello, gravely, "than I have been to them.

"I also knew, then," he chuckled, "that we of the screen would *have no privacy.* It was the same then as it is now. When I hear of Gable being mobbed in New York, of Garbo being pursued, I laugh . . . I laugh when I think of how I always carried two fountain pens whenever I went anywhere, plus an indelible pencil as stand-in for the pens. I get writer's cramp when I think of the thousands and thousands of autographs I have signed in my time. Why, they followed me on the streets . . . I have seen men, women, children pick up an old cigar butt I threw away. There has never been anything like the love the public has for the stars of the screen, the old stars and the new. I hope the new stars appreciate it. For greater love men and women never receive . . .

"In those days all letters written to me aimed at one point: 'Who are you?' they all asked, 'what is your name?' I kept hounding A. E. Smith to give us screen credit. They didn't want to because they were afraid we would become too popular and ask for too much money. Finally, after my fifth picture, I delivered an ultimatum: I said: 'Unless my name goes on the screen with my next release, *next Thursday,* I am going back to my first love, the theater.'

"That did it. For a few days later I was told: 'Cos, your name goes on the screen and, from now on, you will star in all productions!' That was how names first went on the screen. And that was how *the First Star was born.* That was the birth, actually, of the 'star system.' Why, if it hadn't been for me," laughed Costello, "you might be calling Gable 'What-A-Man,' and nothing else *but!*

"IT WAS after my third picture that I 'resigned' from the stage, tore up my contract, cast my lot with the movies. I went into pictures for some extra money. I decided to stay with them, not only because I sensed the beginning of an enormous, new industry, but mainly because I had trouped all my life, in stock, on the road, a vagabond life. I had my little family, my wife, my daughters, Dolores and Helene, and here was my chance to have a home, which I wanted more than anything else. That, too, is true I think, of many stars today. Hollywood has drawn a number of them from Broadway because they want homes, evenings with their families, home-life. . . .

"How did it feel to be a star then?"

[*Continued on page* 60]

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What It Meant To Be a Star in 1911

[*Continued from page* 58]

. . . Costello's eyes seemed to follow his memory down the years . . . "Well, there was nothing namby-pamby about it," he said. "We weren't pampered in those days. It wasn't a cushy job, being a star in the early 1900's. The luxury-standard came later, unfortunately, I think, for all of us. Actors, like all men, work better when they are conscious of their bellies. But we were pioneers and pioneering is never easy. I was an all-around athlete. Whatever the script called for, *I* did it. We had no stand-ins, no doubles. We were our own stunt men. When I think of the crazy chances I took, the fights under water, the horses I rode, the falls and climbs.

"I look at the stars today, snug in their padded, portable dressing rooms while stunt men risk their lives and limbs to the glory of the star, and I have to laugh. When we went on location in those days, we just went short distances, down on Long Island, over to Staten Island. We traveled by trolley-car and ferry-boat. We carried our own lunch-boxes with us. We had to or we didn't eat. We all doubled in brass.

"I directed many of my pictures as well as acted in them. Florence Turner used to pay off the actors after her day's work before the camera was done. At the end of the day, she would stand there with the pay roll, doling it out. She paid me my first wages in this business. Imagine how a Hedy Lamarr or a Marlene Dietrich would look, dispensing the day's wages to a Gable or a Boyer!

"WE WEREN'T 'typed' in those days, either. God, no! I played Shakespeare, slapstick, Westerns, everything. I never did two characters alike. We made one-reel pictures then, you know, but we made *one reel a week*. I must have turned out a minimum of 45 pictures a year. Even when we got into the big, multiple-reel pictures, we did a reel a week. And, as I've said before, we didn't only act in them!

"We had ideals in those days, too. I often think we were responsible for building up the warm fan-following of today because *we cared about our fans. We didn't need any Hays Office to protect our public for us*! I always made pictures with good morals to them. I kept them clean. I had youngsters of my own and I always wanted to feel that a whole family could see my pictures and no member of it be shocked. There was no innuendo in our pictures when the movies were young. Virtue was white as snow and easily recognizable. Sin was black and obvious, as exemplified by Theda Bara. Virtue was always rewarded, too, and the Wages of Sin was, unfailingly, Death—or worse.

"I made so many pictures in those days, I can't be sure which was my first. But I think it was titled *The Foundling* and I know that Florence Turner was my leading lady. *A Tale of Two Cities* was my masterpiece. As Clark Gable may well say *Gone With the Wind* is his masterpiece, so *A Tale of Two Cities* was mine. . . .

"Dear Florence Turner . . . no reminiscences of mine would be complete without her. . . . I see her now, occasionally, when I work at M-G-M where she is in stock . . . and it's like turning back the pages of an old family album when we reminisce. When I look back, I smile as I think of her, of all those girls in the Days of Innocence—Marguerite Courtot (the Olivia de Havilland of her time), Edith Storey, shy Mae Marsh—yes, their innocence is what I most remember.

"Why, when Florence and I made our first love scenes together, I remember looking at the rushes and being horrified to see a *space of several feet* between our two bodies in the 'clinch!' I couldn't induce her to come closer, to give herself wholly to my embrace. I had to do something I'll bet my last cent no star of today has ever had to do—*I had to tell her the Facts of Life!*

"I tried to get Van Dyke Brooks to tell her. Horrified, he refused. I tried to get A. E. Smith to have a fatherly talk with her. He would have none of it. So *I* had to do it. It was the hardest chore I ever did in my life. I tried to be as delicate as possible about it. And when I had done it, I pointed out to her that it looked far more suggestive when she stood away from me than it would look if she responded to me.

"I explained, 'Your virtue will not be touched, my dear, it is only *acting*' . . . why, I take women in my arms and kiss them and press them when I could cut their hearts out—*that's* acting! Eventually, not so much because she understood me, I'm sure, as because she wanted to obey me, she allowed me to draw her close to me, as a lover does . . . and that's how it was in those days, those before-the-War days when girls were feminine and innocent and we men who worked with them respected their innocence.

"You never heard any off-color language on the sets in those days. Not even an *actor* would tell a woman an off-color story. Those of us who were married men, said we were. Secrecy about a star's private life came later. Didn't I have my little daughters working in pictures with me? Didn't Dolores often play with me as a small boy? In those days, too, a scandal would have hurt us far more than scandal hurts a star of today. There were fewer of us, you see, and the fans were more personal about us. Today, if an actor sat down and told his leading lady the Facts of Life she would probably have him committed to a psychopathic ward!"

MAURICE COSTELLO, now fully warmed to his subject—picture-making in the good old days—reminisced enthusiastically. "We were all big families in our respective studios then . . . folksy and intimate. We tried to give each other chances. We were eager to find new talent. It wasn't, 'What *have* you done?' that counted, then; it was, 'What can you *do?*' We weren't dealing in Pasts, you see, but in Futures.

"Many of us came from the stage, from stock companies and from vaudeville . . . but I took Hughie Mack out of an undertaking parlor," chuckled Costello, "he was an embalmer. I took Louis Delaney, who played my double in *A Tale of Two Cities*, away from the B. R. T. (Brooklyn Rapid Transit) where he worked as a claim agent. We didn't have trick cameras then, you see, we couldn't play dual roles.

"Yes, those were the days when I was the whole smoke, when the Costellos were beginning to be known (my young daughters and I) as The Royal Family of the Screen. Later," he said, "much later, The Royal Family of the Screen and The Royal Family of the Theater were united, when Dolores married John Barrymore. A great man, John, as great a man as he is an actor. We get along swell, John and I. . . . The Royal Family of the Screen," Costello repeated, smiling without bitterness, "and look at the fallen monarch now . . . well, I am in good company!

"But to go back. Norma Talmadge was a protege of mine. I gave her her first part. They were going to fire her. 'She can't do anything,' they said. 'She hasn't had a chance,' I told them, 'but she's going to have one now.' And I started her off in her first picture, *The Old Kent Road*. . . . I gave Connie Talmadge her first start, Harry Morey, too, I helped Betty Blythe on her sumptuous road to being *The Queen of Sheba*. Laughing Lillian Walker was a protege of mine. . . .

"JOHN BUNNY and Flora Finch, the idea of teaming them, was my brainchild. And they were, I believe, the first of the screen teams. We had Bunny at Vitagraph first but, alone, he was not of much value. I had seen Flora around the yard (we didn't call it the 'lot' in those days but the 'yard') and I knew she had an invalid husband to support, a daughter, knew she was in straitened circumstances. It worried me. We worried about each other then. I'd tried to get her into our supplementary stock company which paid its members $15.00 a week. But there didn't seem to be a spot for her.

"Then one day I happened to see her walking across the yard, toward John Bunny who was sleeping and snoring on a bench, as usual, more stomach than man—and *I knew what she could do*! I tore into A. E. Smith's office, dragged him to the window, made him look down into the yard and see what I saw. 'Yes, they are funny,' he agreed, 'but what would she want to do?' I said, 'She's not particular about what she does. I said, 'Look, just look at them *as a team*, no pie-throwing, no slapstick, just the fat husband and the nagging wife . . . funny.' I snorted, 'You play them right and it won't be funny for you, old man, it will be *a fortune*!' And it was.

"I should have put them under personal contract to myself. But we didn't know about such things in those days . . . that's why most of us, those who are alive, are extras today, with *our* bellies hurting *us*—'those of us who are alive today,'" Costello repeated, voice low, "so many of us are gone—Walthall, Earle Williams, Owen Moore, Flora, Bunny . . . he died of a broken heart, you know. He went out with his own vaudeville act after he became famous in pictures. He flopped and he never got over it. He died of it.

"Well, there again, times do not change, so much. I think John Gilbert died of the kind of heart-trouble caused by a break. So many of us gone these past years. I often think St. Peter must be casting and feel like sending him a radiogram asking him to hold out a good part for me. . . .

"And those of us who have only 'died' professionally . . . well, we are still here, you see, glad for the crumbs who once had the cake, haunting the hinterlands of the heavens in which we once starred . . . even the hinterlands more heaven than any other place or position. And why are so many of us what we are, extras, bit players, making barely enough to keep body and soul together? Were we more stupid than the stars of today? I don't think so. I think we are where we are *because we didn't have business man-*

agers when we began. The stars of today have got managers who take their money and don't let them get their hands on it . . . *that's* the difference.

"YES, I'd like us all to be together again—for we were one for all and all for one—thirty years ago . . . producers, directors, stars, extras. When I was at the top I was never rude to anybody. My name and fame didn't go to my head. That swelled-head stuff was dynamite then, *as it is now.* If a beginner in pictures today asked my advice I'd say, 'By all means beware of a swelled head. That first. Listen to your director. Don't be too good to take advice. That's the ruin. And remember that six feet of earth makes us all one size.' I was always clowning in those days, never serious, except when I was trouping. I always kidded with the extras, never thinking I would one day be one of them.

"In the early days, my competitors were Arthur Johnson, Guy Combs, Henry B. Walthall, Broncho Billy Anderson . . . we were the Gable, Taylor, Gene Autry, Power of our day. Earle Williams came in later. Billy Anderson was, I think, the first of the stars to foreshadow the way the Hollywood stars were to live later on, with their mansions and swimming-pools and polo ponies. Billy had a limousine, I remember, equipped with every comfort of the most palatial home, including *hot and cold running water*! I had my huge estate on Long Island, my private yacht anchored in the basin, my fleet of high-powered cars—and servants. My family wanted for nothing, could think of nothing *to* want . . . we ushered in the fabulous way of life of the Swansons, Wally Reids, Bebe Daniels and the others with their huge extravagances, huge salaries."

MAURICE paused briefly. A wistful look crept into his eyes.

"Then the down-grade began . . . in 1915, I left Vitagraph. I free-lanced around. The War came and there was not much doing. I had a big estate on my hands, not enough coming in for maintenance. In 1922 and '23, I did a couple of pictures for Paramount. In 1927 I did a picture with Ken Maynard. The Actors' Strike in 1929 didn't do me any good, I'd been Equity for years. I was walking *down-stairs and I knew it* . . .

"I became an extra. Now and then I get bit parts. In *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, in *Little Bit of Heaven*, in *Third Finger, Left Hand.* But they are the exceptions. For the most part, I *am* an extra.

"At first, I was timid. I was afraid of doing something wrong. There are more darn tricks to this game of extra-ing than there are to starring. Now I get the hell of a bang out of it. Only half-a-dozen of the stars have been rude to me, have ignored me. That's the only thing, now, that can hurt me. All the rest have been swell. I've been told 'we're all proud of you, the way you are taking it on the chin!' Some of the mob extras, the old folks, have been my fans. They show me a lot of respect.

"I'm neither optimistic nor pessimistic," he concluded. "If it comes again, it will come. I don't care anymore, I don't hope for anything except the ability to keep my head above water. Every night I thank God I've got my health and strength. Every night I pray I can go on, even in this little way. I don't regret any of it. I have such memories as few men can boast. People have loved me. That's enough of an epitaph for me."

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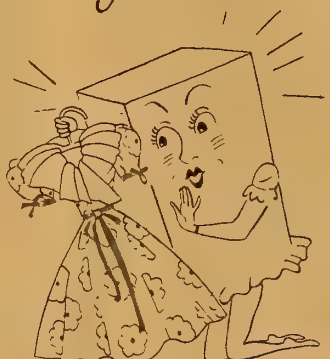
Golden Bar or Golden Chips, Fels-Naptha Soap goes after dirt in a determined way that no pale, weak-kneed soap can hope to equal. For reaching under-the-surface dirt, for loosening ground-in grime, there's nothing like golden soap *plus* naptha, the thorough, persistent, gentle cleaner. GOLDEN soap *plus* naptha—*Fels*-Naptha!!

Gentle with Clothes



Fels-Naptha Soap is more than just an able dirt remover. This richer, *golden* soap literally 'floats away' the clinging dirt particles that only soap and naptha working together can really loosen. So it's plain common sense to wash your sheerest washable things the Fels-Naptha way. The *strenuous* rubbing that ruins delicate fabrics is unnecessary when Golden Soap and Gentle Naptha go to work. And Fels-Naptha is specially kind to hands, too.

It's worth knowing that Fels-Naptha Soap works well in any kind of water, hot or cool, hard or soft—that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are actually 'non-sneeze'. They were the very first to eliminate powdery dust that irritates your nose. Whether you're buying bar-soap or box-soap, tell your grocer you want FELS-NAPTHA. For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 5-B, Phila., Pa.

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Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Nothing To Hide

[*Continued from page* 49]

minutes after Mr. Hornblow saw the ill-fated Metro test he sent for her, cast her in the aviation film, and in two jiffies she was on her way to location at San Antonio, Texas. Now the studio is talking about her future roles. This is remarkably fast progress for a youngster whose previous film work was in exactly three films.

Veronica admits that to catch her image in the films—*Sorority House* with Anne Shirley, a *Jones' Family* episode, and *Forty Little Mothers*—one has to sit, pop-eyed, without blinking, so as not to miss her fleeting appearances. But she is not unschooled in theatrics. She learned her dramatic A-B-C's in "little theater," the Bliss-Hayden outfit, and she was with them for a year and a half.

When Veronica first hove onto the Paramount horizon the boys and girls of the praise department went around with a "Peace—it's wonderful!" look in their eyes. They looked at her wheat-blond hair, rippling down to her shoulders, sliding over her eyes, and saw that it was untouched by the hair-dyer. They looked at the gentle, high rise of her bosom and sighed. So did Wardrobe. There would be no endless padding necessary to make this little *muchacha* curve in the right place.

Her hips, too, were slim and rightly curved, and her legs straight as exclamation points. The praisers sighed again. Peace, this *was* wonderful! No overstuffed thighs to give negative retouchers the willies, no high-riding stomach to be slimmed down by the fine art of the fellows who wield camels hair brushes in the dark rooms, no bow-legs.

"This girl has nothing to hide," the praisers muttered to each other. "And she's not married, either. No husband to keep in the dark. No children for us to be mum about, and ignore. Gad, what a relief!" For once here was a star-to-be who didn't need the protective coloring, the gorgeous panoply, the excessive verbiage (like this) of their craft.

That's what they thought . . . until the third of October, 1940. That was the day that the lady of the Lake name decided to give up the holy state of maidenhood and get married. At Santa Ana, California, Veronica married John Detlie, art director.

"For a few weeks we kept it a secret," the bride confesses. "Then the columnists began to mention it, even to the place where we were married. You see I had used my right name in applying for the marriage license—we applied for it on a lunch hour—and as I had made my first three films under my own name, Constance Keane, the newspaper people whom I know put two and two together and found out our secret."

OF COURSE it was a big blow for the moment to the publicity department that the "nothing to hide" girl now had a skeleton in the shape of a husband skulking around in her closet. But not for long. There was still nothing to hide, they decided, for with the news broadcast young Mrs. Detlie was only too anxious to talk about her new status, about the story-book qualities of her romance (and they are), about her entrancing new mate. It was good stuff to counteract the usual ugly whisperings in Hollywood—that a biggie was romantically interested in Veronica's future to the acute discomfort of his wife. This, we hasten to report, is untrue.

Across the white of the lunch table, the little Lake loses some of the sultriness of her screen *Sally*. The cereal-colored hair, faintly tan, perfectly natural, is caught up in a fine-meshed black silk snood, and the slim figure is clad in a gray woolen shirtmaker dress. Faint freckles, a little cloud of them, cross her nose, and as the talk grows more serious her mouth veers to the left, a little, and her chin follows.

She is saying, and she means it, that she is thrilled today. A song, words by Ned Washington, music by Maestro Victor Young, called *Born to Love* has been written for her and she is to sing it. She hasn't had any voice lessons but she knows enough about music to realize that it is fashioned for her range, and she's delighted. "Every day something wonderful happens to me," she says, and no one wants to heave a plate at her for there's not a trace of Pollyanna in the way she says it.

Veronica is five foot three, with an assortment of the best curves in Hollywood. You'll see her in *I Wanted Wings*. She's not in circulation, having recently wed

If you want to start classifying the "wonderful" days in Veronica's life, the best way is to start with her private life romance. "It was just like a story," Veronica boasts, and so would we if it had happened to us. "It all started at Metro when I worked in the Eddie Cantor picture *Forty Little Mothers*. I always ate in the commissary at the studio, but I never bothered to eye the stars. In fact," she says, with a touch of pride in her voice, "I never even troubled to look at Robert Taylor.

"This bothered my husband to distraction. He is an art director out there—has been for five years—and he later told me that he had never seen a girl with less interest in the celebrities who were scattered about her; not to mention his own presence. I kept my nose in a book or gave entire attention to my food and he never had a chance to strike up an acquaintance with me. I honestly paid no attention to him.

"The poor man grew so anxious to meet me—and I know this sounds boastful—that he wangled my phone number and street address from someone at Metro and he telephoned me. I didn't bother to go out with him. Didn't care about it. I didn't know, then, that he was the sender of the gardenia and orchid corsages that I was receiving regularly.

"He tells me now that he was so anxious to meet me that he took to driving slowly by the apartment house in Beverly Hills, where I lived, waiting to see if I'd come out. He was practically pining away, and I went about with my nose stuck high in the air, paying him no attention. Paying no one any attention. I had always been rather 'choosey' about the people I knew and those I wanted to know.

"One day I wore John's corsage to the studio and as I walked under one of the bridges that connects two of the lot buildings I felt a paper clip bounce off my shoulder and I looked up into the smiling face of John who was already to greet me. Wasn't I wearing his corsage? Did I know it was *his* corsage? I did not. I gave him a cold glare and stalked on.

"With that John was simply undone," Veronica continued. "He rushed to the phone and got Mother on the wire. 'Look, Mrs. Keane,' he said, 'I've simply *got* to meet your daughter. Will you and she come to lunch at the studio tomorrow and we can be formally introduced?'

"Mother is not in the least bound by tradition. She has none of the stuffy old ideas that bind so many people of today—the kind of people who think that just because a few of the girls and boys of today are wild that the entire generation should be stamped as 'incorrigible.' She said 'yes' she would, and the next day we did.

"It turned out that John was a darling and we had the same ideas about things. For instance, when I am tired and want to relax or am confused about what I should do, a little simple relaxation, like swinging back and forth, but fast, in a child's swing, or coasting down the 'chutes' at the beach concessions, revives me immediately. And he's exactly the same way.

"Of course when John started to propose (he kept proposing for six months before I said 'yes'), mother didn't have a chance to veto matrimony because it was she who arranged our meeting."

Tieing Veronica down to matrimony was something else again. It wasn't that she did not love John; she did. But the bugaboo of many another incipient marriage in the professions reared its head. She had her career to think of. It was a very new career, a year old, and she had worked hard for it. Her first thought was to become well-established as a cinema player before she conquered other worlds; particularly one as important as the matrimonial world.

"It was going away to Texas that got me," she confesses, and gladly. "The company went to San Antonio to the Army flying field down there, and a great wave of need for John came over me. I knew the answer then. It was John I wanted more than career. But I think we are going to be able to arrange it so that I can have both.

"Jealousies which sometime come up in marriages in our profession won't interfere, because we are in different branches of the business. There is a greater chance for jealousy to creep into marriage, I think, when actors and actresses marry. John wants to be a film director, and, looking at the success that Mitchell Leisen has made by going from art director to film director, I think it's a wonderful idea. Think of the advantage he would have, pictorially, in making good films. He'd know art and design and women's clothes."

Yes, that's the way she talks at twenty-one, last November 14th. She has everything sized up, boxed, catalogued, pigeon-holed. Her blue-gray eyes, with their large pupils, are direct as she looks out of them, expounding her theories. She laughs, frequently; confesses that her husband calls her "Mousie," her father's nickname for her is "Scotch-and-soda" (because she's part Scotch-Irish, Danish on her mother's side); and that she gets back at John by calling him "Mutt."

"We have made up our minds to counter-attack gossip before it has a chance to attack us," she says. "We are not going to read the gossip columns, and, with the exception of my first film, John is not going to see any of my pictures. When I worked with Anne Shirley in *Sorority House* she told me that was the plan followed by John Payne and herself and it was working wonderfully well. They never saw each other's films and did not read the film gossip sheets. That sounded good to me, and John likes the idea, too."

It'll be a great idea if it works. Veronica, who was christened Constance Frances Marie, may make it work. There is a stubborn thrust to her chin, which probably signifies determination. And her clear ideas of marriage—she doesn't want children for several years, not until she sees how the world situation clarifies itself; nor does she want to build a home until she sees what the conscription registration does for her thirty-one year old husband (she may have to establish a home near his training camp)—are quite devoid of flimsy illusions.

THE little Lake—five feet three inches—is an only child, and she was born at Lake Placid, New York, to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Keane. Her father was, and is, although ill health has forced his partial retirement, a commercial artist. Veronica is a convent-bred child, the Villa Maria in Montreal, Canada, and she undertook a pre-medical course for a year and a half at Montreal's fine McGill University.

"When I was a little girl I wanted to become a doctor," she says. "I guess I wanted to be a surgeon because I cut up my paper dolls, hacked off their legs and arms, and then glued them back on, with a great deal of delight. And I loved to play 'hospital' with the other children. Mother made me a little white nurse's costume, long skirt, with a red cross sewed on it and I made a great fuss about it."

Like many childhood dreams, hers was dispelled. Another interest took its place, and it was not the theater. Veronica's only theatrical experience before her "little theater" days took place when she was thirteen and was cast by the Adirondack Players in some sort of musical version of *Poor Little Rich Girl*. It wasn't the Duse quality in Veronica that made them select her. "No, they merely wanted a girl who was small enough to look young and like Shirley Temple, but old enough to remember lines," is her frank remark.

Winters in Florida and California, particularly the latter, brought Veronica closer to films, but it wasn't until she was offered a part in an RKO picture when she accompanied another girl to an interview that she began to think seriously about a film career. When she did, she realistically faced facts. She realized she knew nothing about acting and, unlike most potential glamor girls, she knew she should learn dramatic technique before she launched her career. With that reasoning came her entrance into the Bliss-Hayden group.

"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out...Oh, you feel fine, do you?...Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"

"Funny—your tail looks O.K....By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"

"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"

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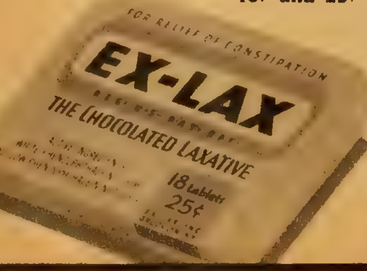

What It Means To Be a Star in 1941

[*Continued from page 27*]

been a lot of stories told about my start in pictures. Most of them covered the parts I played after I'd done *Machinal* on the New York stage; after I'd done *The Last Mile* out here and Lionel Barrymore plugged me into screen credits. But that came *after*—you want to know how I began. My first job in pictures, my first day in a studio was as an extra.

"It was ten years ago, and more. I was living at the time with a barn-storming aviator friend of mine, in an old barn on the outskirts of Hollywood. I heard they were making a series of collegiate pictures over at the Robertson-Cole studios, now the RKO lot. I had a $36.00 jalopy I chugged around in—when I had gas. I borrowed a sweater and a loud pair of socks from my barn-mate and chugged myself over to Robertson-Cole. They were using a lot of fellows for the campus shots and that's how I came to get a day's work as an extra, as 'atmosphere.'

"On the way out that night," grinned Gable, "I noticed a little girl who seemed to be walking home. I offered her a lift. I let her off on Hollywood Boulevard, some blocks from where she lived. She sure gave me the freeze for that. Years later, I met her again. She said, 'I've often wondered why you didn't drive me all the way home that night.' I said, 'Sister, I had *one gallon of gas* and it was going fast!' Her name was Janet Gaynor.

"No, I didn't feel any prejudice about movies after having been on the stage. Those days had gone. But even if they hadn't, I'd have felt the same. I was never any great shakes on the stage anyway. Certainly not at that point. Why, sister, from the fall of 1928 to the spring of 1930, I'd lived in a Times Square hotel and seldom saw the sun. Nobody was interested in me. I knew only the 'common folk' of Broadway. The silk hats and the tiaras passed me by.

"So when I flew East a few years ago, for the premiere of *Idiots Delight*, and a Broadway crowd spotted me and darn near upset the taxi, what could I feel except a sort of 'How d'you like that' sensation! I was the same guy when Broadway walked right through me. The difference was not in me, but *in my job*. That's how it feels to be a star in 1941. It's not a feeling of self-importance, it's a feeling of job-importance. There's a lot of difference. Think it over.

"I FEEL amused by my success, that's my main reaction. I feel it was a lucky break that started me. I feel pretty much the same about myself as I ever did. No one tried to sell me a bill of goods then; no one can sell me a bill of goods now. I know that I do best in an open shirt, soiled jeans, muddy boots. Stiff collars choke me. When I kiss a lady's hand I look like I'm biting it. Drawing-room manners, I haven't got.

"Point is, I was an 'extra' on Broadway so I couldn't feel I was lowering myself when I became an extra here. I never was a big shot on Broadway so I couldn't feel, later, that they did me dirt when they gave me bit parts in Hollywood. No, no prejudice. I didn't feel I was bending over, I felt I was reaching up. I don't think that old prejudice exists anymore, anyway. There are a few die-hards left, perhaps, who feel they are demoted when they leave the theater for the screen. But very few now, and getting fewer all the time.

"It seems to me," Clark continued, seriously now, "that the way you feel about being a star today depends on *how you began.* Maybe if you were one of those 'overnight' successes you read about oftener than you meet; maybe if you were a nobody on Monday and a sensation on Tuesday, you might get a sensational idea of yourself as something pretty unique.

"I didn't start like that. I don't know many who did. Most of us who didn't get kicked around before we got a break, *get kicked around afterwards.* Either way, you don't feel like a superman when you see your name in lights, you're too sore where you sit down.

"I won't go into all the kicking around I did and the kicking around I got. That's been told to saturation point. But I can't explain how I feel now, and why, without some reference to the stages that led me to Now. So I'll just remind myself that the rod-riding bum who dropped from a refrigerator car in Bend, Oregon, on a sub-zero day in March, 1922, looking for a job in stock, half-frozen, hungry, dirty and broke, except for the inevitable ten-cent-piece, is too close a buddy of mine still for me to get any funny idea that I was a Prize Package that just needed to be opened to stun a waiting world!

"So, the way I feel about being a star is—normal. I just feel as any man feels who's worked like a longshoreman for years, has got along with nothing and very little of that and finally achieves comfort and success. He pinches himself on the sly every now and again, does the big Butter-and-Eggs Man, in any business. So do I. But it's the American Way, isn't it? Nothing out of this world about it. Sweat and sore muscles, sure. But luck, too. Because there are a lot of good guys who sweat and strain their muscles and the breaks don't open up for them.

"IT WAS a different feeling, I'm sure, when the movies were new. If you were a First Star in pictures, or even one of the first, I can understand how you might feel something very special. In those days you were something pretty special. You were one of the Very Few. Today, it would take more space than MOTION PICTURE Magazine has to give me to list the boys that give me a run for my money . . . Taylor, Tracy, Power, Donat, Cagney, Brent, Flynn, Stewart, Cooper, Boyer . . . why should I feel like something up on an altar when it's as crowded as all that?

"Even when I came into pictures, ten years ago, I came into a galaxy that had had all the bouquets long before me . . . Clara Bow, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Lon Chaney, Marie Dressler, Ed Lowe, Conrad Nagel, those were some of the big names when I began. Why, even when Jean Harlow and I played together in *The Secret Six*, far from shooting off our faces, we spent our time wondering whether that would be our last job, whether we'd ever get another. We'd sit on the side-lines watching the Big Shots, giving each other pep talks. We stood in such awe of Wally Beery we all but salaamed when he passed us by!

"See what I mean? Costello was the first of the big names . . . but not me. Costello had no precedent set for him, if you get me, I had. Gives you a very different feeling to walk a trail already blazed. It's a feeling that lasts.

"By the time I got in, they'd all had fan letters, electric lights, publicity, big dough, autograph followers, all the stuff there is. When I had my first interview, for MOTION PICTURE Magazine (to which Anniversary Greetings, by the way) and you did it, Gladys, men like Valentino, Wally Reid, John Gilbert, had had their names and faces blazoned in the Press for years. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks had copped all the top honors, honors never to be exceeded, as King and Queen of Hollywood. Houses like palaces, yachts, limousines, staffs of servants was the common way of life for the stars, long before my day. Tom Mix was getting his $13,500 a week. Pauline Frederick's weekly salary was said to be $10,000. A lot of others had been up in those brackets, too.

"What I'm getting at is, when I began to get my share of all this, I couldn't feel I was doing something no one had ever done before. I wasn't pioneering. I wasn't a path-finder. I simply became a part of a well-organized system, a going concern before the name of Gable was added to it. I couldn't feel like a three-headed calf or anything extraordinary. I never have.

"THAT'S what I mean when I say it feels 'normal' to be a star in pictures today. It's always normal to be one of the herd. I'm one of a pretty big, pretty spectacular herd. If there had been a couple of hundred Shakespeares, Wright Brothers or Curies, they wouldn't be immortals today. It's the same with a screen star. If I were the only man who had ever had his name in lights, I'd be crowing like a prize rooster. I'm one of many. And so I feel the way any man feels who has worked hard, got a good job and substantial compensation.

"But don't get me wrong: because it feels normal to be a star today doesn't mean that we don't feel, also, a terrific sense of responsibility. I'd say it's just as hard work to be a star today as it was in the pioneering days of 30 years ago. It's a different kind of hard work, that's all. It's the difference between 'wild-catting' for oil and managing an enormous, complex organization once the field work is done. It's just as exciting now as it was then, too, though also in a different way. It was exciting for Henry Ford when he first invented and assembled the parts for his cars; it's exciting for him now to keep his cars still running, and on top of the heap!

"It's true that actors, today, have only one job to do—and that's acting. It's true that we have nothing to say about direction, production, very little to say about a script, very little influence, if any, in helping new talent get a start. But that's because the infant industry of Costello's day has grown into a complex, highly organized and, naturally, much more efficient 'adult.' There is a whale of a difference between the pioneering days when everybody, producers, directors, stars, extras, were all beginners together, each feeling his way in a new medium, one not knowing much more than the other what it was all about and today when we have executives, specialists of all kinds, who know infinitely more about their jobs than we do.

"IT WAS one thing for a Costello," Clark reminded me, "to jump behind the megaphone of a man who had been a fellow-actor of his in stock a few months previous. But can you imagine where I'd get off telling a King Vidor or a Vic Fleming how to direct a scene! Costello could tell his associates what kind of publicity and billing he

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should have but I know M-G-M's Publicity Department is under expert guidance and my opinions would be of little value. I'm no guinea pig being experimented with by novices. M-G-M publicity has steered dozens of us, Beery, Shearer, Crawford, Stone, Mickey Rooney, into the right channels. So I don't need to double in brass.

"I know I can put my publicity, my public relations into M-G-M's competent hands and be safe. It's the same in every department now. It was swell for Costello to give Norma Talmadge, Flora Finch and John Bunny and the others, their breaks. But if I saw a pretty waitress somewhere or ran across a likely-looking chap in a college play, and recommended them for a screen test, I'd be out of my depth. For now we have our talent scouts and casting directors, men of long experience, highly-trained men who fine-comb the Little Theaters, College Dramatic Societies, stage, look under rugs and up chimneys and everywhere talent may be found.

"In addition, when Costello gave a newcomer a chance, it didn't cost any more than the price of the one, two or three-reel picture in which the novice appeared. Today, at least six months of training is given every one of the kids on our contract list before they are given even bit parts in major productions. They must work with voice coaches and dramatic coaches; they must work with Wardrobe and Make-up. They must make series of tests and a test costs 400 smackers, per. It costs dough to groom a beginner today, so that finding new talent is none of our business anymore, it's the studio's business.

"IN COSTELLO'S day it was, as he said, pioneering. And in pioneering days all hands pitched in on any and every job. But this later day is the day of the expert. It is the day of each person in his niche. And an actor's niche is *acting* and nothing else but . . . and it had better be a pretty decent job of acting, too, or else. . . .

"In Costello's day all that was necessary was to put the name 'Maurice Costello' on a theater marquee to draw the crowds. The director's name didn't matter, nor the story. Take a look at theater marquees today. You seldom see one star carrying a picture. Moreover, they didn't have reviewers and critics in those days. Serious critics who analyzed everything they did from their make-up to their psychology in interpreting a character. We've GOT to be good at our jobs today; haven't time to do more than the one job.

"We've got to be good as possible because of the terrific sums of money invested in us. The stories bought for us, the production costs that 'mount' up, the salaries paid our co-stars and supporting casts . . . You ask how it feels to be a star today. It feels like being a safety-deposit box in a bank! A box full of gilt-edged securities and high-interest bonds!

"And if we are pampered today," said Mr. G. forcibly, "and we are—that's why. Not because we are softer than we were in the old days but because we represent invested capital. . . ." (here I must break in to say for Mr. G. what Mr. G. will not say for himself, *being* Mr. G. . . . which is that he, certainly, can take it as well as the pioneers of yesterday.

He does his own stunts when he can get away with doing them. On location at Marsh Field, for example, when he was making *Test Pilot,* he was keenly interested in handling the big bombers and actually flew one of the ships with a pilot giving him instructions from a dual control. During the making of *Too Hot to Handle,* Myrna was supposed to be in a plane crash and to escape from her ship as it burned. Such shots are made with what is called a "controlled" fire. But this fire got out of control. Director Jack Conway was just about to count the scene lost, was about to have the firemen drag Myrna out of danger when Gable yelled, "Keep 'em turning, Jack, I'll get her!" . . . and did.

When the studio heard about *that,* they had to be revived with hypodermics!). "That's why we have stand-ins to save us time and energy," Clark was continuing, "that's why we have padded dressing-rooms, portable dressing-rooms, so we won't catch cold in our little noses—simply because if anything happens to us, we throw down the stockholders of M-G-M. Or whatever studio we work for.

"Take Hedy Lamarr right now—she is working in three pictures at once, here at M-G-M. Three major productions represent the kind of money aptly described as 'not hay.' If Hedy were injured in any way, if she even had a cold for a few days, her absence would cost the studio thousands of dollars. So, if we are 'pampered,'" grinned the big fellow, "it's not because we're teacher's pets, it's economy, it's protection of investment.

"BUT if we lack the more personal touch of thirty years ago, if we can't help each other as they did then, we can have the satisfaction of knowing that if our pictures make a lot of dough, if we make 'big productions,' they furnish employment to thousands of people.

"I don't know of any two men who ever worked together who are better pals than Tracy and I. . . ." (here, again, I must speak for Gable where he will not speak for himself . . . I know that when Bob Taylor first signed with M-G-M, he went to Gable for advice, sure of help and interest. I know that Gable advised Bob how to dress, told him to get a new hair-cut, stood by him through the difficult phase . . . I know that Jimmy Stewart went to Gable whenever problems arose . . .)

"And in our private lives," Gable was saying, "speaking for myself and my Missus, anyway, I'd say we feel just like any couple who are getting good breaks, living comfortably but moderately, saving money. We have a small place, inexpensive to run, only seven rooms in all. We don't keep flocks of servants, just the hired man for outdoors, a couple for the house.

"It may be true that the present crop of stars will be comfortably fixed when they retire, or are retired, because we have business managers to handle our money for us, as Mr. Costello pointed out. But I think it's more likely that things go in cycles, that the 'luxury-standard,' the days when everybody tried to out-do everybody else, the days of the gold plates and more gold plates, is dated. Besides, the First Stars didn't have the Lesson before them we have had. They believed that Happy Days would go on forever because they hadn't seen Happy Days vanish. And they didn't live, as we do, in an era where Tomorrow is anybody's guess.

"Getting on top is one thing, an exciting thing, sure. But trying to stay on top once you get there, is exciting, too. It's exciting to me. If I didn't get a kick out of it, I'd quit tomorrow, no matter if I had to go back to driving mules.

"It's pretty normal, all the way around," Clark said, in conclusion, "the old 'galloping tintypes' are Big Business now and actors today are not a big part of a small, new industry but a small part of a big, established industry. That's how it feels and what it means to be a star in 1941. . . ."

Catching Up With Cary

[*Continued from page* 53]

relax sometime. But how does he relax, or when?

"Did you say relax—or collapse? I can't relax listening to the radio. There are too many news commentators. I can't relax with books. Pick up a best-seller and you find yourself in the middle of the Spanish Revolution. I can't relax with the kind of friends I have. My idea of relaxation is a state of doing nothing. And as far as I'm concerned, that's one state outside the United States. . . .

"But don't let anybody tell you I'm overworked. I get plenty of hours outside of the studio. And I can forget work after work. Only I don't go out as much as the columnists claim. I never did go out that much. The only reason I get in the papers so often is because I'm a so-called eligible bachelor. There are only a few of the species left, so the columnists have to use the same names over and over, whether the boys were night-clubbing or not. There's no fun in reporting married couples out with each other. There's no scandal in that."

Director George Stevens appeared in the doorway of the dressing room, to tell Cary that in the next scene he wanted to do a lengthy close-up of him in profile. Stevens asked, "Which side would you rather be photographed from?" Cary waved an arm in the air. "It doesn't matter to me, George," he said. "Whichever side is easier for you. But thanks for asking, anyway." Which gives you a little sidelight on Cary—and his lack of a Narcissus complex.

Something he doesn't lack is an appreciation of his fellow-players. He told us to watch for Jimmy Stewart in *The Philadelphia Story*—"he's terrific." And talking about *The Philadelphia Story* got him started about Katharine Hepburn. "She's a greatly misunderstood person, and all because she resents people asking questions about her personal life. I don't blame her; I resent it, myself. The important thing is, she's a brilliant performer. She's always in there pitching, trying to give the audience its money's worth. That's what really matters. That, and the fact that she had the whole Press against her and still came through. And came through unaffected."

The reason why he likes comedy is: "There's more challenge in it. Are people going to react, or not? You can't tell, watching the crew on the set. On the first take, the crew may snicker. But after the second take, you hear nary a snicker. The crew's wondering when you're going to get the thing on film."

Is he ever able to laugh at himself on the screen? "I can laugh at my hamminess. But most of the time, I'm too nervous even to do that. I'm busy wondering if the audience is going to laugh in the right spots."

Where is this career of his taking him? What is his goal?

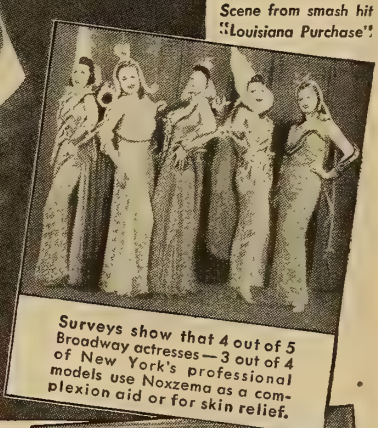
"I'll always keep working. Show business is in my blood now. I've been offered chances to direct—and I've given a thought to directing. But my acting commitments are such, and the returns are such, that it would be foolish to think of it seriously. Right now, anyway."

How about marriage? Was he thinking of that seriously?

He beetled his brows, a la Edgar Kennedy. He pursed his lips. He drummed his fingers on his knee. "I still say," he said, "that what I do off the screen is nobody's business."

THE "WONDER" CREAM THAT SURPRISED EVEN ITS MAKERS

✓ *check these 7 ways it may help you*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Surveys show that 4 out of 5 Broadway actresses—3 out of 4 of New York's professional models use Noxzema as a complexion aid or for skin relief.

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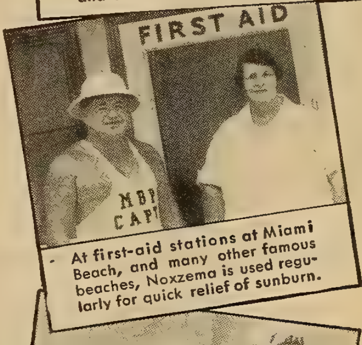

At first-aid stations at Miami Beach, and many other famous beaches, Noxzema is used regularly for quick relief of sunburn.

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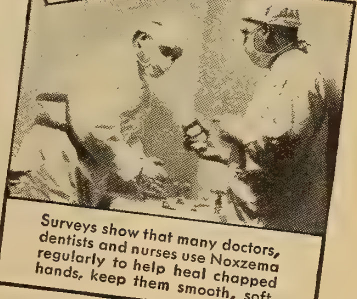
✓✓ **FOR SCALDS AND BURNS,** fever blisters, chilblains, Tired Aching feet, insect bites—KEEP NOXZEMA HANDY! It brings quick, grateful relief! Get a jar *today*!


Surveys show that many doctors, dentists and nurses use Noxzema regularly to help heal chapped hands, keep them smooth, soft.

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● For a limited time only, you can get the generous 25¢ jar of NOXZEMA for only 19¢. Get it today and use it for just 10 days. If you don't say it's helped make your skin *look* better and *feel* better, your money will be gladly refunded!

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Sleeping Beauty

[*Continued from page* 16]

time before they can begin to do anything about softening and smoothing your chapped and frostbitten skin. The point is, you can take time at night to do things properly. Thirty minutes late to bed isn't half so tragic as the same half hour late to work—or to a dinner date!

You can just bet that Vivien Leigh who plays *Lady Hamilton* to Laurence Olivier's *Lord Nelson*, owes pretty much of her loveliness of skin and hair to the extra half hour spent in scrubbing and creaming, and brushing and massaging before she popped into that satin-quilted bed of hers. Vivien's skin, you ought to know from GWTW, is just about as pearly fine as they come. But she has to take care to keep it that way—even as you and I! And don't think that because her skin is fair and delicate, the sort that goes with her gorgeous auburn hair, that she never gives it a good scrubbing with soap and water. BECAUSE SHE DOES! English Vivien learned long ago what every gal in Hollywood knows—that all skins, dry or oily, coarse or sensitive, need both soap *and* cream for satisfactory beauty care.

This isn't saying, of course, that if your skin is painfully sensitive (especially in this wintry weather) you should scrub it three times a day with the kitchen soap—and let it go at that. Land's sakes, child, I wouldn't advise that for the most oily, coarse and tough skin I've seen—and I've seen all kinds. No indeedy. To you I would recommend the use of a mild, quick lathering, fast cleansing soap, followed by complete rinsing—and then a good dose of a fine lubricating, tissue or cold cream! Wash your face twice a day if possible, but do it at night anyway! Just think of all the things you've been into today—the oily exhaust from the bus that swooshed past you this morning, the dust you cleaned off the top shelf of your closet, the carbon paper from the duplicator you smeared on your temple when you pushed your hair out of your eyes. Do you want to leave all that filth on overnight, so it becomes ingrained, and your skin has to open its pores further to breathe? That's the way to make blackheads and large pores! After all, there are some kinds of dirt that only soap and water can cut; cream does a fine job as accessory to the fact, but *your* skin needs both!

DID you notice away back in the middle of the last paragraph I said "complete rinsing?" I meant just that. Too often you gals blame irritation felt after washing your face on the *soap*. 'Tain't so! It's the fact that you don't rinse the soap off thoroughly. Soap was meant to do only one job—cleansing your skin. It's not a powder base, nor an overnight lubricant! Rinse twice with lukewarm water, then slap cool water (not cold) briskly over your whole face and throat—*it* deserves the same fine treatment you give your face! That final dash of cool water helps to tone the skin, to refine the pores—and to stimulate the circulation so that the cream you apply now can double the good work. Don't forget to dry your skin thoroughly, too. A moist skin chaps twice as easily—but even if you're creaming up and hopping into bed, remember that the cream will take hold faster if it can get directly at the skin, and doesn't have to mix with the remains of your soap and water facial!

You'll be thinking, pretty soon, that all I want you to do at bedtime is to wash and cream your face—and that there's no magic beauty formula in that. Maybe not—if you do it tonight and forget about it tomorrow and the next night. Or if you do just that and nothing more, or if you use just any old soap or cream you have around the house. The products you use are every bit as important as the ways and times you use them! F'r instance, your bedtime facial will be twice as effective if you rest your whole body in a lukewarm, relaxing tub. And take into the tub with you the same fine soap you use on your face. Keep on the single standard, because the skin of your body, though it isn't exposed to all the elements your face is, is just as delicate and sensitive!

I DO wish each and every one of you would write me for the name of a super-fine soap that is a terrific bargain at this time. It's made of the best obtainable oils, to begin with; oils that are carefully blended, refined, and milled to give you a completely safe, mild and quick acting cleanser. Here are some of the things you'll notice when you try (and I'm sure you'll want to) this superb soap: The lather is smooth and creamy, so it covers the skin surface with a fine film of soap, rather than with air bubbles, in order to break the surface tension of dirt and easily remove it. It is mild, gentle acting, non-drying, and leaves the skin clean, smooth and supple. It has a delightfully "true" and lingering perfume—you can have your choice of eight different fragrances (and pastel colors to match your bathroom) when you buy it!

But best of all, the soap comes in a huge, easy-to-handle bath-sized cake that has a long life of smooth and gentle service ahead. It's really a glamor soap that stays that way down to the smallest sliver—and without wasting away or smudging off in the process! The usual price is four of these great big luxury cakes for a dollar—but the manufacturer is giving you, free, an extra dividend in another cake of the same size, same quality. Which means, instead, five cakes for a dollar, or 20 cents a cake. Not much, when you consider that each one will last over twice as long as the ordinary facial size you usually buy. And you'll get double the use from them all, because they're as luxuriously cleansing in the bath as they are gently so on your face! The good looking white and gold box would make a swell belated Christmas gift—you can keep the extra cake to try yourself!

You'll probably be interested in knowing, too, that there's a companion cologne, in a quaint hobnail bottle, for practically all those delightful fragrances. Apple Blossom is my favorite, because it reminds me of Spring which seems so far, far away right now. Why not ask me to send you the list of fragrances and the name of this bedtime beauty aid? I'll answer by return mail!

Ever feel so puzzled by the various kinds of face cream that you didn't know which one to choose? Then you'll be glad to know about a one-jar beauty cream just developed by a world famous manufacturer in cooperation with the renowned Alix of Paris. The manufacturer set out to perfect a cream that would be as good for all kinds of skins as his already excellent hand lotion. I think he succeeded mighty well. Whether your skin has the creamy loveliness of the brunette, or the delicate tints and fragile texture of the blond or redhead, this cream will do things for you. What will it do?—Everything! Use it to cleanse the skin during the day, or before washing your face. Use a tiny bit of it as make-up foundation, to make your skin satiny smooth and ready for powder. But above all, use it after washing your face, at night, to soften the outer skin layers, and to help guard against dryness and chap. Try smoothing it on your face while you soak in the tub—it melts faster, and you can remove it and go to bed with "a clean face." I know you'll like it every bit as much as I do—and that's a lot. There's a sample size at 10 cents, in case you want to try the cream and find out that I know what's what—and larger sizes priced at 25 and 50 cents, and $1. Want to know more?

Chances are, if you keep your skin soft and supple with mild soap and the nightly use of a good cream, you won't develop wrinkles half as soon as the girl who doesn't. Because wrinkles seem to breed in dry skin! But there's always the possibility of a frown line appearing to mar the serenity of your brow—or a squint line crinkling the corners of your eyes into aging "crow's feet." I've two remedies to offer you for this beauty bore—both of them used by famous Hollywood beauties. The first is—more cream, massaged into the offending wrinkles nightly with gentle, patting finger tips. The other is a cunning little wrinkle eraser, shaped for all the world like a pair of spread wings. Simply moisten this and paste it wherever you want to remove a frown line, then leave it on overnight. I don't say, mind you, that the wrinkles will completely disappear, but they will be less deep and apparent. And that is something. Besides, the continued use of the tabs helps to break your habit of frowning or squinting—and that automatically helps to smooth away the lines. Thirty of the tabs, all set to go, cost 35 cents. Interested?

Not all your bedtime beauty rites should deal with your skin. Brush your hair at least a hundred times to stimulate the oil glands to more normal production. This goes whether your hair is dry or oily! Then, to make it stronger and healthier, give it a special treatment especially designed for it. If it's thin, or dry, with dandruff scales that "highlight" every black dress you own, try massaging a special hair tonic into your scalp nightly. I can give you the name of an ideal one that lubricates at the same time it helps to loosen dandruff—so *it* can be easily brushed out of the hair. There's a brilliantine at the same price of 50 cents from the same manufacturer which you will want to rub into those dry and splitting end curls. But no matter whether you use one or both of these products, be sure to brush the hair back and forth, from side to side, and every which way—to stimulate the scalp, step up the circulation, and distribute the corrective preparations evenly. I'll guarantee your hair will be lovelier—tomorrow and tomorrow!

Write to me before February 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

When someone's eyes are judging you can you be sure it's Safe to Smile?...

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Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

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Know the joy of Teeth that feel bright to you look bright to others

Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth . . . the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Because only Pepsodent contains IRIUM . . . super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

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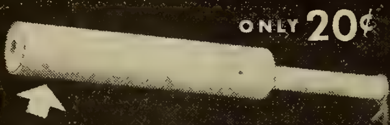
Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.

Why I switched to Meds

by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.



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NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

So natural they even have *half moons.*

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

462 N. Parkside Dept. 17-B, Chicago

No Stuffed Shirt

[*Continued from page 36*]

come to watch. Along the broad, paved road, all of a sudden, comes a police car, hell-bent for tarnation, tearing off sixty or sixty-five, and with no siren going (indicating, if you know your stuff, that it was *no* emergency run). Probably the cop was on his way to lunch or something, and was in a sweat about it.

So what? So everybody gets scared and gets out of his way and lets him go careening through like a little Gestapo poo. BUT—all of another sudden, along in back of him comes another car—a smoothie of an open-top cabriolet job, with a good-looking guy at the wheel. This second car takes that police machine like Santa Claus taking papa's bank roll. It comes right up behind it, faster than johnnie cop's car, pulls alongside—and then, with an imperious gesture, the good-looking guy waves his arm and *tells the police car to pull over to the curb!!!*

The police car does it, too!! It stops, and the other car stops alongside it, and the cop looks like he wonders what loonie is loose now. So the good-looking guy (well, of course, by now you know this is Freddie March) glares at the cop and demands, like the wrath of heaven:

"Where do ya think you're goin', buddy? To a fire?!"

The cop was speechless.

"You're doing sixty along here, and this is a twenty-five mile zone; do ya know THAT?" bawls Freddie March.

The cop still stares in utter stupefaction.

Freddie yanks a card form his pocket. Like a cop yanking his book of traffic tickets—only this time, it's Freddie's driving license. He slams it in front of the mortified cop's eyes.

"I wanna know—is this good or do I have to get a renewal?" demands Freddie.

The cop gulps. Then he stammers—

"Er—yeah—um—ah—it's good, all right."

So Freddie slaps it back into his pocket, meshes his gears, lets in his clutch, and rolls away. And after a few minutes of deep, long breaths, the cop rolls along, too—at a sedate thirty or so, thanking his lucky stars that the good-looking guy (who musta been a nut, huh?) didn't maybe conk him one.

NOW, no stuffed shirt would ever think of a gag like that—much less pull it. No stuffed shirt would do any of the things that Freddie March does, day in and day out, to prove that he's one of the most regular guys in Hollywood. That's why I don't get this queer notion that seems to be around that he is a fat-headed phony. Maybe it's because he's still one of the highest-priced actors in Hollywood; or maybe it's because he is an Academy Oscar winner. Heck!—that Oscar stuff doesn't impress Freddie very much. Freddie didn't need an Oscar to convince him that he's a good actor—he's not swell-headed, but he's intelligent enough to know that he's a good actor without having to prime himself with a look at his Oscar every morning for breakfast.

Maybe that's why he keeps his Oscar where it is. You look around Freddie's house, and ten-to-one you don't see the Oscar—even though Freddie does observe the Hollywood traditions conscientiously enough to keep it in plain sight. But the catch is this: he has a special niche for his Oscar—a special niche, 'way 'way 'way up so high in a specially-built highboy desk in his living room that you can't see it without getting a crick in your neck. That's how Freddie rates Oscar. And it's refreshing—after having other Academy winners' Oscars crammed down your throat when you go to their houses . . . !

Let's tell some more tales about this guy. There's the rib he pulled on Glen Ford, a young actor who worked in a recent picture with March. March was at the drinking fountain, and Glen stepped up, waiting for March to get done so he could get a gulp of water between takes for himself. Freddie saw him waiting.

"Wanna drink?" he asked, cordially, and handed Glen a paper cup of water.

"Thanks," said Glen, appreciating the star's courtesy—appreciating it too darn' much. He should have smelled a rat—or a goldfish. Because believe it or not, Freddie had slipped a goldfish from a bowl (which was one of the props on the set) and had dropped it into the cup of water—and before poor Glen Ford knew what was happening, he had a mouthful of goldfish—live, wiggling goldfish!!

NOT even pretty gals—glamma-gals—are safe from Freddie's clowning. Margaret Sullavan got a noseful of him, not so long ago. It was the day on which the afternoon's takes were to be devoted to heavy love scenes between Freddie and Maggie—the kind of stuff where the hero shoves his puss right into the heroine's, and gives her the goo, you know. So what?—so Freddie came onto the set, got ready for the first close-up take, head-to-head with the Sullavan—and poor Margaret all but swooned. . . .

Freddie had eaten a garlic sandwich for lunch!!

"Freddie," said Margaret, "you stink!" Anyway, that's the report of grips who stood close by. Margaret insists that all she said was: "My, how odd your breath smells!" But if I know Margaret—if I know my Hollywood, in fact—Margaret must have said plenty of other things than that.

So now let's skip the oafing and clowning. Life isn't ALL screwball stuff, by any means. Far from always playing mortifying gags on people, Freddie spends much of his time and effort helping them. He came up the hard way himself—no need of rehearsing his "biog"—you can get that out of any third-rate fan-mag, but you probably know it already. You know he came up the hard way. And because he did, Freddie is the kind of guy who strives earnestly and sincerely and, unremittingly, to help others who are on the way up. There is, in Freddie March, no snide professional jealousy; you'll never find him standing on another guy's neck to lift himself a bit higher. More likely, you'll find him putting his own neck down so the other guy can step up on it. . . .

THAT same Glen Ford, on whom he pulled the goldfish trick, is indebted forever to Freddie. During shooting of *So Ends Our Night,* some time ago, Glen was ill-at-ease because for the first time in his incipient career, he'd been thrown in with a troupe of high-power, big-name actors and actresses. He went nervous, and almost blew up in his role. It was Freddie who, with infinite understanding and compassion, hitched himself to young Ford, and with steady good-fellowship and companionship, broke down young Ford's nervousness, took him over to the sidelines and gave him, free, the lessons March had learned the hard way about being a movie actor—and Glen came through with flying colors, instead of flopping miserably, as he might have if it hadn't been for March's help.

Freddie has a private, portable dressing room, like many of the big shots. But it's about as private, in actuality, as love-life in the zoo's monkey-house! Most improbable thing to find would be March alone in his dressing room. Usually, during rest periods it's filled with March plus uncountable numbers of his fellow-actors, technicians, prop-men, grips and even errand-boys. All sitting about, talking and chatting with no more class-consciousness than there used to be in America. Freddie doesn't take himself big, as an *artist*; he'd rather be one of the boys. Stuffed shirt, my eye!!

And there's no big-shot stuff about his home life, either. Compared to the usual Hollywood star's home, Freddie's is a hovel! But that's merely comparative, you catch on. I mean: a mere seven-room house! Only seven, where the average Hollywood big-name thinks he has to have that many rooms in his place just for the servants, you know! But Freddie has only the seven—for himself, and wifie (she's Florence Eldridge, you know) and the three kids, the three they adopted.

IT'S not that Freddie can't afford more. He gets plenty of spinach—enough to maintain the Los Angeles city hall, if he'd want to. But quite some time ago, Freddie gave up this big-house-and-a-big-front idea. It made him kind of sick to the stummick, I fancy. He'd been living, up to a couple of years ago, in a palace of a place out in Bel-Air—the kind of place you associate with movie stars. It was a swell flash, but Freddie decided to hell with it. So, when they went East to do some stage stuff, Freddie and Florence put the house on the market and sold it, and when it was sold, they privately told each other it was good riddance of bad Hollywood rubbish, and privately felt a bit sorry for the sucker who'd taken it on.

And then, when they came back to Hollywood recently, they turned thumbs down on the old mode of life—this big house stuff, with hordes of guests and big parties and swank, swank, swank. Instead, Freddie bought a little, old house in Mandeville Canyon, which isn't snooty at all, but is extremely livable and lovely. He had the house modernized a bit, and remodelled here and there to accommodate them comfortably but without flash. And they moved in and have been happy ever since . . .

There's a living room that's homey, and darn if you can say that about any other living room in all Hollywood. It's got a lovely, "comfy"-looking fireplace with a beautiful collection of old copper pots and kettles and pans hanging around, like an old Dutch kitchen-living room, I guess you'd say. (I'm no Bill Haines, so I can't give you the fancy terms for this sort of stuff; all I can do is tell you.) These pots and pans aren't the kind of stuff you phone down to the decorator's for; they're things the Marches picked up themselves, in their own travels, piece by piece.

The dining room displays one of Freddie's hobbies—coral pieces. He has a magnificent, fascinating, intriguing collection of more than 200 pieces of coral, in all its strange shapes and lovely hues. They're on glass shelves, built into the dining-room windows, and the effect is indescribably charming.

But the garden is Freddie's pride. Here is no trick formal garden, looking like Marie Antoinette's back yard, or something from Versailles. Here is simply a cool, restful, old-fashioned "natural" garden. There's a rock garden that's rich with mosses and ferns and begonias—and I don't think Freddie knows the Latin name of a single darn' thing in it. He hasn't even got a Jap gardener of his own, and in Hollywood, that's rank heresy. Instead, Florence's own brother, Mac, takes care of that garden. And it's the kind of garden you can REST in, instead of taking the guests out to show it to them to prove what a big-shot you are . . . . !

And there, in that little house and that cozy garden, live Freddie and Florence and the kids—little Penelope, who's eight, now; and Tony, who's only reached about six and a half, and Esther. Adopted, the three of them, you know. Freddie and Florence have only one major regret—that is, that they haven't any youngsters of their own. But Penelope and Tony and Esther are such swell kids that that regret is just about non-existent.

Honestly, I don't think there's a single Hollywood star who lives a more calm, simpler family-and-home life than Freddie March. And it's part and parcel of him; the other stuff that they tried—this big-house-and-lots-of-servants-and-show-and-let's-throw-a-big-party-tonight stuff was too phony for them. Freddie does his acting on the sets and the stages and he gets paid for it; he's quit doing it in his private life. Freddie, today and from now on, is being just himself and if Hollywood doesn't like it, Hollywood knows what it can do about it.

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Who's Whose in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 57*]

HERVEY, IRENE—First married, and divorced, very young. Then had a brief romance with Robert Taylor. Then, on July 26, 1936, married Allan Jones. Has 10-year-old daughter, Gail, 3-year-old son, Jackie.

HOLDEN, WILLIAM—Before Fame hit, he had a girl friend in Pasadena. Now Brenda Marshall is his girl friend.

HOPE, BOB—He tries out those quips first on Dolores Reade, once his stage partner. They have two adopted children: Linda and Tony.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM—Has divorced three husbands: actor Brandon Peters, writer Austin Parker, and director Anatole Litvak. Has an adopted 8-year-old, Michael.

HOWARD, JOHN—Stunned when girl friend, Kay Griffith, announced engagement to Broderick Crawford. Still in process of recovering.

HOWARD, LESLIE—Still married to his World War I bride, Ruth Martin. Has a son, Ronald, in World War II and a daughter, Leslie.

HUBBARD, JOHN—Before he entered films, asked Lois Golder to marry him if he succeeded. The wedding was April 1, 1939. They're "expecting."

HUGHES, MARY BETH—Robert Stack is Head Man.

HUSSEY, RUTH—The gorgeous Hussey favors Producer Raphael Hakim.

JOHNSON, RITA—Once engaged to Broderick Crawford. Now engaged to lawyer Stanley Kahn.

JONES, ALLAN—Has a 12-year-old son by early first marriage. Now married to Irene Hervey and has another son, 3.

JOYCE, BRENDA—Has never forsaken her college sweetheart, Owen Ward. In fact, she's about ready to marry him.

KELLY, NANCY—Last April Fool's Day, "almost eloped" with Irving Cummings, Jr. Now back with her first boy friend, Edmond O'Brien.

LAKE, ARTHUR—Plays *Dagwood* in real life to Patricia Van Cleve's *Blondie*.

LAMARR, HEDY—At 17, married Austrian munitions millionaire, Fritz Mandl. At 21, ran away from him—to Hollywood. He divorced her. She went with Reginald Gardiner 18 months. Then, after 4-week courtship, married Gene Markey on March 4, 1939. She divorced him last September. Now concentrating on career and adopted baby son, James.

LAMOUR, DOROTHY—Married to orchestra leader Herbie Kay for four years. Free since May, 1939. Lawyer Greg Bautzer is her most persistent suitor.

LANDIS, CAROLE—Married at 15 to one Irving Wheeler, lived with him three weeks, but waited five years to divorce him. Married Willis Hunt, Jr., yacht broker, July 4, 1940. And they're divorced already.

LANE, PRISCILLA—Secretly married Asst. Director Oren Haglund Jan. 23, 1939. Secretly divorced him May 3, 1940.

LANE, ROSEMARY—She's a career girl, not interested in marriage yet—to Buddy Westmore's disappointment.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES—Elsa Lanchester has been understanding him for lo, these many years.

LEDERER, FRANCIS—Divorced from one Ada Nejedly in Prague in 1935. Married Margo Oct. 16, 1937. They're now trying a separation.

LEEDS, ANDREA—Gets all the best racing tips since her Oct., 1939, marriage to Robert Howard, son of wealthy owner of Seabiscuit. Rumored "expectant."

LEIGH, VIVIEN—Married Leigh Holman, London barrister, in 1932, and gave him a daughter, Suzanne, in 1933, then fell in love with Laurence Olivier. Holman divorced her Aug. 26, 1940. She married Olivier four days later.

LINDSAY, MARGARET—Once rumored the choice of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, now definitely the choice of William Lundigan.

LOMBARD, CAROLE—Married to William Powell two years (1931-33). Then reported engaged to Russ Columbo at time of his tragic death in 1934. Then went with Clark Gable for years. Married him March 29, 1939.

LOUISE, ANITA—She's out of the ingenue class now. Since last May, she has been a married woman: Mrs. Maurice Adler.

LOY, MYRNA—Press-agents once dreamed up a romance with Ramon Novarro. But her one big romance has been Producer Arthur Hornblow. They married June, 1936. They recently decided to call it a day.

LUPINO, IDA—Something that helped Ida escape ingenue roles was her marriage to Louis Hayward, Nov. 17, 1938.

LYNN, JEFFREY—For a MOTION PICTURE layout, Jeff took Dana Dale dining and dancing. It developed into a romance. Now they're engaged.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE—Still singing the love songs Gene Raymond composes. They were married June 16, 1937.

MacMURRAY, FRED—Has never loved any girl but Lillian Lamont. Envious of their pals, the Millands, they recently adopted a baby girl.

MARCH, FREDRIC—Doesn't mention a brief, early first marriage. Married since 1927 to Florence Eldridge. They have three adopted children: Penelope, Anthony and Esther.

MARSHAL, ALAN—Eloped with socialite Mary Grace Borel Nov. 18, 1938.

MARSHALL, BRENDA—Her ex is actor Richard Gaines; her next (when divorce is final) is William Holden. She has a 3-year-old, Virginia.

MARSHALL, HERBERT—Thrice married. No. 1: Mollie Maitland. No. 2: Edna Best, who gave him a daughter in May, 1933, and a divorce in Feb. 1940. No. 3: Lee Russell. He and Gloria Swanson were once romantic.

MARTIN, MARY—A bride at 16, a mother at 17, a divorcee at 18, a showgirl at 19, a star at 25. Now she's a bride again. The lucky man is story editor Richard Halliday.

MARTIN, TONY—Has stepped from Alice Faye's arms to Lana Turner's.

MASSEY, ILONA—Come March, she'll change her name to Mrs. Alan Curtis.

MATURE, VICTOR—He gets around fast. Has gone from Lana Turner to Liz Whitney to Betty Grable in quick succession.

McCREA, JOEL—Gave up his role as Hollywood's most-sought-after bachelor in 1933, to marry Frances Dee. Has "two swell kids": David and Joel, Jr.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR—Married 27 years to Enid Lamont. Has a son Andrew who is a block off the old chip (he's that big) and a daughter, Sheila.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE—Twice married (and divorced) before he married Verree Teasdale, Aug. 25, 1934. They have an adopted 4-year-old, Peter Adolphe.

MILLAND, RAY—Married Muriel Webber, Hollywood girl, in 1931. They parted once, but briefly. Son David Daniel born March 6, 1940.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT—Married to Elizabeth Allen (not the actress). They lost their first child, now have two more: Elizabeth and Robert.

MORGAN, DENNIS—After college, married his high school sweetheart, Lillian Vedder. Two children: Stanley Morner, Jr., and Kristen Morner.

MORISON, PATRICIA—Seems to have called off her romance with Producer Matty Fox. Her dates are varied, now-a-nights.

MORRIS, WAYNE—After playing the field, he married Bubbles Schinasi, Jan. 1939. Son born, Dec. 1939. Now they're divorced and he's playing the field again.

MUNI, PAUL—Bella Finkel is the one Hollywood wife whose husband wants her around when he's working. He relies on her opinions.

MURPHY, GEORGE—He and Juliette Johnson started as dancing partners. Only George dances now, but they're still partners—with a 2-year-old son.

NEAGLE, ANNA—Not married to her director, Herbert Wilcox, all rumors to the contrary. His wife hasn't given him a divorce yet.

NIVEN, DAVID—Strictly an ex-playboy. He's in the British Army now and, between bombings last October, married one Primula Rollo.

NOLAN, LLOYD—Married the girl who hated him at first sight: Mel Iford. Recently heir-conditioned their home.

OBERON, MERLE—Once rumored engaged to David Niven, not to mention Joseph Schenck. Married since June 3, 1939, to Producer Alexander Korda.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE—Persuaded Marguerite Churchill to give up her career for him in 1933. They have two children: Oran and Darcy.

O'BRIEN, PAT—As completely married as Knute Rockne was. His wife is pretty Eloise Taylor. They have two adopted children: Mavourneen and Sean.

O'HARA, MAUREEN—On eve of sailing for America, married George Brown, a British film worker. An annulment is in the offing.

[*Continued on page 85*]

Will the Chaplins Divorce?

[*Continued from page* 24]

tell the newspapers, for Charlie and I were going through a period of readjustment. I felt it was unimportant whether or not the world knew we were married. And just as I feared, it was not clear sailing from the start. We were separated for six months. If the newspapers had known we were married when we were having this trouble, it would have brought about so much public explaining, that we never would have been reconciled.

"Charlie, as you know," she said, "has had two unhappy marital experiences and I have had one." Paulette was married when she was sixteen, to Edgar James, a wealthy lumberman. "We wanted to work out our marriage problems in our own way."

I recalled then that she and Charlie had separated for six months and that she had gone to Florida with her mother while Charlie was working at Pebble Beach. They were apart while the attractive twenty-six year old Paulette was trying to find a way to continue her marriage with the brilliant Charlie.

He was working on the script of *The Great Dictator* and couldn't be bothered with domesticity.

AT THAT time rumors were that Charlie was being seen with a pretty red-haired woman at Pebble Beach and everybody thought the end had come.

But Paulette took matters into her own hands, went up to Pebble Beach and they talked things over, with the result that there was a perfect understanding between the Chaplins.

"I was unhappy," Paulette told me, "because Charlie wouldn't let me work. I had never been accustomed to sitting around, folding my hands and playing the role of a recluse. I was ambitious but Charlie held my contract and he said that I could make no pictures unless I worked for him. Finally, he saw my side. We reached a compromise, I could do outside pictures and when he didn't want to take me to parties, I could go with other people. Since that time we have been completely happy."

This conversation with Paulette took place before the public announcement of their marriage and subsequent rumors of their divorce.

Knowing Charlie and Paulette so well, I am sure she is the only one who could adjust herself to his uncertain hours and completely gypsy ways of living. He has no idea of time and when he is working on a picture, as he has been doing on *The Great Dictator,* for two years, there are days when he will forget to go home at all. In justice to Paulette, I must say it takes a woman of tremendous understanding not to be irked when she has ordered dinner for eight o'clock and he appears at eleven-thirty or not at all.

"When I had nothing to do," Paulette told me when I visited her recently, "I was lonesome and unhappy. Remember when I came to Hollywood from the *Ziegfeld Follies,* loving gaiety, parties and all the things Charlie despises? And remember my wardrobe?" she laughed.

My mind went back to the first time I had ever seen Paulette. Her hair was more blond then and she was dressed in the height of fashion—so much so that when she walked into the house at Pickfair where Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were entertaining, she was the cynosure of all eyes. Charlie was beaming with pride.

Later, Norma Shearer dubbed her "Miss Hattie Carnegie" because she wore so many of the expensive Carnegie creations. Charlie loathes these big gatherings; and while occasionally he was willing to escort Paulette to this or that festivity, nine times out of ten he would refuse to leave his book, or his writing, or his congenial friends.

In a short time Paulette forgot clothes. She appeared in sport things or slacks. Under the Chaplin influence she let her hair go back to its natural reddish-brown color and curiously enough, with her natural tresses, she is far more of a glamor girl than she ever was as a blond charmer, dressed to the teeth.

"But how have you and Charlie worked out this unusual marriage?" I asked Paulette.

"I think it is because I am a gypsy at heart, too," she answered. "I am happiest with a box of trinkets, a few clothes and a place to put my head without the responsibility of a home. For almost two years I have had samples of rugs and curtains to finish fixing up this home and I haven't made a move to complete the job. I didn't want to be bothered and I wanted to be ready to travel with Charlie when he finished his picture."

Looking about me at the charming home she has made, I questioned her neglect as a home-maker. The big house on the hill where Charlie lived alone so long, is so feminine I couldn't believe it was the same place I used to visit when he was a bachelor.

When he lived there alone with his Japanese servants it was austere, plain and with none of the gracious warmth and comfort a woman's touch gives a house. Never a flower because Charlie thought flowers gave him hay fever.

Gypsy at heart Paulette may be (as she says), and she may have no interest in making a home (also her own words), but she showed me a beautiful white petit-point chair in the hall, very proudly. "I made that," she said, "and I'm going to make a whole set."

Also, she is the only "gypsy" I ever saw, who is an incessant knitter. For such an indifferent home-maker, it is amazing to realize she went to school to learn to knit correctly. That is because she cannot bear to do anything half way.

When I spoke of the changes in the house she said: "Sylvia Fairbanks (Mrs. Douglas) did part of it, but I left the sun-room to do myself. Every day I say I must finish it—but making four pictures, one after another, leaves me very little time.

"Besides, I'm not sure Charlie likes too much interior decorating. He almost went out of his mind when he found out that Sylvia and I had painted his beloved pipe organ, *white*!"

I FEEL sure Paulette's career, her independence and her complete acceptance of Charlie's own independent way of living is what captivated Chaplin. There is a real understanding between them. Paulette is sympathetic to his ideals; she understands when he forgets everything else but his work and doesn't come home for days at a time.

"In that way we are alike," she said. "When I work I forget everything else.

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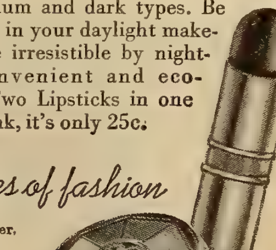

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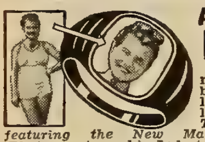

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I believe it is because I have my own work and Charlie can live just as he did before we were married, that has kept us together.

"Charlie loves me—but I know he loves his work better than anything else in the world. For two long years he has labored —and I mean he has labored as only Chaplin can work, on *The Great Dictator*. It wouldn't be the great picture it is if he hadn't given it his very heart and soul.

"But where would I have been if I hadn't had work of my own? I didn't mind when he was completely absorbed in his picture and at times forgot my very existence because, I, too, was occupied and happy in my career."

There, I think, is the answer why this slim little gray-eyed girl has held the interest of Charlie Chaplin for five years. He is so intensely proud of her.

"She's so intelligent and so smart," he told me on one occasion. "She has more money than I have," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

Without bothering to apologize, he'll tell you that Paulette is the best actress on the screen—but that she has never equaled her performance as the Jewish girl in his new creation, *The Great Dictator.*

"I never expect to have another role as great," Paulette agrees, and then when Charlie strolled out of the room she told me an amusing highlight on her husband's opinion of her work.

"He never pays any attention to any picture I make unless it is with him," she laughed. "You know I played in *Second Chorus* with Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith. One evening we met Burgess at a dinner party and Charlie very casually said to him: 'Do you know my wife, Miss Goddard?' completely oblivious of the fact that Burgess and I had been working together all day."

UNTIL the time Paulette came to live at the house on the hill, Charlie's two sons by Lita Grey, seldom came to the house. As soon as Paulette became Mrs. Chaplin she saw to it that the boys came there often and it's no small compliment to her that they adore their lovely stepmother.

"She has the children there a lot because she says the boys and I must be good friends," laughs Charlie, "but the real reason is that Paulette has so much more fun when they're around. When she knows they are coming from school, she says, "Goody, now we'll have some fun."

The two Chaplin boys, Charlie, Jr., and Sydney Spencer, are fourteen and thirteen, respectively. Charlie is sweet, quiet and a great lover of music, while Sydney is mischievous, inventive and, as Paulette says, so like his father that he must have the same stroke of genius.

One night when Vladimir Horowitz, the great pianist, was a dinner guest, Paulette invited young Charles to join them at dinner. Horowitz mentioned Lawrence Tibbett, Heifetz, and other renowned musicians, quoting them at length. The boy's eyes grew bigger and bigger. He was fascinated. After dinner, he said to his world-renowned father: "Can you imagine knowing famous people like that?"

The naive remark was repeated with great glee by Chaplin. "Doesn't he know his own father is better known than either Tibbett or Heifetz?" I asked Paulette later.

"Well, I suppose accomplishment in music means more to him," she explained.

Perhaps so, but the boys at the Black-Foxe Military Academy where the Chaplin boys go to school say to him: "Gee, aren't you lucky to have Paulette Goddard in your house. There's a glamor girl! Get us a picture."

Charlie, Jr., is beginning now to be impressed with the fact that his father is an international celebrity because the kids are asking for his picture, too. The last generation adored this greatest of all comedians and now I know, after *The Great Dictator,* this generation of youngsters will have the same pride and affection for him. For the first time in his career, Chaplin talks—thus the world's greatest pantomimist becomes the world's greatest-speaking comedian in motion pictures—and his two boys will find as much joy in him on the screen as your children.

Paulette has never tried to take the boys away from their own mother. She insists that their grandmother, who raised them, is first—and whenever she says they must come home—back they go, no matter how reluctantly.

Naturally, coming to the house on the hill with a man as interesting and fascinating as Charlie, and a woman as attractive and likable as Paulette, is something very special in their lives.

"The boys were born here. This is their home," Paulette says, "and I like to have them here often, not only for the happiness they get being with their father, but for the happiness they bring him."

PAULETTE and Charlie have both changed. Fame has come to the wife of the comedian and she now lives her own life with Charlie's full consent. Paulette herself freely admits it wasn't the easiest task in the world to be the wife of a genius. She is young, she likes to have a good time and when she isn't working it just isn't human to expect her to remain by herself in the lonely mansion atop the hill, without companionship.

Their solution is working out. I don't suppose it would be a solution for other people with conventional ideas but it seems to be successful for the Chaplins. If Charlie wants to dine with another woman, it's all right with Paulette.

There are never any recriminations, any accusations or jealousies, and the same goes for Paulette.

Such an arrangement wouldn't work out in the average home but Chaplin's ideas are not those of the average man. I do think Paulette has brought Charlie happiness. He told me himself, when he was harassed and worried over the script, that she gave him sympathetic understanding and that her faith in him was one of the things that inspired him to make his picture.

When January, 1942, rolls around you can count on the Chaplins being together. Charlie, himself, says there will be no divorce, and Paulette echoes this promise.

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How Alice Faye Won Her Battle

[*Continued from page* 46]

the background, why she didn't project herself more. Her answer was, "I guess it's a complex. I realize now so much how meagre my background and my fundamental training have been. I feel—well—that I am not ready for such an important move as pictures."

This feeling was further exemplified not long after, when 20th Century-Fox decided to cast her in an emotional role, one that would definitely put an end to all talk that she was just a nice girl with a pleasing voice. She made the test for the part, and it was terrific. The studio did nip-ups and made plans for the production. So far the story has the typical routine. But the ending was different.

ONE day, Alice went to the studio and informed them that she would not play the part. When asked, "Why not?" by amazed studio heads, she merely replied, "I'm not ready for such a role yet. I don't feel I can do it." And all of the argument was of no avail. Another actress played the part and reaped the triumph that may very well have been Alice's.

But Alice had her ideas about success: never try a thing unless you feel you can do it well; plod along slowly and surely, never admitting defeat, but waiting for the time when there could be no doubt.

That's what Alice did. She played in minor little pictures for a long time, never as just a bit player, but as a featured actress. She watched everyone about her—the technicians, the cameramen, the other actors. She watched and learned. And she gained valuable experience.

Yet, all of the time, she hated Hollywood. She made regular trips back East. Many was the time that she threatened never to return. But she did. Why? Because a challenge had been offered her, and it was a challenge that her inherent ambition refused to let her throw away.

Then—just recently—she felt she had hit the success she was after. She began to look upon Hollywood in a different light. Her inferiority complex disappeared and in its place there was a sureness of purpose, a basic confidence in herself. What brought it about? The one part that she believed in and wanted to play—*Lillian Russell.*

Before then, in *On the Avenue,* she realized that the public did like her and did think she had a place on the screen. They began to take a real interest in her. And it was then that she knew Hollywood was her future, that she had something to offer. But it was *Lillian Russell* that dispensed with all of her doubts, her fears, and her inferiority complex.

MUCH of the significance of this change in Alice was dimmed by the break-up of her marriage, by the destruction of her home by fire, of her collapse. As it turned out, however, the six months that Alice was out of pictures and getting back her health were the complete foundation of her new ideas, the final moulding of the slowly-nurtured hopes for a success that would know no limitations, that would offer no obstructions to a definite goal.

During those six months, Alice was hardly ever seen at the favorite night-spots. Her time was spent at her new home in Encino where she has taken on the responsibilities of managing a home. She lived a simple, orderly life. And all of the

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time she was planning for a real future.

She knew she had gained success. But because she was Alice Faye, she didn't forget that success is a temporary thing. She made up her mind to work harder than ever, never to be too satisfied with her progress. To show everyone that *now* she was ready for any challenge, anxious for the most difficult job.

Many of her friends were somewhat surprised to see Alice taking a new interest in the parts presented to her. They were used to seeing her take anything assigned without a murmur. Some were even amazed when she began to discuss stories of her new pictures, to hear her ask for a certain cameraman. At first it was thought that she was becoming dictatorial. But such was not the case. She was merely embarking on a new phase of her career—a phase that clearly indicated her completely new and absorbing interest in a job that had taken on vital significance.

In short, Alice had reversed her former idea of living. Whereas, three or four years ago, her idea was to live for today and the devil take tomorrow, she now looked toward the future and gave tomorrow real thought. She was heading for one thing—stability in life and in her career. And she was heading in a straight and direct path because she knew exactly where she was going. There would be no more casual throwing off of pressing problems. She'd meet them and settle them.

ALL of this change in Alice Faye has been the result of the return of confidence in herself, the dismissing of complexes and fears.

Some in Hollywood may dispute this and say, "Oh yeah! How about her complex when it comes to interviews?"

Such an argument might be plausible. Alice *is* hard to interview at times. She *has* felt in the past that she has nothing of interest to say to a reporter, and that the writer would not be impressed with her. That's what I thought of her once, too. But now I know better. It's not a case of a complex. It's simply that few people ever know the *real* Alice Faye, the Alice Faye that was inadvertently discovered a short time ago.

No, she doesn't come to an interview any more with her head bowed and saying, "My, but I'm *so* uninteresting." Instead she approaches a reporter with, "I hope I can give you the material you're after. And I intend to if it's possible."

That fact that Alice has overcome her greatest fear—her complex—is not all that leads me to believe that she has changed. She has overcome other fears, such as her hesitancy about facing crowds.

HER other fear of the past has been that of criticism.

For a long time, there has been a New York critic who has taken delight in panning everything she does. Alice, for a while, was confused and hurt. She couldn't see why anyone would be so cruel in criticizing another's honest and sincere efforts. And Alice is one who never lies down on any job.

Alice welcomes constructive criticism, but thoughtless criticism has thrown her for a loss in the past. Today, however, she is fighting back. She is learning to disseminate honest criticism from a reviewer's wisecracks. And she's out to prove to those self-appointed judges that they're going to eat their words—if they haven't already. (Quite a few did after *Lillian Russell,* it might be noted.)

Of course, the plausible retort to such critics might be to refer them to the box-office poll of 1939 which placed Alice high up on the list of the first ten.

Criticism hasn't been entirely a result of her work in Hollywood. Alice remembers quite poignantly a certain day when she was fifteen. She had been in the Chester Hale unit and had gained quite a bit of experience in dancing and singing. Hearing that an important dance director was auditioning for a new show, she applied. He watched her routine, smiled complacently, and inferred that he was not impressed. Then he added, "Besides you're too young. Go home and forget about the theater."

She was considerably distressed for a while. But once again ambition and determination interfered. She made up her mind to show that man how wrong he was. She did with a bang. A couple of years ago, he was brought to Hollywood by 20th Century-Fox to direct a dance sequence in an Alice Faye starring picture. Reports have it that his face was very red when he met Alice on the set.

Today, the past is the past and Alice realizes it. She only thinks back, occasionally, to the little girl who used to play theater in the garage with her kid cousins; of the girl who loved to walk past the "legit" theater entrances in New York's Forties with her mother so she could prance up and down the alleyways pretending she was a famous star making her exit into the street after a triumphant performance in a new play.

She also thinks back to the girl who almost went back to high-school to become a teacher but who changed her mind and took up the theater in earnest; of the time she and her family had escaping truant officers who were wondering why Alice failed to return to school; of the dreams she had—and of the ambition that projected her into a life that dreamland had fashioned.

YES, that is all of the past that matters to Alice Faye now. She is beginning a new life. And yet she is retaining part of her old life. She is no more of a Hollywood social product today than she ever was. She has no time for Hollywood's partisan cliques. Her friends are not of the cinema 4,000—and I do mean 4,000.

They are people who work behind the scenes, "unimportant" people in the public's eye, but people with whom Alice can feel at ease and with whom she has much in common. And she is not afraid of the future any more, for she realizes that she will always find a place for herself in the entertainment world even if Hollywood does decide she has gone as far as she can.

Alice's success, based as it has been for some time, on ambition and fear, has been a perplexing one. Yet, she has won because her ambition proved more compelling, more a part of her character and temperament than her fears. When her ambition met realization, her fears dwindled. And it's been this ambition that has saved her from defeat by those same fears many a time. It has also minimized, after a while, the poignancies of a life mirrored by disappointments, heartaches, disillusionments.

The result of this change in Alice's outlook on her career may not reach full significance in *Tin Pan Alley,* and again it may. It might not show itself until several more pictures have rolled on. But it will be noticed—and to the surprise of many.

Of this I am sure, for the philosophy that Alice Faye has adhered to makes such a change certain—the philosophy that has made her the real success she is: "Take whatever comes along, cry a little, grin a little, but go back slugging."

Laughton the Unpredictable

[*Continued from page* 38]

vivid characters of history and literature and he steps forward as a little man, an unimportant man, an Italian-American grape-grower in *They Knew What They Wanted.*

How can you type such a man? How can you predict him? You might just as well try to predict, were you up and about at the time, old *Henry VIII,* himself.

Born and brought up a Britisher, Charles Laughton is constantly being mistaken for an American. It is probably because he has little or no British swank, British accent, British condescension or British phlegm. At times he seems even to lack British tact.

However, you no sooner stamp him as that unique personality, an unBritish Britisher, than he belies your estimate by talking casually of his work and enthusiastically of his tailor, by reacting to a recent misadventure as calmly and as imperturbably as if he were sipping Scotch and soda at the Savoy, Hitler's bombers notwithstanding.

You begin to get ready to accept him at last as British as Big Ben when shortly you realize that when someone is needed in America to speak Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* with something of Lincoln's intonation, as well as Lincoln's humility, it is Charles Laughton who is invariably summoned.

There's no special groove for Laughton in or out of Hollywood. By no stretch of the imagination can he be called a great lover. There's nothing about him that sets feminine hearts palpitating for a clasp to his bosom. He arouses little sympathy. The late Irving Thalberg once paid him the compliment, however, of saying that audiences would remember him.

"You may not receive many fan letters," he told Laughton, "because you never play yourself on the screen, you're never identified with the same type of character."

To this day the rivers of fan mail stay away from Laughton's door, but his audiences, as Thalberg predicted, remember him. They know that a Laughton picture can invariably be depended upon for a vivid characterization. In other words, he's an actor who believes in acting. To pursue that end he doesn't find it necessary to "yes" anybody, become palsy-walsy with fellow-players, flatter the Magnificoes by going to their parties or by giving parties for them. He has a job to perform and he intends to put every ounce of his energy and intelligence and imagination in it.

The result is that when the job is finished he has a performance that is being talked about. It may not even be liked, but it's being talked about.

LAUGHTON has been having himself a time lately making personal appearances in connection with *They Knew What They Wanted.* He says he knows America better than most Americans. He knows it inside and out, its theaters, hotels, restaurants, streets, residences, stores, parks. He enjoys its gusto, bigness, never-ending variety and will tell you so at the drop of your hat on the reception table in his hotel suite.

He had just arrived in New York for a Radio City engagement from Detroit and was pacing up and down his room rather nervously, waiting, he said, for a tailor, when I found him at the Pierre. Why a tailor? Because he had fallen off the stage

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at a Detroit theater and had torn his clothes beyond repair. He was lucky, he thought, he hadn't been hurt. It isn't easy to fall from the stage into the orchestra pit—it was during a rehearsal and the theater was dark—without hurting oneself. It pays to have a bit of flesh upon one at times. I agreed. Besides, he was needing a new suit. The only trouble, he laughed, was getting it the hard way.

ANYWAY, there he was, with a brown tweed coat and baggy, gray flannel slacks. He looked comfortable even if he didn't look ready for tea with Anthony Eden. Anthony Eden might have found a resemblance to a bear who walks like a man, not a clumsy Russian bear, but a chubby English bear, with something of gaiety and nonchalance about his gait, one shoulder higher, one arm swinging free, the other stuck into his trouser pocket.

"I wish I could wear these clothes in my stage appearances," he said. "Or even just the business suit that the tailor—whoever he is—is going to make. But, no. I have to squeeze into a tuxedo and worst of all a stiff collar. The other night I made myself a little more comfortable on the stage. I unbuttoned the collar, said to the audience: 'I hope you don't mind, but I feel better now.' Did the audience mind? It laughed, gave me a hand."

Charles Laughton is inclined to be a little aloof when you first meet him. Perhaps, it is that quality of British reserve he has inherited. It takes him a little time to thaw out with strangers. You feel he is sizing you up. His reticence is disturbing, his eyes are questioning. While you wait for the ice to melt you note that his face in repose is sad. His lower lip is pouting, his eyes have suddenly taken on a brooding quality. Soon the atmosphere assumes a glow, for Laughton is laughing.

Here is the essential good nature of the man for which you have been waiting. There has been a knock at the door and at his cheery, "Come in," two fashionably-dressed men, slender, tall, of indeterminate age enter. "And what is this parade of beauty?" he asks with something of the regal heartiness he used to give off as *Henry VIII*.

"Tailors!" they replied. Tailors, moreover, who bowed from the waist, as is customary on Fifth Avenue and Savile Row. They went to work on Laughton with tape measure and discreet "yes's," with pencil marks and smiling appreciation. They were told that the actor was about to go on a diet and to cut the cloth accordingly. They were also told to have the suit ready by next afternoon. "With pleasure," they bowed, "a try-on tomorrow noon, and the suit by 4 p. m. Thank you, thank you so much."

CHARLES LAUGHTON maps out his characterizations with the same careful attention to detail an architect plans a house. If it is an historical character he studies every book on the subject that is within reach. He learns how the subject talked, how he walked, his mannerisms, his facial expressions. It was so with *Henry VIII* and later with *Captain Bligh* and *Rembrandt*. Fictional characters receive just as scrupulous care.

For his part in *They Knew What They Wanted*, he found an Italian-American grape-grower north of San Francisco who seemed to him to approximate the character Sidney Howard drew in the play. Laughton cultivated this man's acquaintance, but the Italian was loath to cooperate. It was not until the actor brought him large packages of brie cheese that the man became friendly.

"I spent many days, as long as the cheese lasted, in this man's company, studying his speech, his gestures, the way he walked," Laughton declared. "He was the very embodiment of Howard's character, it seemed to me, and so I patterned my role after him. With the exception of *Captain Bligh* I liked the part about as well as any character I've ever played.

"*Old Bligh* always fascinated me. Despite his tyrannous nature you couldn't help admiring his 'guts' when he was facing great danger. I used to pass the little graveyard in London where he's buried. Occasionally, I'd enter and stand by his headstone. There were times, too, in London when I was hissed on the streets. People thus vented their dislike of *Captain Bligh*. I didn't mind. It proved to me I had been sufficiently realistic."

He has never played a great American figure. But he has hopes. Above any other, Benjamin Franklin appeals to him. Of all the great figures of American history Franklin would offer Laughton less difficulties for effective screen characterization. For one thing the actor's figure is not unlike that of Franklin. Their features, the shape of their heads are similar, too. There would be none of the serious make-up problem that confronted Laughton in such a role, for example, as the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

He has tried to interest Hollywood producers in a screen interpretation of Benjamin Franklin which would cover his colorful and dramatic life from his young printer days in Philadelphia to his important participation in the Constitutional Convention and his vivid career as the American envoy to France.

So far, the producers have turned their heads away.

HE IS also reading play manuscripts, ever on the hunt for that drama, that character so compelling as to lure him back to the stage. He plans no return to the stage, but the stage, nevertheless, is always in the back part of his mind. If he could find the right play, maybe. . . . . .

The old-spell has been exerting itself during his personal-appearance tour. He has been giving his theater audiences excerpts of his various roles, the more vivid speeches of his characters in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *Henry VIII*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and, of course, his last picture. He has also recited at times the *Gettysburg Address*, Shakespeare, various poems. His audiences have been enthusiastic.

"I've given them everything I can think of, and they yell for more," he said. "Some day I'll come back and give them three hours of *King Lear*."

YES, Charles Laughton has a long-nourished ambition to play *King Lear*. He hopes to realize it some day soon. Not too soon, for he has other commitments. Shakespeare, still, has a commanding place in his heart. It was to play Shakespeare in London that he quit Hollywood in the early day of his screen career—and to play him, moreover, for a salary of twenty pounds a week. . . . . . Perhaps, he'll play Shakespeare again in London in better and happier days. His residence in England was recently damaged by the crash upon it of a Nazi plane. How seriously he doesn't know. He has had no news from home.

But he is still old-fashioned about news. No news to him is good news. Better news, however, to Charles Laughton would have been the report that Der Fuehrer had crashed with the plane.

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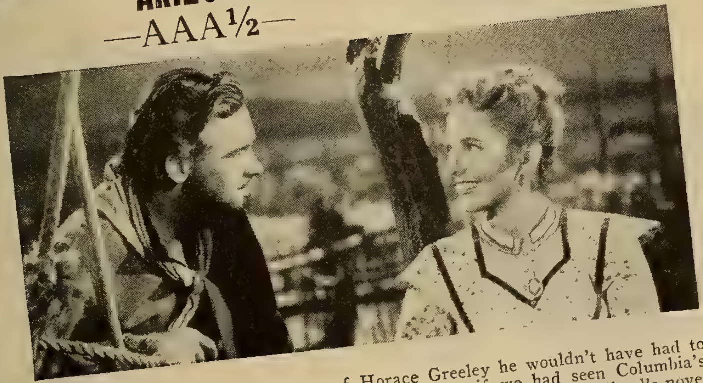
ARIZONA

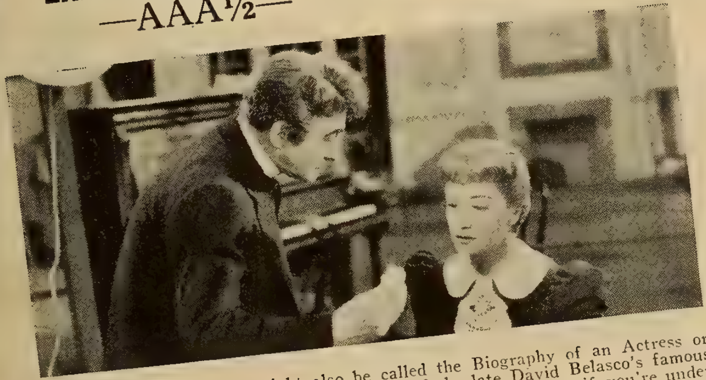
—AAA½—



If we had been a contemporary of Horace Greeley he wouldn't have had to urge us to "Go West, Young Man," particularly if we had seen Columbia's *Arizona*. Adapted by Claude Binyon from Clarence Buddington Kelland's novel and directed by Wesley Ruggles, *Arizona* is a thrilling and romantic epic of the Wild West when Arizona was only a territory. That was back in 1860 when one *Peter Muncie* (William Holden) rides into Tucson and is disappointed when he can't find hotel accommodations in the new city of the West. But *Peter's* disappointment is quickly dissipated when he runs across *Phoebe Titus* (Jean Arthur), the only white woman in Tucson. *Phoebe* is fearless and straightshooting and wears jeans, for she had to learn to take care of herself when her father died. It's practically love at first sight for the pair but neither of them allow their love to interfere with their plans—*Peter* to see California and *Phoebe* to own the largest ranch in Arizona which she does after she's earned a small fortune freightin'. Jean Arthur and William Holden are excellent and they are given grand support by Warren William, Porter Hall and Paul Harvey.—*Columbia.*

LADY WITH RED HAIR

—AAA½—



Lady With Red Hair might also be called the Biography of an Actress or Victorian Stage Door for this is the story of the late David Belasco's famous star, Mrs. Leslie Carter. The name may mean nothing to you if you're under forty—and you probably are—but just you ask your mom or pop about her and see if they don't go into ecstasies over *Zaza* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, two of the roles that brought fame and fortune to Leslie Carter. Leslie wasn't a born actress but she had fire and personality and when she was marked with scandal when divorced by her husband and unhappy over the separation from her young son she was determined to use these qualities where they would pay her dividends so that one day she could return in triumph to Chicago. She does with the help of her friend—David Belasco. If you're interested in the theater, or anything Victorian, or just romance, you'll appreciate *Lady With Red Hair* for it is rich in all these qualities. You'll also appreciate Miriam Hopkins as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Claude Rains as David Belasco, Richard Ainley as Lou Payne and Laura Hope Crews as Mrs. Dudley.—*Warner.*

[*Continued on page* 80]

CANADA'S GIFTS TO *Beauty*

See FAY WRAY, starring in "Wild-cat Bus" for RKO

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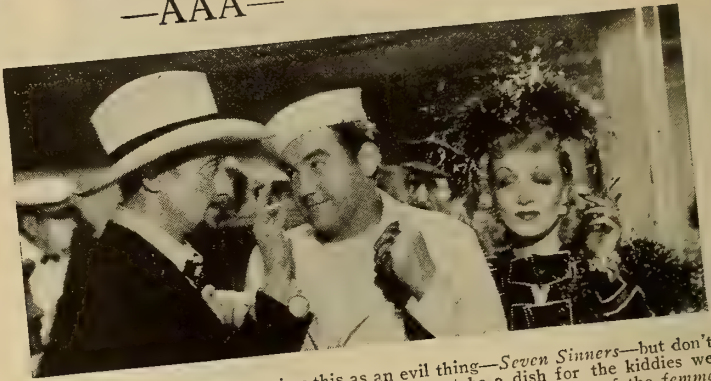
PICTURE PARADE

SEVEN SINNERS

—AAA—



You might be inclined to view this as an evil thing—*Seven Sinners*—but don't you let the title deceive you for while it may not be a dish for the kiddies we found it—and we're not eighty—a rollicking comedy. The story of the *femme fatale* in the tropics isn't an original one but with Mr. Joe Pasternak at the helm you can bet your silver dollar that it is treated originally. While Pasternak does allow our heroine—with the help of John Meehan's and Harry Tugend's screen play—to uncover a heart of real gold under the gilt varnish, he doesn't take it seriously and if we know you at all we think you'll enjoy Mr. Pasternak's little joke as much as we did. You'll also enjoy Marlene Dietrich's glamor and the way she puts over several songs, not to mention what she puts over her you know what. Next to Marlene we liked Broderick Crawford best, for his silent and servile adoration of the glamorous queen of the tropics awakened our deepest sense of respect even if he did desert the navy. Then there's John Wayne, Albert Dekker, Anna Lee, Mischa Auer and Billy Gilbert adding their talents to this actionful saga of a South Sea siren.—*Universal.*

BITTER SWEET

—AAA—

We know that comparisons are in poor taste but Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet* wasn't produced so long ago that many of you weren't lucky enough to see it and if you were we know you're naturally expecting a comparative rating. Which forces us to admit that in comparing the new and the old, the advantage is all the latter's. Not that the music isn't as delightful to the ear—remember "I'll See You Again"?—or that the production isn't as impressive—it's done in Technicolor—or that the principals, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, are at fault—they never photographed as well or were in better voice—which leaves us with the story and that's where the trouble lies for in its new dress *Bitter Sweet* appears old-fashioned and melodramatic. The story is about a music teacher who elopes with his pupil on the eve of her marriage to a stuffed shirt, and before the curtain is brought down you will laugh with them, you will sympathize with them and you will despair at the end when the husband, protecting his wife from an unwilling suitor, is killed in a duel. There's also George Sanders, Felix Bressart, Lynne Carver, Ian Hunter, Edward Ashley and Diana Lewis.—*M-G-M.*

The Irony of It All

[*Continued from page* 56]

Dumplings (see photograph), which include it. And molasses is a "natural" ingredient, of course, for puddings, gingerbreads, and cookies, and is delicious served on hot cereals.

I remember when my grandmother gave us children slices of bread on which molasses was spread in generous quantities. Little did we realize then that the goodness of those tempting after-school morsels was not alone in the taste, but that it was a contributing factor in our being such healthy youngsters. So why not spread molasses on slices of bread for your children when they come in shouting, "We want food," after romping around outdoors? And molasses added to a glass of milk or a tablespoon of it taken several times a day will also be a tasty way of preventing a deficiency of iron.

MOLASSES can be utilized just as you use spices—to add zest and novelty to your meals. Use it to bring out the best qualities in meats (pot roast or pork chops, for example). Also use it to enrich the flavor of squash and carrots, and to give new personality to the other humble vegetables. And, the next time you make chop suey, try flavoring it with molasses. Also try it in fruit salad dressing. (See coupon for recipe.) And next time you make French toast add 2 tablespoons of molasses to the egg and milk mixture. I think you will find each a genuine treat.

But to return to our "pep" talk here are some ways you can add PEP to your meals *and* your family. You will enjoy preparing these thrifty recipes, and, if you would like more of them, clip and fill in the coupon below. I will be happy to send you, free of charge, a copy of "Adventures With Molasses," a pamphlet I have prepared for you which includes exciting new ways of adding iron to good foods in such delicacies as Carrot and Sweet Potato Casserole, Corn Pudding, and many others. Send for your copy today.

MOLASSES COOKIE DOLLS

2¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
⅔ cup pure New Orleans molasses
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
½ cup melted shortening

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, and spices. Mix molasses with brown sugar, egg, and shortening, and add dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Chill 1 hour. Roll on floured board. Cut small circle for head, slightly larger circle for body. With paring knife cut a bell shaped piece for skirt. Flatten little rolls of dough for arms and feet. Decorate by putting a piece of dried fruit on the head for a hat and currants for buttons on dress. Put the dolls together right on the baking sheet to avoid transferring from board. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° F. about 12 minutes.

SAVORY DUTCH OVEN DINNER

6 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 lbs. chuck beef cut in pieces
2 cups hot water
6 carrots
6 onions
¼ cup pure New Orleans molasses
½ cup cold water

Mix two tablespoons of flour with salt and pepper and dredge pieces of beef with it. Brown meat in heavy kettle, add hot water and cook until meat is almost tender, about 1½ hours. Add carrots and onions and cook for twenty minutes longer. Mix molasses with remaining four tablespoons of flour, add ½ cup cold water. Add this mixture to stew, and more seasoning if needed. Then add dumpling dough.

DUMPLINGS

2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vegetable shortening
¾ cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in fat, add milk, stirring quickly to make a soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls on top of stew, making sure the dough rests on pieces of meat or vegetables; they should not settle in the liquid. Cover tightly and steam for 12 minutes. Serve at once with hot stew.

BUSY DAY BAKED BEANS

2 cans (No. 1 tall) baked beans
6 tablespoons pure New Orleans molasses
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
¼ cup water
6 slices bacon

Empty beans in a bowl. Mix molasses, mustard, and water, and add to beans, tossing together lightly to avoid mashing them. Turn into individual casseroles and cover tops with bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° F. about 40 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

1 cup bread flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup corn meal
1 cup whole wheat flour
¾ cup Pure New Orleans molasses
2 cups sour milk
1 cup raisins or nuts (if desired)

Sift flour, soda, and salt. Mix with corn meal and whole wheat flour. Mix molasses with sour milk; add dry ingredients. Beat well. If desired, add raisins or nuts. Steam two hours in greased molds filled two-thirds full and covered tightly.

Pauline Rawley
MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

I am interested in the *free* leaflet, "Adventures With Molasses," which is full of surprising recipes for the use of molasses, such as Carrot and Sweet Potato Casserole and Fruit Salad Dressing.

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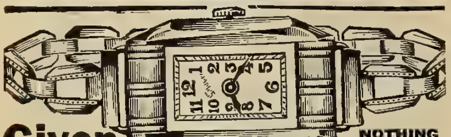

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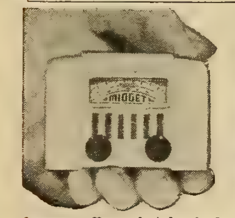

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What the Stars See in the Stars

[*Continued from page* 31]

Turning to the brighter side of life, Mrs. Smith predicts many happy events to come. The aspects of Venus to Neptune have brought about an unprecedented number of marriages in the film colony during the past two years. This condition continues through 1941, proving that Venus is a handy little pal to have around if marriage is on your mind.

"MANY famous names will be linked in marriage this year," she predicts. "Among them are Ann Sheridan and George Brent; Olivia de Havilland and James Stewart; Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz; Dolores Del Rio and Orson Welles; and Billie Burke, Margaret Lindsay, Constance Bennett, Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Joan Crawford, Alice Faye and Bette Davis are some of the prominent bachelor girls who will relinquish their freedom in favor of matrimony."

Taking up individually the fortunes and misfortunes of some prominent folk of Hollywood, Mrs. Smith finds much that is striking in their outlook for 1941. Some of her prognostications as revealed to her by her studies of the heavens follow in detail:

Mickey Rooney will marry young. He will be engaged before the end of 1941 and will be married in 1942. He will be the father of several children. Boys will predominate. Eventually he will become a director and producer. His chart indicates that he will gain from working with Shirley Temple.

Deanna Durbin is truly in love and the man she loves is just as much in love with her. Career, marriage and children are at dagger heads, so to speak, in her life. She has a will of her own and will prove it to the world. Career, parents' advice, managers and heads of studios can jump in the lake so far as she is concerned when she really decides to marry, which will be in 1941. No one can stop her. Her voice will become even more beautiful after motherhood.

Spencer Tracy. If he keeps steady and conservative under trying circumstances, something will blow away the cobwebs that will hang over him in 1941. Journeys may be taken on a moment's notice. The air seems full of fresh, new things for him.

VIRGINIA BRUCE—No divorce from J. Walter Ruben is indicated in her chart. Should she desire another child there is no better year for motherhood for her than 1941. She must not be over zealous in the pursuit of pleasure this year, to which she will be much inclined. Her health would be improved by the birth of a child this year. Her work in pictures will continue for about three years.

William Powell will sign contracts which are to his advantage and success in various unusual ways is portended. There is some danger to his health while traveling and there are some domestic upsets which could and *should* be adjusted. Otherwise 1941 is a fortunate year for him.

Dolores Del Rio will have fewer disappointments this year if she does not pin her hopes too high. She cannot depend too much on promises from superiors and it is not a year in which she should go to extremes. Romance will play a big part in her life this year. Her chart and that of Orson Welles point to a marriage for them in 1941. There is a blending of beneficient aspects in their charts which is most interesting to an astrologer. Dolores and Orson are an inspiration to each other. Here is hoping they will live up to their planetary aspects!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has luck with him in 1941. He should make hay while the sun shines, and if he knows how to take advantage of his good aspects, will store up for a rainy day. It will be interesting to watch what he does with his opportunities this year.

Rosalind Russell makes her own fate. Her publicity is all in her favor during 1941. Her pictures will be excellent and she will be more popular than ever with her public. She will receive unexpected good news that will increase her finances. In 1943 there is some danger for her on the water.

LAURENCE OLIVIER is surrounded by opportunities this year that will keep him busy if he takes advantage of them. He will receive sad news concerning relatives and friends several times this year, and he will contact some deception in his profession.

Vivien Leigh will be in a picture almost as sensational as *Gone With the Wind*, but 1941 will not be her best year so far as health conditions go. If she should visit either Mexico or Florida this year she would experience an unfortunate health re-action.

Merle Oberon is warned to conserve rather than to spend her money this year. Success is indicated for her pictures but there are domestic worries and danger for her on long journeys.

Charles Boyer can look forward to a year when he will throw wornout ideas in the scrap-basket. There will be newspaper allusions to his domestic affairs and he should be aggressive in his approach to all problems. His best pictures this year will show the important happenings of the stories occurring in the late afternoon or night hours.

Herbert Marshall will be in a somewhat combative frame of mind. He will be overly sensitive, impressionable and susceptible or disturbed by conflicts between professional and conjugal matters but the year brings a new influx of energy. An important journey is probable with some danger of accidents.

Lucille Ball has success in pictures, finances and marriage to look forward to in 1941. (This story was written two months before Lucille and Desi eloped.) This is a good year for her to start new ventures and travel, for pleasure is favored. If she has any battles to fight she will win. Her studio is behind her, will star her in a big way this year.

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S name will be in the news in relation to her domestic affairs, travel and events far away. The latter half of the year is favorable for finances, long-term projects and contracts. There will be an obstacle in her path that will take a long time to overcome but it will give way before determined and confident effort. Her pictures will be to her credit and before the end of the year she will receive an enticing offer to appear in a play. She will

marry someone who is now in her life.

Betty Brewer startled audiences in her first picture but her chart for 1941 shows sudden advancement in even a bigger way.

Jack Benny will never have a better financial year than 1941. His picture and radio work will leave him little time for play. He will eventually be the father of three children.

Desi Arnaz heard wedding bells recently. Music and dancing are a vital part of this young man and his dancing will be compared to Valentino's. His chart has a number of aspects very similar to those found in Valentino's horoscope. He is warned to be discreet in his correspondence.

Hedy Lamarr will have latent talent and energy awakened by love which leads to marriage as soon as legally possible in 1941. Her next marriage also brings her happiness and it is to be regretted that this could not have been her first trip to the altar. Her acting ability will be definitely established when love comes again to Hedy.

Clark Gable—This will be a good year for him if he follows *his own intuitions*, but there is doubt in my mind that he will. He may desire to change his residence but I would advise against it. Changes are in store for him but a change in residence would bring him a loss in some way. This is a good year for him to take a good, long trip alone but he must guard his health.

Carole Lombard will be her own best friend this year. Health problems will be prominent. She will be optimistic and have considerable confidence, even though at times her superiors cause her some anxiety. She may hear news of death or some disaster early in the year. A self-protective mental attitude must be adhered to during this somewhat trying year. Bad temper or rash conduct could bring her a loss. She has considerable luck in her chart and in the eleventh hour things generally turn in her favor.

MYRNA LOY can look forward to important new openings. She will prove she has considerable executive ability and is endowed with unusual magnetic faculties. Strategic methods could overcome some opposition which threatens her happiness and she may experience some loss and sorrow. Understanding of human nature may be applied to problems with unexpectedly good results. Her creative activities in the spring and summer are preceded by wishful thinking but there are some pleasant surprises as the year advances. The year, however, will draw to a realistic and somewhat bitter close.

Dorothy Lamour. The position of Venus brings love and marriage to Dorothy in 1941. She will encounter some secret hostility from an in-law. She should be watchful and avoid impulsive action. If she conserves her vitality she will recover more quickly from an illness, indicated in her chart. Her pictures will be the best she has made and 1941 will be a big year for her.

Anita Louise will eventually be the mother of two children. Her acting career continues for several years and motherhood interferes only temporarily.

Jackie Cooper will go ahead by leaps and bounds. An agreement will bring promotion, financial security and prestige in 1941. He may visit a hospital some time during the year.

Claudette Colbert will have exceptional opportunities in 1941. She should take advantage of them and should push all her affairs to the utmost. I do not mean she should be over-extravagant. Generosity has its limits, as she may discover.

Marlene Dietrich will have a busy and eventful 1941 unless health conditions interfere. Peculiar circumstances bring her gain and military matters favor her. Her success on the screen this year will depend upon her health, which she should guard.

Greta Garbo has beaten her stars several times when they denoted marriage. The man who would have a better chance of winning her love and keeping it than anyone who has so far come into her life would be someone who is an expert in diets and who would have her interests at heart sincerely. The aspects of Venus, the Planet of Love, indicate that the man who will understand her extreme sensitiveness regarding her personal privacy will win not only her heart but also her hand in 1941.

Lionel Barrymore will find 1941 a year when he will make a serious effort to keep his nerves from playing tricks. Unfinished tasks call insistently. He may at times have a feeling of inability to face life as it really is. His finances will increase but he must exercise caution in assuming new responsibilities.

James Cagney will find his most successful pictures this year will show him in menacing situations and have to do with medicine, crime control, national defense and regeneration on all planes. A woman may cause him some concern.

IDA LUPINO—The coming year calls for caution. She should examine with utmost care all documents and papers and should keep all such papers in a safe place. This includes checks, and she should guard against opportunity for anyone to forge her name. A stranger, a man who represents the law or government in some way, will befriend her and give her valuable information which protects her in her home. She needs protection, both in personal and business affairs. Her career looks bright. Her pictures will continue along the brilliant path begun in 1940 and she will be very popular.

Alice Faye has a most fortunate outlook. She will continue to make good pictures and will have plenty of romance, ending in marriage before 1941 is over. It may appear in newspapers that she will marry before fall but I doubt very much if she visits the marriage bureau before the very end of the year. Something will prevent an earlier marriage.

Margaret Lindsay has an exceedingly good year ahead and will gain in many ways. The aspects of Mars to the sun will produce powerful energy for her, good or ill, depending on how she uses it. She is likely to receive a *valuable* gift or inheritance this year. Any partnerships, including marriage, instigated this year will be fortunate. She will be relieved this year of a burden she has been carrying but she must be patient. She will positively marry in 1941.

Bette Davis can look forward to a visit to the hospital this year. Her illness will hold up one picture. Bette has one more marriage, which will come this year, when she will marry a man she knows now. She will take a long rest in 1941.

Madeleine Carroll will marry a man who is connected in some way with military service. She will hear sad news from the

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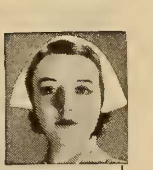

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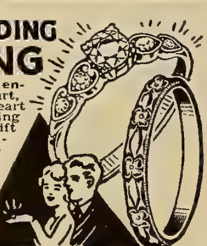

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war zone and startling news about her will reach the United States while she is away on a trip. This is not a good year for her to make long journeys and illness is indicated.

Robert Stack—There will be talk this year of an engagement and near marriage for him but something will break up the romance and I doubt if he marries this year. He will be more popular than ever both on the screen and among his friends. He is on his way to becoming one of the big screen stars. 1941 is an important year for him. War has no terrors for him and only health conditions would keep him from shouldering a musket in defense of his country.

Jeanette MacDonald will lose a dear one by death, which strikes suddenly. Her beautiful voice will bring cheer to many during the nervewracking year 1941.

GARY COOPER will be in the mood for some kind of change, a change that would permit him more personal freedom but if he should have any serious domestic worries this year they would be detrimental to his health. Emotional flare-ups may occur. He is under planetary vibrations that so often denote a leader of humanity and this may be expressed in the type of pictures he makes this year. A friendly stranger will add zest to his life.

Robert Taylor will make three outstanding pictures in 1941. Two will be finished and a third begun. He will enjoy a wave of popularity greater than any he has experienced so far.

Cesar Romero will be surprised at unforeseen occurrences which will break the even tenor of his personal life. Romance pulls at his heart-strings but should he marry in the spring of 1941, a divorce will shortly follow. The latter part of the summer will bring a more fortunate aspect for love and marriage. His chart indicates his appearance in pictures close to four years more and he will then produce his own plays and pictures. The section of friendship in his chart is unafflicted, indicating that he is a real friend.

Tyrone Power was born under the Sign of Taurus and will eventually be the father of three children. There may be one born before the end of 1941. There is no divorce from Annabella indicated but three years from now there is some domestic sorrow. He will be active in war duties in this country. A propaganda picture in which he appears this year will be very much to his credit and big box-office.

Patricia Morison is facing a very bright 1941. Her employers will soon realize what a valuable piece of property they have in her and she will be given opportunity to display her real acting talent.

Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard will need plenty of protection during 1941. Both their charts show enemies who seek to do them bodily harm. I cannot make this warning too strong but it will probably not be heeded by them. They will be quite optimistic and will run into danger. Their property and their home also needs protection.

Neptune, the ruling planet of the motion picture industry, is on the rampage and will strike severe blows at both stars and producers. Hollywood will be saddened by the passing of several of its best-beloved stars. Three prominent producers will also be stricken. Altogether the prospects look bright, in spite of sad moments and one pleasant item indicated by Hollywood's horoscope is that several stars of the silent picture days will this year enjoy renewed popularity.

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Who's Whose in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 72]

O'KEEFE, DENNIS—Formerly married to Louise Stanley. Now married to Steffi Duna, ex-wife of his pal, John Carroll.

OLIVIER, LAURENCE—Was married to Jill Esmond when he met and fell in love with Vivien Leigh. Jill obtained a divorce, and custody of their child, Aug. 5, 1940. He married Vivien Aug. 30, 1940.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN—Got Papal dispensation to marry once-divorced John Farrow, August, 1936. Son Michael born May 30, 1939. Farrow now in Canada's Naval Intelligence for the duration.

PARKER, JEAN—As soon as her divorce from writer George MacDonald is final in January, she will marry Capt. Douglas Dawson.

PATRICK, GAIL—Just divorced Robert Cobb, host of the Brown Derbies, after four years of marriage.

PAYNE, JOHN—Married Anne Shirley August 22, 1937. Daughter Julie Anne born July 10, 1940.

PIDGEON, WALTER—His first wife died when his daughter, Edna, was born—in 1922. Married since 1931 to Ruth Walker.

POWELL, DICK—He gave up his first wife, Mildred Maund, when she wanted him to give up acting. Married Joan Blondell September, 1936. Daughten Ellen born June, 1938.

POWELL, ELEANOR—Used to be "the star without a love-life." Now engaged to marry art director Merrill Pye early in 1941.

POWELL, WILLIAM—In 1915, he married Eileen Wilson, who gave him a son, William D., now almost as old as his third wife, starlet Diana Lewis. Wife No. 2: Carole Lombard. He was in love with Jean Harlow when she died and was a long time recovering.

POWER, TYRONE—Wearying of publicity-inspired romances, he insisted on marrying Annabella, November, 1938. And, contrary to all predictions, they are still married. They even look happy about it.

PREISSER, JUNE—Willing to flirt, but not seriously—yet.

PRESTON, ROBERT—After a bit of a fling with D. Lamour and others, Bob has gone back to his first love, Kay Feltus. In fact, they were recently married.

RAFT, GEORGE—The first Mrs. Raft still hasn't given him that divorce—which may have put a chill on his romance with Norma Shearer. Anyway, that episode is over. Or is it?

RATHBONE, BASIL—Married years to Ouida Bergere, Hollywood's champion hostess. They adopted a baby in 1939. By an early first marriage, Basil had a son, Rodion—now a Canadian flier.

RAYMOND, GENE—His pal, Nelson Eddy, introduced him to Jeanette MacDonald. Gene won her June 16, 1937.

REAGAN, RONALD—Screen lovemaking with Jane Wyman turned into the real thing. They married January 26, 1940. "Expecting" January, 1941.

RICE, FLORENCE—Once married to Sydney A. Smith of New York "400." Wed Robert Wilcox March, 1939. Divorced him last July.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.—When someone does *his* biography, the only love interest will be named Gladys Lloyd. Edward, Jr. arrived in 1933.

ROGERS, GINGER—Married very young and very briefly to one Jack Culpepper, vaudevillian. Married Lew Ayres November, 1934, parted from him two years later, won interlocutory divorce last March. Currently a recluse.

ROGERS, ROY—A happy husband since 1935, a proud papa (by adoption) since last October.

ROMERO, CESAR—Often a dancing partner, but never a bridegroom.

ROONEY, MICKEY—Has gone in for the quiet life and quiet girls like Linda Darnell.

RUSSELL, ROSALIND—Twice a bridesmaid recently, but still dodging marriage, herself. The career, you know.

RUTHERFORD, ANN—Turning those big eyes on several Hollywood bachelors.

SANDERS, GEORGE—Likes the secluded life and a girl named Elsie Lawson.

SCOTT, MARTHA—Right after telling reporters she had no matrimonial notions, she married radio producer Carleton Alsop, September, 1940.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH—Married socialite divorcee Marion DuPont Somerville, March, 1936. Separated since 1938.

SHEARER, NORMA—Widow of Producer Irving Thalberg, mother of Irving, Jr. and Elizabeth Thalberg. Recently interested in George Raft. Some are saying "it's all over."

SHELTON, JOHN—Separated from Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in. Just got himself engaged to Carole Gallagher.

SHERIDAN, ANN—Her first husband (1936-39) was Edward Norris. Dodges questions about George Brent's being her second, but goes yachting with him.

SHIRLEY, ANNE—They can't call her an ingenue now. She's 21, has been Mrs. John Payne for three years, and a mother for six months.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA—Once seen everywhere with Producer B. P. Schulberg. Then briefly married Publisher Bennett Cerf. Now the wife of actor Luther Adler and mother of a little Adler.

SINGLETON, PENNY—"Blondie" has been twice married and twice divorced in real life. Has a 4-year-old, Dorothy, and plans to marry Producer Robert Sparks, who saved her life in auto crash a few months ago.

SONDERGAARD, GALE—In real life, vamped Director Herbert Biberman.

SOTHERN, ANN—Maisie's first marriage was a youthful mistake, quickly cancelled. Married to Roger Pryor since September 27, 1936.

STACK, ROBERT—Allegedly has ideas about marrying Mary Beth Hughes.

STANWYCK, BARBARA—Happily Mrs. Robert Taylor since May 14, 1939. Unhappily Mrs. Frank Fay before that. Has an adopted 7-year-old, Dion.

STEWART, JAMES—Has gone out with all the eligible Glamor Girls. Now interested in aviation and Olivia de Havilland.

SULLAVAN, MARGARET—First married to Henry Fonda, then to Director William Wyler, now to Agent Leland Hayward. Has two daughters.

TAYLOR, ROBERT—Once briefly romantic about Irene Hervey. Now permanently romantic about Barbara Stanwyck. It took him three years to win her. She wanted to be sure he was sure.

TIERNEY, GENE—Divides her time between Terry Hunt and Eddie Albert. Carries no torch.

TONE, FRANCHOT—Courted Joan Crawford for three years, stayed married to her for four. Now interested in Carole Landis and other babes.

TRACY, SPENCER—His wife, Louise, and children, Johnny and Susy, won't let him act at home, which is why he does so much acting on the screen.

TREVOR, CLAIRE—Wife of radio executive Clark Andrews since July, 1938.

TURNER, LANA—Eloped with Artie Shaw the night of their first date, February 12, 1940. Sued for divorce September, 1940. Now cooing with Tony Martin.

VELEZ, LUPE—Once "luffed" Gary Cooper. Then was Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (1933-38). Now marrying Guinn Williams. Lupe likes 'em big.

WAYNE, JOHN—Don Ameche's and Bing Crosby's rival. Just became a papa for fourth time. Mrs. Wayne is beautiful Josephine Saenz.

WEAVER, MARJORIE—Still rumored secret bride of U. S. Naval Ensign. Scatters dates far and wide.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY—Celebrated his freedom from Lupe by immediately marrying socialite Beryl Scott. Young Tarzan, Jr. born September, 1940.

WYMAN, JANE—Mrs. Ronald Reagan—and awaiting stork.

YOUNG, LORETTA—Early marriage to Grant Withers annulled. Attracted to many men before she married again, last July 31. He's Tom Lewis, radio executive. Loretta has an adopted daughter, Judy.

YOUNG, ROBERT—Married his boyhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Henderson, despite all the glamor girls in Hollywood. They have two daughters.

ZORINA, VERA—Married since December, 1938, to dance director George Balanchine. Recently rumored out of step.

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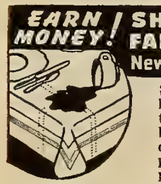

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Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 34 and 35. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"Sally" skating costume, page 34:

Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.

Shepherd skating socks, page 34:

Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Hollywood	The Broadway-Hollywood
Oakland	H. C. Capwell Co.

Shepherd sweat shirt jacket, page 34:

Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Hollywood	The Broadway-Hollywood

Real Silk slack suit, page 35:
Look in your phone book for the name of the Real Silk representative near you.

Shepherd Navajo sweater, page 35:

Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Oakland	H. C. Capwell Co.

Chadwick's Red Heart Knitting Worsted and Sweater Wool for making "Playmates," page 35:

Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	R. H. Macy & Co.
Wichita	McCaslin's

Gotham Sportswear jacket and skirt, page 35:

Baltimore	O'Neill & Co.
New York	B. Altman & Co.
San Diego	Marston Co.

Patriotic mittens, page 35:
Look in your phone book for the Singer Sewing Center nearest you, for aid in making.

Moldees by R. & G., page 35:

New York	Gimbel Brothers and at leading stores

Wintertime wool boots, page 35:

Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	Lord & Taylor

Skating jumper, page 35:

Chicago	Saks Fifth Avenue
New York	Lord & Taylor
Pasadena	Broadway Department Store

Accessocraft lapel pin, bracelet, necklace, belt, page 35:

Chicago	Chas. A. Stevens & Bros.
Indianapolis	Wm. H. Block Co.
New York	Bloomingdale Bros.
San Francisco	Carolyn Kelsey

Paris fashion shoe, page 35:

Atlanta	Davison, Paxon Co.
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.
Philadelphia	Stern & Co.
San Francisco	Hale Bros.

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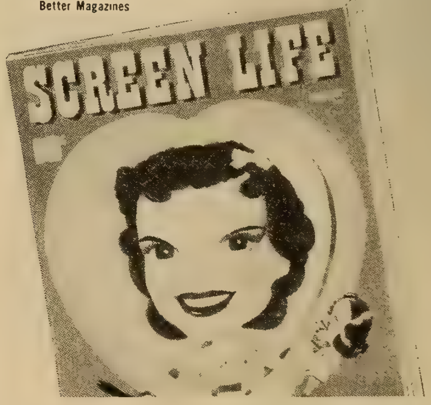

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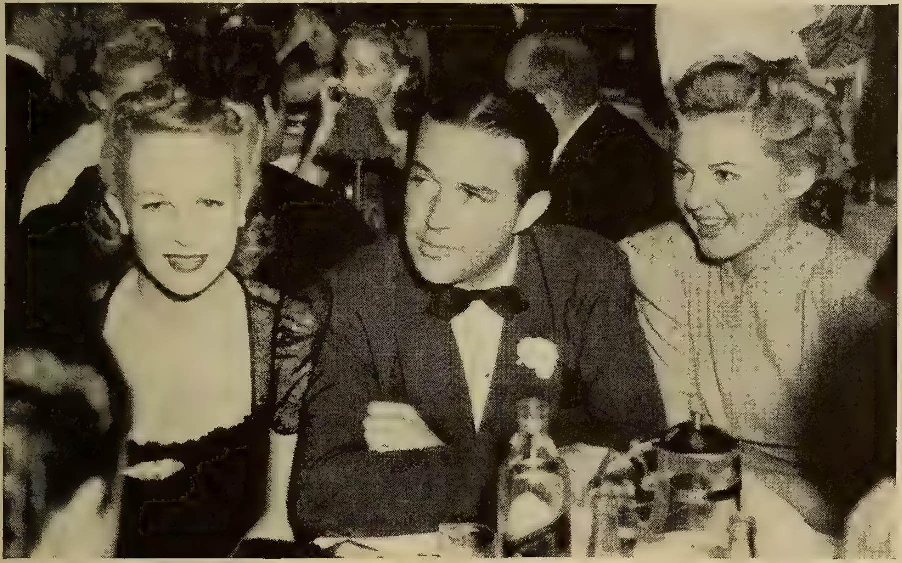
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 17]



—*Chas. Rhodes*

Sooner or later they get to Ciro's. At Ciro's on this particular night are Wendy Barrie, Jack Huber and June Storey—who works in daytime opposite Gene Autry

while they're going 'round and 'round in the divorce court, as usual, they're both making Tattler-news—

John is stepping out with cute little brunettes and two husky bodyguards. The romance, if any, is with the brunettes, he insists, and not with the bodyguards.

Elaine, meantime, is shifting from Joey Ray to Eddie Moran, who seems to be the latest escort.

Wonder if Elaine and John have a commutation-rate?

MARITAL HANDICAPS—Linda Hayes and Lew Crosby; ten-to-one, by next Spring—Richard Ainley (that good-looking young actor who set Connie Bennett's heart aflitter for a while) and Basil Rathbone's 22-year-old niece Ouida La Branche, a practical cinch to be mrandmrs almost any time—Dana Dale and Jeffrey Lynn, a 100-to-1 shot, since she caught the bridal bouquet at a Pasadena wedding the other day—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, even money—Johnny

[*Continued on page* 88]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

The romance of Tony Martin and Lana Turner has reached the every night stage. As Tony likes 'em blond, Lana dyed her hair to please him. She's also wearing the look of a girl who's found love again. And Tony is way off the deep end

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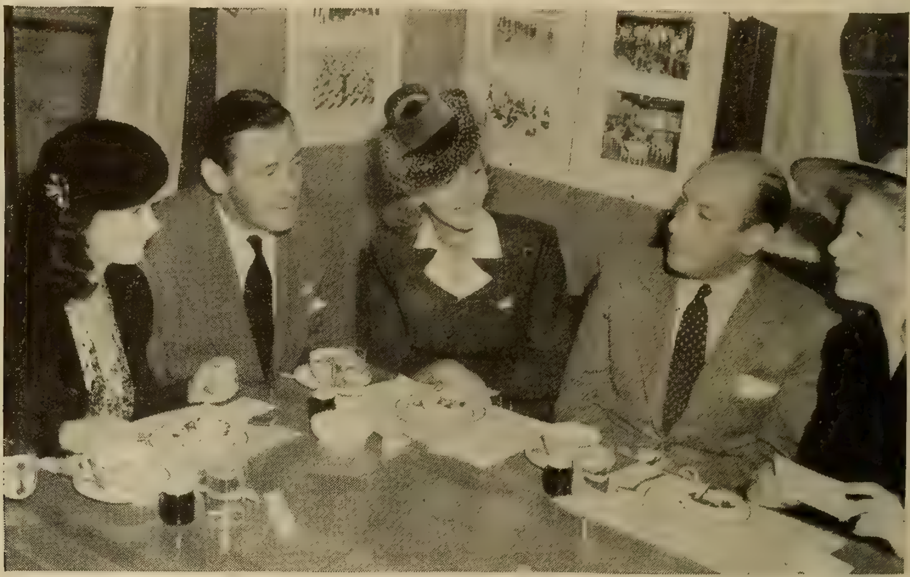
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 87]



—*Mark Stagg*

Four Britishers, Vivien Leigh, Herbert Marshall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Greer Garson, flank America's Mary Martin in quiet little talk-fest during Louis B. Mayer luncheon at Assistance League for Motion Picture Community Chest Tour

Downs and June Draper (no relation to Natalie), even money—Jean Parker and Doug Dawson, a cinch (and he's already building the honeymoon home)—Brenda Joyce and Owen Ward, STILL 1,000,000-to-1—

■

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, whose love life must be as exciting as life in a monastery garden, wavers vaguely between various males—there's Franchot Tone and John McClain, and this feller and that feller—and always, now and then, Jimmy Stewart, just like Old Faithful.

Olivia does get around with the boys—at that.

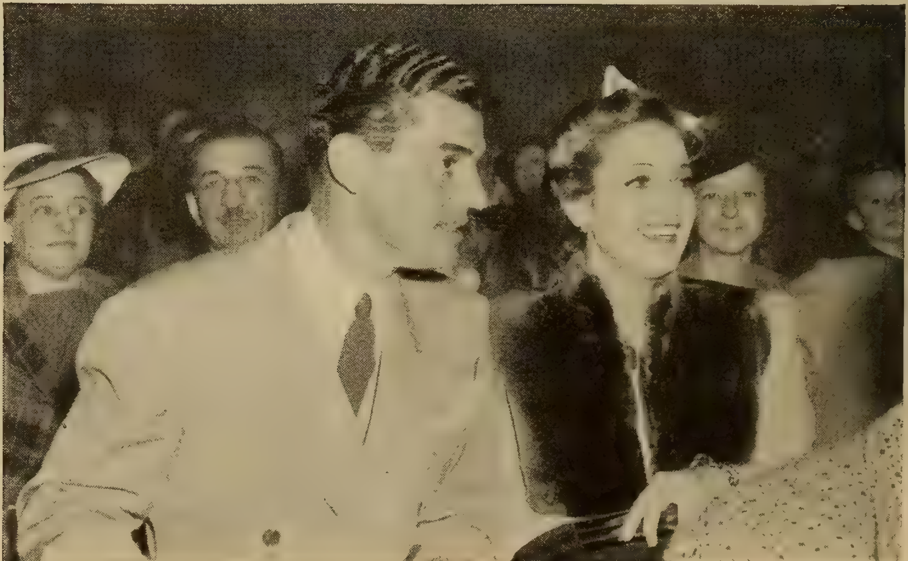
■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Divorce-attorney Louis Blau, and pretty Laraine Day—
Wouldn'ya think a Hollywood lawyer'd know better than to get that way?

■

KEEP your eyes on Connie Bennett. She has that divorce now, and then—h'mmmmmmm. . . !

[*Continued on page* 89]



—*Chas. Rhodes*

Their hearts don't stay busted long. Here's Greg Bautzer who recovered from his torch-look for Lana Turner to cast adoring eyes on Dot Lamour. A steady twosome

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ANY girl who works for an escort service is taking a dangerous chance. People immediately think the worst of her. This girl, especially, was gambling with heartbreak, for she concealed what she was doing from her husband. Her story is a truly exciting confession. In the same issue of ROMANTIC STORY, you will find "THE WIFE I WRONGED," a heartbreaking story of modern marriage; "THEY CALLED ME AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE," the glamorous story of a girl who had to combat her sophisticated mother-in-law; and "AND THE GUILT IS MINE!" the confession of a grieving mother who ruined her son's life by her selfish love.

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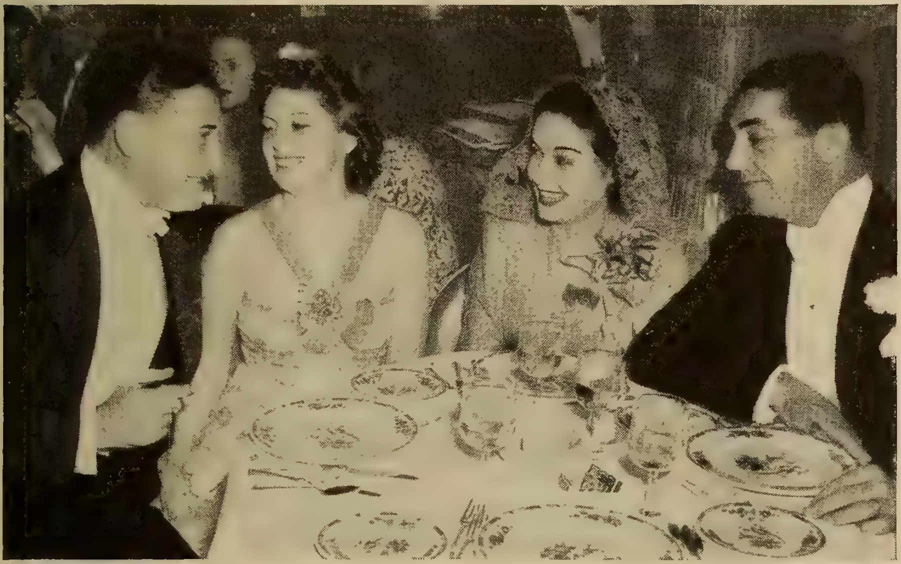
10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 88]



—*Chas. Rhodes*

In this foursome of Richard Dix and wife, and Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb is scene that's all washed up. Gail is now free from Bob, having won Reno divorce lately

GOO-SOME TWOSOMES—Greta Nissen and Bob Bruce . . . Helen Del Valle and John Holloway . . . John Carroll and lovely-legged Ann Miller . . . Wendy Barrie and Count Cassini (who used to be ALL Betty Grable's) . . . Tina Thayer and Lew Ayres . . . Sheila d'Arcy and Eric von Stroheim, Junior . . . Marjorie Weaver and Tom (All-American) Harmon . . . Addison (ex-Louise Stanley) Randall and Model Pat Gardner . . . Rudy Vallee's latest is Model Helen McLeod . . . Mary Parker and Reginald Gardiner . . . Lona Andre and Garwood Van . . . Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, and Eddie Grainger (yes, AGAIN!) . . . Ginger Rogers and John Arnold . . . Bob Wilcox and Showgal Dorothy Watts . . . Eddie Albert and Helen Lars . . . Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson . . . Freddie Bartholomew and Ann Gillis . . . Vic Orsatti and Frances Neal . . .

■

IF AN ex-wife knows anything about an ex-hubby's intentions, then look for a wedding between David Rose and Judy Garland. . . . Martha Raye, who used to be Mrs. David Rose, tells intimate friends that it's a cinch her ex-spouse is going to marry the li'l Garland girl.

—*Chas. Rhodes*

It looks as if Betty Grable has inside track to heart of Vic Mature, new glamor boy. She followed him East, where he went to join Gertrude Lawrence's stage show

Pretty Enough to Frame

***June Lang** Beauteous screen actress who is increasing her following with each successive appearance.*

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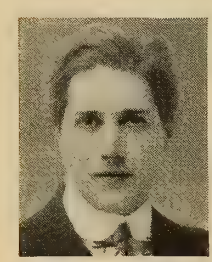
BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

THIS month we celebrate our 30th anniversary. Back in February, 1911, when this magazine first fell in love with motion pictures and sensed their future, we were alone in our enthusiasm. Everything about this new-born industry was pretty crude. The films were shot in draughty lofts or barns or the open spaces to take advantage of the sun (this being the reason why Hollywood succeeded Fort Lee and Brooklyn). There were no Klieg lights or sun lamps employed, nor costuming and screen make-up. The actors were recruited from cheap road shows and cheaper stock companies—and those with any sort of name were ashamed to be associated with the "galloping tintypes." The word "glamor" hadn't been invented. And press agents hadn't thought up "colossal" and "epic." There was no Hollywood then—and of course no beautiful women or even oomph girls. Legs came in with Dietrich—much later. Pictures were shown in honky tonks or vacant stores, commonly called nickelodeons. Some were even shown in tents.



Carlyle Blackwell

Yet in 1911 the publishers saw the possibilities of this infant entertainment and brought this magazine forth on the newsstands. We played a hunch in those mellow days—a hunch that pictures would prove more popular than the producers suspected. The hunch was correct. That magazine—the great granddaddy of the magazine you are now reading—was an instant success. It was Motion Picture that brought forth the first portraits of these early players—and really established a fan following for them.

We discovered such favorites of that bygone era as Maurice Costello (who tells you about the good old days and what it meant to be a star in 1911—on page 26), John Bunny, Mary Fuller, Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, the Sidney Drews, Flora Finch, Lottie Briscoe, Max Linder, Earle Williams, "Broncho Billy" Anderson (the first cowboy star), Baby Marie Osborne (the Shirley Temple of her day—and who from last accounts is now doubling as a stand-in), Carlyle Blackwell, Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Romaine Fielding, Arthur Johnson, Dustin Farnum (the first star to make a picture in Hollywood).

These people were all represented in these early Motion Picture issues with galleries. We went on from them to the Talmadges, Gishes, Henry Walthall, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Marguerite Courtot, Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks, Charles Ray, Madge Bellamy and others contemporary with the war and post-war period. And still later to Swanson, Valentino, Pauline Frederick—and on up to the present-day stars. So in looking back—and through the present and into the future—we point with pride at Motion Picture.

Florence Lawrence

IN THE very first issue the editor wrote: "This publication is so absolutely unique amongst the hundreds of monthly magazines, we feel certain that the novelty will of itself attract an attention that the publication will hold . . . we feel that this Monthly will meet a demand from the increasingly large number of picture patrons, and we thank you for the welcome of which we feel assured."

Well, through hard times as well as good times, it has captured readers and held them. If we ever computed the number of readers, the total would be staggering. It was difficult, thirty years ago, to plant portraits in the magazine—stars then not being publicity-minded. And with the handful of producers determined to keep their players under cover, interviews with these early stars were conspicuous by their absence.

Mary Fuller

But Motion Picture scattered the seeds of publicity. By establishing a fan-following we also established ourselves. We were the first magazine to put across the point that good acting was to be seen on the screen—that told what film players were like in person—that emphasized their physical attractiveness. The whole world is doing it today. Or do I tell you something you already know?

Since 1911 Motion Picture has seen nickelodeons replaced by picture palaces, has seen color and heard sound come to the screen, has seen star salaries rise from peanut money to thousands of dollars a week, has seen stars move from "living in a trunk marked 'theater'" to lavish homes. For a time they went to opposite extremes, never satisfied unless their homes approximated Madison Square Garden in size and the Palace at Versailles in opulence. You couldn't blame them after the "trunk episode."

Yes, we've seen it all. Being in this Passing Show from the start we haven't missed a single item of the parade. Little did we know when we started this magazine that we would witness and be a part in the development of the greatest, most universal entertainment the world has ever known. The actor of the ten, twent', thirt' days came into his own. This era when we brought him to your attention might well be called the Golden Age of the Actor. We might well take the blame for the autograph hounds of today. As the movies emerged from their toddling clothes, Motion Picture also grew older and discarded its bib and tucker. In fact we grew up together. And we're as immensely proud to be associated with them today as we were when they started out to make their dent in the world.

"Broncho Billy"

It has been a mighty panorama that has fascinated us for thirty years. We also feel immensely proud that we've been able to bring a measure of this panorama to you. As when we started, Motion Picture will continue to cover the entire film front. It has seen thirty years go by. We look ahead to presenting future anniversary numbers.

As we discovered Costello; as we sensed Gable to be the Costello of this era the minute he flashed across the Hollywood scene (we presented the first interviews with both), so we will continue to be on the lookout for the Costellos and Gables of tomorrow. Being the First Screen Magazine, we'll give them to you FIRST.

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Lois Ranson
is refreshing as a soda in her smart washable frock with fly front, pleated skirt.
Style 868

June Storey
is smartly nautical in her star studded, braid trimmed frock, with long sleeves and laced at front.
Style 839

Lois January
In a delectable frock with dainty ruffles dancing about the sailor collar and hip pockets.
Style 842

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IRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

MOTION PICTURE

MARCH

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True Stories OF HOLLYWOOD CHILDREN BY LOUELLA PARSONS

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sweetest smell is shy"
...WORDSWORTH

Karo
presents Mari
the
Quaint, Wistful
Quint

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MARIE'S *first* portrait from real life i
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series, "The Quints as Individuals
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Annette. Now you see Marie. Watch f
Emilie and Cecile. They're enchanting!

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tering listener. She takes a thoughtf
serious interest in all that is said, repea
conversations precisely. Her memory
remarkable. Marie's school marks equ
her sisters', but her deportment reco
often heads the honor list. She is fond
animals, but prefers them yellow in colo

Tiniest of the Quints at birth, Ma
has caught up to Yvonne, the bigge
Quint at birth, in height and weight. T
carefully supervised diet of Marie and th
other Quints is in a large measure respo
sible for their amazing good health an
vibrant energy.

EVERY DAY, women are finding delightful new ways for using America's Table Syrup of Quality *in cooking*. Try some of them, see how Karo adds new flavor to familiar foods.

Karo gives special zest to baked ham, sweet potatoes, apples, bananas. Just try it in cakes, pies, puddings! It makes glorious, easy-to-cut icings, smooth frozen desserts.

A new party dish: Top piping hot waffles with scoops of vanilla ice cream, and cover with lots of *hot* Karo Waffle Syrup. It's wonderful! That *new* Karo Waffle Syrup has a flavor all its own. It makes pancakes and French toast exciting eating!

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Its maltose and de
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"Karo makes milk taste extra good."
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"Have you tried Karo on your cereal? It's delicious!"
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"Apple sauce made with Karo is grand."
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"M-m-m, bread and butter spread with Karo is wonderful!" **CECILE**

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Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

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Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride —and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

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The Soap of Beautiful Women

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JAN 30 1941

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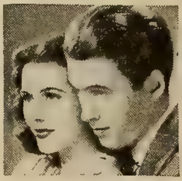
It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★



Good things to come. Exhibits A, B, C, D.

A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me*. The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.

★ ★ ★ ★

B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you like our Exhibits?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★

And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★

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—*Leo*

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LXI No. 2 MARCH, 1941 Thirtieth Year

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YOU'RE THE ONE
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STRAWBERRY LANE

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"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and ORRIN as they
sing and pla-a-y!

Paramount presents

BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in

"YOU'RE THE ONE"

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Jerry Colonna · Edward Everett Horton · Albert Dekker
Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart

It's more
than just a
song when
Bonnie sings
to Orrin
"I Could Kiss
You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey · A Paramount Picture · Directed by Ralph Murphy

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]

German bomb raids break up shooting films outside London. Director Pascal with star Wendy Hiller, making *Major Barbara* (with others of cast) pause in make-believe work to watch a tense drama of the sky. Raids have interrupted work for over year

Roger Fawcett, vice-president of Fawcett Publications, entertained Gene Autry at Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minn., when cowboy star was on vacation from pictures

and Lucille up and married the guy, leaving Al Hall colder than a nudist in January. While Desi and Lucille honeymooned in New York, Al Hall, not at all abashed by what hit him, switched his sights. He's concentrating now on the li'l honey called Maxine Lewis, and that may make him Bill Powell's brother-in-law, if he keeps it up. Maxine, you know, is Diana Lewis' sister, and Diana is Bill Powell's wife, at the moment.

And now, Mama, c'n I have some soda bicarb?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Milton Berle and Mary Beth Hughes—
Furnishing plenty of romantic nughes!

■

JUST as Ol' Man Tattler told you, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are going to stick to the straight and narrow, with their romance. No tricks, no elopement. And so they've gone ahead and made it official by formally announcing their betrothal in the good old-fashioned manner, with the orthodox announcement by Deanna's papa and mama that their darling little girlie-wirlie is going to become Mrs. Vaughn Paul, come sometime this summer.

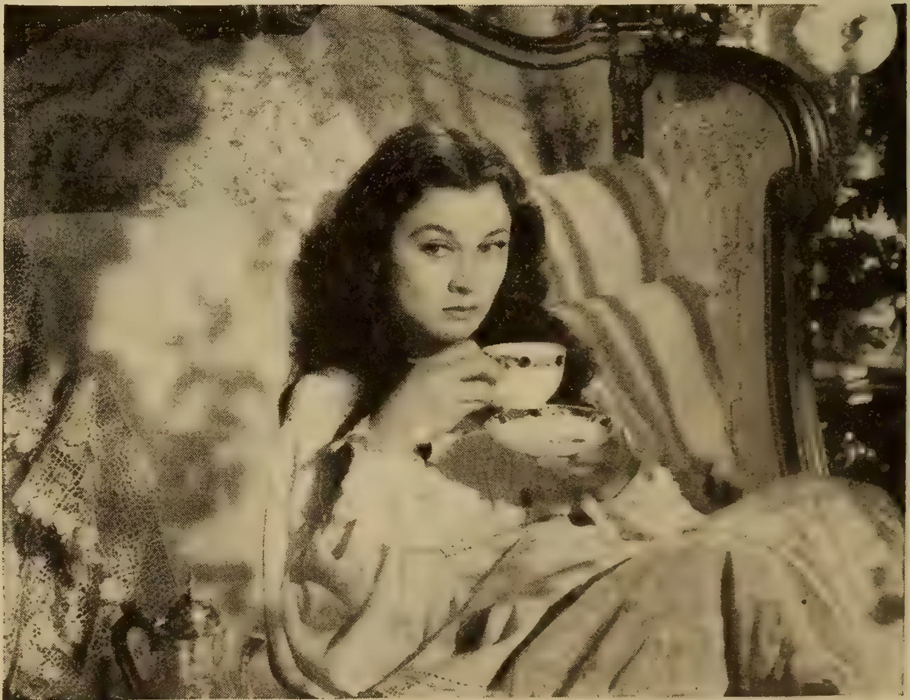
Deanna got her diamond engagement ring from Vaughn on her nineteenth birthday.

There's something nice and refreshing in this Durbin-Paul romance. He was her first boy friend—and her only boy friend. And in Hollywood, that's remarkable. Seems to be the vogue among the youngsters to try 'em all out before picking one to marry—and even then, the chances are that it won't take.

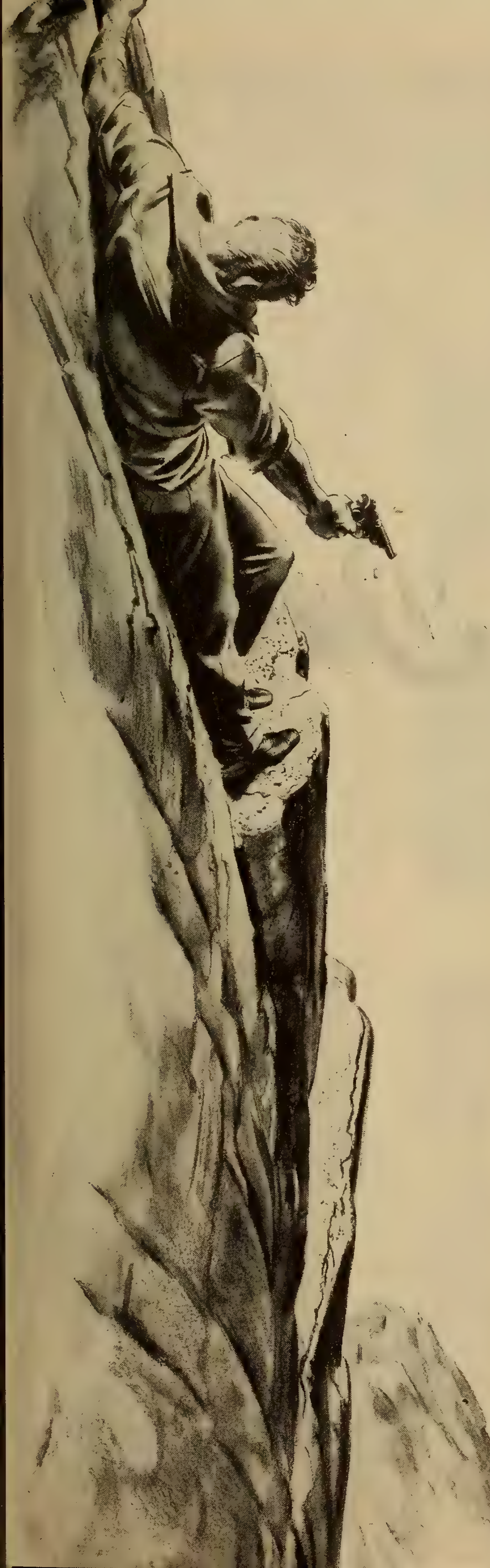
■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joan Valerie and Jimmie Busch—
Looks like she's getting the Cupid's rusch!

[*Continued on page 76*]



Now that *Gone With the Wind* is released to all movie houses you-all will be seeing it. Vivien Leigh as *Scarlett* has breakfast in bed, memorable scene of film



"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER

"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'!"
Director of a hundred Hits, **RAOUL WALSH**

"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is HIGH SIERRA!"
Famed Author, **W. R. BURNETT**

WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA

A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!

IDA LUPINO

As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.

HUMPHREY BOGART

As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!

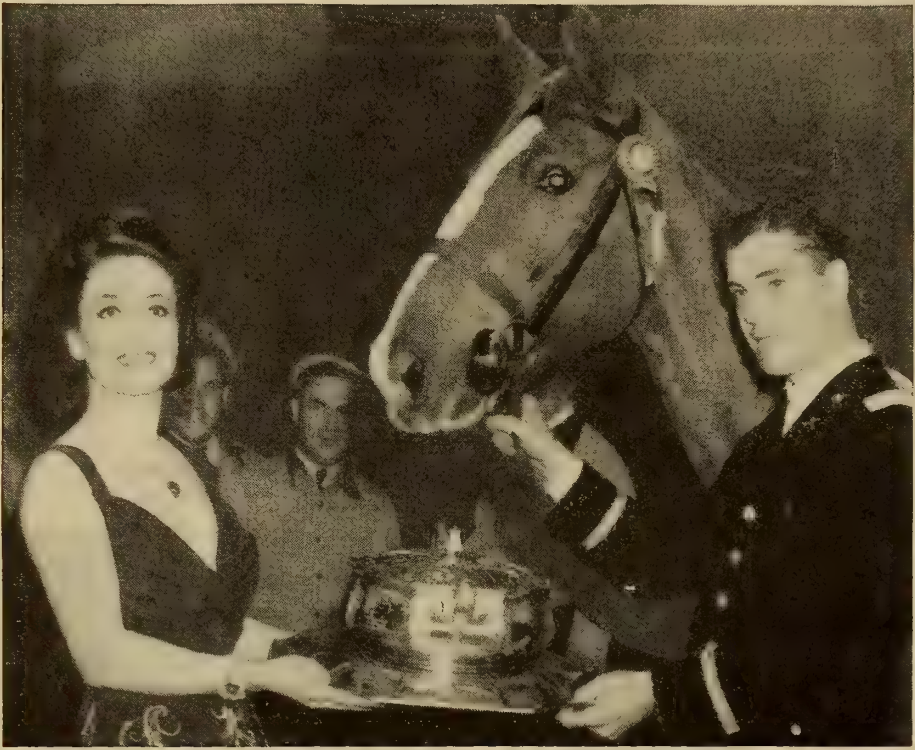
with ALAN CURTIS · ARTHUR KENNEDY · JOAN LESLIE
HENRY HULL · HENRY TRAVERS

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

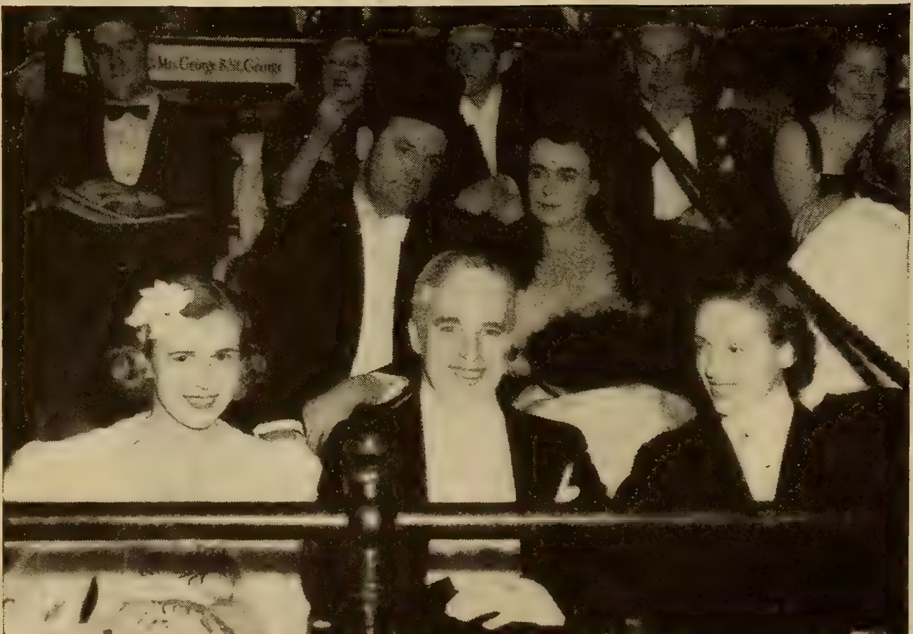
STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU



Joan Crawford presented trophy to Capt. David Wagstaff, Jr., U. S. A., of Fort Myers, Va., opening night of 57th Annual National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden



In addition to shows, night clubs, Charlie Chaplin didn't miss Horse Show during N. Y. visit. In his party were Mrs. Priscilla St. George (left) and Deborah Rood. (Back)—Tom Bennett, Jr., Mrs. George B. St. George. All members of Social Register

DONALD WOOD AND PHYLLIS BROOKS are the only studio fugitives to receive any real glory this early in the Broadway season. . . . Phyllis wasn't too unhappy at turning down an offer from 20th Century-Fox for the lead in a Dave Butler feature. . . . Producer Buddy De Sylva is holding her to a run of the play contract. . . . Blossoming into a glamour girl isn't the dullest sort of life for a little gal who was so torchy about Cary Grant only a few months back. . . . It took a little henna, a hit musical, *Panama Hattie*, and some new boy friends to make a completely new personality out of a nondescript blonde. . . . It took a year in stock and a hardy spirit to make an actor out of a handsome young man whom Hollywood dropped because he looked too much like Fredric March. . . . *Quiet, Please,* Donald's show, folded quietly as you please a few weeks after its opening, but Donald's notices were swell and he's getting all sorts of offers. . . . Jimmy Dunn and Arthur Treacher made a pleasant impression in De Sylva's newest musical hit. . . . Which leads me to think that all these Hollywood youngsters who are touring in different units would do better by confining their stage efforts to script appearances. . . . Unless they can specialize, like Ilona Massey, whose voice matches her loveliness, fan comment isn't too flattering. . . . Alan Curtis, Ilona's fiance, was a backstage addition to the Louella Parsons unit. . . . He won't leave her out of his sight until they are married. The blond star jeopardized her career when she broke her engagement to a prominent and influential producer just a few weeks after meeting the leading man. . . . She has had little happiness in her life. . . . She wants a happy marriage above everything. . . . Her first picture in a year, *New Wine,* and Alan's open adoration is the answer to Hollywood's whispered qualms as to the wisdom of her choice. . . . It is no secret that many of the film companies are in a precarious state as a result of the tying-up of their funds in England and the closing of foreign markets. . . .

"JUST GOOD FRIENDS" DEPARTMENT: Victor Mature followed Betty Grable all the way to New York and fell right into a leading role opposite Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's *Lady in the Dark*. . . . Vic discovered Betty after Lana Turner discovered Tony Martin and Liz Whitney re-discovered Bruce Cabot. . . . Lana and Liz were well on their way to turning the handsome Mature head with their far from friendly rivalry for Vic's attentions. . . . The winnah was an innocent bystander: Betty (Smiles) Grable. . . . Betty is very happy, now that her divorce decree from Jackie Coogan is final and her contract prevents her from marrying for at least another year. . . . If anyone still claims Betty's heart it is Artie Shaw. . . . Betty went backstage to see the *Du Barry* cast; gave a party for all the girls; and celebrated the divorce with the Bert Lahrs and Vic at the gayer spots. . . . Norma Shearer left her mother at the Hampshire House while she did the town with Jock Whitney, the millionaire who gets richer by backing such pictures like *Gone With the Wind* and such plays like *Life With Father* and *Charlie's Aunt.* Everyone is saying "I told you so" about the petering-out of the George Raft romance. Georgie's friends are saying he'd like it a lot if former girl friend Virginia Peine were a bit more friendlier. . . . George is branching out in his role of night-club owner. . . . He will finance another Hurricane Club in Florida, and also be in on the backing of a Slapsie Maxie Cafe in Miami. . . . Rita Johnson, very blond, shopped for a

[*Continued on page* 17]

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU

LUX SOAP MAKES A WONDERFUL BEAUTY BATH! ITS **ACTIVE** LATHER MAKES YOU **SURE** OF DAINTINESS

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE LADY EVE"

THIS GENTLE, WHITE SOAP HAS SUCH A DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE — LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**!

Clever girls take Hollywood's tip—win out with skin that's *sweet*!

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

YOU will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's *sweet*, appealing.

The loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

Face Powder...

Silk Sifted

CHIFFON is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattering, soft light of rendezvous candles.

Specially processed, Chiffon Face Powder is then sifted through the finest silk, to remove every tiny particle of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer-lasting.

Its unique Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine.

In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick—for softer, more kissable contours. Four alluring *new* shades: Chiffon Red, True Red, Medium and Raspberry.

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream—the *only* cream you need to cleanse, help clarify and soften your skin.

Stop at your 5 and 10 for all three . . . 10¢ each

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595 Fifth Avenue, New York

PICTURE PARADE

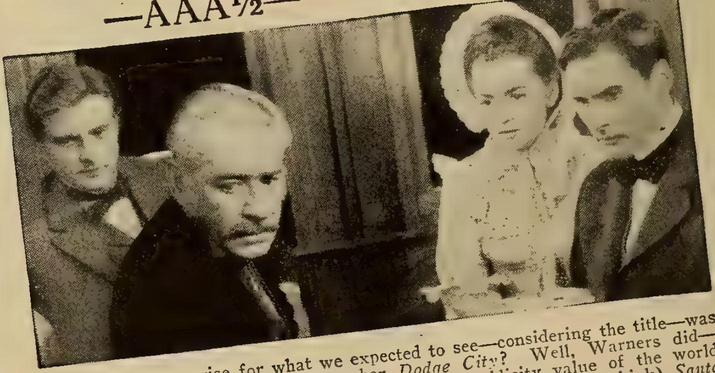
THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

—AAAA—

Those theater exhibitors who pronounced Katharine Hepburn "poison" about a year or two ago are going to be mortified when they start counting the receipts at *The Philadelphia Story*. And as for those operators who didn't even book this Katie Hepburn-Cary Grant-Jimmy Stewart opus why they'll probably be crying for some of that poison. For this is the greatest picture of the year and while you may say that it's a bit early to be making such predictions let us tell you that we're willing to bet—what odds do you offer?—that at the end of 1941, this will still be the most-talked-about-picture of the year. The play enjoyed a run of a year in New York and as to the picture, those of us who saw both, agreed that the shadow play—Donald Ogden Stewart's—has even more substance than the Philip Barry original. This story about a Philadelphia Main Line Family was directed by George Cukor who never fails to get every bit of drama and comedy from the script and every bit of the same from the players. As to them, Hepburn is magnificent, Cary Grant gives one of his best performances and Jimmy Stewart plays a newspaperman as no one else on stage or screen could play him.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SANTA FE TRAIL

—AAA½—



This *was* a surprise for what we expected to see—considering the title—was another epic of the West. Remember *Dodge City*? Well, Warners did—especially the benefits reaped from the natural publicity value of the world premiere in the home city—and so they shrewdly titled this (we think) *Santa Fe Trail* giving them a legitimate excuse for holding another of these grand scale premieres. But let's keep on the trail. *Santa Fe* is actually a story about the background of the Civil War and a pretty factual story about John Brown, the fanatic leader of the abolitionists. And while Warners have told this story dispassionately—not taking sides with the slavery issue—it is far from being a dispassionate film. In fact, it is a thriller from the very beginning when *Jeb Stuart*, *George Custer*, *Bob Halliday* and a handful of others, upon their graduation from West Point, are assigned to "bloody" Kansas Territory as punishment for "having it out" with *Rader* who was dishonorably discharged from the academy for his propagandist activities there. Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan and Olivia de Havilland are excellent in their roles but it's Raymond Massey as *John Brown* who stands out in *Santa Fe Trail*.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Hollywood Parties

QUITE the noisiest party-of-the-month was the afternoon jam session Jackie Cooper hosted to introduce Buddy Rich and other members of Tommy Dorsey's band to the swing-happy kids of Hollywood . . . With ace-drummer Buddy and Jackie alternating at the drums, Dick Winslow playing the vibraharp, and Mickey Rooney adding his two-bits' worth on everything from the piano to the jews-harp, the kids insist they wrote two new songs—as yet untitled—during the afternoon . . . The rug-cutting end of things was taken care of by Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Tony Martin, Lana Turner, Dave Rose and Ann Gillis . . . But with all that, the busiest person was Jackie's mother, Mrs. Charles Bigelow, who kept the buffet table replenished . . . Most unique on-the-set party was the one given Carl, the "prop" boy on *Maisie Was a Lady* . . . In all these on-the-set birthday parties you read about, it is usually the "prop" boy who has the job of seeing that the surprises are carried out according to orders . . . So, when Ann Sothern learned Carl was celebrating his birthday, she ordered ice cream, cake and coffee to be delivered to the *Maisie* set . . . Director Ned Marin called lunch a half hour early and poor Carl practically passed out when the cast started singing "Happy Birthday to You" . . . Screwiest after-dark pastime-of-the-month—was the hat-trimming contest held at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Spencer Tracy, Herbert Marshall and Eddie Sutherland were given veils and feathers and three minutes to whip up something in the way of head-gear for their ladies . . . And believe it or not—Spence Tracy won! . . . Mrs. Tracy *still* won't be quoted on what she thinks of his creation.

MOST impromptu party-of-the-month was the spaghetti feed on "Stage 21" over at M-G-M. . . . Frank Morgan, Bonita Granville and Dan Dailey, Jr., were shooting scenes for *The Wild Man of Borneo* on "Stage 22." . . . All of a sudden, Frank just wasn't there. . . . When the rest of the cast went in search of him they found he had followed his nose next door to "Stage 21," where Prudence Penny was cooking spaghetti for a Pete Smith short. . . . Several dishes of spaghetti later, they resumed shooting on *Borneo,* but Prudence was kept busy the rest of the afternoon cooking spaghetti for Frank to sample between scenes. . . . Silliest excuse for a party was the fact that the Brian Donlevys were moving into a new home. . . . Of course, a party to *introduce* your friends to your *new* abode is quite a proper thing . . . But this wasn't a house-warming . . . It was a house-*cooling!* . . . And was given in the Donlevy's *old* home the night before they moved to their brand new three-acre estate in Brentwood. . . . Most of the furniture had already been moved, but that didn't prevent Brian and his wife—with the help of the Ty Powers, Bill Seiters and Harry Brands—from spending the evening around the old fireplace drinking toasts to the home they were leaving.

SET party-of-the-month—was given the other midnight on the *Keeping Company* set . . . Right after Director Sylvan Simon called "cut" on the last scene of the picture, a large buffet-table laden with cocktails and a cold supper made its appearance . . . Surprise of the evening came when the guests found small cards tied to the stems of their cocktail glasses announcing the engagement of John Shelton and Carole Gallagher . . . John, the star of the picture, had been "keeping company" in more ways than one, because he and Carole only met about six weeks ago . . . Gustatory party-of-the-month—was the barbecue given by former quiet-man Bill Powell and his wife, Diana Lewis . . . After an afternoon of badminton and swimming, the guests were served sizzling hot steaks barbecued by Bill himself . . . And soooch steaks! . . . Bill may be the tops in subtlety on the screen, but *not* when it comes to the use of garlic on steaks . . . The poor guy was kept busy serving up second helpings . . . According to Bill, a steak just isn't any good unless it has had a generous swabbing of olive oil and garlic before it is broiled.

ZANIEST party-of-the-season was the birthday night-club tour planned by Franchot Tone for pal Burgess Meredith . . . Franchot rounded up current gal-friend Carole Landis, Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart to make a night of it celebrating Burgess' birthday . . . After about the fifth stop, they suddenly discovered they'd forgotten to ask the guest of honor! . . . So Franchot telephoned him the next day. . . . Juvenile party-of-the-month was the birthday celebration of little three-year-old Susanne Danker, daughter of the Danny Dankers . . . That is, it was *supposed* to be a juvenile party . . . But the Stu Erwins brought their Judy, Carole Ann and Barbara Young were escorted by Papa Bob Young, and before the afternoon was over most of the grown-ups had managed to stick around to watch the fun . . . Main attraction was Hollywood hurdy-gurdy-man Tony Barbato and his monkey, Josephine . . . Reversing the usual procedure, Susanne presented her guests with gifts, each of them receiving a tiny camera complete with film.

If she can't take a tip—
she'll surely lose her job

Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.
Be sure underarms are always fresh!

NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort . . . the merest hint of underarm odor . . . can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

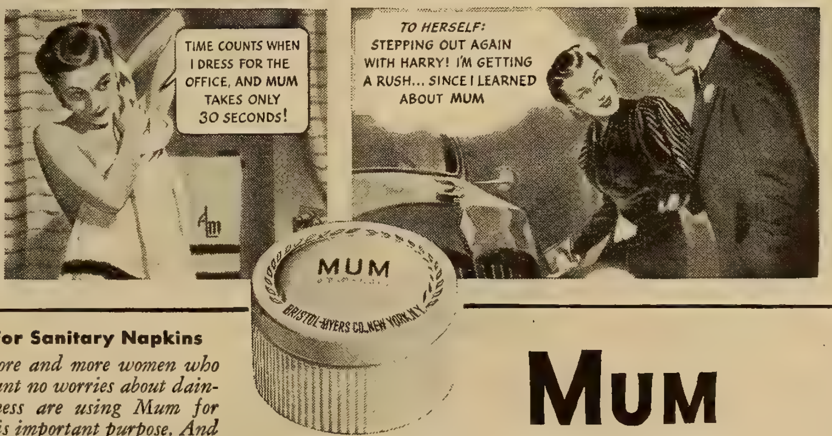
More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin . . . can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day . . . be sure you're always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!


TIME COUNTS WHEN I DRESS FOR THE OFFICE, AND MUM TAKES ONLY 30 SECONDS!
TO HERSELF: STEPPING OUT AGAIN WITH HARRY! I'M GETTING A RUSH... SINCE I LEARNED ABOUT MUM
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

CLIP THIS NOW

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Tell me about 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER of 1941 Noiseless Portable and 10c A DAY PLAN. Send catalog.

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Terms as little as 10c A DAY

We will send you a brand new 1941 Deluxe Noiseless Portable for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL! Astounding but true!

This 1941 Model is the last word in portables. Touch regulator. Standard 84 character Keyboard. Long chrome line space lever. 12 yard, two-color ribbon with automatic reverse. Rubber cushioned feet. Variable line spacer. Tabulator. And NOISELESS!

AND you can own this 1941 Remington Deluxe Noiseless Typewriter for a small, good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day with MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Just mail the coupon—that is all you need to do! If, after 10 DAY FREE TRIAL, you are not satisfied we will refund your money and pay all shipping charges.

AND THESE EXTRAS!

LEARN TO TYPE

FREE with your 1941 Deluxe Noiseless Portable is a 42 page Touch Method instruction book to help teach you touch typing —the method used by experts.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

Also supplied with your Noiseless Portable is this handsome carrying case—sturdy and roomy, a smart piece of luggage you can use as an overnight bag. WE SAY "What an Offer!"

ACT NOW! CLIP THE COUPON!

PICTURE PARADE

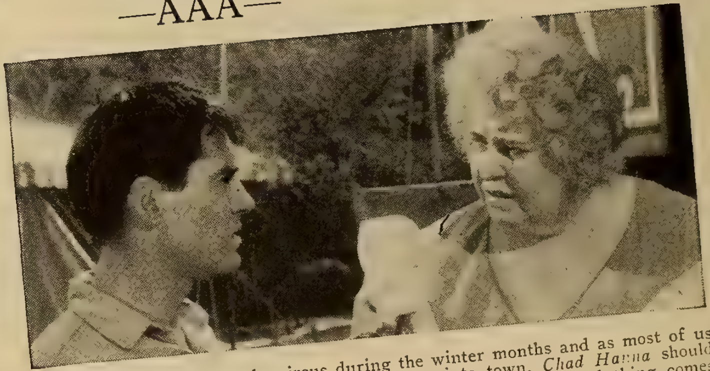
COMRADE X

—AAA½—

X here doesn't stand for an unknown quantity you may be sure for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the producers of *Comrade X*, have a definite hit on their hands which will result in large quantities of profits for them and large quantities of laughs for you. However, the title does lend a cue, for who doesn't know—especially after *Ninotchka*—that the only existent relationship in present day Russia is that of comradeship. But don't for a minute think that Sex is missing in the Soviet for while a boy and a girl may be comrades there's no law against their being bedfellows, too. And speaking of SEX who can handle *that* situation better than Metro's two exponents of sex-appeal—Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr? In this satire of the Soviet—screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer—Hedy plays a streetcar conductor and Gable an American newspaperman. The two get together when Hedy's papa—Felix Bressart—threatens to expose Gable as *Comrade X* unless he helps daughter escape. It may be blackmail but what could a fellow do—particularly Gable—but consent? Clark and Hedy are swell and they get grand support.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CHAD HANNA

—AAA—



As few of us can see the circus during the winter months and as most of us just can't wait until the wagons start rolling into town, *Chad Hanna* should serve nicely as a substitute for us circus cravers until the real thing comes along. And while this colorful (supplied by Technicolor) story, adapted from Walter D. Edmonds' widely read novel *Red Wheels Rolling*, is old-fashioned—it takes us back to the '80's and to upper New York State—it has an antique charm that makes you feel nostalgic for the good old days when the circus was *the* event in most people's lives and when it wasn't an uncommon thing for the rolling wagons to pick up stragglers who ran away from home to join the circus. Like *Chad Hanna*, the kitchen boy, and *Caroline Tridd*, the young daughter of *Cisco Tridd*, the slave hunter. And, of course, these traveling circuses never lacked romance. So against the sawdust and canvas you'll find the love story of *Chad*—first the pulsating love for the glamorous circus rider, and then his true love for the innocent *Caroline*. Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, and Linda Darnell are grand to watch.—*20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 62]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

SO YOU WANT to know all about this new "strawberry blond" hair that's setting the country on its ear? . . . Well, I took myself out to Warner Brothers' studio to get the lowdown from Perc Westmore, who started the fad, and found the poor guy going nuts . . . Perc's desk was piled high with letters asking him to describe the color, and he told me he just plain couldn't do it . . . "The nearest I can get to it," said Perc, "is to call it a reddish-gold-blond." . . . "You wouldn't say it's a blondish-reddish-gold, would you, Perc?" I asked him, and got chased out of the make-up department . . . But whatever you call it, it's a shade of hair that is making all the gals who went platinum with Harlow, and then brunette with Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, rush to the beauty parlor to get themselves "strawberried" . . . While I was on the Warner lot, I dropped in to see Bette Davis and found her gloating over some cute little Scottie buttons she had picked up . . . Bette insisted they looked just like "Tibbie," her pet Scottie dog, and is having a white broadcloth shirtmaker made to use them on . . . They have a new designer out at Warners'—Damon Giffard—and you better remember his name because he has ideas you're going to hear more about . . . I asked him what he'd do to put some color into my dark brown suit . . . "Wear a huge chrysanthemum of yellow coq feathers on your lapel," Damon told me . . . "Or get a pair of doeskin gloves and matching purse in that new deep orange shade." . . . The guy's got ideas!

LUNCHING AT THE Derby later that day, I sat near the entrance so I could get a good look at the fashion-conscious gals as they came in . . . Gene Tierney came in wearing one of those immense black felt halo hats and the best-looking pair of jewelled earrings . . . At least I thought they were earrings until Gene stopped and showed them to me, and they were really clips on the edge of her hat . . . Gene said she bought several pairs when she was in New York and changed them when she wore a different dress with the hat . . . But I did see the trickiest pair of earrings when Joan Bennett came in . . . You know, Joanie is nuts about monograms . . . Everything the gal owns, practically, has her initials on it . . . And the earrings were no exception . . . On one ear was a tiny diamond "J" and on the other an equally small platinum "B"! . . . I saw a mother-and-daughter act that noon that had the whole cafe talking . . . The pair were Dorothy Lamour and her mother, dressed in identical outfits of sheer black wool dresses and draped turbans of black jersey and velvet . . . In the front of each turban was a diamond clip . . . Dottie wore a black fox jacket and her mother mink.

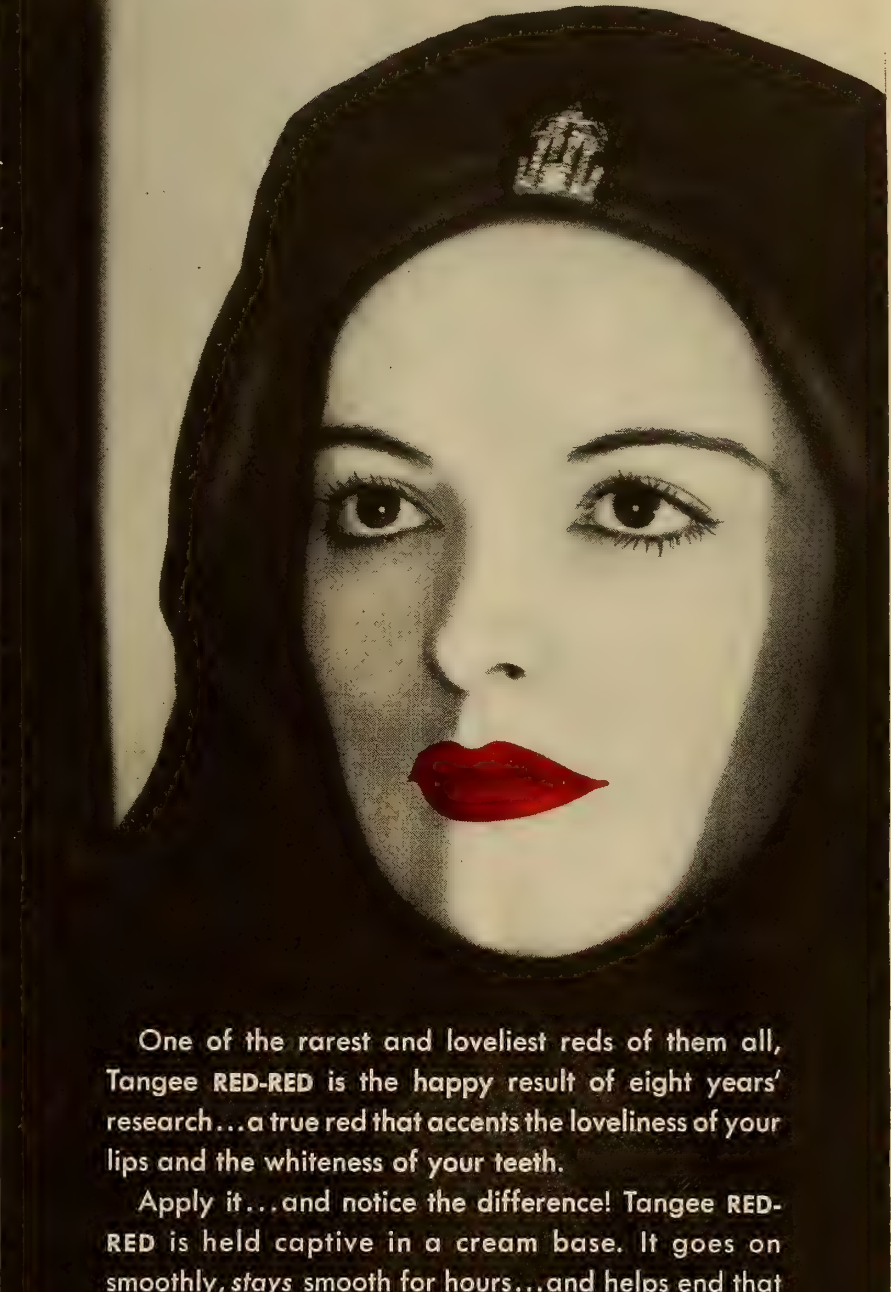
Mlle. Chic

YOU ASKED FOR IT

Due to the thousands of requests for additional colored portraits of the stars—like the ones featured in these pages recently, on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter front and back—the editors have had a batch of these photos of your favorites made up and they are now available. Simply write to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and enclose a dime for one, fifteen cents for two. THEY can be had:

CHARLES BOYER
LARAINE DAY
ERROL FLYNN
CLARK GABLE
RICHARD GREENE
WILLIAM HOLDEN
VIVIEN LEIGH
TYRONE POWER
GINGER ROGERS
MICKEY ROONEY
ROBERT TAYLOR
JIMMY STEWART

TANGEE *Red-Red*
FASHION'S FAVORITE FOR 1941



One of the rarest and loveliest reds of them all, Tangee **RED-RED** is the happy result of eight years' research...a true red that accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

Apply it...and notice the difference! Tangee **RED-RED** is held captive in a cream base. It goes on smoothly, *stays* smooth for hours...and helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Wear Tangee **RED-RED**, with its companion cosmetics: the matching rouge and your own shade of Tangee's famous face powder.

TANGEE

Red-Red

...REALLY STAYS ON!

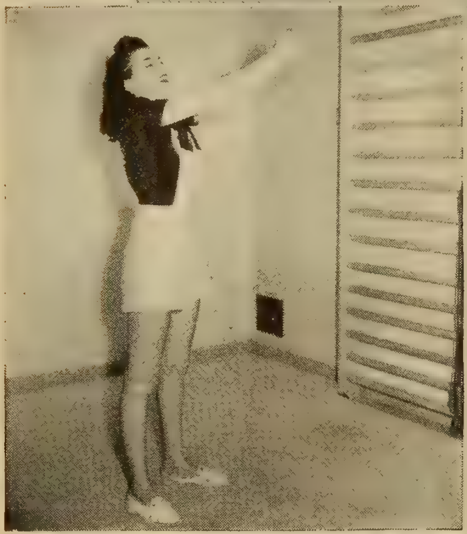
Another Tangee lipstick—THEATRICAL RED...a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

Marguerite Chapman shows you how to flatten your tummy, reduce your hips and remodel your too-thin legs

FIGURE-ATIVELY SPEAKING

By DENISE CAINE

MOTION PICTURE SHOWS YOU HOW YOU CAN MEASURE UP TO THE STARS



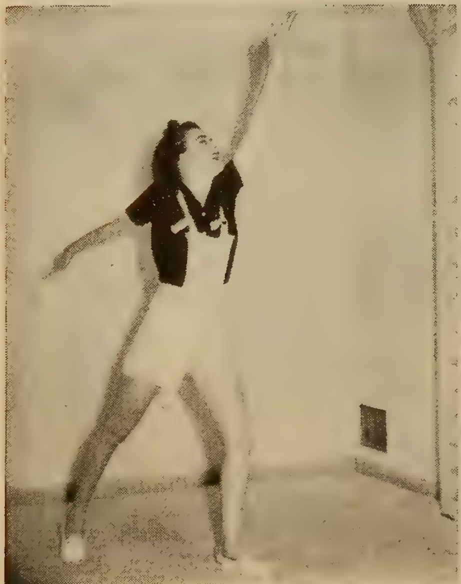
Shake hands with yourself—like Marguerite does, above—ten times each morning and see what it does for your upper arms and chest. A quick stride forward with arms outflung—below—is conducive to balance, poise

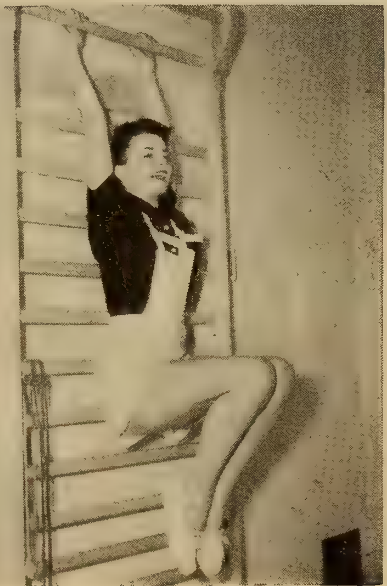
THERE'S no such thing in Hollywood as a bad figure. Because the well-known ability of the camera to add ten pounds to any star's waistline keeps all the girls faithful to their exercises. And as for the hordes of extras, script girls, secretaries and waitresses—well, isn't the competition keen enough anyway?

A little of that competition wouldn't do you and me any harm either. All too often we tend to go a little slack, and think that our figures, our faces, even our hands and nails are good enough as they are. Especially married girls. Get out of that post-wedding bells slump! Just because you've got your man doesn't mean that you'll hold him—if you forget about all those little tricks of make-up that made your face twice as pretty as the one God gave you. If you forget about hand lotions and cuticle creams and get yourself a nice case of dishpan hands. And if, probably worst of all, you forget how to hold your shoulders back and your bust up—and develop a Santa Claus tummy or over-roomy hips instead!

Don't think I under-estimate the attractions of that pan of cookies you just baked; they're fine to nibble on. But if you do nothing after nibbling but settle back on a soft couch with a box of candy and a good novel—watch out for your figure! Time was when the plump, curvesome woman was much admired—but the Chinese are the only ones who like 'em today!

Housework can be made more fun if you use it as a chance to exercise. When you pick lint or papers off the floor, bend from the waist, and keep your knees straight. Do a deep knee bend when you dust the bottom rungs of chairs and tables, instead of bending sideways in a lazy fashion. Even making a bed can do things for your figure—stretch your arms as far as you can, fill your chest with fresh air from that open window—and see [*Continued on page* 60]





This exercise is for limbering your waistline and developing your shoulder and arm contours. Up and down 10 times is about right for this. And just wait and see if Marguerite Chapman isn't as agile climbing the ladder of success

HOW DO YOU FIGURE UP?

Would you like Denise Caine's special exercises? Her help in solving your dry or oily skin problem? Or advice in selecting the right new shades of make-up for your coloring? Write today, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 10]

trousseau and gathered her Massachusetts family together to witness her marriage to Stanley Kahn, a broker. . . . After the honeymoon is over, Rita will start Hollywood life all over, on the Warner lot, appearing opposite Eddie Albert in *Stuff of Heroes*. . . . Rita asked for a release from her M-G-M contract. . . . She felt she was being overlooked on that lot filled up as it is. . . . Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovich honeymooned with the Louella Parsons junket at Loew's State. . . . Binnie is expecting two nieces from England to join her daughter in her California home. . . . So Mike is in for plenty of family life. . . .

CASTING NOTES: Ralph Morgan emerged from his comparative obscurity as Frank Morgan's brother and resumed his rightful place as a distinguished legitimate actor during the short run of *Fledgling*. . . . Claire Trevor is also back on Broadway in *Out West It's Different*, which Sam Levene is directing. . . . Claire won't admit that domestic difficulties brings her back. . . . Miriam Hopkins does *Battle of the Ages* for the Theater Guild after a flying visit to her adopted son in Tucson. . . . Bruce Cabot has the lead in *Tea and Strumpets* (cute title, what?), written by none other than Leif Erickson's mother. . . . Leif trained out for the opening . . . If it's good enough, Broadway will see it. . . . Gale Sondergaard is in *Cue for Passion*, supposed to be based on Sinclair Lewis' and Dorothy Thompson's marital experiences . . . Gloria Swanson passed up the lead for a Miami season . . . which proves Gloria's contentment with her private life . . . hope that visit from Gloria, Jr., doesn't mean domestic trouble for young Gloria . . . *Arsenic and Old Lace* is just the sort of play you'd expect Boris Karloff to choose to return to the footlights . . . Reginald Owen goes into Charlie MacArthur's *Melancholy Dame* . . . Muriel Angelus of the lovely voice made Cliff Lewis unhappy by accepting the prima donna spot in *New Orleans* . . . Franchot Tone turned down the lead in Clifford Odets new play . . . which goes to show how far Franchot has reversed himself about Hollywood . . . Sylvia Sidney is back from her Warner chores, looking for a play for herself and husband Luther Adler . . . the Fredric Marches are also searching for a husband and wife vehicle . . . If these names aren't enough to lure you to town, try following the Conga line to Club Cuba, the La Conga or Cafe Society where you may find yourself hanging on to Ty Power and Joan Crawford . . . or Loretta Young and bridegroom Tom Lewis . . . or Mischa Auer, gone very gay since his divorce . . . or Ralph Bellamy. . . . AROUND AND ABOUT: Joan Crawford did not get off to California . . . She simply won't leave until the starting date of *A Woman's Face* is definitely set . . . It's that quiet romance that's keeping her here . . . and I don't mean that society youth . . . Ronald Colman gets in on his first vacation in five years . . . Preston Foster visited the high school in Bloomfield, N. J., where he worked as janitor while getting himself an education . . . Arline Judge tucked her two youngsters under her arm . . . grabbed a dozen of her favorite fur coats to warm her new streamlined figure and was off for another Hollywood stay . . . Arline says she will take her picture career seriously now, and let her millionaire suitors fall where they may. . . .

Is Your Loveliness Hidden By
"MOUSEY" HAIR?

Illustrates soap-washed hair

Illustrates Drene-washed hair

Bring Out Hidden Loveliness . . . Reveal Up To

33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

Than Is Possible With Any Soap . . . Most Liquid Shampoos

YOUR hair should highlight and emphasize your personality and charm. Don't let it appear drab and uninteresting. Soap, or liquid soap shampoos, often give hair that dull "mousey" look. Soap, you see, combines with minerals in water to form "bathtub ring"—a film that hides the loveliness and lustre of your hair. If this film is veiling your personality, by all means try Drene the next time you shampoo your hair.

Drene is thrillingly different . . . forms no such dulling film. As a result, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance . . . so all colors of hair look warmer and more vibrant, not drab and "mousey".

Drene contains a *patented* cleansing ingredient . . . actually makes more *suds* than soap . . . has *super-cleansing* action to remove dust, grime, loose dandruff.

Try Drene—and see the amazing difference it makes! Bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your hair that is now hidden by lime-soap film. Loveliness that will make men notice, women envy!

***Scientific Lustre-Meter Tests** at Procter & Gamble experimental beauty shop prove that hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.

"I'VE TRIED DOZENS OF SHAMPOOS--BUT NONE CAN COMPARE WITH *DRENE*"
—*say José of Charmode Salons, New York, Chicago, etc.*

FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:
Peter Pace, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Otto De Donato, St. Louis
Terminal Beauty Salons
New York, Baltimore, Chicago

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of that *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

TITIAN: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of revealing its natural reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—for normal or dry hair. **REGULAR**—for oily hair.

SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
Argentina

BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR
Brazil

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

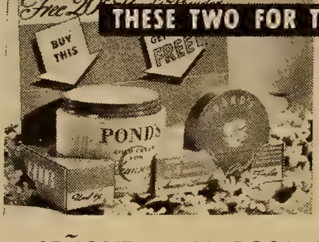
SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

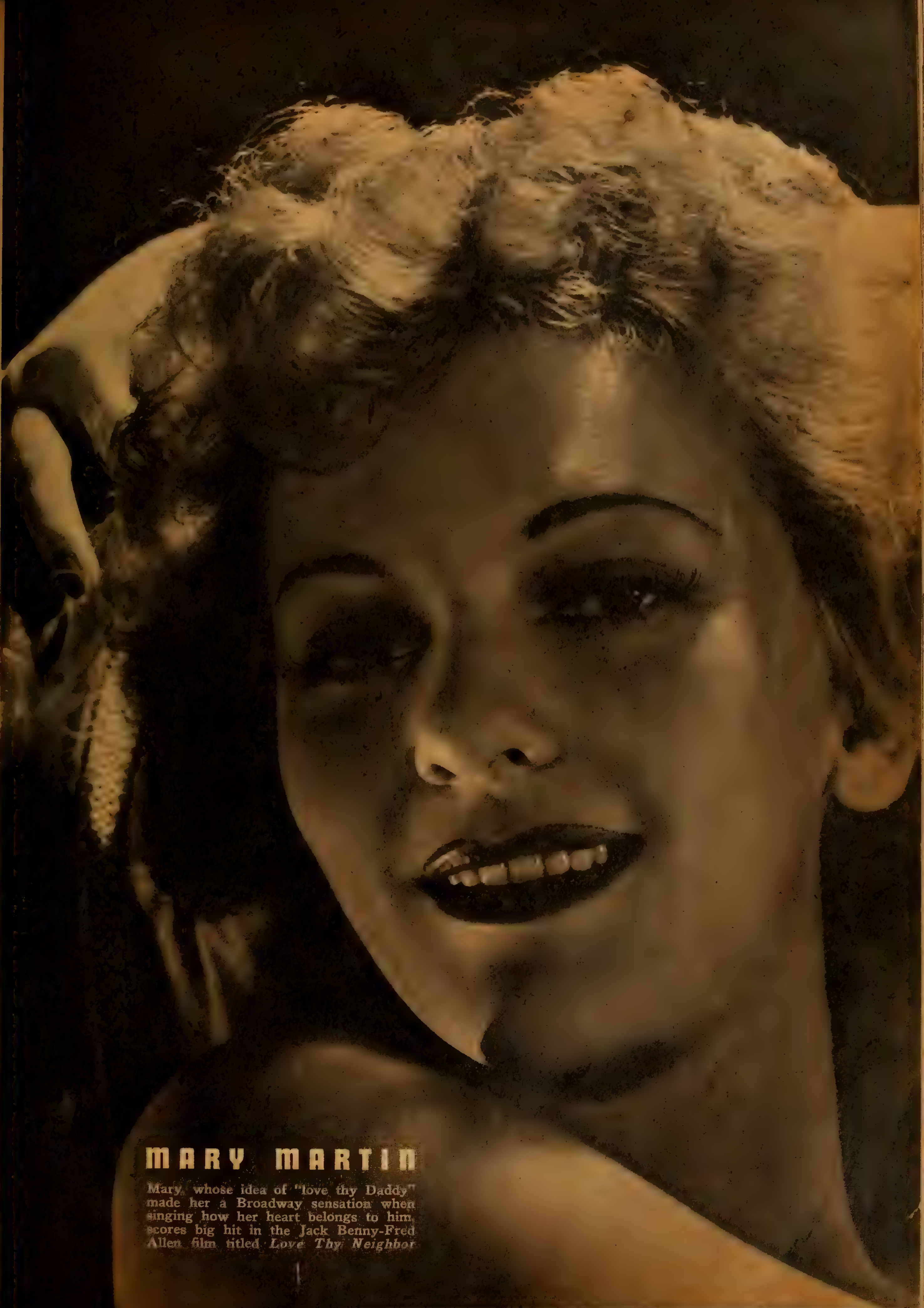
Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.

THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM



ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY— For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get *absolutely free* a 20¢ box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual



MARY MARTIN

Mary, whose idea of "love thy Daddy" made her a Broadway sensation when singing how her heart belongs to him, scores big hit in the Jack Benny-Fred Allen film titled *Love Thy Neighbor*

Hank Fonda has been of the "earth-earthy" in most roles—and has seldom received a tender kiss from the heroine or bestowed one. But he can go "all out" and does with Barbara Stanwyck in *The Lady Eve*, in tailored togs and smart haberdashery

HANK IS NOT ALL HOMESPUN

By JAMES REID

As Chad Hanna, Fonda is the long familiar earthy type in back country clothes. But cast him in *The Lady Eve*, and you'll find a Fonda who's on the glamour side, a right smart guy in right smart clothes

YOU HAVE HENRY FONDA ALL WRONG IF YOU THINK HE'S CUT FROM A HOMESPUN PATTERN. THE REAL HANK CAN SPORT A HAIRCUT AND A SNAPPY WARDROBE WHEN GIVEN A CHANCE. UNDER A SOBER EXTERIOR LURKS A COMIC, TOO

MERVYN LEROY has been making life miserable for Henry Fonda—all because an old New York friend of Hank's tried to do right by him. It seems that this pal attended a certain party at Saratoga Springs last summer. It was a very gay party, complete to champagne cocktails. Hank's friend had had a few when he was introduced to "Mervyn LeRoy, the Hollywood producer." He immediately anchored a strong pair of hands on the LeRoy lapels, glared at the surprised Mervyn, and said, "You can tell me something I want to know. WHAT is Hollywood doing to Hank Fonda? WHAT is Hollywood thinking of, keeping a guy like that in overalls and homespun and serious stuff? Why, he's a handsome guy—in the right clothes. And he's a funny guy—when he wants to be. Get him off in a corner sometime and get him to tell you some of his stories. He'll slay you."

The next time Mervyn saw Hank, he said, "Let's find a quiet corner somewhere." So they found a quiet corner, and Mervyn said, "All right, go ahead—kill me."

Hank thought the man had gone mad. "What do you mean—kill you?" he demanded.

"I mean make me die laughing," said Mervyn. "I've heard how funny you can be."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Hank suspiciously.

Mervyn told him about the encounter at Saratoga.

"Good old So-and-So!" said Hank. "Always a guy to boost a pal"—and launched into such a detailed life history of So-and-So [*Continued on page 77*]

MATURE

Victor has an eye for the girls and shows Mature judgment in picking out his Numbers. But left them severely alone till he could afford to party them right

Of the lovely ladies in Mature's life, Betty Grable has closest hold on his affections. They were *that* way about each other at El Morocco

Betty isn't only girl he parties at El Morocco, favorite night-spot of N. Y. society. He and Phyllis Brooks see eye to eye in doing mean rhumba

By LOUIS RAYMOND

YOU'D BE CALLING VICTOR MATURE HOLLYWOOD'S GLAMOUR BOY NO. 1 EXCEPT FOR FACT THAT HE'S VERY MUCH ON THE ADULT SIDE. HE HAS A WAY WITH THE LADIES TOO, BUT COULDN'T STEP THEIR WAY UNTIL LATELY, WEIGHED DOWN AS HE WAS, MAKING A LIVING AT FIFTY CENTS A DAY

THERE'S a new inspiration for the ever-popular Hollywood sport of name-coupling. The inspiration is called, not inappropriately, Victor Mature. In any quiz the words, "victor mature" mean "adult conqueror."

Mr. Mature is not only adult but a conqueror who knows his way about in the fields of love and labor. Indeed, so well does he know his way about that quite a saga has grown up concerning him. What with elections, the defense program, Disney's welding of cartoons and classic music taking precedence, the saga is just beginning to find its way into print. For some months, however, it has been a cocktail topic along the boulevards.

Hollywood not only admires Mature's pluck in achieving screen stardom against obstacles that would have overwhelmed any but the stoutest of hearts, but it bows with favor upon his perception in the realm of romance. Hollywood has decided the fellow possesses intestinal fortitude. He has, as well, a good eye—a good, if somewhat roving eye.

It is the latter quality that accounts for the new zest Filmland is getting out of its old game of name-coupling. To date Hollywood has coupled his name prominently with Betty Grable, Liz Whitney, Lana Turner, Mary Beth Hughes and Phyllis Brooks. Apparently, Victor Mature has the gift of fascination to a remarkable degree.

He could be waging quite a battle for the rating of Glamour Boy No. 1 were the title more suited to his name. But there is Mature (adult) to consider. Glamour Boy is all right to describe a super-personable youth of, say, 19 to 23.

But Victor Mature is 25 years old. That is the age when many a fascinating gent has begun to take on the rank of Great Lover. Byron and Shelley were well in their stride at 25. Barrymore, of the profile, wasn't any slouch either.

Of all the lovely ladies in Mature's life it is Betty Grable who has the closest hold upon his affections. If he were thinking of marriage, or rather if he had money enough to marry and live in the style to which he isn't accustomed, Betty Grable is the type that comes under his notion of ideal. Her blond beauty is in direct contrast to his brunette coloring. She is alert, amiable, engaging; in short, a desirable companion on a desert island or, for that matter, Manhattan Island.

Recently Mature came to New York for a vacation—his first in eight years—and a few days later there alighted at La Guardia Field, the graceful Grable. They just had to do New York together. It was his first trip to Bagdad-on-the-Hudson, and he wanted the vivid, stimulating company of Betty, the better to see the sights, my dear.

They did the theaters, the shops, the night clubs. What fun, what cheerio! They also did the top of the Empire State Building, the concrete parkways, Radio City, lower Manhattan. There was so much to see, so much to do, and the hours sped by, and shortly Betty had to return to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, the gossip hawks were coupling their names in print, hinting at serious romance. Victor Mature and Betty Grable were sensible about the matter. Normal young persons, they laughed off the whisperings and elbow-nudgings of the curious; decided they would go on living the same kind of life they had always lived.

Caring deeply for Betty, Victor had become, however, too much a man of the world, too adult to submerge his personality in a hermit-like

[*Continued on page* 80]

VIEWPOINT on LOVE

Having adult ways, Vic gets around. At Hollywood racetrack last summer he got around to picking winnahs for socialite Liz Whitney. Nothing serious, my deahs

Nancy Kelly was Victor's favorite in a Hollywood night-spot one special night. We don't know what he's telling her, but Nancy's in dreamland. Some line, Vic?

Of course Lana Turner gets these likely fellows sooner or later. Before popping into Tony Martin's life weeks ago she and Vic had columnists' eyes popping

Can Movie Marriages Last? Ask BING!

By DAN CAMP

FOR OVER TEN YEARS BING HAS STAYED MARRIED TO THE SAME GIRL. HIS LOVE-LIFE ISN'T COMPLICATED. YOU CAN SPELL IT IN EIGHT LETTERS: D-I-X-I-E L-E-E

NEXT time you get that violent upheaval in the tummy from trying to swallow still another of these messy Hollywood divorces, just try a dose of Bing Crosby. He'll be your soda bicarbonate for that attack of moral indigestion that comes from taking too much of Hollywood's marital spaghetti.

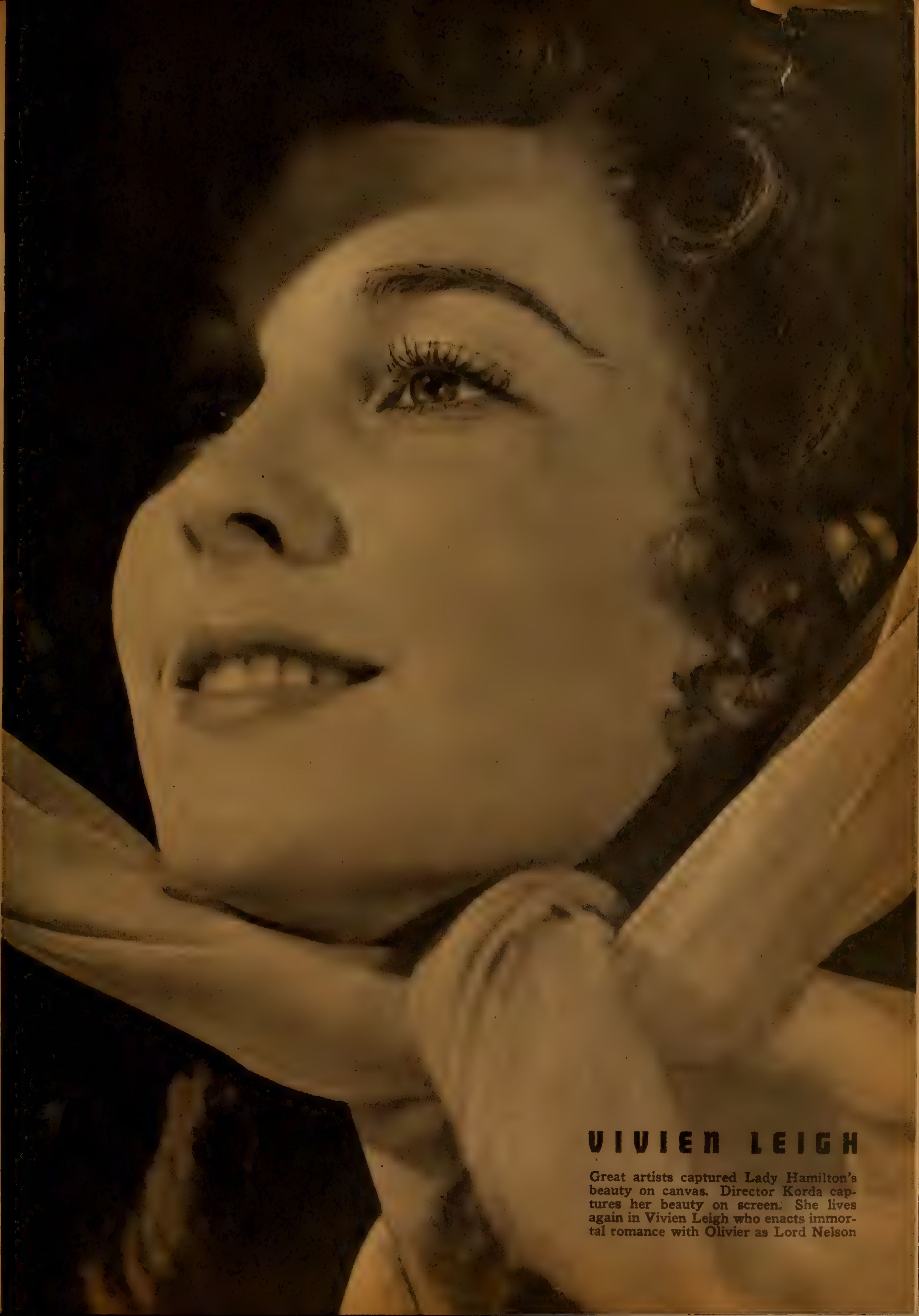
For Bing, you see, proves that even in Hollywood, a guy doesn't have to be a little tin Lothario to be a romantic star. Bing has been married for more than ten years to the same girl, and even though some Hollywood punks think that that's just too corny for words, Bing loves it. He's that strangely anachronistic manifestation in jittery Hollywood—a movie star with clean, wholesome, old-fashioned ideas about his home, his wife, his kids and the sanctity of the institution of matrimony.

When you come up against the task of writing a story about Bing Crosby, you suddenly find that you've got to lay off the smirks and the leers and the winks and the hints. Because Bing Crosby's love-life is so uncomplicated and simple that it's like something Carrie Jacobs Bond would dream up. And you can spell it in eight letters—D-I-X-I-E L-E-E.

More than ten years ago, Bing Crosby fell in love with the hot little blonde, over on the Fox lot. She was one of that cascade of "jazz-age" cuties that were shooting pictures all over the town, around about then, and Crosby was just a second-rate crooner. The studio tried to throw cold water on the romance. They told Bing and Dixie that if they got married it'd wreck their careers—because lord knows, they didn't have much on the ball anyway, except a certain sex-appeal, and if they did anything so prosaic as marrying each other, even that would flop, and they'd be washed out of the Hollywood picture.

So Bing and Dixie listened seriously to their so-wise bosses, said "nuts," and got

[*Continued on page* 56]



VIVIEN LEIGH

Great artists captured Lady Hamilton's beauty on canvas. Director Korda captures her beauty on screen. She lives again in Vivien Leigh who enacts immortal romance with Olivier as Lord Nelson

IT'S SMART TO BE SCREWY

BY GENE SCHROTT

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SCREWBALL COMEDY TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF OMINOUS HEADLINES—AND NO ONE LIKE ROZ RUSSELL TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

ROSALIND RUSSELL was perched on a steamer trunk, her arms tightly wrapped about Melvyn Douglas' neck, and kissing him for all she was worth.

Every female extra on that set, every woman in skirts—and even those in slacks, cast envious glances in Rozzie's direction, their eyes scornfully saying—"You call that work!"

You can't blame the ladies. Melvyn Douglas still is one of Hollywood's foremost pulse-flutters. He still has enough male "oomph" to make the ladies pat their coiffures nervously in his presence. He has just the right glint in his eyes to give promise of romance—as romance should be experienced.

But all this left Rosalind Russell cold despite the 114° temperature.

Quick, sharp, and without beating around the bush Rosalind Russell came to the point. She likes doing screwball comedies such as *This Thing Called Love.* All her life she has wanted to make people laugh. In times like these, when the headlines are drenched in sadness and despair—when the radio keeps repeating the horror of war and the ominous warnings of what might come, we can't get enough laughter. We've got to make the most of what we have right now.

For the first four years the choice of roles in pictures meted out to Rosalind Russell were undistinguished. Then came *Craig's Wife,* followed by *Night Must Fall* and *The Citadel.* If Roz hadn't put her foot down they'd still have her playing in one tear-jerker after another. Of course she didn't want to do that. She didn't want to be a menace. She didn't want to make the public start hissing as soon as she appeared on the screen. Instead, she felt it was time for comedy.

The director called Miss Russell to continue with her osculatory sequence and again she wrapped her arms about Melvyn's neck and started transferring the freshly-applied lip rouge from her own lips to his.

[*Continued on page 74*]

FRED MacMURRAY

No sooner having finished *Rangers of Fortune* then Fred's fortunes ranged into one of his better roles—in *Virginia*. It's Madeleine Carroll's good fortune to range alongside of him as co-star

"I DIDN'T RUN AWAY!" SYLVIA SIDNEY

SYLVIA ANSWERS RUMORS ABOUT HER ABSENCE FROM HOLLYWOOD—EVEN TO HATING THE TOWN. SHE NEVER SAID SHE WOULDN'T BE BACK

By CAROL CRAIG

"I NEVER said I wouldn't be back," said Sylvia Sidney—emphatically, as if to dispose of *that* rumor for keeps. Then, unexpectedly, she smiled. A wide, impish smile. "Though maybe I thought it once or twice," she added.

She was explaining her long absence from Hollywood. She was answering the question: Why did she drop out of sight for nearly three years?

Movie stars, as a rule, didn't stop making movies while their careers were still paying off. She had been the exception to the rule. And her reasons, up to now, had been a mystery.

The town's best guessers had all taken turns at trying to solve the mystery. And their best guess had been: She had simply hated Hollywood.

They remembered how she had fought against roles, and argued with directors, and quarreled

[*Continued on page 72*]

LEW AYRES

Since Lew took up medicine and became Dr. Kildare he's built up a large practice among you patients. Specializes in treating love-pains around the heart. Office hours? 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Theater

HOLLYWOOD ON THE

Brian Donlevy, Army Air Corps Reserve officer, is on call. He flew with Lafayette Escadrille during World War

Jimmy Stewart's number (126) was one of first drawn for selective service. Is ready when they call, prefers flying

Captain James Roosevelt and Major W. S. Van Dyke have already joined their battalions in U. S. Marine Corps Reserve

WITH NO TRUMPET-BLOWING AND DRUM-BEATING, HOLLYWOOD IS PLAYING ITS PART IN NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM. ACTORS, TECHNICIANS, STUDIO WORKERS, ARE DRILLING, OFFERING THEIR SERVICES AS FLIERS; ORGANIZING BENEFITS. ACTRESSES SEW, KNIT, MAKE SURGICAL BANDAGES AND RAISE MONEY TO CLOTHE AND FEED VALIANT BRITISHERS

Booth-Bullock

Ann Sothern sets aside glamour to sew for Red Cross at Beverly Hills Hotel. Stars are busy on scores of sewing projects

HOLLYWOOD has guts!

There are as many two-fisted, red-blooded Americans in the movie capital as there are back in Kankakee.

"And guts, mister, that's what makes a fighter," was the candid remark Melvyn Douglas made when I asked him what part Hollywood was playing in the new national defense program.

It was the morning after election day when I was speaking with Melvyn, and he seemed completely worn out by the vigorous campaign he had waged for President Roosevelt's re-election. He had a good deal to say about Hollywood's wave of patriotism, pointing out that the town "represents any other section in the country." Melvyn explained, "It is typical of the emotional reactions experienced by people today throughout the nation. Here are the same hopes and fears," he said.

That observation made by the popular star is an opinion and viewpoint held by almost everyone connected with motion picture work.

HOLLYWOOD IS ON THE MARCH! And our movie heroes begin to emerge as true-to-life heroes.

Actors are marching, drilling; offering their services as fliers; organizing benefits; technicians are recruited; actresses, setting aside glamour, sew, knit and make surgical bandages, and raise money to clothe and feed the valiant British people.

One would think America was actually at war.

"A goodly number of screen favorites have gone to Europe to enter the Red Cross service; others are training to be nurses. Some have organized sewing clubs which put out bandages, knitted socks, and other war-time necessities."

This, appearing in a magazine 22 years ago, today describes the intense activity of actors and the industry in general.

In time of patriotic appeal, the first group usually called upon for contributions in talent, time and money, is the motion picture actor and executive. By their tremendous response to such appeals, actors have proved that no greater patriotic, no greater American group exists.

Thus, with the war threatening to be of long duration and with everyone listening lest the pillars of civilization give way, Hollywood begins to reawaken from an apparent lethargy and becomes dynamically concerned about peace, the [*Continued on page* 58]

MARCH

By
ADAM JOHN YACENDA

Sterling Holloway didn't have long to wait when Uncle Sam beckoned. His draft number (192) was second drawn

Robt. Cummings is only actor known to possess regular army instructor's license. In Reserve Air Corps. On call

Virginia Field on set of *Hudson's Bay* writes love note to Dick Greene and encloses new photo. He's in English army

Hollywood's British War Relief raised money to buy 18 ambulances. Queen Elizabeth inspected one of first sent over

DON AMECHE

That Good Neighbor Policy is surely being carried out by Don. Having been *Down Argentine Way*, he's now checking into Brazil—to take the *Road to Rio*

IT'S A WISE GIRL THAT KNOWS WHAT'LL RUIN HER

By GLADYS HALL

BETTY FIELD'S CAREER WON'T BE RUINED BY GOING IN FOR GLAMOUR. SHE BELONGS TO NEW SCHOOL OF YOUNG ACTRESSES WHO PLAY DOWN THEIR LEGS AND OOMPH APPEAL AND PLAY UP THEIR INTELLIGENCE. NO MALE-BAIT HERE

WE WON'T go so far as to say that there will be no more sex-appeal coming out of Hollywood; no more leg-and-bathing-suit art; no more "It," "Oomph" and "Ping" girls; no more gluggly glamour. Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable, Carole Landis, each in a different way, would disprove any such contention if we tried to make it.

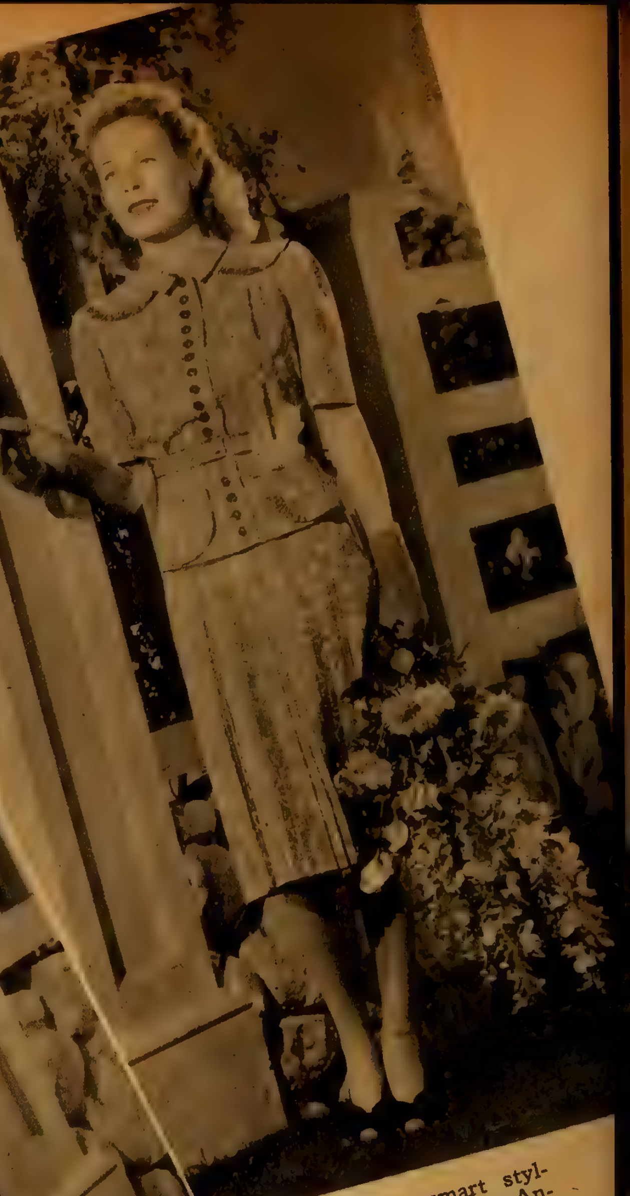
But we do say there is a new school of young actresses Coming Up in Hollywood today; young women who play down their legs and play up their intelligence; girls who let good sense and good tests rule their sex-appeal; girls who take lessons in languages, diction, the drama, instead of lessons in rhumba and conga; girls who burn the midnight oil rather than the night spots; girls who admire Margaret Sullavan, Bette Davis more than they admire the Grables, Dietrichs, Lamarrs and other sexy senoritas.

They are nearer akin to Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne and Helen Hayes, this cerebral crop, than to the Glamour Girls of yesterday and today. And, like the trio above, their aim is to make themselves well-rounded, dimensional, informed, highly-civilized women and not mere male-bait . . . of these young women, Betty Field is the foremost exponent.

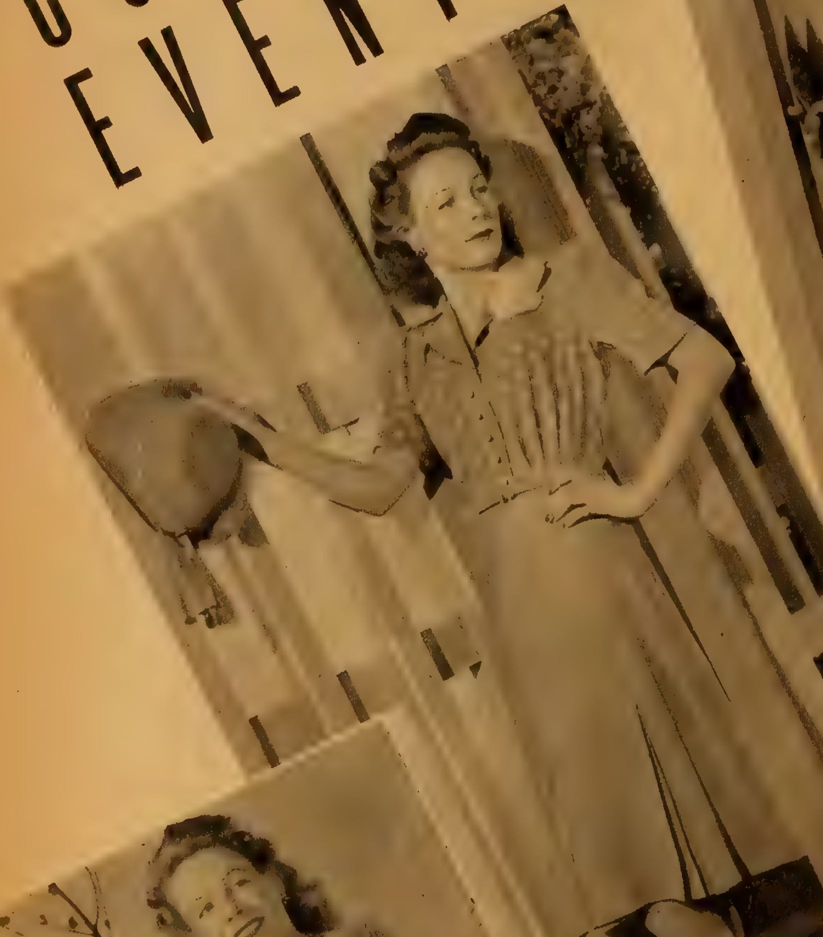
When Betty first came to Holly- [*Continued on page* 54]

COMING EVENTS

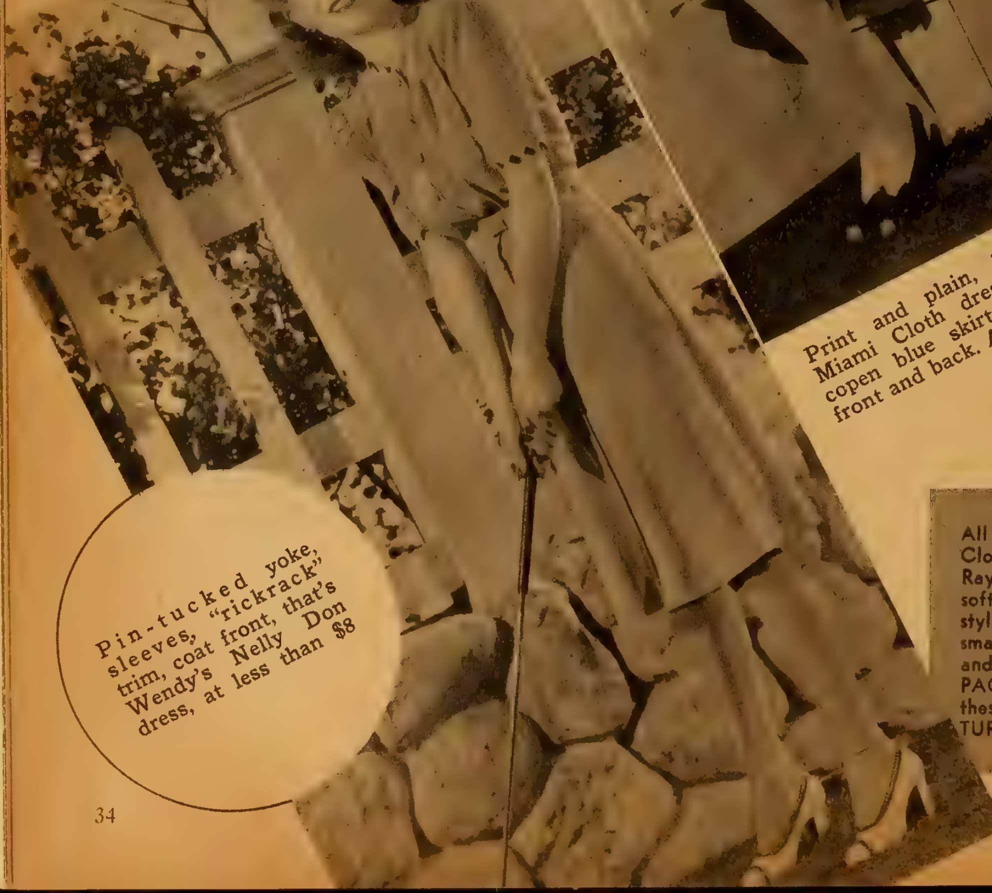
By CANDIDA



Daisies tell of smart styling in this two-piece Annetta frock. Note pleated epaulettes, pockets, knife-edge pleated skirt. About $8



Print and plain, in a crisply tailored Miami Cloth dress with coin dot top, copen blue skirt with cluster pleats at front and back. A L'Aiglon model at $6.50



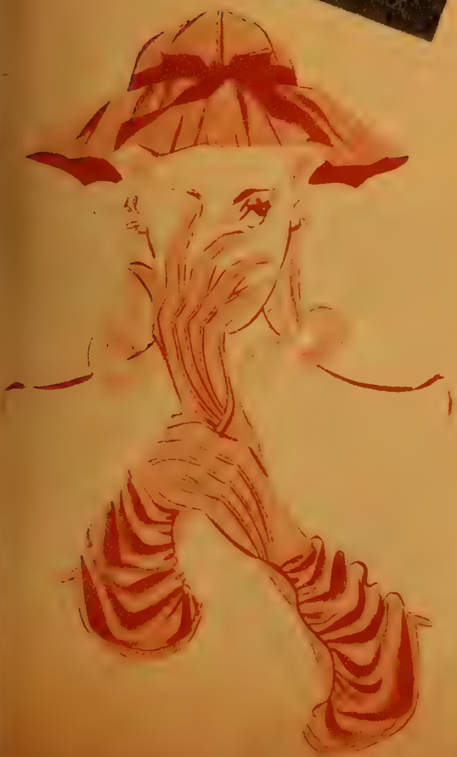
Pin-tucked yoke, sleeves, "rickrack" trim, coat front, that's Wendy's Nelly Don dress, at less than $8

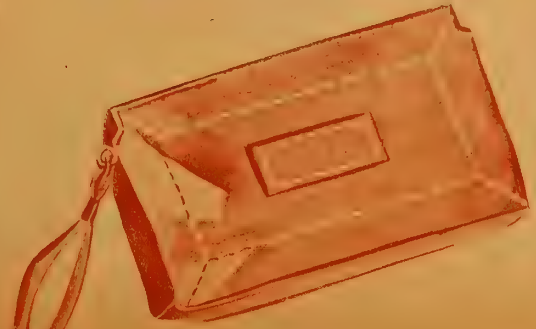
All the dresses on these pages are made of Miami Cloth, a National Fabric blended of Teca and Spun Rayons which lends itself nicely to crisp tailoring or soft dressmaking touches. You'll find it in high styled, yet inexpensive resort clothes—and you'll be smart to buy these dresses to wear under coats now, and as a start for your summer wardrobe. TURN TO PAGE 89 for the names of stores where you can buy these fashions, or write Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Joyce Hubrite embroiders Miami Cloth in a jumper dress with separate blouse. You can buy it for about $8.

Be patriotic as Wendy Barrie in a $3 Ensenada Lounge suit of red, white and blue. You'll see her next in RKO's picture, *The Saint in Palm Springs*

Just a softie, but smart, is Debway's bengaline bonnet, left, $3. The "side-draped" gloves are from Fownes, $1. Leading Lady Bag, below, is of California Saddle Leather grain, with contrasting stitching, Talon Fastener, $1. Stardust Crepe Slip looks new after washing, is shadow-proof and guaranteed for a year, $1.19. The back-buttoned fabric glove, right, is $1, and from Fownes





Your Hollywood--and Mine--

No. 6

THE CHILDREN OF HOLLYWOOD

IN MY last article of this series which I have so enjoyed writing for MOTION PICTURE Magazine I'd like to get something important off my chest. It's about the children of Hollywood—the rising generation whose parents not only belong to them but to the world.

The many, many critics who say that Hollywood stars should not be permitted to adopt children do not know what they are talking about! Our stars, or some of them, may be frivolous—they may be selfish—they may be spoiled—but there are no better parents in the entire world!

I don't pretend that this town is all sweetness-and-light, or that we all go to bed at nine o'clock or that a cocktail is never served. But I do say I have never known an actor or actress who was not a devoted parent.

There is really a very good reason for the mother heart in these glamour girls. So many of them had starved childhoods without the happiness that every little boy and girl is entitled to. Some of them were born and raised in the direst poverty. A few I know came from orphan asylums and do not know who their parents were.

For instance, there is Barbara Stanwyck—who, I am going to say right out in print, is one of the swellest people in the entire world. Born Ruby Stevens of Brooklyn, she was thrown on her own resources when she was ten years old. Nobody ever did anything for Barbara when she was a child; and one of the bitterest memories of her life is when the Orphan Asylum people came and tore her little brother almost out of her arms. Barbara escaped the institution because a relative had promised to take her in if she would help with the work around the boarding house.

Now Babs is one of Hollywood's many "adopted" mothers. She took little Dion when he was a mere baby. He's six now, a handsome child who worships the ground his mother walks on and finds his stepfather, Bob Taylor, an understanding pal and friend.

Barbara, sensitive, high-strung and emotional, went through untold torture when Frank Fay, to whom she was married when she adopted Dion, sued her for part custody of the child. She was like a trapped animal. She hid so that none of her friends could find her. She was completely heartbroken at the very thought that she might lose the little boy.

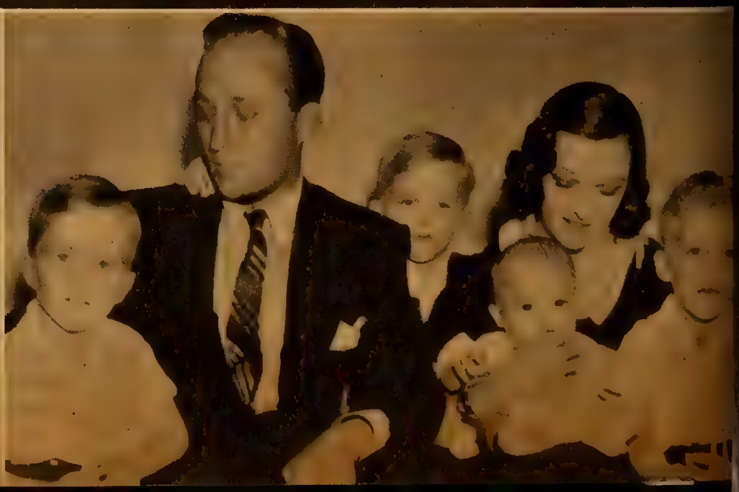
For, you see, Barbara, who had had no happiness in her own childhood, lavished everything on Dion. She bought the big Marwyck ranch chiefly because she wanted to have plenty of room for Dion so he could grow up out-of-doors. Marsons Farm, our ranch, is not far from Marwyck and I often saw little Dion riding over the trails with Barbara. There couldn't have been a happier child in the world.

Do you mean to tell me that Barbara Stanwyck, whose principles are the best—whose life is clean and wholesome—shouldn't be given the care of that child?

JOAN CRAWFORD, the glamour girl, startled the world when she took little Christina and legally adopted her as her daughter. Disillusioned with men after two unfortunate marriages, Joan felt her real happiness was in being a mother.

She has always had a terrific maternal complex. She mothered young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., when she was married to him—spoiled him, perhaps—as his mother before her had indulged him. If she hadn't been so easy with him her marriage might not have ended so unhappily.

Joan Bennett's children were along to pose with her polo-playing husband, Walter Wanger. Diana, right, is replica of her mother. Melinda is like Daddy Gene Markey in looks, temperament



Bing Crosby's four boys grouped with him and their mother, Dixie Lee, are the spittin' image of their old man. The twins on each end and Gary, in the middle, are now in military school

Louella O. Parsons

Miss Parsons receives hundreds of letters a month from mothers begging her to get their children into pictures like Deanna Durbin with whom she is broadcasting

As soon as they were old enough to understand, Gracie Allen and Geo. Burns told their children they were adopted

Barbara Stanwyck had had no happiness in her own childhood. As a result she lavishes everything on adopted son, Dion

Even if adopted children Penelope and Anthony were own flesh and blood, the Fred Marches couldn't love them more

If mothers knew hardships accompanying careers of children like Baby Sandy they'd think twice before bringing them to Hollywood even though they reap fame, plenty of money

Shirley Temple led parade of stars for four long years before slipping from top. Shirley, like other children, simply outgrew babyhood

If you search the world over you'd never find a greater parental love than Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone have for their adopted Joan

Joan may be the great star on the set—she may be the affected glamour girl in public—but she has an innate love of home and family. Like Barbara, Joan had to go to work before she was in her teens. Her job was to look after the younger children in a charity home and as a reward for the long hours she earned her board and keep. Caring, intimately, for unhappy little children so early in life taught Joan to love all children. She lavished everything under the sun on her little niece, Joan Le Seuer, and gave special protection and care to the little child of a friend of hers who was having trouble with her husband.

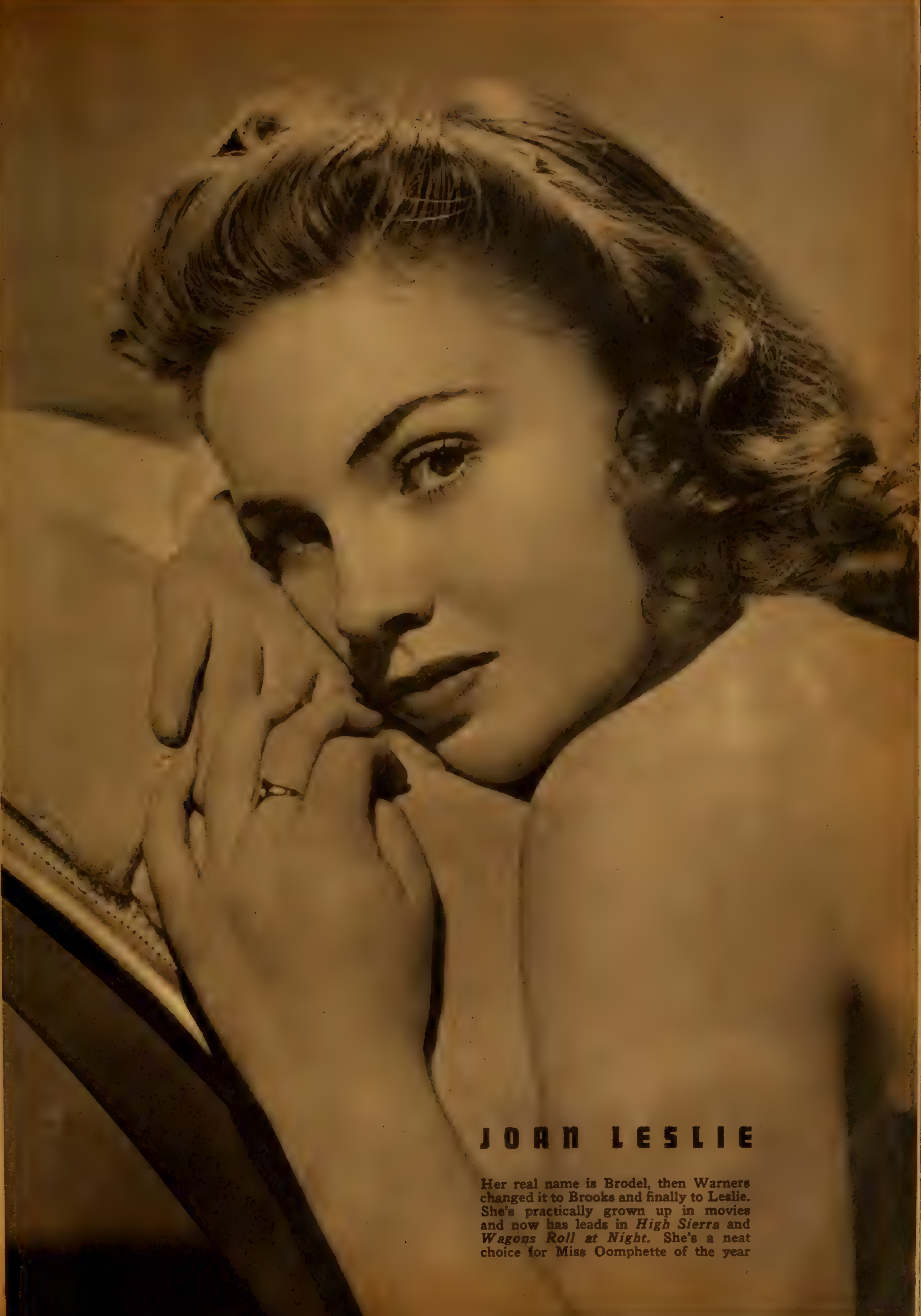
Is there any committee in the world to say that Joan isn't a fine mother? Her marriages, it is true, haven't been successful. I believe she remained with Franchot Tone as long as it was possible and I've never felt Joan was to blame for the smash-up in either of her marriages. Should she, then, because she chose her husbands unwisely, be deprived of the love of a little girl who has completely won her heart?

A MORE recent case in point is that of Hedy Lamarr — dark-eyed, exotic Hedy, often called Hollywood's No. 1 Beauty. Hedy and Gene Markey separated, as all the world knows, unexpectedly and unhappily. The fate of little Jimmy, their adopted son, hung in the balance. A little waif taken into a luxurious home, given not only the material comforts but a love that is almost an obsession on Hedy's part, was about to be sent back to a cold institution. During the days of doubt when her heart was well-nigh broken I have never seen a girl so harassed.

I know for a fact that there is no thought of any publicity or hope of winning the plaudits of the fans when these movie folk take little foundlings into their homes. As a reporter I know. I have phoned many of their homes verifying "tips" that so-and-so had an adopted baby in the house. None of them have fibbed about it—but how they have pleaded that the adoption have as little publicity as possible.

So quietly did the Fred MacMurrays go about adopting a youngster that the baby had been in their home almost three weeks without Hollywood being aware that the MacMurrays had acquired little Susan.

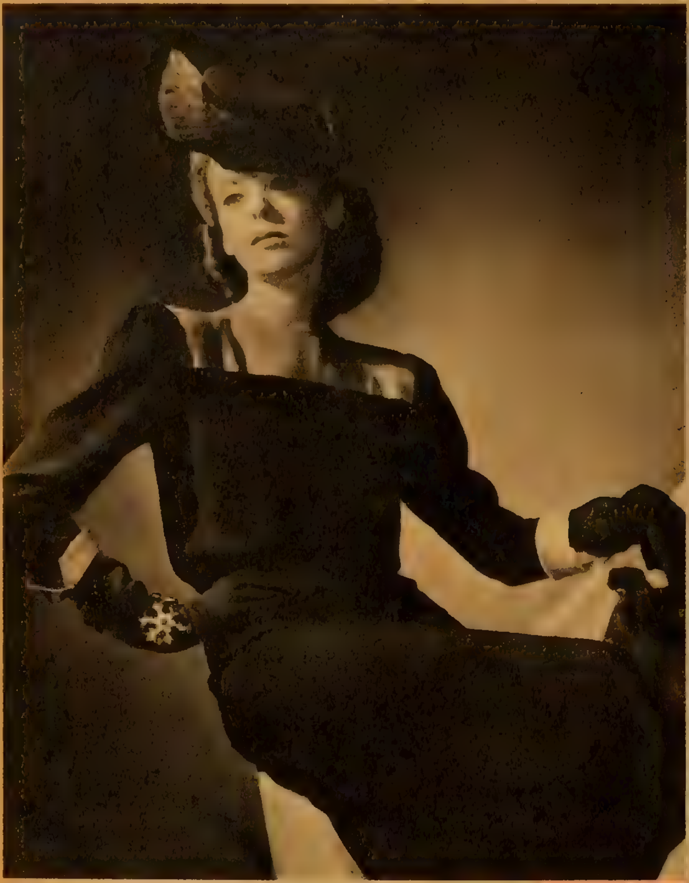
[*Continued on page 68*]



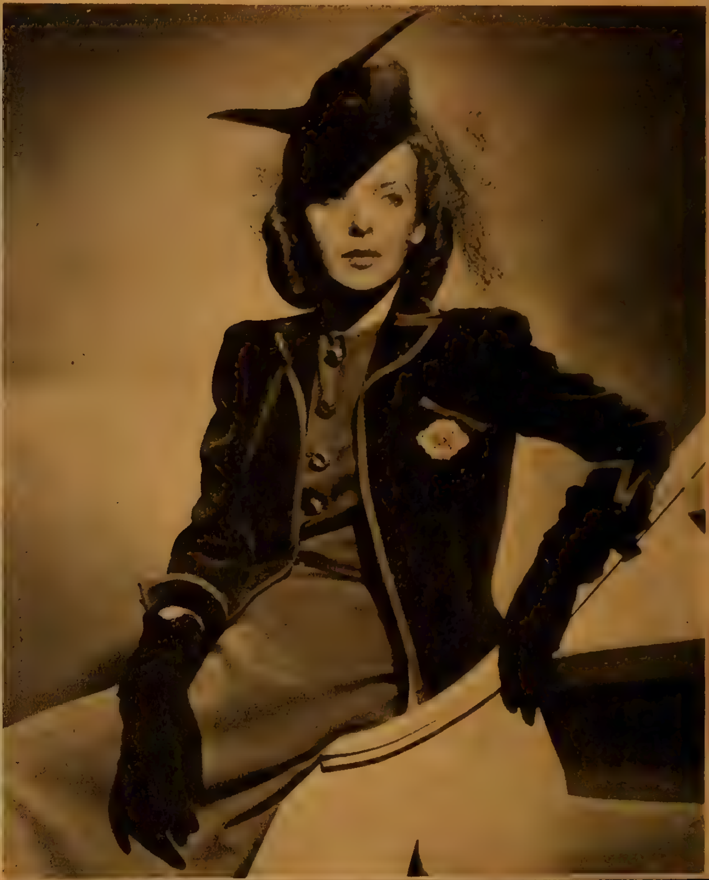
JOAN LESLIE

Her real name is Brodel, then Warners changed it to Brooks and finally to Leslie. She's practically grown up in movies and now has leads in *High Sierra* and *Wagons Roll at Night*. She's a neat choice for Miss Oomphette of the year

Dull black is smart, particularly if it is highlighted with squared yoke of tangerine and jet buttons like Ida Lupino's

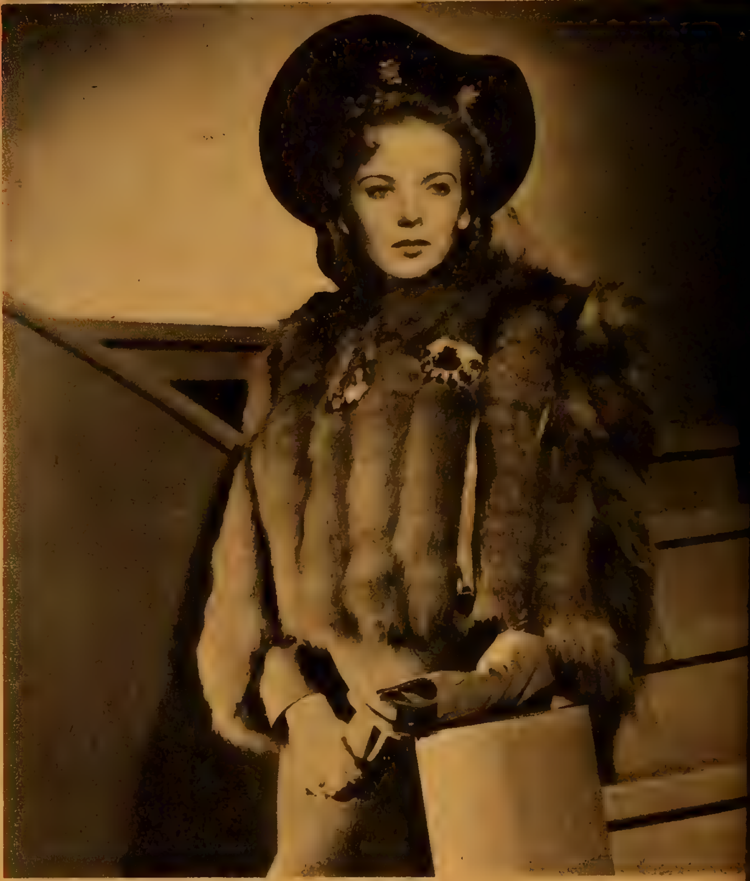


Ida's simply styled elephant gray wool dress with a fitted jacket of velveteen will serve you right—through Spring



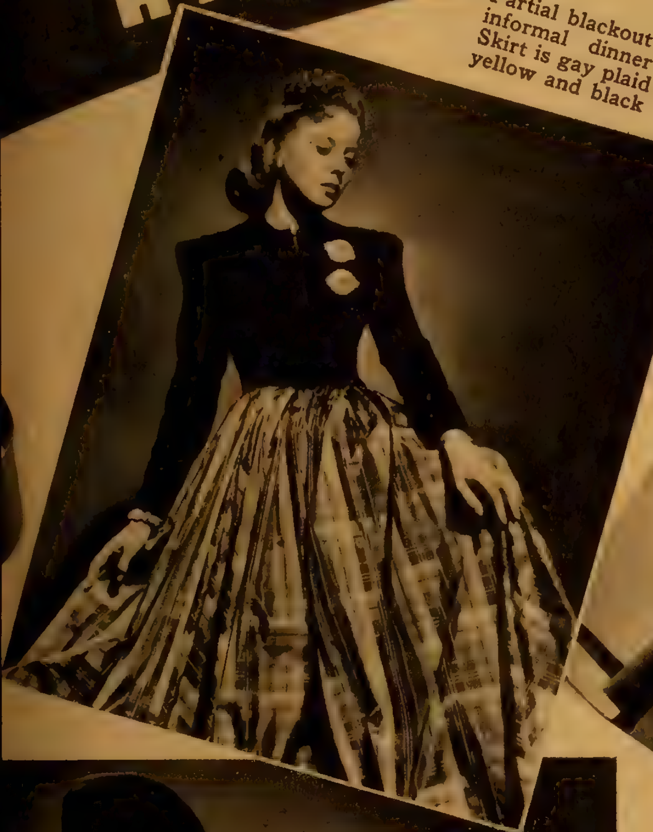
AFTERNOON

By HOLLY WOOD

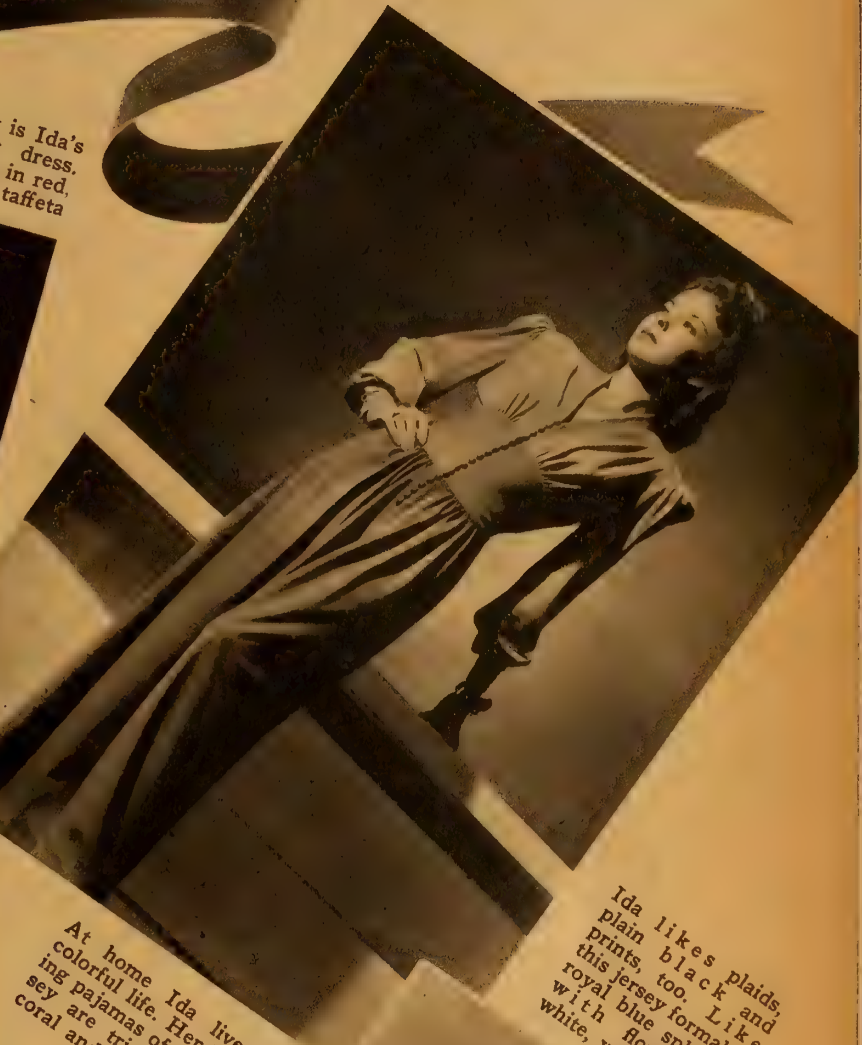


For afternoon or after dark, nothing's as smart or as practical as a fur jacket. Ida Lupino chose blue fox tails for her bolero

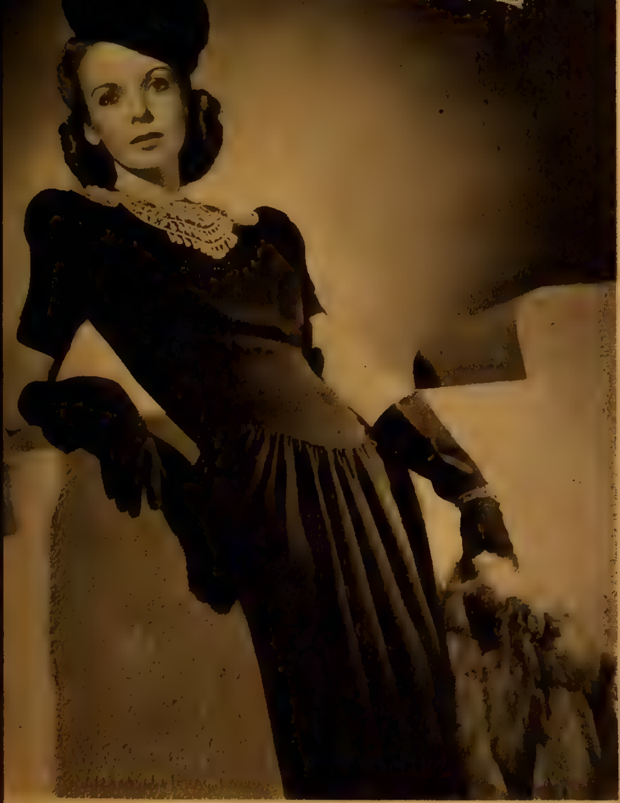
AFTER DARK



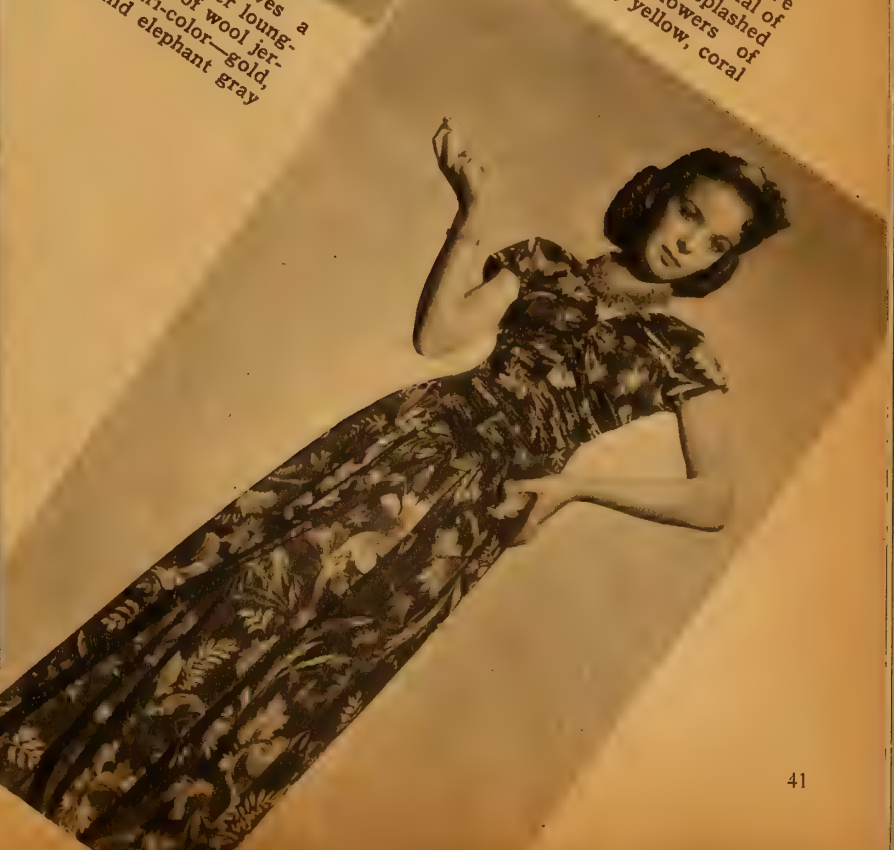
Partial blackout is Ida's informal dinner dress. Skirt is gay plaid in red, yellow and black taffeta



At home Ida lives a colorful life. Her lounging pajamas of wool jersey are tri-color—gold, coral and elephant gray



This black beauty with yoke of pearls and gold is perfect for cocktails—or later



Ida likes plaids, plain black and prints, too. Like this jersey formal of royal blue splashed with flowers of white, yellow, coral

4. Some stars have tomatoes thrown at them but not Joan. She picks hers—big

5. The basket is filling up and so will the family with the three fryers she bought

6. To fill that sweet tooth Joan buys some chocolate-covered mints at Brock's

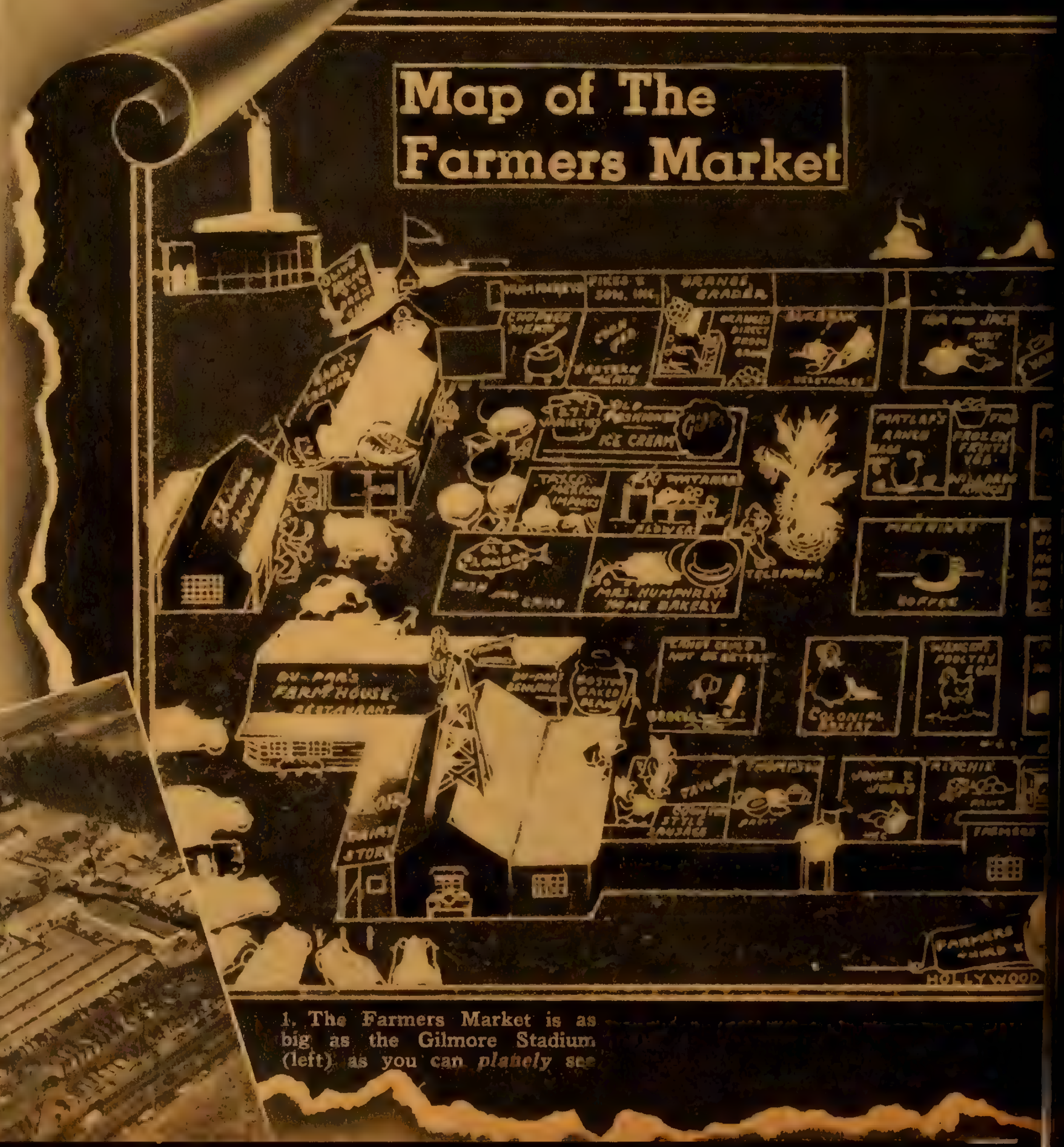
7. Joan's favorite soup is turtle. She gets it at the delicacy counter—two bucks

THIS LITTLE STAR

JOAN BENNETT GOES TO HOLLYWOOD'S FARMERS

3. Joan starts right—with a half pound of caviar. The shop is run by Choo Choo

2. The star makes her entrance rolling a basket



1. The Farmers Market is as big as the Gilmore Stadium (left) as you can *planely* see

8. It's only natural to go from soup to nuts—fresh roasted peanut butter's good

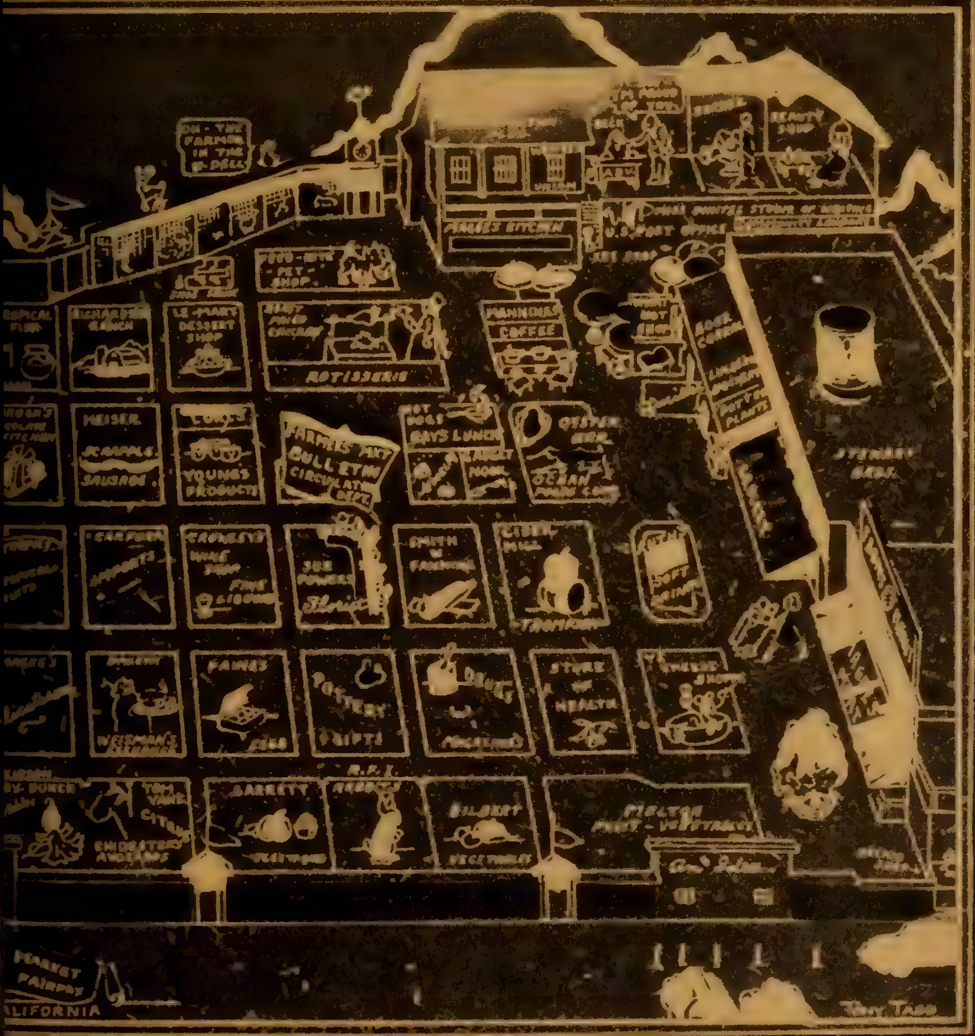
9. All this food and nothing to eat? Ah, but there is—a plate full of fish and chips

10. Having emptied one basket Joan fills her tummy to have strength to go on

11. While enjoying dessert—an ice cream cone—Joan takes a look at birds in zoo

WENT TO MARKET

MARKET AND BUYS FISH, FOWL, FRUITS, FROCKS AND FLOWERS



12. All ready for the table is the scooped-out pumpkin filled with a variety of delicious fruits. Peel me a grape

13. Joan's getting tired so she thinks of a pick-up—golden oranges right off tree

14. You can't desert these desserts. Not a fresh-made caramel pecan pie. It's just the nuts!

15. When Joan asks the wine merchant how his spirits are, he offers her a sip of dry sherry. Nice fella

16. Joan's offered some rare old Liederkranz but decides to buy something just a little less—well, er—fragrant

17. She had to leave her pet outside but for being such a good doggie he'll get his reward—a rubber steak

18. Like most people, Joan can't pass a newsstand without taking a looksee. And buys MOTION PICTURE

19. Joan not only gets a pinafore for herself, but for her daughters Diana and Melinda. They're Mother's little helpers

20. That great big bunch of flowers will certainly make home, sweet home. Flowers are plentiful all year

21. There's hardly any room left in the basket but Joan has to get a loaf of bread—raisin. Now the Bennett manse will really be paradise—bread, wine, and Wanger

22. After two hours and twelve minutes Joan emerges from the market. You'd think she was going to feed the army but this is only Thursday's dinner. It costs $18.65

MEREDITH NEVER MISSES

BY EDWARD ROBBINS

BURGESS MEREDITH IS NOT ONE OF YOUR TALL, BROAD-SHOULDERED ROMEOS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SINKING HIS TEETH INTO A ROLE HE MAKES MOST OF THE BIG OOMPH BOYS LOOK LIKE HAMS

BURGESS MEREDITH looks more like a radical than any radical you might ever meet. His hair is always awry. His look is that of a visionary.

But Meredith is not the kind of a chap who goes about making inflammatory speeches on street corners or waving flags to sway the masses. He is anything but a revolutionary. He's a quiet young man who hardly has a speaking acquaintance with the methods of inciting the masses to riot. And even if he were familiar with the technique, it would require a long stretch of one's imagination to picture him engaging in such a pastime.

In his own unique way, he is a revolutionary—without a revolution, without a lost cause and without the usual hackneyed methods of attaining his purpose. Ever since he was first able to remember, Burgess Meredith was fighting to attain something. But it was something within himself. It wasn't anything to do with new-fangled forms of government. It wasn't anything to do with art or ideals or unattainable Utopias. He was merely fighting for the strength of his own convictions. He was merely striving to convince himself that his life wasn't purposeless—that there was some niche or groove into which he could fit himself. And it was no easy struggle finally to achieve his aim.

When you hear people talk about matinee idols, you immediately conjure up ideas of tall, broad-shouldered, fiery-eyed Romeos of the Gable or Taylor type. You think of perfect profiles and wavy hair and faultlessly-dressed Adonises. And when you try to compare Burgess Meredith to this brand of matinee idol, you find him wanting in every single respect.

He has no collar ad profile. He isn't a towering young giant with arms like steel bands who makes the leading ladies sigh in ecstasy when he takes them close to him and implants the final kiss on their quivering lips. His hair isn't slick. Neither is it marcelled. His appearance doesn't drive the feminine audience into raptures. But he is a matinee idol!

Though Meredith, himself, does not profess to be a matinee idol and makes no endeavor to be one, the world of the theater does not let him forget it. It doesn't matter that his physical appearance is against [*Continued on page* 64]

NEW TUNE FOR TONE

NO MORE N. Y. NIGHT-CLUB TUNES AND TABLES FOR MR. T. BACK TO STAY, HE FOUND PEACE AS COWHAND TO TUNE OF YIPPEE. NEW SLANT

By JAMES F. SCHEER

IT IS a scientific law that an object cannot be in two different places at the same time. This law also holds good for a person. And a particular person for whom it holds good is Franchot Tone.

Recently New York columnists who keep an ear to the ground and an eye to the keyhole reported him to have been in three different night-clubs with three different girls—all in one evening.

On that particular evening, Franchot Tone was home sleeping!

Usually the Hollywood or Broadway star looks at publicity in this manner: "It doesn't matter what you say about me so long as you say something." Well, Franchot Tone is definitely not in that class. He is sensitive. He wants the truth or nothing. He dislikes seeing his name in a gossip column because the writer of it happened to need a few extra lines of copy on a dull night. That's only natural!

"My career is acting," Tone told me as we chatted across a table in Universal's mess hall. "It always has been acting. I certainly don't want to make a career of night-clubbing. While I was in New York appearing on the stage in Hemingway's *Fifth Column*, I was just a lot of animated nerves. I could hardly eat before the show or I would upset my stomach, and I had to dine at six (two hours before *Dinner at Eight*). I finished the show at about eleven, and there was nothing to do. I went to night-clubs because there is little other entertainment at that time of the evening. When columnists ran out of gossip items about celebrities at the Stork Club, Perino's, or the Club 21, they ran my name," he explained.

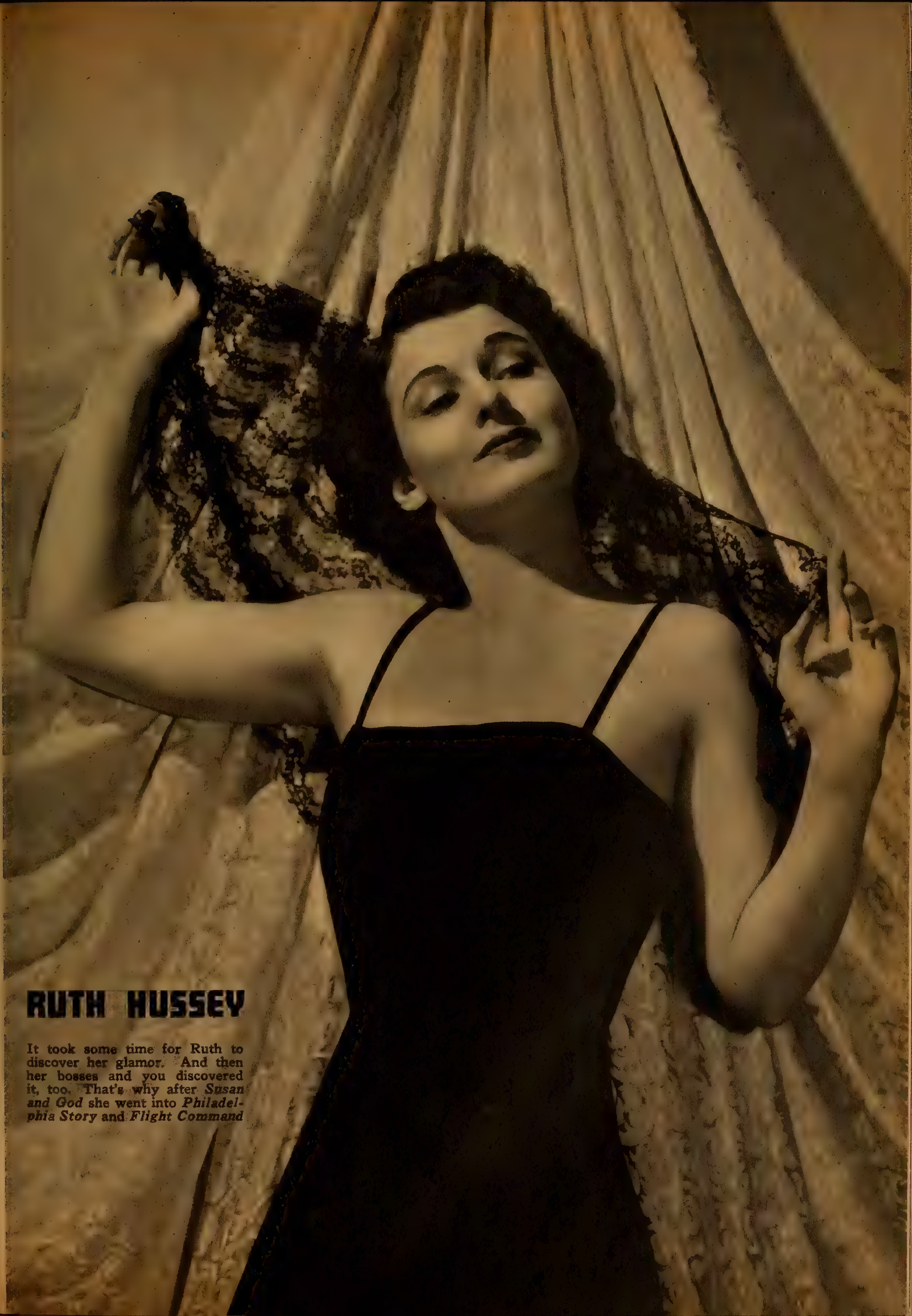
It's true that when a Broadway Baby says good night, it's early in the morning. And when Top-Hat Tone said good night to some of his Broadway Babies, Milkman Schmaltz was delivering two quarts of sweet and a quart of buttermilk to Mrs. Finnegan, and the sun was making its daily debut.

Consequently, Franchot woke up in time to read the early evening papers. What's more, he got to hate the routine, which became so boring that he didn't say "No thanks" when Universal wired him to go West for the top role in *Trail of the Vigilantes*, a follow-up to *When the Daltons Rode*, which trailed after *Destry Rides Again*.

NOW Franchot has been in 40 odd or even pictures since setting sole on Hollywood soil, but never before in his celluloid career has he played in a thriller-diller Westerner.

As we sipped tomato-juice and munched sandwiches with Cowboy Buck Jones to the right of us, Cowboy Broderick Crawford to the left of us, Sheriff Porter Hall behind us, and knight-of-the-range Andy Devine before us, Franchot discussed becoming a Westerner in a few uneasy lessons.

This is confidential. But Franchot "Kansas" Tone, our socialite in the saddle, has never ridden a [*Continued on page* 53]



RUTH HUSSEY

It took some time for Ruth to discover her glamor. And then her bosses and you discovered it, too. That's why after *Susan and God* she went into *Philadelphia Story* and *Flight Command*

Rita Johnson, new "charm" purveyor, gets her share of hot roles

Once labeled junior sex queen, Lana Turner's now "ideal co-ed"

After brief eclipse Dietrich, veteran of come-hither appeal, blooms again

Among newer sexations competing with established sirens is Linda Darnell

It has never been any trouble for La Colbert to "turn on heat"

Hedy Lamarr got terrific build-up as charmer. Now living down "Ecstasy"

Rosemary Lane has blossomed out as ace "charm" purveyor

Sh-h! Don't Call It SEX!

By HENRY CROSS

THE MOVIES ARE GOING TORRID AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE TIMID YEARS. BECAUSE OF THE WAR, PRODUCERS HAVE STEPPED-UP THE OLD SEX-APPEAL. AMONG RANKING SEX-APPEALERS IS A NEW CROP OF LUSCIOUS HOT MAMAS. THERE'S NO NEED TO CALL A SPADE A SPADE SINCE SEX BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD HAVE THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING

EVEN sex-seasoned movie veterans gasped when Ilona Massey first appeared on the *Balalaika* set a year ago in a certain revealing gown. Fans who saw the picture still remember the gown. They did some gasping, too.

What most intrigued the hitherto glamor-proof film workmen wasn't Ilona's suspenseful *decollette,* which threatened any moment to overflow with charms even more ravishing than those it so generously displayed.

It was the skirt of the gown. The revealing, concealing, teasing provocation of that mass of ruffles, as Ilona walked.

Like a theater curtain, it would part sweepingly upward as she took each step, revealing a dream of a leg. Sometimes it parted to here. Sometimes to there! Then it would fall slowly.

They didn't laugh when Ilona sat down at the piano. That was when the dress fell away from both her legs, and left the onlookers without breath enough for so much as a giggle.

Since then, once-blase men in all the studios have had comparable thrills, watching various film queens cater artfully to the screen's newest, hottest sex trend. In pictures already showing, or about to be released, there is an assortment of adult entertainment more torrid than the screen has dared offer for many a day. Some of it hasn't been duplicated since the purple era that saw Garbo and Gilbert writhing in each other's arms.

Yes, my hearties, it's a lusty year!

This article will not probe dry causes, when juicy effects are more interesting. But it may be wise to give an exceedingly brief low-down on why the movies, after all these timid years, are suddenly getting so bold.

Oddly enough, foreign wars have everything to do with it. First, their threat to picture profits makes it imperative to increase each film's normal revenue. Sex stuff is the surest guarantee. Second, there's less danger of trouble with censors. The powerful, international church organizations behind important censor groups are too busy with foreign affairs to encourage heckling the film industry. There's bolshevism and other isms to fight, nations to line up for war or peace.

So we see, in all branches of film-fare, stepped-up sex-appeal. It is not only in revealing costumes, but plots, situations, characters. Even in choice of locales. Africa's sexy clime, for example, helped Ann Sothern get over some amusing but decidedly hot and humid romance in *Congo Maisie.* It also provided the excuse for Madeleine Carroll's sultriest stuff in *Safari.*

[*Continued on page 70*]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Wow ! ? X % $ *

■ Neither the war, nor Hitler, caused quite as much excited Talk-of-Hollywood, last month, as the results of the practical joker's gag at that Beverly Hills theater when they had the big preview the other evening—

He merely switched the signs on the Ladies' Powder Room and the Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Ain't Hollywood cute, Mama?—always keeping us hoi polloi in stitches!!!

Why Jitters Are Born

■ Latest set of jitters by the Hays Office, which finds the darndest things to have jitters about, is double-feature marquee signs of questionable purity.

In Hollywood, the Hays Office brought pressure to bear to kill the Hollywood Boulevard theater's marquee which read:

HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

Linda Darnell, who's fast becoming the "Sun-Bonnet Sue" of the movies in the way they dress her of late, emerges in early circus attire in *Chad Hanna*

Picked for looks, Jane Russell, 19, of L. A., a former model and doctor's receptionist, and Jack Beutel, 21, insurance man of Dallas, made debuts in *The Outlaw*

Randy Scott and Virginia Gilmore send love message with their eyes during production of *Western Union*—a vivid saga of W. U.'s early days

Hollywood is saying nice things about starlet Margaret Hayes, who's getting her breaks in action films. Hollywood boys on the loose, envy Jeffrey Lynn. He's taken her out of circulation

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Visa-Virtues

■ Silliest shopping experience of the month happened to Evalyn Knapp, who was in a hardware shop trying to buy a vise for her husband who is an amateur carpenter and woodworker.

To a handsome young clerk, Evalyn said:

"Have you any vises?"

The young man blushed and replied:

"Well, not any that I'd like to tell you about."

Anyway, Evalyn *says* it happened!

Gag-of-the-Year

Gag-of-the-year just came to light—although it was played long ago. That was when a "friend" sent Bob Young a great bag of what was described as "the very finest, choicest, best alfalfa seed" with which to sow eight acres of his San Fernando Valley ranch.

So Bob spread the "alfalfa seed"—and now, to his amazement, discovers that all eight acres are coming up in wild violets.

[*Continued on page* 67]

Of course you've read *Kitty Foyle*—and of course you picked Ginger Rogers as choice for colorful heroine. She doesn't disappoint in most-coveted role of year

As the Stork dates Margaret Sullavan (he's called twice before), she'll be entertaining his precious bundle while entertaining you in *So Ends Our Night*; *Back Street*

Olivia de Havilland, who's played with Errol Flynn in more films than you'd care to count, is his Moment again as he takes love trail in *Santa Fe Trail*

One of Hollywood's best acting jobs is turned in by James Stephenson as lawyer for Bette Davis in *The Letter*. An Academy Award? Why not?

USE YOUR SENSE AND SAVE CENTS

By PAULINE RAWLEY

DON'T BE PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH AT LUNCHTIME. LET MOTION PICTURE SHOW YOU HOW TO SAVE CENTS AT HOME OR COUNTER

To keep ticking during filming of *A Girl, A Gob and A Guy*, Irene Coleman, the girl with the most beautiful eyes, lunched daily at one of the nearby electric soup kitchens

IN THESE days of confusion and uncertainty, everyone seems obsessed with the necessity to economize and, of course, it's a perfectly natural reaction—we can hardly expect the activities of a world full of turmoil to affect us differently.

Economizing is well and good, but unfortunate are the consequences that frequently follow penny-saving sprees that are not too well established. For example, both you and I have seen young business girls standing at lunch counters snatching a quick lunch consisting of a hamburger or a hot dog in one hand, a nickel bottle of soda pop tightly clenched in the other. The unfortunate part about it is that they think they're economizing, but that's not practicing "economy." For, over a period of time, such scanty, hastily eaten lunches will eventually pay the wrong kind of dividends—especially when weight, energy, and clear complexions start doing a disappearing act, and good nature (and sometimes good jobs) vanish in a similar fashion.

You'll want to remember these French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches with Creamy Tomato Sauce for guest or everyday luncheons. And don't forget to serve them at your next Sunday evening snack party. The recipe for these and the Winter Salad Bowl with Tomato French Dressing will be found are on page 85

There's really little excuse these days for saving cents without using sense. Understand, I'm not adverse to hot dogs, hamburgers, and soda pop. Like everyone else, I think they're dandy—but at the proper time! The point is—working girls need luncheons that are hot and substantial, yet not heavy. They need something that will keep them "ticking" mentally and physically through the rest of the afternoon. If money is a factor, as it is with most of us, there's still little excuse for not using *sense* about it. Not these days anyway, when, from coast to coast, for as little as 15c (the same price as that hamburger and soda pop) large bowls of delicious, steaming hot soup are available in two minutes at corner drug store electric kitchens.

Irene Coleman, the girl with the most beautiful eyes (pictured above), like hundreds of other

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New Tune for Tone

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horse without sustaining posterior bruises. But inasmuch as he is a journalist from Kansas City visiting Peaceful Valley to get a story for his paper, he will be on his feet more than he will be in the saddle and should, therefore, go through his role in a walk.

Incidentally, the town of Peaceful Valley in this period of the '70's sounds like the Fourth of July. And the local undertaker could live a fat and prosperous life if only supported by new sheriffs carried in on an average once a week.

So "Kansas" Tone, who is no Annie Oakley, Roger Fawcett, or Bob Stack with the rifle, but can assuredly hit the much publicized broadside of a barn ten out of ten, has been subjecting many a target to the bang of bullets. With the six-shooter, he considers himself almost mediocre.

HE IS one son of the East who did not cowhandize himself by reading "Dime Western," chewing cuts of Horseshoe Plug, and yodeling "Git Along Little Dogie" in Autry fashion.

He has visited dude ranches during his life and has taken the bumps with the jumps. So you can't exactly call him an Ole Cowhand From the Rio Grande, even if the boys on the set kiddingly say that the nearest he's come to wild horses that go loco with barrel roles, high jumps, and two-legged dances was driving through the Bucking Bronx. (Authorized sources claim he has seen rodeos in Madison Square Garden.)

Don't expect "you all," "you ole polecat," "pardner," "totin'," and this-a-here Western lingo from "Kansas" Tone. Sure, he's talkin' a broader, cattle-country English, but it's not an affected Texas twang.

All in all, Franchot is facing Hollywood with an entirely new attitude. He likes his new role, he likes his co-starrers, and co-workers, and is happy he's back.

"There's no comparison between New York and Hollywood so far as I'm concerned," he said earnestly. "I left Hollywood feeling I wouldn't want to come back for a long time. Now I feel it will be a long time before I will have the smallest desire to go back to New York."

It's partly the climate and weather, owned and operated by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, that makes Franchot like the likes of movieland. He eats with more gusto, sleeps with less insomnia, lives with more regularity, and has turned in his footlight-tan for the healthy-looking, bronze, West Coast shade.

Variety may be the spice of weather as well as life, but Franchot will take the delightful monotony of 365 days in which the sun shines as brightly as it ever did in My Old Kentucky Home—even if it does rise and shine only for a few hours per day during rainy season—to the grab-bag of weather which features four distinct and different seasons in the land of LaGuardia.

"Here in Hollywood I'm usually in bed around eleven o'clock, and when I do go out dancing or dining it's a lot more fun," he said.

Which means that the popping of champagne corks has definitely become a secondary sort of sound effect compared with those realistic explosions of blanks on the set of *Trail of the Vigilantes*.

In all fairness to Franchot, who is as swell a guy as you'll find West of Brigham Young's ex-home town, it must be stated that responsibility for misunderstandings about him—and there are a few important ones—can be pinned largely on him.

He's been branded a high-hat who is all blue-blood and knows it.

That is probably because he is a man of few words in a land of ballyhooey. Talk may be cheap but not with Franchot. He never uses ten words where two will do the trick. Consequently, Hollywoodians, who are used to being "darlinged" and "honeyed" all over the place before they have known you for five minutes, began behind-the-back slurring of this reticent New Yorker who is too well-bred, too-reserved to make a vulgar display of emotion, or to tell all about his private life.

Franchot was never one to pass up the girls. He knows flock of phone numbers. Among those dated are Peggy Moran, opposite him in the *Trail of the Vigilantes*

Franchot has been called a "yes and no" man by local interviewers because he answers most questions with "yes" or "no" intermingled with occasional "maybes."

It has been his hesitancy to talk, to confide, that has given reporters and writers the opportunity to form superficial impressions of him that are 100 per cent wrong—that make him Hollywood's Number One Mr. Misunderstood.

HE HAS never meant offense to ladies and gentlemen of the press. He has not been playing "hard to get."

"I've been extremely quiet because I have lived within myself for a great many years," he told me. "I was what psychologists would call an introvert. I realize I may have made the wrong impression on some people. So I have been trying to turn myself inside out—to live a little more outside myself. In the last few years I've learned to laugh. I think I'm improving."

Franchot's steel-gray eyes had a faraway look. He didn't see Buck Jones, Broderick Crawford, Porter Hall, or the others. He thought aloud—in soft, well-enunciated words—

"I don't like to talk about myself. There are so many subjects more interesting."

This very reserve has given the grapevine telegraph an opportunity to build its own stories, touched up by imagination, about Tone. And, again, it's partly Franchot's fault that many of us don't know the true reasons for his split with M-G-M. You still hear cigar-store commentators say he was jealous of Metro's topnotchers—Gable, Tracy, Taylor, and Powell.

That is Hokum in capital letters!

"I thought I would have a better chance to choose my roles if I were free-lancing," Franchot explained. He leaned across the table confidingly, his glowing cigarette sending up thin wisps of white smoke. "I've enjoyed every hour of work at Metro. It wasn't that I had disputes with the studio. I just didn't want to sign a new five-year contract with Mr. Mayer.

"You can't blame Metro for pushing its stars who already have names and reputations—Gable, Tracy, Bill Powell, Bob Taylor, and the others. That's plain common sense. If you think our parting was because I played second or third leads, you're wrong. That never bothered me. Let others have the most glory and the most responsibility. Right now I'm glad I have Brod Crawford, Mischa Auer, Andy Devine, and Peggy Moran in starring roles with me. I have never been interested in the top spot, believe me.

"Now that I'm free-lancing, I can get roles by choice rather than by assignment. I want to play characters who are more than skin deep—villainous or heroic. That's why I would like more than anything else to do a picture as Benedict Arnold, whom you might call our first Fifth Columnist," he said.

IT'S been a long time since Franchot played his last character on the boards at his alma mater, Cornell University. But the old school keeps turning out dandy football teams, beautiful women, and excellent scholars such as Franchot himself, who earned the coveted Phi Beta Kappa honors.

"Since I was graduated, I have been on the campus only once," he says. "I've been too busy in pictures and on the stage to return. It was a real thrill, though, when the road show of a Broadway play I was in with Jane Cowl played at Cornell. My name was in lights with hers. I'll never forget that night."

Among his souvenirs and prize possessions you would expect to find a special place for his Phi Beta Kappa key, but—

"I'm not as proud of that as I am of my initiation to Beta Kappa Phi," he smiled. "That's an exclusive fraternity in some of the Eastern schools but not for scholars. It is a drinking club, mostly for beer. You are not pledged to it because of your guzzling capacity but because of good fellowship and ability to sing *Sweet Adeline* in four parts."

To this day Franchot doesn't drink because he likes the taste of liquid refreshments—be it at Ciro's, the Cocoanut Grove, or Victor Hugo's, his favorite night-spots.

"When I drink, it's to be sociable—not to drown any woes. After all, if you drown them, they only come back up the morning

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It's a Wise Girl That Knows What'll Ruin Her

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wood from the New York stage and made *Of Mice and Men*, and gave out with how she wanted no part of glamour, either in her personal or professional life, there was some shrugging of shoulders and raising of skeptical eyebrows. "A good story but it won't last," cracked the Smarty-Pants. "Smart publicity," they said, "simply that and nothing more . . . "

But now Betty has made five or six pictures including, most recently, *Victory* with Fredric March, *The Shepherd of the Hills* with John Wayne. Now Betty has been long enough "exposed" to Hollywood for the virus to "take" if it is ever going to. And Betty continues to be thin fodder for the columnists, no revenue at all for night clubs. Betty continues to be immune. Betty continues to be consistent. Betty continues, in a word, to be Betty.

I traveled some 300 miles by car, in one day, just to have a talk with Betty in her rustic cabin at Big Bear where *The Shepherd of the Hills* company was on location.

In her cabin, Betty was knee-deep in her portable typewriter, her Victrola, dozens of new books, magazines and her congenial stand-in to keep her company. She wore a pair of blue slacks, a lighter blue "woolly" sweater, a scarf tied round her head and not a trace of make-up on her young, pale face. An arresting face, mobile mouth, gray eyes, but not beautiful. A memorable face but not what would once have been termed a "movie" face . . . And, best of all, a keen brain, a nice salty humor and a voice which bit right into what I wanted to know. . . .

"IT'S been pretty well covered," she began, "that I was born in Boston and wore braces on my teeth when I was a child. So you won't want me to go into all that again. There have been some mis-statements made about my background, however. Such as when it was printed that Betty Field was brought up with the Cabots and the Lodges and had flunkies bowing to right and left. I never met a Cabot or a Lodge. I never saw a flunkie except in a hotel or in the movies.

"I was born in Boston but my mother and I went to New York when I was quite small and from then on, we led a peripatetic life. We spent our winters in Porto Rico, Panama, Florida, South Carolina, Morristown, New Jersey and half-a-dozen other places. This has been printed, too, I think, but the point I want to make is that wherever I happened to be, I went to public schools, *not* to swank private schools. In the spring and early summer we were usually in New York so I went to public schools in New York. One result of all this moving about was that I never had a chance to make friends. But I didn't mind. I liked to leave places and I liked to arrive places. There *is* a gypsy in me," smiled Betty wickedly . . .

"As I said, it's been printed that I wore braces when I was a child. But people have been kind to me, that's only a tenth of it! I was a very unattractive child. I not only wore braces, I also wore glasses, a truss and things in my shoes! I had a rubber truss for swimming and a leather one for other times.

"Yes, I knew I was unattractive. How could I help it? All the other little kids were so pretty, golden curls and dainty, little dresses (I always looked like a Girl Scout!) and I was always envying them, wishing *I* could be like that. Even my mother didn't think I was attractive. Poor woman, how could she have? She had eyes, she could see. And she was a very beautiful woman, my mother, still is. She was always very popular, had stag lines of beaux when she was a girl, very smart, very gay.

"Even now," smiled Betty, with that smile of tolerance which is somehow heart-reaching on so young a face because it is a gentle wisdom which comes, usually, with the years and the knowledge of pain, "even now, I think she would probably like me to be a little more glamorous than I am, a little more like Hedy Lamarr! She doesn't say so, in so many words, of course, but she will sort of suggest that I get a new hat! She does turn up her nose at my secondhand, 1935 car with trunk on the back!"

Thinking I had stumbled upon a clue, I said: "Betty, do you suppose it's because you were, or so you say, an unattractive child that you became an actress—I mean a frustrated desire for exhibitionism may have prodded you into it, perhaps?"

Betty considered this, then shook her scarf-bound young head.

"If a desire for exhibitionism motivated my going on the stage," she said, thoughtfully, "you'd think I would try to change in my private life, wouldn't you? You'd think I would try to be glamorous, I mean, try to get some fun out of such showing-off as being an actress makes possible to me. Now that I have shed the braces, glasses and things in my shoes, now that I have learned how to make up, you might suppose I'd try to do something about it. But I don't. No, I think it's this way: I was brought up on a complete lack of attention. And I think that's why it frightens me now, in private life. I simply wasn't conditioned to it.

Eliott Odell, advertising manager of Fawcett Publications, combined business and pleasure during recent Hollywood trip. With the Jimmie Fidlers he had the pleasure of helping Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan celebrate wedding at Pirates' Den. By the expressions, Eliott's story has serious plot. Odd containers hold a zombie's cousin

"I don't know that I can give any intelligent analysis of why I wanted to be an actress. It may have been 'escape,' I don't doubt psychiatrists would affix some such label to it. But all I know is that I was just one of those ordinary kids who was always giving shows in barns, garages and attics. All I know is I wanted to be an actress, didn't ask why I wanted it, and managed to get on the stage.

"I don't think, you know, that I consciously stay away from glamour. It just doesn't interest me. It certainly isn't a pose on my part. During the flapper age when all the kids were putting paint and powder on their faces, wearing silk stockings, I went through a phase of wanting to be 'different,' taking pride in it. Something I read, no doubt! Or it may have been a form of protective coloration. Maybe I thought I wanted to be different because I knew I couldn't be anything else. But I thought I wanted to be, anyway.

"When the kids in the locker-room would talk about putting powder on their faces and asked me what kind I wore, I can hear myself saying, with horrid smugness, 'Oh, no, indeed, I don't put powder on my nose!' I didn't adopt the current boyish bob, either.

"NOW, I don't say," continued Betty, "that I'm without any of the common urges and vanities and desires. If I could have been one of those sensational 'overnight' successes, I would have loved it. If I looked like Hedy Lamarr, I don't say I wouldn't capitalize on it. I probably would. And why not? It's very smart for Hedy to capitalize on so stunning an asset. It might ruin her if she didn't. She's very clever to play up the glamour thing since she so gorgeously can. I can't. And it would ruin me if I tried. I haven't the structure.

"I believe that Life is a pretty good casting director. I think Life casts us, according to type, very cleverly. And gives us desires, ambitions and even abilities according to our type. So that, now, I have emerged from the stage when I envied pretty little girls, have also outgrown the phase of wanting to be 'different,' don't consciously try to be anything and am well content. In fact, I'm just that stubborn that I like to be what I am. And I do believe the one sure way of ruining yourself is to try to be what you're not: the one sure way to be unhappy is to want to be what you're not. I don't want to be what I'm not. And what I'm not is the popular conception of what a movie star should be, that I know.

"For one thing, I lead a very peculiar life. I spend six months in New York, six months in Hollywood. People are constantly advising me to stick to pictures. Financially, and for fame, they tell me, it's the smart thing to do. I suppose so. I suppose it would be to my advantage to stay in Hollywood, not slip back to New York all the time. But I just have to. I get terribly homesick for

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KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

"Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your NEW-BORN-SKIN!" says Lady Esther

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

IT SEEMS a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is "Yes!", says Lady Esther. "Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream."

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is *one* cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens surface impurities and the dry little flakes . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (65)

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Can Movie Marriages Last? Ask Bing!

[*Continued from page* 24]

married. And that, little boys and girls, shows that movie producers are always right. Yeah? For Bing is today one of Hollywood's top-shots—so big that he even has to borrow money to pay his income tax, and you have to be practically a millionaire these days to do that.

So, after knocking the bosses' warnings into a row of rimless zeros, Bing and Dixie proceeded to do the same with the croakings of the Hollywood gossips, who said that "You can't stay happily married in Hollywood." They've stayed that way for ten years, plus, and they're planning to stay that way for the rest of their lives They have four kids now, and they're still trying, and they don't have to find any other partners for practice, either.

MANY Hollywoodians wonder how anybody can be so quaint—particularly anybody like a Bing Crosby, who must have so many other blondes, not to mention redheads and brunettes and even a few white-haired ones, only too willing. Hollywood's just full of people who can't understand why any guy remains true to his wife in a spot like that.

A lot of the answer is due to Bing's background. He had old-fashioned ideas about marriage, home and children drummed into him from the outset. He had an old-fashioned mother and father, up in Spokane, and the rule was "spare the rod and spoil the child." There were seven children, and the wear and tear on the rods must have been terrific.

The perfect tip-off to the sort of mother Bing's was, is in this remark, that she made in Hollywood just the other day, when she was talking about Bing's early life:

"I'm old-fashioned in some things," she said, "and one of them has always been in wanting to know where my children are at night. Ours were always at home, except when they were given special permission to spend the night at a friend's, where I knew the mother was just as careful as I was. I never worried about where Bing was, nights. . . ."

Even today, she doesn't have to. She knows that Bing's at home. With Dixie.

And so there are young Gary Evans Crosby (he's nearly eight, now), and the twins—Phillip Lang Crosby and Dennis Michael Crosby (they're going on seven), and the newest: Lindsay Harry Crosby, who's barely three.

Both Bing and Dixie hope that some day, there'll be a little variety—that the next time, it'll be a girl. Because you can bet your last two bits that there'll always be a next time. It's a tradition with the Crosbys. Didn't I say that Pa and Ma had seven?

THE Crosby family life is so prosaic that it's startling, here in Hollywood. They've got a big house, and it's "on the wrong side of the tracks" in the Toluca Lake neighborhood. Bing built it big, because he wanted lots of room for the kids—all of them, present and future.

Dixie runs the house. She's practically quit the screen for good. It isn't that Bing doesn't want her to work; as far as he's concerned, she can do as she likes about that—he SAYS. But last time she tried making a picture, she got so nervous that it made her ill—and then Bing put his foot down. Never, since then, has she even suggested making another picture—even though Bing tells her that any time she feels like it, she can go ahead. Anyway, running a house and four kids is job enough, isn't it?

Bing gets up very early mornings, and has breakfast with the youngsters. He loves it—noise and mess and all. Then he sometimes joins them in the swimming-pool; all of them swim, even the youngest. Then off goes Bing, either to work or to the golf links—and from there on, the routine is just like Mr. and Mrs. Zilch, down the street from you.

Bing comes home for supper, after his day's work, and then they sometimes go to the neighborhood movie house, or to the corner drug store, where he and the other Toluca Lake movie actors hang around and chin, and swap chatter with "Pop," who runs the Lakeside Drug Store, and doesn't take movie stars seriously.

There was the night that Bing and Dixie and little Gary came in and set the whole store topsy-turvy. That was after they'd been to see *Rhythm on the Range*. Little Gary was extraordinarily quiet as he guzzled his drink. Then suddenly, in one of those very quiet pauses when a voice rings out like a loudspeaker, Gary piped up:

"Pa—why did you kiss that other girl? That wasn't Mama! I didn't like it!"

His cronies have never let Bing forget that. Now every time he has to do a love-scene with some gal, it's a cinch that somebody'll pipe up from the sidelines:

"Oh, papa—why do you kiss that other girl?"

THE Crosby's NEVER entertain formally—but they've almost always got open house, 'specially on Saturday nights and Sundays. There's always a gang there from dawn to dusk, week ends, and there's no more "glamour" among them than there is in an *Our Gang* comedy. Dietrich would feel as out-of-place as a strip-tease gal at a WCTU meeting. Garbo vould vant to go hoooooooome. And a movieland gossip would be bored to death, because there isn't any gossip. If there's one thing Bing hates above everything else, among Hollywood's habits, it's gossip. He dislikes people who peddle it.

Too, he dislikes people who try to "make" him. I don't mean women with a yen for him—but people who hanker to be seen with celebrities. Bing has developed a sort of sixth sense when it comes to spotting celebrity-chasers, and they get short shrift from him. Not that he insults them. Far from it; even when he knows he's up against one of them, he's the very soul of courtesy and politeness—and also of brevity. . . .

Like the day he had a golf date with Bob Hope. That was before Bob knew about Bing's phobia about celebrity-chasers. Before Bing arrived, a couple of guys moved in on the party—invited themselves to join Bob and Bing for a foursome. Bob, happy-go-lucky guy who's easy to be had, fell for it—and when Bing arrived, there were Bob and a couple of other guys waiting for him.

Bing recognized the two strangers at once as a couple of fellows who had been trying for months to meet him. He politely acknowledged Bob's introduction—and then, with cool aplomb, turned to Bob, said "See you later," and walked off! And yet, he has deep consideration for other people—that is, the kind who aren't trying to chisel in on his private life.

The way the Bing Crosbys (Dixie Lee) have made a success of marriage for ten years proves it can be done—even in Hollywood. Bing has climbed to the very top and Dixie has retired to running the house and raising boys (four of them). Both parents hope that some day there'll be a little girl—just for the sake of variety

There was the day he was posing for pictures at Columbia, not long ago. If there's anything Bing dislikes, it's posing for stills. After an hour of it, he suddenly picked up his battered old hat and said:

"That's enough; I'm going home."

Everybody pleaded with him, but Bing kept on going—until a publicity girl had a bright idea. She changed her tactics, and instead of pleading, began to bawl him out:

"Don't be a stinker," she crisply cracked. "You know we have to take these stills. Why make it hard on us? And don't be a stinker in front of all these other people—THEY have to stay, because they aren't big shots, like you!"

Bing stayed on for two hours more. And the next day, the girl who had bawled him out, and who was trembling by this time in fear that the front office would hear about it and fire her, got an envelope from Crosby. She opened it—and there was a smiling photo of Bing, inscribed:

> "To Bertha, who certainly does a good job of heckling me, from Stinker.
> —alias Bing Crosby."

Bing doesn't like flattery, or even sincere praise. Of all the thousands of fan letters he gets, the only ones that interest him are those that criticise him. He studies those—and to his honest consideration of his fan's criticism is due much of the indisputable improvement that has marked his career as an actor. Nowadays, he can act as well as go bub-bub-a-buu. That's more than one could say about him ten years ago.

He cares little about his publicity, but he carries two clippings, always. One is a review of his first full-length picture, *College Humor*—in which Bing's name is never mentioned once. The other is a review about another crooner's picture, in which there is a line reading: "This warbler has a fine voice, but he can't act as well as Bing Crosby, who can't act at all!"

Around the set, he's known as a swell guy and a soft touch. His closest pals are grips and errand boys. Anybody can borrow a dollar or two from him at any time. He puts on no swank around the stage—and he's always singing, if there aren't any visitors around.

He gives away a million dollars' worth of free Crosby warbling for every dollar's worth he sells. And most of the time, he's improvising parodies, out loud, on the popular songs of the day—with the butt of the parody usually being someone in earshot.

AND now maybe you're wondering when I'm going to get around to Bing's horses.

Well, prepare for a shock:

Bing seems to be getting tired of horse racing! Up to now, he's been considered the No. 2 race-horse man of Hollywood. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is No. 1. But lately, Bing seems to be giving it up.

Of course, he's still got his big breeding farm down at Rancho Santa Fe, near his Del Mar track. In fine horse raising, he's still deeply interested, but in racing, not so much. He's got about 35 horses down in his stables, and is making more money all the time, breeding them. By the time his voice cracks or he puts on too much spare under his belt, and has to quit pictures, he'll be able to live on what his horses do for him—in the "raising" field, that is; not the "racing."

Maybe that dates back to one afternoon, not so long ago, when Bing was at Santa Anita track, watching his horses run. That was the day one of his racers—I forget which—came in first, and paid $96.80 for every two-dollar bet.

And Bing didn't have a solitary red cent on his nose!!!

Do YOU use a Soap that Shirks...

Stop and think—about the laundry soap *you* use. Is it a husky, hard-working, washday helper?... or does it loaf—and leave most of the mean, back-breaking work for *you* to do?

Think back to last washday... did you have to rub, and rub... *and rub?* Were you down and out at the end of the day? Did your things have that discouraging grayish look that says, plain as day, "You didn't get *all* the dirt out"?

or a Soap that Works?

—did you have a washday like so many other women have nowadays? A washday that began with the fresh, stimulating smell of Fels-Naptha Soap. Made easier and shorter by that Peerless Pair of cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap. A washday that saw sparkling, sweet-scented linens dancing on your line.

Hadn't you better write, now, to Fels & Company, Dept. 5-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap? It's the easiest way in the world to learn how a soap that *works*—that gets after deep-down dirt—will save your time, your health—and will save your money, too.

Hollywood on the March

[*Continued from page* 30]

preservation of American democracy and solicitous of our national preparedness.

And at the same time, fires a double-barrel rebuke to outside critics and hecklers who think it is either asleep or steeped in Red and unaware of the dangers that lie ahead for America.

With broomstick handles for guns, Melvyn Douglas, and a corps of actors, including Kenneth Thomson, prominent officer in the Screen Actors Guild, whom he has banded together, are drilling with a Home Defense Guard unit, experiencing actual military training. The actors with Melvyn have been spending one night a week learning rudimentary military tactics with this home-town volunteer organization of some 1,500 professional and business men under the supervision of retired army officers.

Melvyn Douglas ran away from home when he was 16 and joined the army and was in the Medical Corps at Fort Lewis, Washington, for the duration of the war. He would be in the Intelligence unit of the National Guards had he accepted the appointment to that office made to him by Governor Olson of California.

"I want to make myself available for any emergency," said Melvyn simply. During my talk with him, the husky actor indicated that he had become a part of the Defense Corps because "Hollywood knows its duty." He told how he encouraged other actors in taking part in defense work.

"As Americans the motion picture people cherish this country's basic ideals and its position to remain strong in a war-torn world," Melvyn said. "We know we must defend our American way of life," he declared.

And still Hollywood forges ahead with a military fever. In a strictly movie colony affair, a group of actors and screen writers, members of an organization which has George Murphy as president, is likewise drilling.

Murphy is head of the Westside Tennis Club, which has a large number of film people including Errol Flynn. "It is true," said Murphy, "a number of members who don't know anything about military training have decided it would be beneficial to learn some of the fundamentals of army life."

"Candy's Dandies," as the group is called, named after a member, are drilling two nights a week, using the clubrooms for rudimentary training, and Fort MacArthur, where they make use of anti-aircraft guns and other artillery.

This unit, under the supervision of retired army officials, is likewise part of the California Home Defense Guard, although enrollees are limited only to members. Ainsworth Morgan, screen writer and aviator, is an active "soldier-member."

Murphy pointed out that while plans for expanding the work of his members "are still in the formative stage, they are going ahead gaining whatever military education possible under the small budget set-up.

"The amusing thing here," said Murphy, "is that some members are using rifles, others are using long bayonets, and some are even using their pocket revolvers."

Hollywood military activity begins to develop, and the vanguard of movie heroes are on the march!

And Alice Faye looms up as a modern Elsie Janis.

Just in case you have been wondering where the American girl fits into this picture, Alice Faye has the answer with her own idea of appearing at various army camps during the Conscription period and after, touring the camps at her own expense. She is the first Hollywood actress to volunteer her services.

Miss Faye, considered one of the cleverest mimics in Hollywood, turns back the hands of time to 23 years ago when Elsie Janis achieved a position of prominence through her war work. Ironically, Miss Janis was working in a picture as a war nurse, *Women in War,* at Republic Studio, when Alice made her announcement. Elsie Janis, recollecting her experiences in France and in America, said that she had found "plenty to do while in France, playing and singing for the boys and imitating the great stars of the day, Eddie Foy, George M. Cohan, Will Rogers, Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Barrymore, among others."

RKO Studio is taking a sheet out of Elsie Janis war work and is arranging to send six of their contract girls to one of the training camps to sing, dance and entertain the boys who do nothing but drill, drill and drill. Ken Murray has been selected as master of ceremonies.

A group of girls headed by Ann Rutherford and their boy friends are arranging a get-together and entertainment for the boys at camp.

LISTEN! Listen to the roar! A hundred, a thousand, fifty thousand planes in the wind. The nation's pilots, and among them our own movie favorites, who have earned their colors.

Yes, Hollywood is beginning to have its own "Flying Squadron of Minute-men." Bravado, do you say? No. It's sheer patriotism by some virile, rugged men, actor-aviators, many of whom have seen service in the air in the last war, and, now, who want "to be ready" if war comes.

And Hollywood's squadron reads like some star-studded cast as they band themselves together to become the envy of any Army Air Corps fleet, and a formidable foe to any foreign adversary.

Robert Cummings, who is "nuts about flying," is the only one in the film colony known to possess a regular army instructor's license and has taught many a movie fledgling how to fly. A Reserve Air Corps member, Cummings is on call.

Young Cummings' flying experience with more than a thousand hours in the air led to an invitation to lead a squadron of flivver planes across country.

Ordered to be ready for active service is Wallace Beery, a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve, who, on instructions from naval air authorities, participated in air maneuvers with other air cadets at San Diego recently. At that time Wally Beery offered his services and his 208-mile-an-hour Howard plane, fastest ship among the Hollywood fliers.

"I'm ready any time they call me," said Wally, who believes, "War can only be fought with trained men and machines, and we 'ain't no thin red 'eroes'."

The extreme interest in aviation, principally due to the national training program has had its effect on Hollywood, of course. While the government is paying to teach eligible young men to fly, Hollywood's heroes are paying their own way and preparing for any eventuality.

John Trent, former commercial airline pilot, is also "on call" by reason of a com-

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, president of Bundles for Britain group, has a corps of women, including Fay Wray and Mrs. Michael Curtiz, assisting her daily in a little shop on Sunset Boulevard making surgical dressings, bundles of clothing, supplies

mission he holds in the United States Army Air Reserve.

With Cummings, Beery and Trent as the vanguard, the line-up of Hollywood's new aggregation of fellow-fliers, which makes a powerful combination for another American Eagle Squadron or Lafayette Escadrille, if they chose to fight for Britain, includes Brian Donlevy, Ray Milland, Buck Jones, Edward Norris, George Brent, Jackie Coogan, Richard Arlen and James Stewart among the actors.

Among the directors are Mitchell Leisen, Victor Fleming, Clarence Brown and Henry King, and among other Hollywood technicians, cameramen, etc., are Dewey Wrigley, cameraman, with a thousand hours to his credit; Beirne Lay, Jr., screen writer, an air corps officer and also on call.

Brian Donlevy, an Army Air Corps Reserve officer and likewise on call, flew during the World War with the famed Lafayette Escadrille and was twice wounded. Richard Arlen flew with the Royal Air Force when he was refused enlistment in the United States, and is now running an air cadet school.

Ray Milland has been flying 12 years, and our hero of the horse operas, Buck Jones, was a member of the Hellcats, early aviation squadron which fought for America in the last war, and he received serious injuries when his plane cracked up. Jackie Coogan has already offered his services to fly with the Canadian Royal Air Force.

Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Jack Benny's man Friday, has started a national campaign for a United States training school and field for Negro fliers.

Dick Arlen, who appeared in Hollywood's first aviation picture, *Wings,* established the air cadet training school under supervision of the federal government as part of the nation's air expansion program. The enterprise cost Dick around $25,000, not including the amount of money Uncle Sam has allotted for the training of cadets. The flying school is at Metropolitan Airport where Dick has started with a nucleus of 10 planes and 150 students. A contract has been signed with the federal government permitting Arlen and his staff of instructors to train primary students as future military fliers.

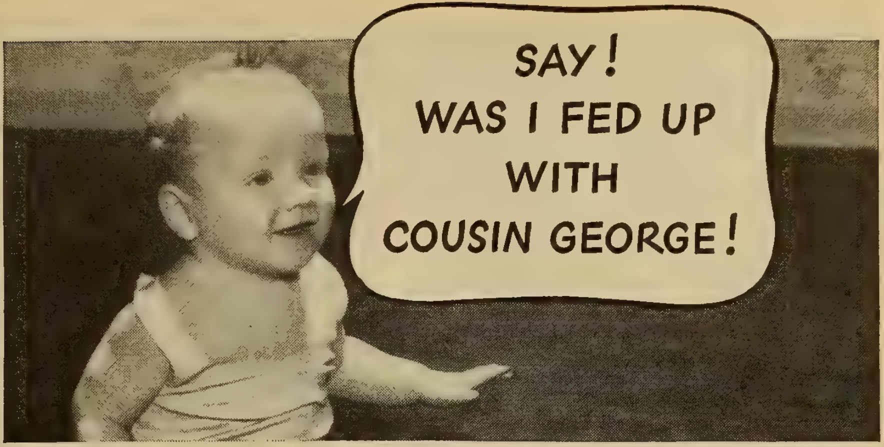
Jimmy Stewart, who with Ray Milland, Wayne Morris, and a host of other actors face Uncle Sam as their next casting director for an early call in the draft, is trying for a transport license, which will naturally put him in the upper class. "I'll be waiting, that's all I can say," said Jimmy Stewart, adding, "I'm ready anytime for the call."

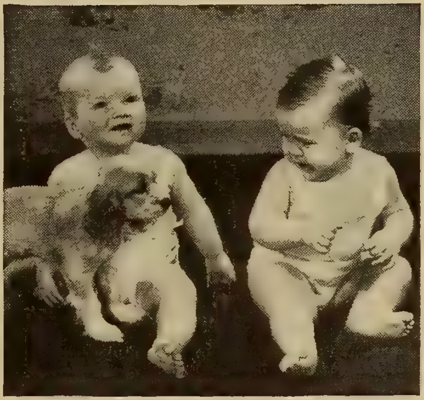
As Melvyn Douglas pointed out earlier, "Guts, mister; that's what makes a fighter."

OF COURSE in this time of need, we mustn't forget Hollywood's fledglings, who might one day become our "torpedo squadron," like Gene Raymond, who needs "only 10 more hours to get his pilot's license"; Robert Taylor, who will probably have his by the time this reaches print; Don Ameche, who should have his credentials by now; John Shelton, and lots of others who are taking lessons.

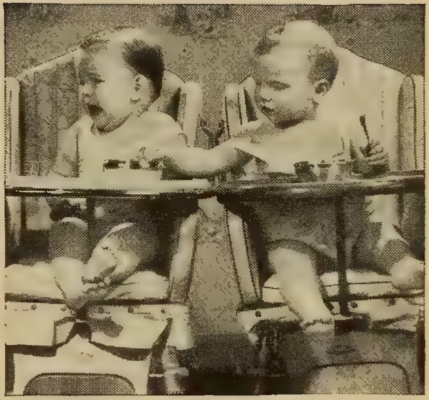
Of course most of the fliers in the Hollywood fleet, save the few who have seen actual combat service, know nothing about military aviation training. No one can tell, naturally, what kind of fighters these movie heroes will make, when you think of how terrific a job United States air cadets undertake to get their chevrons. This Hollywood organization would necessarily need military training to be of service. It has been pointed out, however, that if events abroad continued to spread and the need for this type

[*Continued on page* 83]


SAY!
WAS I FED UP
WITH
COUSIN GEORGE!

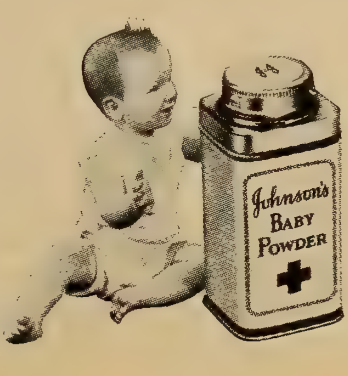


Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.

By bath-time I'd decided — one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's — just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



Give your baby the comfort that keeps so many babies happy—Johnson's Baby Powder! It doesn't cost much but it's lovely and smooth . . . and, my! how it helps relieve chafes and prickles!

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Figure-Atively Speaking

[*Continued from page* 16]

the muscles of your arms and bust grow strong and firm.

Of course exercises are most fun when you do them in a class. And most towns nowadays offer great opportunities for doing just that. A band of business girls can go around to the "Y" after work for an hour of exercise and a dip in the pool. Here in New York there are luncheon exercise courses offered to "career" girls—a half-hour for exercise instruction, a half-hour for a healthful reducing lunch. And more and more, figure conscious housewives and mothers are organizing into groups for an evening of rhythmic dancing and exercise, instead of sitting around the bridge table.

All these classes are once-a-week affairs, which means that to get anything out of them, you've got to do homework. That isn't such a chore, once you get into the swing of it. And I do mean swing! Turn on your radio to Benny Goodman, Sammy Kaye or Kay Kyser, then open the windows and down on the floor. The newest idea in exercises is not the stiff, military precision of a robot. You can be as feminine and graceful as you please—and get a lot more out of your half-hour of leg kicking and arm swinging. Make your exercises into a sort of dance—and gratify your rhythmic instinct as well as your need to reduce. There isn't room in this article to give you the exercises themselves—but write me, I'll be glad to send some to you.

I'D LIKE to say a thing or two about reducing diets. Don't go hog wild on one without consulting your physician. Because you'll still need balanced meals. Those all important vitamins and minerals can't be stored up the way fats can be. So you'll need plenty of vegetables, fresh fruits, whole wheat bread or cereals. Proteins, found in eggs, lean meats, cheese and skim milk, will help burn up the fats already stored in your body, so be sure to have a supply of those in your diet. But stay away from the thick gravies, whipped cream desserts, goo-ey pastries and rich sauces. And go easy on the cocktails and highballs. It's true that alcohol is burned up as soon as it gets into the system—but it saves the food calories for storage. There are a hundred calories in a cocktail—so if you yield to the temptation of having one before dinner, go without dessert to make up for it!

Does all this sound as though I were trying to regiment your life? As though you were going to do nothing but watch your diet, exercise, and go into your regular beauty routine? If you think that, my pretty one, you haven't learned how to two-time yourself!

Have you a winter-dried skin as well as a protruding rear bumper? Then wash your face with a mild soap thoroughly, pat it dry, and slather on a layer of cold cream before getting down on the floor to "bump yourself off." You can forget all about the cream, because it will continue its good work while you work away at your bicycling, fanny thumping, or leg rotation. And fifteen minutes later, when you finish the exercises, and close the window (oh yes, always exercise with the window open, otherwise you'll fill your lungs with stale air and carpet dust), you can remove the cream to find a lovelier face. You know, or maybe you don't, that any cream used while you are active melts more quickly—does a better job of softening because the skin is warmer! And remember, that the same exercises which help to tone the slack and flabby muscles of abdomen, fanny or bust stir up the good old circulation. So that the blood is pumped more rapidly into the tiniest capillaries of the skin—where it in turn regulates the minute oil glands and sees that they do a better job of lubricating the skin. In other words, the skin is smoothed and softened from the outside by the cold or lubricating cream—and glorified from within by the stimulated circulation.

If you're looking for a cream that will do a fine job of softening your chapped, winter-weary skin, I wish you'd write me. And if you're also looking for a super-swell cleanser and powder base to boot, you'd better get out pen and paper this minute! Because this cream is of the all-purpose variety. It's fast melting, and just swooshes the dirt away with it onto your facial tissue. It seems to soften scaliness, soothe irritation—and prepare the skin for make-up so well that powder clings for hours. You'll like it, I know. It's moderately priced, too—a generous "sample" for ten cents, and other sizes to about a dollar. Want the name?

Exercising and bathing go together naturally—and with bathing, just as naturally, goes a certain snowy white product that can be used in the bath—or in a mask to beautify your skin. A handful of these starch crystals in the tub makes your bath that much more soothing and relaxing—a point to remember when you're first starting to exercise, if you don't want to get all stiff and tied up in knots. And when you step from the tub, you'll find your skin is invisibly coated with a soft, linen-smooth film that is oh, so cooling! It makes that after-bath freshness last hours longer.

Just to double up on the good work, mix a mask of the snowy crystals—with milk, cold cream or egg white, depending on whether your skin is normal, dry or oily—apply it to your face and throat, and leave it on while you relax in the tub. You know the beauty of a mask, don't you? It works in two ways to firm the skin, tighten the pores, and refine them. Externally, the drying of the mask acts as an astringent, tightens the pores temporarily, and yet—by tightening the skin it stimulates that all important circulation, so that the benefit is extended from the interior. And especially if you repeat the mask application at least once a week, and two or three times if your skin is oily. Most masks should be left on the skin for ten or fifteen minutes, and when removed, they leave the skin firm and pink and pretty! A good trick to try before stepping out on a big date or party, believe me. Be sure to write me for the name of the starch product, and directions for mixing the mask for your particular type of skin. It costs about fifteen cents for a generous box, you'll be glad to know.

GETTING down on the floor for that fifteen minutes of arm and leg work a day is bound to mean that your hair gets dirty, greasy and sweaty twice as fast. So that you'll have to be more than ever faithful to your weekly shampoo. Which shouldn't be any chore once you know about a quick acting, fast cleansing shampoo I've been using lately. Its foamy lather fairly whips the dust, excess oil and stale perspiration from your hair, leaves it soft and silky, gleaming with fresh new beauty. You needn't be afraid to use this product weekly—or even oftener. After all, movie stars have their hair washed two or three times a week when working on a picture—and you've surely noticed how beautifully soft and glistening their hair is! The shampoo is not a soap product, but it does the job wonderfully, rinses out in a jiff, and leaves no dulling film to mar the natural lustre and color of your hair. Each and every hair shaft will "stand out on its own" for loveliness and allure. Try the shampoo and see for yourself—if all I've said isn't true—and more! Your hair will be easy to manage, too—and fragrantly clean. If you live in a hard water district, this will be your dish—because a special sudsing ingredient gives you mountains of lather, *and no scum* in the hardest water. There's a ten cent size, as well as larger ones. Interested?

Speaking of perspiration—let me tell you about a new cream deodorant and anti-perspirant in one. It's just the thing to use after your exercise and tub, before you retire—because it, like any other perspiration stop, works best when the sweat glands are at rest. But you can use it in the morning before dressing, for it will not rot fabric. Be sure to bathe the underarm with clear water before each application—and to rub the cream gently over the whole armpit, because it will stop odor and perspiration only where applied. Again, like any other "stop" it should not be used on broken or sensitive skin, and the excess should be wiped off carefully. Your own individual needs will be your best guide as to frequency of application. It's usually effective from one to three days, but if you perspire excessively, use it every night. The manufacturer guarantees your money back if you don't like his fine new product, by the way. Want to know more?

Everyone's looking at your legs—especially now that the new sheer silks and nylons are so much in demand. What about *them?* Did you stop removing the superfluous hair at the end of the summer? It's bound to show through filmy hose! And there's no greater disappointment than hairy legs on an otherwise dainty, feminine young thing. I've heard the men talking, and I know how disillusioned they are about that little matter! So why not try stroking away your fuzz with a velvety disc I've been experimenting with? Simply rotate it over your legs—presto. No hair! And the skin itself will be left soft, smooth as a baby's! There's no muss, no fuss—nothing to heat, dry, mix or adjust. And there'll be no prickly stubble to mar the "set" of your stockings. Of course the disc won't remove the hair permanently—nothing but the electric needle will do that. And that is both expensive and dangerous except in the hands of a reliable electrologist. But—used frequently, the disc may tend to lessen the regrowth somewhat. Costs a dollar, and can be used for a long, long time. Would you like to know more?

Write me before March 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

COLOR FLASH
Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Indian Red
Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to *your* fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and *compare* this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing *five, ten times as much!* Buy Dura-Gloss—*Buy* Dura-Gloss today!

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THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

(1) Many 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.

(2) Many 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.

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(4) Many 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.

ANN SOTHERN in "MAISIE WAS A LADY"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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...keep them smooth and lovely with Hollywood's

LIPSTICK

Do you want your lips to look a beautiful alluring red? Do you want to keep them soft and smooth? Then try Tru-Color Lipstick, created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* You'll be delighted with these four amazing features:

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SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP"...FREE. 5-63-3

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . ☐	Blue . . ☐	BLONDE
Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy . . . . ☐	Green . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . ☐	Hazel . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy . . . . ☐	Brown . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled . . . ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . ☐	Light . . . ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type at left and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

PICTURE PARADE

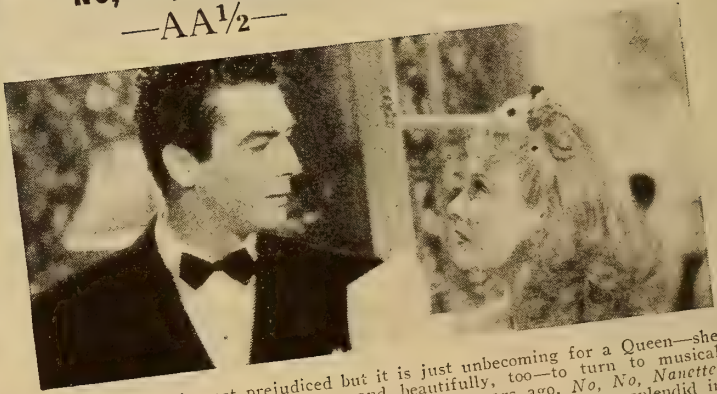
VICTORY

—AAA—

With the war being uppermost in our minds the first thought that enters our head when we hear the word "victory"—even though they aren't all to our liking—is that here's another war picture. That is if you're not familiar with the dramatic novel of that name by Joseph Conrad. If you are, then you already know that this is a gripping, suspenseful story of the South Seas and that the victory is a moral one over the sinister and evil influences of human nature. You also know that it is an unhappy story, but what you don't know is that the characterizations given by Fredric March and Betty Field in the leading roles will make this a happy event for you. It did for us. So did the performances of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Sig Rumann, Margaret Wycherly in supporting parts. Fredric March, bitterly disillusioned, finds refuge on an island with Betty Field who has found her place in a woman's orchestra unbearable. But they are unable to find solace there because of Sir Cedric and his outlaw group, and the only thing that keeps them going is their powerful love. In fact this affection grows so deep that it almost drives the refugee girl to murder to save her lover. *Victory* may be considered a victory for all.—*Paramount.*

NO, NO, NANETTE

—AA½—



We swear we're not prejudiced but it is just unbecoming for a Queen—she played *Victoria* twice, you know, and beautifully, too—to turn to musical comedy, even if it is the hit musical of fifteen years ago, *No, No, Nanette.* Of course you know we're speaking of Anna Neagle who was so splendid in *Victoria the Great* and *Sixty Glorious Years,* also in the dramatic title role of *Nurse Edith Cavell.* Understand, we're not finding fault with Miss Neagle's dancing and singing—for she is exceedingly well accomplished in both—but the role of the skittish ingenue who is forever working overtime trying to get uncle out of his extra-marital affairs while trying to straighten out her own tangled love life, appears rather undignified for an actress of Miss Neagle's quality. However, *Irene* was enjoyable and there are many of you who will enjoy *No, No, Nanette* if only for its lilting melodies by Vincent Youmans—*Tea for Two, I Want to be Happy*—and for its comedy situations. Also to be enjoyed is the talented cast assisting Miss Neagle which counts among its members Roland Young, Helen Broderick, ZaSu Pitts, Richard Carlson, Victor Mature, Eve Arden, Tamara, Billy Gilbert and Dorothea Kent.—*RKO-Radio.*

New Tune for Tone

[*Continued from page* 53]

after—accompanied by headaches. No, thanks."

On nights when he's not doing a foursome or a sixsome with his best pals, Burgess Meredith and Pat Di Cicco, Franchot drops in at Chasen's and sits at the Bachelor's Table, where solo diners partake. It reminds him of the old English Coffee Houses of the 17th and 18th centuries. Here he enjoys bull-sessioning with occasional dropper-inners such as John Steinbeck, John "Great Profile" Barrymore, columnist Sidney Skolsky, and others who may come in alone.

FRANCHOT may speak freely at the Bachelor's Table, but just try to get him to discuss the possibility of marriage. Leap year is over, and it seems that Hollywood Misses have missed the chance of becoming Mrs. Tone. Franchot, thus, remains one of filmdom's most desirable and pursued unmarried males, but don't think for a minute that he's unsusceptible to allure. Is he planning to become a bigger and better bachelor—or is the altar in the offing?

"That's a difficult question to answer one way or the other. I have no concrete plans. It isn't a good idea to form them, because love is no respecter of plans or decisions."

So Franchot sets himself squarely on as nicely a whitewashed fence as you've ever seen and, meanwhile, wines and dines Peggy Moran and Florence Lundeen at the Beachcomber's where he and the better-half of his party enjoy sea food specialties.

The dancing that usually accompanies an evening out is not particularly pleasurable to Franchot. He has no special favorite among orchestras. (The only qualification is that they must be first-class and play smoothly and in a fairly slow tempo.)

In matters light-fantastic, he prefers Cole Porter's *Night and Day* over any other selection but can't or won't tell you the reason why. Despite the fact that Cesar Romero, alias "Butch, the Ballroom Baron," has said that Franchot Tone is one of the smoothest dancers who ever set foot in the wilds of a Hollywood night-club, Franchot himself says emphatically "No!"

"I do very little dancing—perhaps because I'm not very good at it. There's not really a new step in my repertoire. It's all old. I don't jitterbug and have no particular desire to learn." Then he grinned warmly. "The Schottische, Virginia Reel, and the Money Musk are about my speed."

Take your choice—Mr. Romero's opinion of Tone's dancing or Mr. Tone's. Knowing the Tonian reserve, our vote goes with Mr. Romero. And undoubtedly the girls hereabouts will second with emotion.

Lest you get the idea that Franchot is repeating his Broadway night-clubbing on the West Coast, we'd better restate that he's usually sleeping by eleven—not all the time, of course—and getting up mornings for early studio calls. As he says, "too much night-clubbing is boring."

His gray eyes are clear, his face is tanned; he's feeling better than he has in years; he's looking forward to a boom season in his picture career—he's playing opposite Deanna Durbin in *Nice Girl* after *Trail of the Vigilantes*—and anticipating having a chance to let writers and interviewers see and hear the real Tone.

In other words, he wants to put an end to the many Tone myths that are as good as a mile—to shed the role of Mr. Misunderstood!

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the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

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Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

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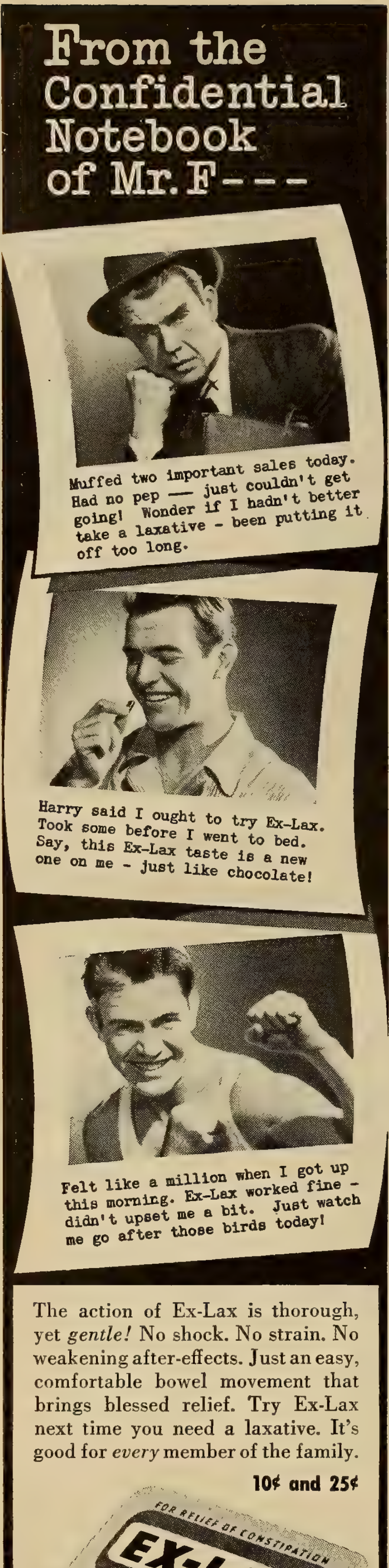

From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---

Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.

Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!

Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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ACTIVE INGREDIENTS WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN U.S.P. YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN NOT U.S.P.
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Meredith Never Misses

[*Continued from page* 45]

him—that the span of his shoulders is not breath-taking or his ears so perfectly formed to make the ladies break out in goose pimples. The theater may be old-fashioned enough to like Burgess Meredith because he is a fine actor.

DESPITE his more or less insignificance —as far as looks are concerned—there is something about him that a great many actors envy. For in all the time he has appeared before the cameras or footlights, Meredith has never once missed out. Never once has he failed to come through with flying colors. And it has become a legend that once he decides to undertake a role, you can depend on him to see it through perfectly. Even the sternest critics have never been able to find a single flaw in his work and each time his work is reviewed their praises resound louder and louder.

But if you think this makes Meredith walk about with a cocky air, you just don't know him. Few people carry their laurels as lightly as he. Few people are so little concerned about the praise and acclaim they receive. For primarily, Meredith will tell you, he is concerned with the acting, itself, rather than the reward it brings. And for someone to dare voice so quaint a belief in these days of monetary madness, the utterance immediately brands him as being both revolutionary and radical in the very same breath.

Of all the staunch adherents of the stage, Meredith alone brings back an entirely different version of his work in pictures. He doesn't sit back and scornfully minimize every effort that Hollywood is making in its endeavor to give the public better film fare. Rather, he says, "There's a new spirit abroad in Hollywood. A spirit that has never been in evidence before. I can best explain it by saying that, for the first time since I have acted in pictures, I experienced the same excitement in the making of *Of Mice and Men* and *Second Chorus* and *That Uncertain Feeling* that I have always found in the legitimate theater—a participatory excitement which comes from being one with the film from its earliest conception to the time it is finally cut.

"BEFORE *Mice,* making movies was cold. If you wanted to offer a suggestion, it was like trying to get an idea across to the head of a large organization. You sat down and typed out a memorandum and it was sent off into the upper reaches of the studio—to men whom you'd never seen. Then you got no answer and felt blighted.

"You know," Meredith continued, his face eager with explanation, "it was like being a cog in the smallest wheel of a tremendous industry. You simply did what you were told and any desire on the part of the actor to petition the 'supreme council' was rigidly discouraged. Actors were supposed to act only. They were not expected to participate in the creation of a film.

"Of course, they suffered," he laughed. "They suffered—well, with fur coats and estates in the Hollywood hills. But their work actually did suffer. And their interest lagged. Often they developed a lethargy toward their profession that left them interested only in making money and getting their acting jobs over with as quickly as possible so they could go back to the swimming pools, polo matches and the races.

"But now something is happening in Hollywood. And my experience with this new something—which, by the way, is being felt very generally throughout the industry—was in *Of Mice and Men.* In the first place, much criticism was leveled at the attempt to make it. All the old-line Hollywoodians said it was not movie material and that it would not go great 'in the sticks.' But that didn't feaze Hal Roach.

"Another part of this new feeling in Hollywood—a feeling of participation in the film making—has to do with a rising tendency to shoot a script as much in continuity as possible instead of skipping about from scene to scene and letting the cutter build the action. It is a matter of following stage technique more closely in the direction and acting of a film while being anxious to make experiments in the actual story material being used. I think this is a healthy sign and will result in far better films."

Of the entire group of actors who commute between Broadway and Beverly Hills, possibly none makes the transition with more ease and facility than Burgess Meredith. The difficult task of transferring his talents from one medium to another has given him very little trouble. He registers triumphs alternately and with startling regularity both behind the footlights and on the screen. In short, he never misses!

Meredith confesses that he first bluffed his way into a theatrical career. It happened in this manner:

TEN years ago he was in New York, and at the end of a blind alley. He tried his hand in several fields but he couldn't get excited about any of them. The enthusiasm that he hoped for just refused to issue from within him.

After having left Amherst—where he didn't even wait long enough to get his degree—he became a newspaper reporter in his native city, Cleveland, Ohio. That didn't last long either. He went into the haberdashery business with a brother. The business went on the rocks. And Meredith went to New York. His father, Dr. William George Meredith, had moved, in the meantime, from Cleveland to East Orange, New Jersey.

Meredith dabbled, with fine disinterest, in selling neckties and vacuum cleaners. Finally, the tiresome routine and monotony of so uneventful an existence began to bore him. Acting upon an impulse, he signed up as a sailor and made two trips to South America on a freighter. The sea breezes had the usual story book effect upon him. They dispelled all the doubts and perplexities he had concerning a career. They seemed to clear all the cobwebs from his brain and allow him to think clearly and honestly. And when he stepped off the boat after the second trip, he was sure he knew what he wanted. This time there was no misapprehension or fear.

Only one thing had ever stirred him to enthusiasm—the stage. And now, after a lapse of ten years, he still retained his first rapture. At the Manhattan Choir school, some years before, he had played leads in the school plays. At Amherst, he had gone in for debating and declamation and had even won a prize for his recitation of the final act of *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

Still this constituted a comparatively small background for fulfilling his ambitions—and Meredith wanted to make a grand debut. He persuaded a friend to lie to Eva Le Gallienne about his experience. The friend must have been convincing for Meredith was accepted as a non-salaried apprentice actor in Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company. That was way back in 1929. He stayed for two seasons.

When the Repertory Company closed for the summer of 1930, he joined a stock company and thoroughly sold himself to the substantial suburbanites of Westchester County, New York. He appeared in *Candida, The Fall Guy,* and *Dracula* among others.

When Meredith returned to New York the following Fall, he was already familiar to Manhattan playgoers and throughout the three following years, he made himself even better known. Then came the day every aspiring young actor and actress dreams about. The day that repays them for the months and even years of drudgery and slaving and suffering. For Meredith, that day was when he first trod out on the stage in *Little Ol' Boy.* It was his first big hit, his first role of importance, even though he was only a reform school inmate in it.

What was even more important, was that the critics noticed him for the first time. They hailed him as the find of the year. And from that night on, Meredith has never let them down. He hasn't missed out in a single role that was entrusted to him—whether it was on the stage or screen or radio.

Steadily, he climbed the long, hard, well-traveled path of all actors. But he was consistently becoming better as he went along.

And then came the never-to-be-forgotten night when he opened in Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset.* Overnight, he became the matinee idol of New York. Overnight, he did what every actor hopes to do. He had the audience on its feet—shouting and cheering! He set everyone talking about his superb performance. And in a single leap, he bounded into the ranks of the best artists in the theater. In short, he fulfilled all the hopes and promises and enthusiasms that were lingering inside of him all these years. He made good!

The play ran for five months and throughout all that time New York looked toward Meredith as the theater's white-haired boy.

IN THE summer of 1936, Meredith finally succumbed to the blandishments of Hollywood and appeared in the screen version of the play. Everyone anxiously watched his work. In some parts of the film capital, there were sneers of scorn and derision. Everyone waited to see just what it was that this young man had that others of the screen lacked.

And only when the film unfolded on the screen did the truth suddenly dawn upon them. He had something that until now only Leslie Howard was able to translate on the screen. Something that was almost as indefinable as the smile on Mona Lisa . . . a sensitivity and quiet force of acting that made him stand out head and shoulders above everyone else.

He had kindness and feeling and warmth and fire—all mixed in unanalytical proportions. There was an understanding in his ability to interpret roles so that the public, seeing the finished product, would feel the effects long after it had left the theater. There was calmness and peace and the soul of a poet in his work. There was even a certain drowsy sort of romance in him, if you were receptive to it.

Meredith has a quality that tends to grow on you. You like him more after seeing him the second time. And after that, each successive meeting heightens your opinion. You completely forget that he is no more than medium height. You begin to realize that all attractive men don't necessarily have to be towering giants.

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It's a Wise Girl That Knows What'll Ruin Her

[*Continued from page* 54]

New York. I'm always going up to San Francisco, just to get the 'feel' of New York because it's the nearest thing to New York out here. I'm a Big City girl, at heart. Not in the night-club way but just in the way of one who loves city life. I'm completely non-athletic. I have no 'way' with flowers, less of a way, I'm sure, with vegetables. I have no yen for the 'good earth.'

"When I am in Hollywood, I just work in pictures, go home to the apartment where I live, see only New York people, talk only about New York things. Such few other friends as I have are very quiet people—no one ever heard of them.

"I wouldn't care if I never had a lot of money. That's another form of exhibitionism that is dreadfully distasteful to me, and always has been.

"BUT my lack of interest in money isn't all altruism. I don't particularly like or want most of the things it buys. I don't like jewelry and swank cars. Clothes are not terribly important to me. I get one good suit and wear it over and over again. I never get tired of it. I would like some money to travel with. But not in de-luxe ways, rather in browsey ways . . .

"If I ever do make big money, though, I can't think of any more intelligent way of using it than the way the Edward G. Robinsons use theirs. They have a home that feels long lived-in and long loved; they have books and fine paintings and music and they gather around them people who care for these things, too. The *permanent* things, that's what they care about and that's what they have.

"People get smug when they have money," mused this so-far-ahead-of-her-years five-feet-five Miss Field, "they get smug even when they just feel secure. When they are secure, *plus*—I think riches deaden people," said Betty.

"And for the same sort of reason, I honestly wouldn't want to be too beautiful. That's insulating, too. I know a star, a famous beauty, who spends four hours to dress for dinner. Four hours a day on her body. If you multiply that four hours over the years," and Betty actually shuddered, "it's quite horrible.

"I'd rather spend my time, as I do spend it, taking Spanish lessons, taking voice lessons. I studied Spanish last winter," explained Betty, "and then went to Mexico for a month or so to brush up. I always take voice lessons between pictures because when you're making a picture you get to depend too much on what the sound men can do to your voice and you lose volume . . . I'd rather go to art galleries, concerts, the zoo, the aquarium . . .

"SO I say 'no thanks' when it comes to wishing for great beauty or great wealth. If I could make a wish and have it granted, I'd say, 'give me a little more brain and intelligence, please.' I'd ask, especially, for more vitality. I'd love to be able to go from morning to night like—well, like Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Perhaps I do sound like a prissy little blue-stocking with my nose in A Book and my mind on Higher Things," Betty broke off, to laugh at herself, "but it's not quite that stuffy. I'm not entirely lacking the normal desires of the normal girl . . . I did buy myself a mink coat! And a painting! I have leased an apartment in New York with a terrace. It's small but it's cute. I'm furnishing it by correspondence course, as it were.

"And I'm lazy. That's one of my extravagances, I'm so lazy I never walk a block, always take a taxi. I love good food, too. Bad food makes me grumpy. I love all highly-seasoned foods.

"I took rhumba lessons last year, too! I do go out occasionally, and to go out and not be able to rhumba is to climb the wall like the flower titled morning-glory. I can't say I'm crazy about the rhumba but I don't do it too badly.

"And as I make a little more money, I buy a few more records, books, slightly more expensive clothes, spread out a little. I've never done anything reckless, partly because recklessness is not in me but also because I've had to work too hard for my money. And anyway, I'm not making very much money yet . . ."

"LOVE . . .?" I put in here, tentatively . . . for the tall pines were blackening, soon the car would be back for the return trip to Hollywood and what, I thought, is a story of a young girl without a touch of love interest . . .

"I have been in love," said Betty, with that disarming simplicity and directness which does disarm you . . . "I don't know," she said, with a slight, sly smile, "whether it was the way Young Girls Fall In Love, *but—I have been.*"

Then, for the first time during our talk, there was a silence. There was a period.

Then ". . . . . I wouldn't," Betty was continuing, "let anything stop me now if I wanted to get married. No career-thing, certainly. I don't think I could marry anyone who didn't have the same interests I have. I don't think I should. I think you must marry your kind of a *life* as well as your kind of a *man*. I mean, of course, that I couldn't marry anyone who was not interested in the theater. He would not need to be *in* the theater but for both our sakes, he would have to care about it. There's only one other reservation," she laughed, "he'd have to sleep with the windows shut at night! I always sleep with my windows shut, which horrifies people. Probably a reflex from sleeping in cold, draughty rooms in New York, Lord love 'em!

"Fortunately for me, I think, I am not susceptible. I don't fall in love easily. I never had a crush on a movie actor in my life. I usually get crushes on peoples' skill, on the things they do well. Like when I'm acting with 'Buzz' (Burgess) Meredith, for example . . . so that I'm rather liable to fall in love with someone who shares my interests.

"So, that's me," Betty said, walking over the pine-needled ground to my car with me . . . "and I think I've told you enough to make it clear that I will never be a Great Big Movie Star. I'd have to give up too much of what I want from life to make the grade. I seem to be the only one who doesn't fit into Hollywood. If that makes me one of the 'New School' you mentioned," smiled Betty, "then I'm enrolled, I guess. Because the kind of things I've told you about are the kind of things I like to be and like to do.

"That's what I meant when I said that Life casts us according to type. I'm not a Beauty and, happily for me, I don't crave the things a Beauty craves. I match," said Betty contentedly, "inside and out . . ."

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 51]

Conversation Piece

■ Conversational Topic No. 2, during the month, was entitled "What's Happening to Our Snooty Glamma-Gals?"

Reason for all the tongue-wagging has been that both Garbo and Dietrich, of ALL people, have been doing the STRANGEST things to recapture a popularity that has suddenly become too evidently skimpy.

Garbo, in short, has been plainly wooing the boys and gals who manufacture popularity—the press agents and the columnists and the Hollywood army of about 400 newspaper and magazine correspondents.

And she's in a spot for the simple reason that, up to now, her greatest market has been NOT America, but the foreign film fields. The war has closed that field, entirely—and Garbo suddenly discovers that she's got to win more American popular adulation. So watch, Little Ones, for Garbo to go "all out" on making herself look like a "regular girl" instead of a mystery-woman.

And as for Dietrich—well, gone indeed are the days when she hid behind fourteen-inch cigarette holders and a pair of drooping eyelids. Today, she's shedding dignity even to the extent of standing on her head for candid cameramen.

Goofie-Gal Giggle

■ Marie Wilson is one Hollywood honey who's always a cinch to do something funny!

—like her latest crack, when she went out to a friend's house for a family dinner, and when a dish of boiled onions came on, suddenly clapped hands and cried:

"Oh, goodie, goodie—I LOVE boiled onions!"

But when they tried to serve her some, she added:

"—but I don't like to EAT them."

Figure it out yourself, pals; I'm shell-shocked!

Like Craps—Shooting 11's

■ Deanna Durbin has come to the conclusion that maybe ELEVEN is her lucky number, or something. You amateur numerologists, what do you make of this?—

Her latest picture was No. 1111 on Universal's production schedule. It started on the 11th of the month. First scene shot was Scene No. 11 in the script. The scene was completed at exactly 11 a. m., and to make it more elevenish, cameraman Joe Valentine reported (as cameramen do after each take) that he had 11 feet of film left in his magazine! That's when they started gagging. Joe Pasternak, producer, who was on the set at the time, yelled:

"Well, better make eleven takes!" But Deanna complained at that. Enough elevens are enough, she insisted, explaining that to top it all off, her sister had given birth to a baby boy at 11:11 a. m. the day before . . . ! ! !

Spelling "No!"

■ Nina Orla, that new South American parcel of sex-appeal at Universal, has Hollywood's stag-line worried. She wears a charm bracelet, from which dangle a row of gadgets made of her initials.

—and they spell "NO!"

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Your Hollywood—And Mine

[*Continued from page* 38]

I talked with Lillian MacMurray the morning I heard the first rumor about the adoption. "Fred and I have never been so happy," she told me. I asked her if she had despaired of having a little one of her own.

"Certainly not," she said. "We hope we will have one of our own as soon as possible."

"If that is the case," I replied, "you'll be running true to form." So many Hollywood people have adopted children and then promptly had one of their own. Kay Johnson and her director husband, John Cromwell, took a little child into their home and within a year Kay had a baby of her own. The same thing happened at the home of the William Seiters (Marian Nixon). They had adopted two children when their own little Jessica arrived to make it a threesome.

Don't think for a moment that the adopted children in Hollywood homes are "second best" after a real little heir or heiress arrives. If Kay or Marian love their own flesh-and-blood the best—nobody ever knows it. The little adopted ones have the same love, care and tenderness. "I don't know the difference," Marian told me. "Of course Jessica is the baby and you always feel a tiny baby needs you more. But as for loving her more than Selina or Christopher—it just isn't possible. They're all my children."

Are these the women that the committees mean when they say professional people should not be permitted to adopt children?

When I heard the Cradle in Evanston, which has given many of the movie folk their little ones, had put picture stars on their black list—my feeling was that this institution was totally ignorant of Hollywood.

DIVORCE, we admit, is not pleasant for children either real or adopted. But you don't take a child away from real parents because of a break in their matrimonial life. Because a woman is forced to end an unhappy marriage is no reason why she isn't every bit as good a mother and just as capable of giving a child a good home as she was before her marriage went on the rocks.

Let me say again that there is no one—I don't care whether it is the Cradle authorities or our own Los Angeles Children Society—who has the right to say that motion picture people are not fit parents. I say, and I defy anyone to prove otherwise, that the motion picture stars who have taken children into their homes are the best—or at least as good—parents in the world.

Living only a few doors from me in Beverly Hills, are Gracie Allen and George Burns and their adopted children, Sandra and Ronnie. Gracie told her children as soon as they were old enough to understand that they were adopted. She taught them to believe that being adopted was something very special and beautiful.

"I told the children," says Gracie, "that when people had babies brought to them by the stork they had to take what they got. But when their father and I chose them (as we had Sandra and Ronnie) we must love them very much because out of many, many little children, we selected them above all the rest."

This fine feeling is also prevalent in other homes where there are adopted youngsters including Fredric March's, Irene Dunne's (and what a little beauty is Irene's small daughter, Mary Frances), Wally Beery's Carol Ann and Phyllis Anne, and the Pat O'Brien's.

Of course, not all Hollywood children are adopted. There are many little folk in movie homes who are growing up to be the same beauties their mothers are, or are developing into dashing heroes like Dad. These would include Norma Shearer's children, Joan Blondell's children, and the children of Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Sullivan, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor, Charlie Chaplin, Virginia Bruce, Robert Young, John Wayne, Anne Shirley, Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, the Harold Lloyds.

Joan Bennett had a little replica of herself in blond, lovely, Diana, pretty as a picture and with all of Joan's sweetness. Melinda, too, is a little beauty but in looks and temperament she is more like her father, Gene Markey.

Bing Crosby's four boys are the "spittin" image of their "old man"—I wouldn't call them glamor boys but they're just as cute as they can be. Don Ameche also has "four sons." When the last one was born Mrs. Ameche said (and she didn't have an easy time) just as she came out of the ether: "If I can't have a girl any other way I'm going to adopt one."

Father Keough, the pastor of Queen Elizabeth's in Van Nuys, where Honore and Don worship, has great admiration for the Ameches. "You know," he told me, "I wouldn't be surprised if they take two little girls. That would make a nice half-dozen Ameches."

SO FAR I have spoken only of the "private life" children of Hollywood. The story of the histories of the actual screen star children would take a series of articles in themselves.

I have never thought the fate of the professional child was a happy one. If the many young mothers who write me begging me to help them get their children into pictures like Shirley Temple, Gloria Jean, Susanna Foster, Deanna Durbin, Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, Bobs Watson, Betty Brewer, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland or even Baby Sandy could know the hardships and the heartaches that go with the careers of even the most successful child prodigies—I am sure they would think twice before bringing a youngster of any age to Hollywood.

I know there is fame and money. I also know that really talented children like Mickey Rooney for instance—cannot be held down. But I also know of the bewilderment and hurt that comes to a sensitive youngster like Freddie Bartholomew who—during his

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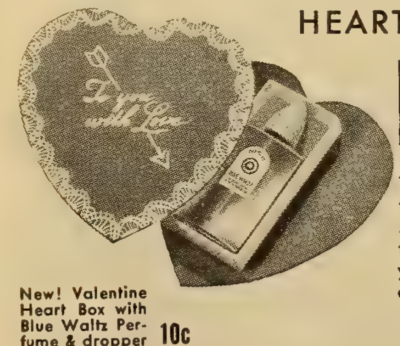

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entire professional life—has been the storm center of law-suits. I know Freddie well and I know how he suffered when his parents sued his adored Aunt Cissie for his custody.

Who can ever forget the bitterness that surrounded the battle of the Coogans—mother against son—son against mother? In the past few months I think they have become reconciled.

Mrs. Coogan told me so—and I hope it is true. But there were scars and bitterness in their troubles that take a long time healing. Edith Fellows is another youngster who has continually fought "custody" battles and salary attachments between her parents and her adored grandmother.

Even when there are not family battles over these "golden children," there are many, many other problems. The growing-up pains of these little angels are more acute than any growing pains in the world—because Old Mother Nature herself is responsible for doing them out of lucrative contracts. Lucky indeed are such young people as the Durbins, Garlands, Coopers, and Rooneys who have been spared the heartache of being forgotten and who have weathered so well the awful "awkward age."

RIGHT now the Temple family is in a quandary about the future of their little wonder child who has had the most amazing career of any juvenile in the long history of motion pictures.

Shirley led the long procession of stars, as you know, for four long years—then suddenly there was a drop. The cuddly, golden-haired darling had grown broader and taller. She was no longer the baby you wanted to snatch right off the screen and take into your arms. It is no fault of Shirley's—and it was really no fault of her studio that they couldn't find just the right vehicles for her.

Perhaps the Temples were sincere when they first said that they were glad there had been a pause in Shirley's career. Mrs. Temple said she wanted Shirley to live like a normal little girl and have playmates and go to school.

But shortly after, she seemed to have a change of heart and to discuss Shirley's future career with many people.

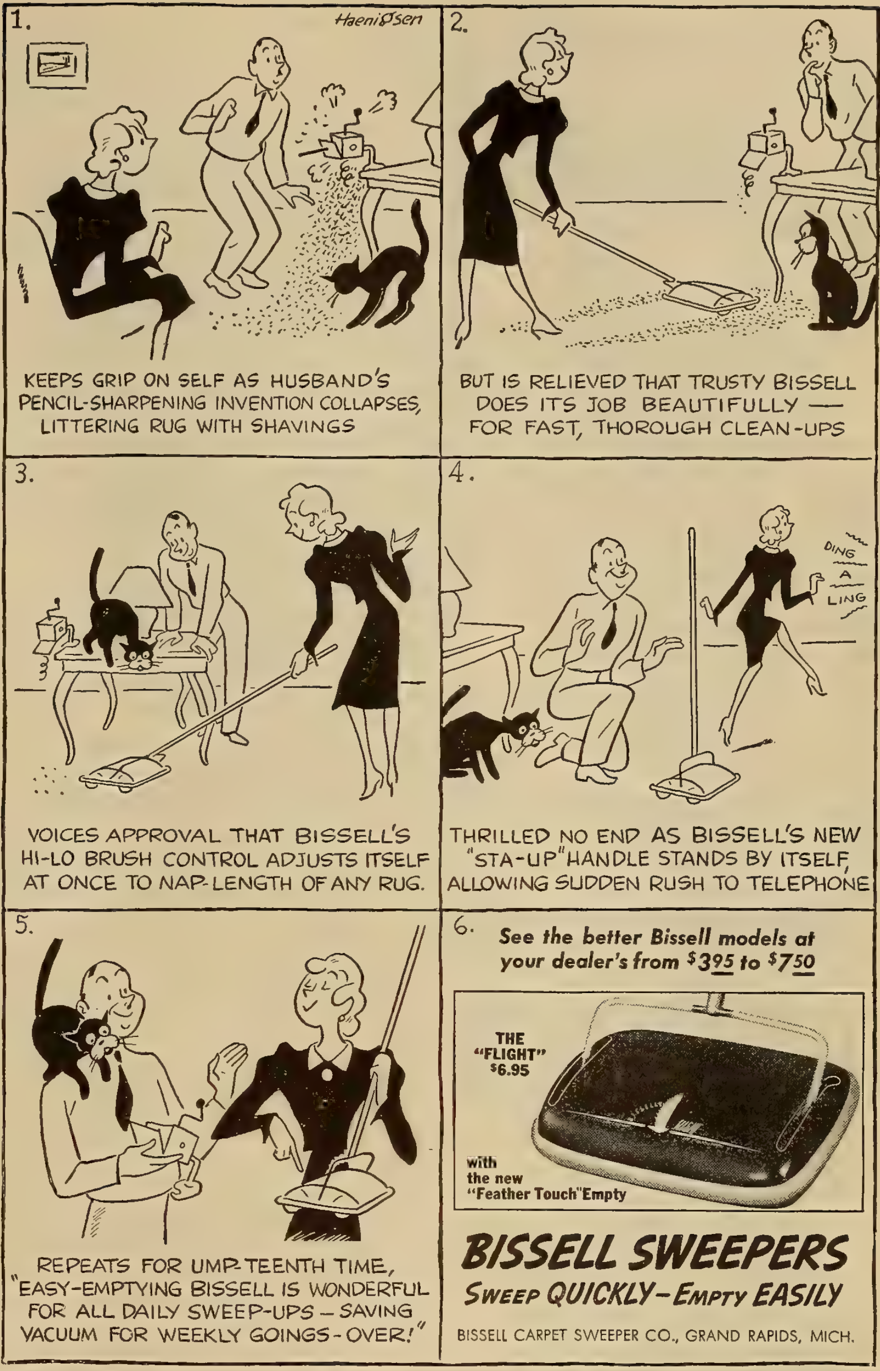
Certainly nothing about Shirley's life up-to-date has been normal. She has been the wonder child—living in the spotlight. She wasn't like other little girls—and it is almost impossible for her to now forget all the fame and attention, and pretend that a place like Hollywood and all its glory never happened to her.

I don't think it is possible for this youngster to be happy idle, away from her work for very long.

Perhaps that is the reason the Temples have changed their mind and are now admitting that Shirley will not retire—except for a few months of rest and relaxation which she surely needs. I shall be interested indeed to see what happens to Shirley—the most famous child that Hollywood ever produced.

This brings to an end the series of articles I have written for this magazine. I hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as I have writing them. Your Hollywood and mine is really an ever-changing place. You have to write about it from day-to-day to keep abreast of the new faces, new personalities, and new happenings. But with all the change the average fan, I'm happy to say, keeps his affection for his first favorites.

I've tried to write about the past and present because both have a place in our hearts. So this is *au revoir*—that's all for this month—I won't be seeing you next month.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Sh-h! Don't Call It Sex!

[*Continued from page* 49]

Recently established sirens such as Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard and Vivien Leigh are finding the trend full of glittering opportunities. And even newer sexations, such as Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Betty Field, Virginia Gilmore, Linda Darnell, Veronica Lake, Brenda Joyce, Gene Tierney, Ruth Terry, Muriel Angelus, Doris Davenport, and many others, have found it offers a way of attracting attention quickly; that it may even prove a short cut to stardom. It wouldn't surprise us if the Hollywood drama coaches began giving lessons in "How To Be Sexy In Films." What a trade they'd get from the younger actresses!

In any event, the by-product of the sex cycle is sure to be a record crop of luscious hot mamas.

BUT will they be ballyhooed as sex-appealers? Given bizarre, exotic build-ups? Catchworded, trademarked? Nay, a thousand times nay! Lately, the movies have learned a little lesson from the sad plight of Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour and Ann Sheridan.

One would think, off-hand, that these three should be heading today's great sex-appeal parade. Actually, it threatens to pass them by.

Only part of their difficulty is censorship. But of course such walking, labeled synonyms for sex-appeal as "Ecstasy" Lamarr, "Sarong" Lamour, and "Oomph" Sheridan, are still under severe scrutiny.

None of these labeled ladies lacks the stuff that should place her in the top brackets of film popularity. Along with adequate acting prowess, Dorothy and Ann can sing. And Hedy, who recently surprised folk with her acting opposite Clark Gable in *Comrade X* should be sure of her place in the cinema sun if she did no more than look beautiful!

Due to the super-charged reputations of these lush lovelies, however, audiences expect the impossible from them. Even if they were allowed by censors to do their utmost, it wouldn't be humanly possible for them to be as hot as their ballyhoos lead fans to expect.

Another danger the three glamor girls face is ridicule.

Suppose, when Ann Sheridan is striving to build up the hot, throbbing and breathless mood required in a cinema love scene, some small boy in the audience shatters the rapt silence with a loud "Oomph!" Gone is the effectiveness of the scene.

What precedes and follows a sexy passage on the screen may be comedy, but that moment when the audience is supposed to strain with hero and heroine toward the kiss climax has to be deadly serious. And if you don't believe that this also holds good in real life, try both ways on Sweetie Pie, and see!

THE labels Dorothy and Hedy bear do not offer such opportunities for theater "humor" as Ann's. But both girls suffer from being the butt end of so many jokes by comedians, on the air and elsewhere. As Walter Winchell remarked about Dorothy, "The several hundred sickly nifties on 'sarongs' failed to ruin her, but if her sponsors keep it up, they can probably make it certain next year."

The three labeled sirens cannot help feeling pretty vexed, when they note that Alice "Don't-Pin-a-Sex-Label-on-Me" Faye is now ranked second in popularity, among all the screen's women, and apple-cheeked Sonja Henie is third.

Both these ladies radiate sex-appeal with virtually no restrictions, and they have plenty to radiate. That's why they hold their places among the screen's exalted First Ten, while Dorothy, Hedy and Ann didn't even place in the first twenty-five, the past year. Sonja is as careful as Alice to "play down" her sex-appeal, except on the screen, where it is well able to take care of itself.

Lana Turner has had two narrow escapes from becoming a sex-labeled lady. This writer likes to think he helped her on the first occasion, when facetious but appreciative correspondents began calling her "Sweater Girl." Our advice was, "Hereafter, avoid sweaters like smallpox!" Next, she got a build-up as junior sex queen, but fortunately, this was quickly dropped. She then became the "ideal co-ed" type, in which her lush sex-appeal was shown to better advantage than ever, but without fatal emphasis.

In the past year's sex cycle, Lana appeared with Joan Blondell (now one of the screen's most pulse-quickening numbers!) in *Two Girls on Broadway*. That offering made tired business men forget wives and taxes. Lana should make T. B. M. forget W. and T. in the forthcoming *Ziegfeld Girl*.

IT SHOULD be apparent from all the foregoing that lassies who most successfully supply the screen's new, huge and hungry demand for sex, have other words for this well-known commodity.

"Sh-h—don't call it Sex!" a certain film queen warned us, referring to her own very celebrated appeal.

Since sex by any other name would be as hot, when it glows from the screen, there is no need to call a spade a spade. The only thing that's more harmful, at the box office, is to give sex a trick label.

Innocent-sounding, very general terms such as "glamour," or the later, even less-specific favorite, "charm," are the preferred substitutes.

Any number of actresses who were seldom connected very specifically with sex-appeal in the past, are profiting by the cycle which calls it "charm." Margaret Sullavan, for example, has finally succeeded in making Hollywood forget her passion for high-brow histrionics, and remember that she has plenty of s. a.

Virginia Bruce, Rita Johnson, Gail Patrick, and those exotic-looking ladies, Greer Garson and Merle Oberon, are all so

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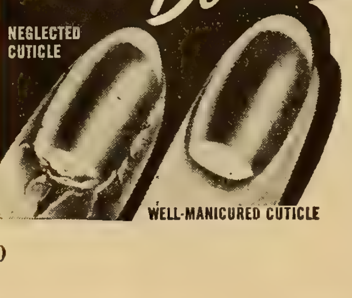

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"charming" that they are now being scanned covetously by producers who have hot roles to hand out. And Rosemary Lane, hitherto neglected member of the Lane sister trio, has suddenly blossomed out as the family's best sex-appeal—pardon us, "charm"—purveyor.

While the current trend invites so many newer girls to enter the sex field, it also has permitted a famous veteran of the come-hither art to re-enter. Marlene Dietrich made a successful comeback in *Destry Rides Again* and *Seven Sinners,* two pictures that present her charms in full bloom.

Just after she emerged from her eclipse Marlene explained very aptly how her career had been scuttled in the past. Due to censor scrutiny, she said, her producers had been forced to dilute the red blood of her scripts again and again. "Accordingly," Marlene declared, "plots of my pictures were changed around so much that there soon just wasn't any!" So there was no alternative but to leave the screen for the time. "I can't change to a milk-and-honey heroine. My forte in sultrier roles has been established. Fans wouldn't accept me in anything else," the star explained.

The fact that *Seven Sinners* and *Destry Rides Again* are highly successful, proves that the new trend has allowed Marlene to put punch into these pictures.

Those who have seen them know that she is fully as leggy and provocative, despite the comedy slant, as she was in *Blue Angel* or *Morocco.*

FAR from suffering from the new sex trend, long-reigning favorites such as Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald are doing better business than ever. Of course, they have always, quietly and effectively, peddled sex-appeal. It is no trouble for them now, to "turn on the heat."

Claudette's career had been at a standstill just before Maestro DeMille revealed her as a capable siren, quite some years ago. Her last-reported yearly salary was $301,944, which may give an idea of how well she has peddled her wares.

The late, great Ziegfeld unerringly "glorified" Irene Dunne, but at first the movies forgot this, in admiring her fine dramatic gifts. Re-discovering sex-appeal brought Irene far greater success. She is represented in the new cycle by *My Favorite Wife,* in which the heroine spent seven years stranded on an island with the "other" man, and returned, a female Enoch Arden, to find that her husband had remarried. Complications and conflicts arose which made this screen fare decidely hotter than anything else Irene has done. Now she's back co-starring with Cary Grant in *Penny Serenade.* It should sizzle with "charm."

Of all these great favorites, the one who has most consistently and successfully offered sex on the screen is Joan Crawford. Says her boss, Louis B. Mayer, "She has made more money for me than any star we've ever had." Personally, we wouldn't be surprised to see Joan emerge as queen of the new cycle, and more successful than ever, if given the right stories like *Susan and God.* Her *Strange Cargo* may have been on the hokum side, but you can't deny it was saturated with sex-appeal as personified by Joan. Of course you remember the simplicity of her wardrobe in that film—chiefly a tattered gingham dress.

Simplicity may be the word for it. But after you saw that dress, perhaps you pitied La Lamour for having to wear anything so concealing as a sarong.

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"I Didn't Run Away!"—Sylvia Sidney

[*Continued from page* 28]

with press-agents, and snubbed interviewers—and otherwise behaved like someone who didn't like the Hollywood scheme of things. They remembered, too, how she had always scurried out of town after finishing a picture, as if she couldn't get away fast enough.

"Yes, sir," they said, "there's a girl who really hated being a movie star. She'll never be back."

But here she was—and happy to be here. And amused by the fact that her return seemed to be as unforeseen as her departure had been.

"All rumors to the contrary," she was saying, "I didn't run away from Hollywood. I never stayed in Hollywood between pictures—any more than I intend to stay now." She gestured around the fantastically-cluttered living room of her Chateau Elysee apartment, the confusion screaming the fact that here abided a transient. There was hardly room to move around, what with a baby's play pen necessarily in the middle of the floor, and hardly a place to sit down, what with chairs loaded with the overflow from clothes closets and overcrowded tables.

"I've always gone East between pictures, to get a complete change of perspective and to be with my family," she continued. "Now, having more of a family, I have even more reason to go . . . I thought I'd better mention that, just in case there are any more rumors that I'm running away."

She helped herself to a cigarette from a package she had extracted from a handbag large enough to serve as a knitting bag—which was exactly what it was doing.

"The only difference between my last departure and my previous departures was that I didn't know when I'd be back. Notice I say 'when'—not 'if.' I had decided to free-lance, and I had made up my mind that I wouldn't show my face on the screen again until I could be happy about doing so. There was no telling when that would be.

"I was unhappy about the pictures I had been making. I didn't want to make any more like them. And I was unhappy. Period. For reasons best kept to myself.

"My complaint against my more recent pictures was that I had played so many pushed-around little girls, who were forever getting in jail, or out of jail, or following guys to jail. The last one—a little number with George Raft called *You and Me*, in which we both went to jail—had been just one too many. I wanted a reprieve before I made another picture. Or, better yet, a complete pardon."

SHE smiled that sudden infectious smile again—to prove that she was light-hearted now, talking about it; not bitter.

"Then, while I was waiting for 'the right script' to turn up," she continued airily, "I got married. And I wanted to stay married. I didn't want to go floating off three thousand miles alone in the middle of the honeymoon. Marriage, you know, is a little like a movie contract. You can't sign and then go off to South America. The Messrs. Warner will lose interest."

The man she married was Luther Adler, young Broadway actor, who created the title role of *Golden Boy* on the stage.

"I didn't have to leave him if I made a picture in the East, so I made a picture in the East—*One-Third of a Nation*, which looked better on paper than it did on celluloid. And I didn't have to leave him if I did a Broadway play, so I did a Broadway play: *The Gentle People*. Then we bought an old Colonial house in Flemington, New Jersey, and that kept me busy, making it look like a home. Then the baby came—a year ago last October 22nd. . . . Somehow, one thing after another kept postponing my return to Hollywood.

"Then one day last summer Mike Levee, my Hollywood agent, called me long-distance to tell me about this part in *The Wagons Roll At Night*. I ran outside to where Luther was working on the swimming pool, and said, 'Mike's on the phone. He says he has a good role for me.' Luther said, 'You trust Mike's judgment, don't you?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Well, why don't you take it, then?' I said, 'But what about you, darling?' He said, 'I'll come along later.' So I went back and told Mike I'd take the role. And here I am—playing a crystal-gazer in a carnival, behaving like a gypsy and looking like one." She gestured toward her unruly, wind-blown, black bobbed hair.

"I don't know if I make the grade or not as a crystal-gazer—but I like one thing about the character. She's a girl who can handle herself. She has maturity. She's a woman, not a little girl. She has intestinal fortitude—which we call guts, in our family. She doesn't let people push her around."

That last remark made her sound a little like Sylvia, herself.

"Oh, I can be pushed around," said Sylvia, "—but good. The only reason I ever fight is to keep other people from finding it out."

THAT was a brand-new explanation for her reputation for being "difficult." People thought she just liked to be ornery. Otherwise, why should she resent any questions about her private life? . . . We decided to test her alleged orneriness. We asked her how the romance started.

There was no explosion from the direction of the divan, where she was curled up in maroon slacks. She smiled. "There are two versions. One is that he picked me up in a restaurant—a story that will probably horrify the Hays Office. Things like that aren't supposed to happen to movie stars. The other version is that the agent I had then, decided I ought to be hooked up, at least in the public prints, with some young actor—and picked Luther as the guy. The funny thing is, both stories are true.

"I saw him in a play—and once wasn't enough. I kept going back to see him. I thought he was the greatest young actor I had ever looked upon. But my repeated visits started talk backstage. People kept telling him 'Sylvia Sidney's out front again'—until he thought I must be cuckoo. One time I was having lunch in Sardi's in New York, when he came over and introduced himself, with the intention of finding out whether or not I *was* a case for a psychiatrist. We talked for hours about acting and plays.

"Then, four or five months later, my agent had his brainstorm about how I would have a little more romantic appeal, as far as Hollywood was concerned, if I just started being seen with some young actor—and talked me into going out with Luther, and vice versa." Her smile went impish again. "So I married Luther and never came back to Hollywood.

"The first time he said, 'Will you marry me?' I replied, 'What would you do if I said yes?' He said, 'I'd faint.' I said, 'Some day you're going to faint.'

"I was pretty sure that this was The Real Thing. But I wanted to be ablutely sure. I had guessed once before—and guessed wrong.

"He went over to London in *Golden Boy*, and we planned to marry over there, on my birthday—August 8. But at the last minute I discovered that I had completely forgotten to bring along my divorce papers, which I was supposed to have, to get a marriage license in London. I couldn't own up that I was so rattle-headed that I had forgotten the papers, so I said I had lost them, and we cabled the judge who had divorced me, and he cabled a confirmation of the fact that I was legally free—and the license bureau, after a little collective throat-clearing, said that would suffice.

"So we were married, in a registry office, on August 13, scoffing at superstition. Bill O'Bryen, Elizabeth Allan's husband, who was putting on Luther's play, went along as a witness. The man who was to marry us said, 'But where's your second witness? You must have two.' We didn't have another one, so he went out in the corridor and brought back a laborer, a painter named Mr. Barstable, who promptly went up to Bill and congratulated him. When he was informed of his mistake, he looked at Luther as much as to say, 'She can't be marrying that poor, befuddled man.' After the ceremony, Luther wouldn't talk to me for a half-hour. Said I sounded like a movie actress, giving my responses.

"My husband," she continued, "probably has the world's most perverted sense of humor. He has given me some of the worst half-hours of my life.

"Life is never dull with Luther. He's a man of mad, mad impulses."

But that's all right, too, because she isn't exactly immune from mad, mad impulses, herself. They had one together the day they read in a want ad about an old Colonial house for sale in Flemington, New Jersey, went down to look at it, and bought it on the spot.

She nodded toward a table against the wall. There stood three pictures of the house—a two-storied house with a brick center section ("built in 1780") and two wooden wings ("added later, as the original family expanded"). She described it by saying, "It looks like one of those places 'where George Washington spent the night,' except that if he had ever spent a night there, he would have wanted to stay the rest of his life."

That sounded a little as if she might be thinking of staying there the rest of her life and not coming back to Hollywood.

She shook her head. "Next I'm going to do a play with Luther. And I'd like to do about two pictures a year—if the baby could stand that much travel. I wouldn't travel without him.

"Don't think I have any illusions about having a great career or creating great art," she added hastily. "I haven't. Acting is just a business, like being a good secretary. Except that I like it better than secretarial work, and it's easier.

"I'll never retire. If I ever stop acting, I'll do something else. I have to keep busy. The reason why I like acting is that I get more fun out of it than anything else I've ever tried. The only thing that is more fun is seeing a baby's first smile."

For a girl who was trying to enhance her romantic appeal only two or three years ago, she showed surprising eagerness to talk about her baby—and babies are supposed to be ruinous to romantic appeal.

The baby was not in evidence, but pictures of him were all around the room. They showed him to be a towhead ("Luther and I were both towheads when we were little"), with blue eyes and a face as sober as a deacon's. ("But you should see him when he smiles!") His official name is Jacob Paul Adler, after Luther's actor-father. But what they call him is "Jody."

"Did you ever read Steinbeck's story, *The Red Pony*?" Sylvia asked. "I read it aloud to Luther one night, the summer before the baby was born, and I had no sooner finished it than he grabbed it out of my hands and said, 'Let *me* read it.' We spent practically the whole summer reading that story. We fell in love with the little boy in it, whose name was Jody. We made up our minds that if we had a boy, and he had blond hair and blue eyes, we were going to call him 'Jody'—and some day he was going to have a red pony, too. Because he was going to grow up on a farm."

Sylvia left no doubt that the Adler refuge at Flemington was an honest-to-God farm. "One hundred and seventeen acres of it—sowed to soy beans, oats, sudan grass and corn. We have an arrangement with a neighboring farmer. We supply the land, he supplies most of the work, and we go fifty-fifty on the crop. The reason why Luther didn't stay out here longer with me was that he had to go back to see about clearing some more land on the place. And I'm working on the place, even at this distance."

She indicated a half-finished hooked-rug that was occupying a large easy chair. "That's going in the baby's room. And the next project will be a staircase rug, for the stairs leading up to the guest room.

And that's Sylvia Sidney—who used to be such a mystery.

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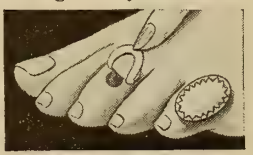

NEW *Super-Soft*
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads

It's Smart To Be Screwy

[*Continued from page* 26]

This wasn't the Russell that the world knew. This was a new and completely refreshing sort of personality. She was no longer the thin-lipped, embittered, home-adoring, overbearing *Craig's Wife*. She was an airy being, filled with more enthusiasm, more wisecracks and more personality than a lot of those stars who take their art with a capital "A."

There is a frankness about her that is delightfully refreshing in Hollywood. She makes no attempts to cover whatever shortcomings she may have. Personally, we didn't detect a single one. Personally, we thought of Rosalind Russell—straight or screwball—as the one girl who in spite of her gay sense of humor and her seeming frivolity would make some man the perfect wife. For all those things are visible at first glance.

But before we had a chance to think another thought of her, the scene was over. And her dry, humorous voice boomed out pleasantly above the roar of voices. "Ha—z—ell! Hazel, my sex appeal!"

Her maid, Hazel Washington, appeared like a genie bearing an atomizer and Roz started drenching herself and the surrounding atmosphere with toilet water.

ROZ doesn't mind being thrown around. She doesn't mind being dumped into a puddle of water, thrown down the stairs, having her hair wrenched from its roots or her dignity trampled upon. Of course the wear and tear on the constitution is none too pleasing. But she doesn't care about that. If it makes people laugh. If it keeps them entertained—that's her job.

Maybe she is taking things the hard way. But one thing is obvious. She's getting a big kick out of these comedies. She's having the grandest time of her life. Audiences loved seeing her kick Brian Aherne in the seat of his pants in *Hired Wife*. Perhaps we all want to do that to some dignified guy at one time in our lives, just to bring him down to our own level. And we loved Roz for doing it for us.

"I know the whole world got me wrong because of *Craig's Wife*. After all, it was really my first big picture. They must have thought, 'this Russell gal certainly looks like a determined and forceful woman! She'll probably make the typical mother-in-law when she gets old.'

"I know, I know," Roz continued, waving her arms emphatically. "That's what they all thought. The role didn't have the slightest bit of sympathy for me. And as far as the producers were concerned they would have been satisfied to see me continuing in roles like *Craig's Wife*. I'd probably be one of the most hated women in the world by the time I got through.

"But that's not me! That isn't what I wanted!" And the famous Russell voice broke into a softer pitch—the eyes opened wider—and the words tumbled out of the famous mouth at 360 per minute.

"Remember that scene in *His Girl Friday*, you know, the one where I do the flying tackle to catch the escaping prisoner. And I had a swell time doing it. But I had a mean 'charley-horse' after that. Couldn't move for a couple of days. But it was action—screwball action. It was in keeping with the character and I loved it!

"And—oh, yes,—that scene in *The Women*. No, I can't forget that. Look at this finger. See the scar. That's the real thing. Got it in that fight with Paulette Goddard.

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But it was one of the most exciting moments in my motion picture career."

When you take into consideration that Rosalind Russell comes from a dignified and wealthy New England family; that she attended the fashionable Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, you can't easily reconcile yourself to seeing her in all these rough-and-tumble scenes. But if you know her, it's an entirely different story.

She's the sort of girl who was the school tomboy, who at school shouted the loudest. She was the black-stockinged youngster, who, good or bad at them, played all the games with more vigor and energy than the rest of the team. She was the one who never bothered about dental braces or spinach.

She just grew up to be a real, sincere and unaffected girl in spite of all her advantages, in spite of all the evidences of wealth that surrounded her. She grew out of it and away from it. She never let herself be molded according to any particular type. She is herself—Rosalind Russell—the positive, yet popular type of individual. Real, earthy and matter-of-fact.

"I'M HAPPY now," Roz continued, her voice full of enthusiasm as she drew a long, deep breath. "Five comedies all in a row. It made a new woman out of me. It took me out of that sombre, serious state of mind. *The Women* started it. Before that, I didn't stand a chance for a comedy role. Everyone thought I was far too dignified—on the screen—to let myself go. They didn't know that I was just itching for a comedy part. All my talking didn't do me a bit of good.

"But when *The Women* came along, I actually fought for that role. And once I had it, I worked harder at it than at anything I ever undertook. I made it part of me. I knew how women act. I knew all their little tricks and schemes and ruses. But I also knew what goes on in their hearts. I could have made everyone hate me in that role. It was the logical thing. But I didn't want to do that. So instead, I decided to make the part humorous. I made people laugh at me.

"How? Well, in the first place, the clothes I wore. Oh, I know most women wear all those screwy hats today. But I picked out the screwiest ones I could find. I wore them at screwy angles. I made sure that the public wouldn't take me seriously the minute I came on the screen—even before I opened my mouth to speak my first lines. And then those dresses with the bustles—the nail polish—the bangles and bracelets.

"Yes, all of those things were deliberate. And a lot more planning went into them than most people realize. They were part of the light, fuzzle-headed, irresponsible character. They showed the public that I was to be laughed at. That I was just another silly woman with nothing on my mind—and one who wasn't really serious about being a malicious cat. And because of that the audiences laughed at me. That's exactly what we all wanted."

THE Russell eyes flashed with their impetuous, animated fire. Roz had warmed up to her subject. For the time being, she didn't joke. She cast aside her natural light-humor, her carefree attitude and her gaiety. She became serious. And then in a confidential tone of voice, she leaned closer. And pointing at me with a single long, tapering finger, she went on. "You men like screwy women. Sometimes you deny it. I'll show you why.

"Take those same screwy hats. Whenever you see a woman wearing one, you'll turn around and take a second look. You may laugh at it. But what you're really doing is studying the gal who's wearing it. You're giving her a second good look. But the hat's only an excuse. A pretense for taking a legitimate look. It attracts attention in the first place. But there's a second purpose too. It brings the wearer to the attention of the people she wants to attract. And you men love to have other men turn around and stare at the woman you're with. At any rate, that's my impression.

"And as for the women. They can thank their lucky stars for fashion. Attractive girls might not need anything bizarre to draw attention to themselves. But, remember, not all women are attractive. Take a mediocre-looking woman, for example. Put her in quiet pastel colors. Put her in a simple dress and hat and conservative jewelry. When she enters a room no one pays the slightest bit of attention to her.

"But take this same woman. Put one of those screwy hats on her head. Give her a dress that emphasizes her 'oomph.' Put a couple of bangles around her neck—and the screwier the bangles the better—put a dangling bracelet around her wrist and a bright scarlet swab of rouge across her lips. Screwy, you'll say. Right. But let that same gal walk into a room where there are loads of beautiful women. What happens? She hits everyone between the eyes. Everyone sees her. Everyone looks at her.

"They forget that she isn't really beautiful. The only thing they realize is that she is the center of attention—that she can do something to that roomful of people that a beautiful woman, simply and quietly dressed, cannot do. That's why I heartily endorse all these screwy clothes—these novelties and fads—these crazy hats for women. It gives them equality with their more beautiful sisters. It puts them on the same par with the stunners."

Not that Rosalind, herself, has need to resort to any such tactics. Being a beautiful woman, herself, there isn't much need of it. But she is intelligent enough to understand it. Her tall, brunette type can command attention without resorting to any of these means. But she uses them—wisely. And seeing her in them, you are aware that they express her personality and you understand why she makes use of them.

IN HOLLYWOOD, Rosalind Russell is regarded as the one star who has done more to make women with brains popular. For despite the fact that she is beautiful, she is very far from being dumb. Whenever she is given a role in pictures, she will unearth the little details that make the parts more realistic.

In *His Girl Friday,* for example she says, "I studied newspaper people. I learned all about their habits and mannerisms. And I wanted to be more than just a girl who is tagged a newspaper reporter. I wanted to show that the part really had something to it, and that they were making a fuss over the girl for some good reason. That was why I suggested the scene interviewing the prisoner in his cell. It gave the added realistic touch.

"All those little touches are carefully conceived and deliberately planned. Often it's those very little touches that make the picture. Especially is that true when you're playing the light, screwy type of comedy. But I wouldn't want to play the same sort of role time and again.

"I want variety. Maybe after I finish this picture, I'll try something serious. But if a good comedy role comes along, I'll certainly give that preference."

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Judith Barrett, former starlet who retired from screen to marry sportsman Lin Howard a year ago, is now a mamma. The new arrival is a girl, weight 8 lbs.

STILL celebrating renewed bachelorhood is the unquenchable John Barrymore, and if he's like this in his fifties, God'elp the gals when he hits a hundred!

John, dripping wisecracks to right and left, is stepping out with plenty of honeys, and making the night-spots ring. Only gal who seems to have the inside track is Sally Allen—the same Sally Allen with whom he used to step out before he married Elaine Barrie.

The other night, somebody asked John if he's going to stay single, this time. Cracked John:

"Single?—well, today I'm single. But tomorrow—ah, tomorrow. One never knows WHAT will happen tomorrow. Isn't that a bee-OOOOO-tiful thought?"

Then he had another.

[*Continued on page* 84]

Broderick Crawford took himself out of circulation when he married Kay Griffith on Thanksgiving Day. The ceremony took place at the home of Andy Devine

Hank Is Not All Homespun

[*Continued from page* 21]

that Mervyn didn't get to hear one of those Fonda stories before their tete-a-tete was interrupted.

Ever since, every time Mervyn has seen Hank, he has demanded, challengingly, "When are you going to slay me?"—daring Hank to surprise him and be funny.

There's just a chance that Mervyn will be surprised when he sees *The Lady Eve,* or whatever Paramount decides to call it. There's a chance that you, too, will be surprised.

It's a sophisticated comedy—written and directed by Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed *The Great McGinty,* not to mention *Christmas in July.* And in it, in the male lead opposite Barbara Stanwyck, is, of all people, Henry Fonda.

You may have to look twice to recognize him. He has had a haircut. He isn't wearing overalls. Nor is he wearing homespun. He's wearing his own clothes. The clothes consist of everything from silk pajamas and silk dressing-gown to afternoon cutaway. You will see him in fourteen different outfits—all modern, all smartly tailored. Or, if you prefer, all glamorous. They definitely give him sex appeal.

And that isn't the half of it. In three of his handsome outfits, he meets with three unfortunate, but comical accidents. And in his silk pajamas and silk dressing-gown, he has the distressing experience of sitting down hard in a mud puddle. If you can imagine *Young Mr. Lincoln* in such finery and in such a predicament.

SEEING the unexpected spectacle of a handsome, amusing Henry Fonda, you may ask, with dismay: "But which is the real Hank—the homespun guy, or this guy?"

Well, it's a long story, but we'll try to make it short.

Hollywood DIDN'T find him in the hills somewhere. And he didn't grow up in the back country—where men shave once a week, talk with drawls (*when* they talk), dress roughly, move slowly, and are in close touch with the earth earthy. He grew up on the sidewalks of Omaha, Nebraska.

In school, he moved fast enough to be a sprinter on the track team. He also had enough get-up-and-go to play center on the basketball team.

As an adolescent, he was an embryo sophisticate. His big ambition was to be a newspaperman. That was why he went to the University of Minnesota. He had heard about the journalism course there.

He came out with a haircut, an education and a flair for expressing himself.

The newspapers of Omaha, however, showed a strange reluctance to let him express himself on their typewriters. That didn't cure him of his urge for self-expression. He sat down and wrote some short stories—which didn't sell. Then somebody told him, after seeing him act out one of his stories, "You ought to be on the stage." Having nothing else to do, he went around to the Community Playhouse.

They let him in on just two grounds: he had poise and looks, and he had enough intelligence to be adaptable.

He adapted himself to anything they gave him to do: drama, comedy, or whatever. But it's a matter of record that he made his biggest hits in comedy. Something inside him was geared to comedy.

There wasn't too much playboy in Hank. Just enough to make him enjoy work that was play. He began to wonder, after a

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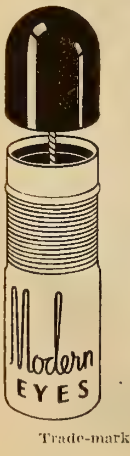

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while, if he couldn't make it his lifework. He began to wonder if he couldn't get on the professional stage. There was only one way to find out. He headed East.

He didn't have the nerve to try to crash Broadway immediately. But he did have sufficient nerve to talk himself into the summer theater at Dennis, Mass.—which was a professional outfit.

THE way he tells it, "I was there just one week when I heard about an outfit over in Falmouth called the University Players. A bunch of amateurs, all college kids, who had started their own theater, were making just enough to keep from starving, but were having all kinds of fun learning show business—from scene-painting to directing. I said, 'That's for me,' and went over and joined them."

In other words, the prospect of having some fun had a mighty appeal for Hank—more appeal than the prospect of acquiring a professional reputation sooner if he stayed at Dennis and worked hard.

Not that he didn't work hard at Falmouth. He did. But the fun he had, and the friends he acquired (Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullavan, John Swope, Joshua Logan, among others), made it painless. So painless that he spent a total of five summers there—as did most of the others, even long after they had ceased to fit the title of University Players, being out of school and considering themselves professionals. There were summer theaters that were bigger and better and more successful. But they scorned them all for Falmouth. They could have more fun there.

One reason why Hank could have more fun there was that, as a sideline after the shows, the University Players operated a night club—which served sandwiches, drinks and impromptu entertainment. That impromptu entertainment was right up the Fonda alley.

He and Logan cooked up an act that had countless variations and endless possibilities. Logan had a genius for making screamingly funny extemporaneous speeches. So he would step out on the stage and go into a monologue—"a lecture by Professor Huxley Hossafras," who was never twice a professor of the same thing. After a while, Hank would wander out on the stage as a dolt named Wilbur, who would completely ruin the professor's act, without ever saying a word. He would wreak his devastation with pantomime. Which had to vary as often as Logan's monologues, because so many of the customers were repeaters.

NO, THE comedian in Fonda isn't something new.

He claims he can't remember any specific thing he did. "I just made a general fool of myself," he says, modestly—and immediately launches into some of the things Logan did. "I remember in particular his lecture on health and body-building. He trotted onto the stage in full dress and bare feet and announced, 'I just ran down from Boston.' He ended the lecture by saying, 'And, in closing, I'd like to quote that little poem you all remember'—only he had forgotten the poem."

Hank didn't confine his comic efforts to night-club-of-a-sort entertainment. He acted in comedies more often than in anything else. A fact that has made people-who-remember-him-when wonder, like the chap Mervyn LeRoy encountered at Saratoga Springs, why Hollywood has made him be so serious.

It was strictly by accident that he ever became famous as a portrayer of homespun heroes.

He was working in a theater in Surrey, Maine, in 1932, when the scene-painter got mad and quit. Hank, who had always liked to paint, offered to do the painter's work, as well as his own. The management appreciated his willingness and recommended him to a theater in Mt. Kisco, New York, where he got a job as the second lead—the tutor—in a revival of *The Swan,* starring Geoffrey Kerr.

Kerr's wife, actress June Walker, who was about to do a Broadway play called *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* attended the Mt. Kisco opening. She saw Hank, whose costumes were anything but homespun, as a possibility for the *Farmer*—even though he was unknown. She told Producer Marc Connelly about him. Connelly called him in to have him read some lines.

"And," Hank relates, "this was what happened: Connelly picked up the script and said to me, 'I think we've got a great play here. Just to give you a little of the feeling of it, let me read you the opening scene.' So I sat back and played audience. I knew Connelly had written the play, besides being co-producer of it, so I was a very appreciative audience. So appreciative that I brought out all the actor submerged in him. He didn't stop with the opening scene. He kept right on reading, playing all the parts, until he had read the whole play. All of which consumed well over two hours.

"Then, suddenly, he looked at his watch. 'I have to catch a train,' he said, 'and I'm going to be out of town for several days. But you report to Max Gordon tomorrow morning, and tell him your salary. The role's yours.' I nearly choked on the gulp I swallowed. But I finally managed to say, weakly, 'I—I don't know how much salary I ought to ask. I've never played on Broadway before.' He said, 'The part's worth $200 a week.'

"THAT," says Hank, with an eloquent shake of his head, "is how I got the role of the *Farmer* in *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* which led to my doing the same role on the screen, which led to my doing *Way Down East,* which led to my doing *Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* I played one rugged rustic after another. And Hollywood began to get the idea that I was that type.

"So I did a modern, sophisticated comedy—*The Moon's Our Home.* I liked that picture; I thought it was pretty good. But either it wasn't as good as I thought, or else it didn't get around, because I found myself right back in costume again. I think there was a sort of whispering campaign: 'Fonda's a nice guy, but you can't believe him when he's dressed up.'

"Three years ago I got a chance to wear my own clothes again—in another modern comedy. Which I wasn't happy about, and neither was anyone else. I haven't worn my own clothes since, until now. And the present occasion is as much of a surprise to me as to anybody. I didn't go after the role. I didn't know there was such a role, until I read in the paper that I was going to play it."

He's having fun, playing it, but he isn't letting anyone have the impression that he is, on that account, a fugitive from homespun and overalls and serious drama. "The only thing I'm a fugitive from," he says, "is poor roles. Don't think that *I* don't think I've been lucky in my roles these past three years."

When you see what he buys for himself in the way of clothes, and when you know his stage background of comedy after comedy and his own private inclination to make people laugh (if possible), you may wonder if he didn't find it a bit difficult at first to play serious homespun heroes. All he says on that point is: "After you've had a certain amount of acting experience, you're supposed to be able to play anything. Though I owe a lot to Marc Connelly. He gave me all the fine points of that first character. There's been a little of that first one in every one of them since."

If he hasn't felt any driving urge to go in for comedy on the screen, the explanation is that he has managed to have plenty of fun off the screen. For one thing, he has been happily married since September, 1936—to Frances Brokaw. He gets a kick out of family life. He has three children.

Hank is always embarked on some project or other. His newest is an 8-acre farm in the hills back of Brentwood. ("Those rural backgrounds finally got me," he quips.) One room of his house is outfitted as a photographic darkroom, where some piece of his candid-camera work is always in the process of development. He plays the cornet. He collects books, when he isn't collecting antiques. He likes to dance. He's still athletic enough to play a good game of tennis. He sees a lot of his friends—who are invariably people with senses of humor.

His cornet-playing started as a gag. When he was still under contract to Walter Wanger, he didn't want to play a certain role that Wanger wanted him to play. Hank's argument was that the part was made for Buddy Rogers, not Henry Fonda. "It was my first Hollywood fight—and I had heard about how nasty Hollywood fights could be. I wanted to keep this one pleasant. So I went down to a secondhand shop, and bought a trumpet, and walked into Wanger's office with it under my arm, and asked him if I looked more like Buddy Rogers now. It wasn't good for much of a laugh—but it did help to keep the fight pleasant. Though I had to play the role in the end.

"I got to fooling around with that secondhand trumpet at home. It was in frightful condition. The valves stuck, and other things were wrong with it, but I finally got so that I could pick out tunes. Then my wife gave me a good one for Christmas."

His liking for "fooling around" with a camera was responsible for an amusing project—which he's sorry he ever abandoned. He and Jimmy Stewart and John Swope and Joshua Logan, when they were sharing bachelor quarters, decided to make a home movie to end all home movies. It was to be a satire on movie-making. He wrote the script (with Logan), directed and served as photographer, Swope served as prop man, and Stewart was the star—who played all the roles. Jimmy was a Timid Soul who became a Fuller Brush salesman, and he was also, in various hammy disguises, all the painful people the salesman encountered. With every scene exaggerating things that movie actors sometimes have to do.

THEN—just to give you another inkling that under the sober Fonda exterior (six feet one inch of it) lurks a comic—there's that benefit appearance he made for the Red Cross in Houston last July 4th, along with eight other stars. One of the other eight was his pal, Stewart. They were to leave for Houston by plane at midnight. Early the morning before, he arrived at Stewart's house, and said he thought they ought to cook up an act as their part of the personal appearance. "You know you're no better at speeches than I am, and we don't want to get up and just say, 'We're—ah—happy to be—ah—here. Thank you,' and sit down. We can be jerks right here in Hollywood without going all the way to Houston to be jerks."

Jimmy agreed. So they sat down and mulled. They finally decided it might be funny, after a fashion, if they rendered a very corny trumpet-and-accordion duet. So Hank rushed home after his trumpet, and he and Jimmy rehearsed "Darling Nelly Gray," shucking corn all over it. But Hank wasn't satisfied that the act was funny enough or long enough. They thought of swapping terrible jokes, to stretch out the act and ham it up some more—but the only jokes they could think of were too terrible. Things like "Do you like meat balls?"—"I don't know. I've never been to any." So they sat and mulled some more. Then Hank remembered that Jimmy had once been a magician's assistant. Why didn't they put on a mad magician's act? Jimmy could be the magician, whose tricks didn't work, and Hank could be the blundering assistant.

They rushed out to the nearest magicians' supply house, loaded up on props, went home and tried them out, discovered that they couldn't work any of the tricks, and, serene in that knowledge, looked forward to Houston.

The piece-de-resistance of the program was an hour-and-a-half speech by Martin Dies, followed by brief speeches by visiting movie stars, with Jimmy and Hank coming last. No one was prepared for their act. No one, including Jimmy and Hank. The result was a riot. Houston people still have hysterics when they remember the boys' frantic efforts to perform feats of magic—and their complete consternation when one of the tricks actually worked. They were such a panic that they saved "Darling Nelly Gray" for an encore.

People might have expected comedy from Stewart. But Fonda was a complete surprise.

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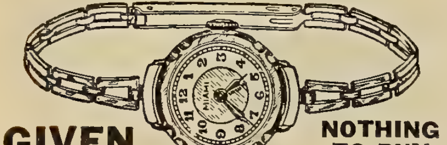

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Mature Viewpoint on Love

[*Continued from page 23*]

isolation. He would continue to be friendly with others. He began to be seen with Phyllis Brooks, whom Broadway had commandeered; with Liz Whitney, who had returned to New York, and with others. His heart may have belonged to Betty, but so far as Broadway's eyes were concerned, his heart was being worn conspicuously on his sleeve.

Being seen with one girl after another is not conducive to the maintenance of good feeling among the brotherhood of Manhattan. Soon, numerous of the gentry were heard remarking with characteristic vainglory: "What's this guy Mature got that I haven't got?" Well, for one thing he has a physique that would be suitable for the Minnesota or Nebraska backfield—height 6 feet 2½ inches, weight 202. For another, he wears his clothes—they're rather expensive clothes now—with the dash of a pre-Hitler London clubman. For another he has good looks, the outstanding features being his wide gray eyes and a set of teeth (not store) that would do justice to those smilingest of men, the dance-band leaders. And lastly, for another, he has the poise and understanding of one who has lived life variedly, of one who has had to face some pretty rough spots.

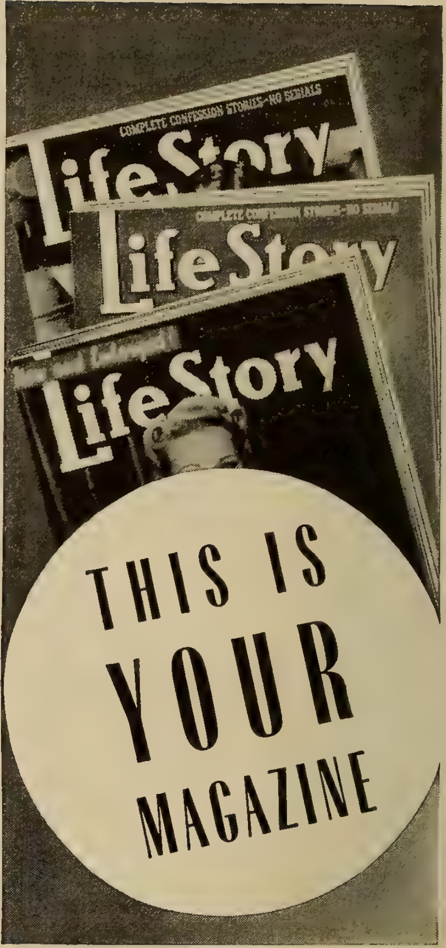
THE triumph over these rough spots has sharpened Mature's sense of values, has developed in him a deep regard for the struggling and obscure. At the same time he is riding his triumph modestly which reveals that despite his 25 years he is unquestionably adult. If, as he says, he is having a streak of luck, he is shrewd enough to push the streak to the uttermost limit.

Take for example his appearance as leading man with Gertrude Lawrence in *Lady in the Dark*. He had come to New York for a good time, to enjoy the success which had lately been his on the screen. Scarcely had he set down his odd name on the Essex House register than he was receiving phone calls from stage producers with offers of this part and that in forthcoming plays.

He reserved judgment, he looked around, he read many scripts and then decided that so far as his Broadway opportunity is concerned the Gertrude Lawrence show was right up his boulevard. After all, he reasons, Miss Lawrence is a great New York favorite, and with a part which seems suitable—it even calls for a bit of singing—why not tie up with something, somebody that seemed to assure success. Why not indeed?

And thus with no previous condition of servitude among the Broadway fleshpots Victor Mature finds himself at 25 a leading man. It takes not only adulthood but something of a conquering spirit to win such distinction. What makes the prestige all the sweeter is the assurance that during his absence on Broadway he is drawing down a fat stipend from his contract, jointly shared, by Hal Roach and RKO.

It wasn't so long ago he was glad to get a run-of-the-picture contract at a fee of $1,000, out of which he hoped to net some $850, with which to tide him over during his lean, but artistically-fruitful, months at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. His present economic eminence seems to him too good to be true. Yet, though he finds his New York residence costly, he is not squandering his money. He is buying annuities against the day when dollars won't be drop-



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Life Story MAGAZINE

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

ping from Heaven and life has become pretty much a business of reading musty fan mail.

It was that mysterious hour of the afternoon just before New York picks itself up with a Martini or an old-fashioned when we talked with him at the Essex. The cocktail room was as empty as a rehearsal hall at 8 a. m. He had just finished what the gay Nineties used to call "a tete-a-tete" with a young woman. He was friendly, eager, enthusiastic. Apparently something more than taxes or totalitarianism had been under discussion. His mood seemed to call for a reminder of his romantic predilections. He laughed off the suggestion.

"People like to talk about my so-called affairs," he said. "But I don't care. Let 'em talk. I can't help it. People used to talk about Gable. It didn't hurt him any. In fact, it created more interest in him. I can stand a little public interest. I was seven years in penniless obscurity."

And he related that he was 17 years old when he left his native Louisville to seek fame and fortune in the gold fields of Hollywood. He had never thought much about acting. To write plays was his ambition. After he left school he worked for his father in a refrigeration company; then he tried being a candy jobber. For a time he operated a restaurant and when that failed to prosper he ran a truck for his father's cutlery business. A side duty in the latter activity was the grinding of knives and cleavers for the clientele. One day he stood in the middle of a Louisville street and decided he wanted to do something that had more promise of a future. He wasn't sure what, but he piled his car full of canned goods which he had taken as payment on a candy bill and headed for Hollywood.

"I didn't know what to do when I got there, but I began to think that the most promising future for me was not as a writer but as an actor," he remarked. "Of course, I would try to write plays in whatever spare time I could get. But the important thing was to get a job. I heard of the Pasadena Theater and the opportunity its director, Gilmour Brown, gave to young hopefuls who could read drama effectively. I decided to enter one of the Sunday night public reading competitions in the theater's auditorium.

"The place was packed. One person after another went upon the stage and read some lines. Came my turn. The fates were kind. I felt I had acquitted myself well. I was also lucky. Mr. Brown happened into the auditorium just before I went on. After the ceremonies were over I was summoned into his office. He told me he liked my reading, asked me if I had any visible means of support, for his actors worked without salary. I said I hadn't, but that I could do odd jobs. He said he would see what he could find for me to do.

"In a couple of days I got a note from him to come and see him. I hurried over. He said I could answer phone calls, cut the —grass when it was needed, run an occasional errand. The pay would be 50 cents a day. I jumped at the chance. I was to be an actor. I was to be a regular member of the Pasadena Theater Company."

MATURE spent four days in the routine school, learning the rudiments of stage presence, how to walk, what to do with his hands, how to be natural in his conduct. Brown grooms his youngsters for three years in his Playbox Theater and on his so-called laboratory stage.

Meanwhile, there was the economic problem. The young actor solved it by living in a tent and eating in lunch-wagons.

"If you want to cut down expenses or keep within a very limited budget there's nothing like living in a tent," he laughed. "But it's advisable to confine it to a sunny climate. I lived in a tent several years. I even lived in a tent when I was making my first picture, *The Housekeeper's Daughter*. My picture contract was for $1,000. I didn't want to risk the expense of an apartment, knowing that I would have to sign a lease for a year. Tent-living would enable me to have a reserve fund of some $800 after I had paid my agent and a few necessary expenses, which would be helpful in tiding me over the lean months at Pasadena.

"While the picture was in production," he added, "my tent residence was in the backyard of 812 Mansfield in Hollywood. I had a little more luxury in this tent than in the one I occupied in Pasadena. I had a floor, for one thing, and a little heating and cooking stove; also, some books and pictures and, of course, a little better furniture. All these items came under the heading of necessary expenses.

"It was strange having real money in my pocket. I resolved I would save it. I knew what it was to be without funds. Why, when I went to my interview at the Roach studio which led to my engagement I didn't have the 60 cents carfare necessary for the trip to Hollywood and back. I had to hitchhike. It took me five and a half hours."

IN THE main Pasadena Theater, Mature gained valuable experience in all types of roles. There were eleven productions a month and they kept him busy. At the termination of his career there he had appeared in a total of 187 plays. For six weeks each year he had a vacation.

"These vacation periods were godsends," he said. "They enabled me to pick up some extra money at such chores as simonizing cars, dishwashing, cleaning wallpaper. Yet, it was all pretty discouraging. I began to think at times I was going to be nothing but a vagabond actor to the end of my days. Then some flattering posters of *To Quito and Back* appeared on the billboards. They showed me in a vivid pose of squaring off to defend myself. I looked like something out of Dumas, but modern and streamlined.

"The high priests at the Roach studio saw them and sent for me. Yet, my reception at an executive office was anything but flattering. Evidently I was to be put in my place. I was to be deflated of any personal conception of grandeur.

"An official, his feet on the desk, looked me up and down appraisingly, and then with a fine scorn said: 'You don't look like an actor to me.' It made me mad. I replied: 'Then why did you send for me? And while I'm about it I might say that you don't look like an executive to me, not with those feet upon the desk.' I turned and left the room.

"I may have slammed the door. I don't recall. But in a day or two Roach, himself, sent for me and this time I was signed for *The Housekeeper's Daughter*. A little later I was hired by the Roach studio for *1,000,000 B.C.* The breaks were coming, at last."

The big break came to Victor Mature when he was signed to a seven-year contract last Fall by Hal Roach and RKO jointly. No longer did he have to worry about the morrow. He was now assured of a weekly salary. He could even make occasional sallies upon Broadway, fitting his stage appearances, if the opportunities afforded, to the periods between his screen appearances. Upon the completion of *No, No, Nanette* he set out for New York. He set out not only to see the town but to look

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over the theater situation. Maybe, the big Broadway chance would come. At any event, he hoped so.

The big Broadway chance, of course, has come. And today Victor Mature, not so long ago an actor glad to earn 50 cents a day at any odd job that came along, is riding the crest. He would be silly and insincere if he were not enjoying the experience.

"I can't get used to having a roll of bills in my pocket," he laughed with an eagerness that betrayed his enthusiasm. "But, say, is New York expensive! Boy! I'm paying $100 a week just for my hotel suite. In California I share an apartment with a couple of writers. It costs me $100 a month. Well, I've got to hurry off to a singing lesson. I can't keep him waiting any more than I can keep a dentist waiting. There's nobody so exacting about his hours as a singing teacher. I'm also studying French and Spanish. I don't have much time for leisure. Maybe, when I report back to the studio in April I'll catch up on it. Wait a minute while I get a coat."

He was off upstairs. And in five minutes he was back. But minus a hat.

"You don't wear a hat?" we asked.

"Not me. I haven't worn one since I left Louisville."

WE GOT into a taxi and he hurried off to his singing lesson. We asked him about his name.

"It's my real name," he said. "My father is Austrian, my mother French. They lived originally in Innsbruck, Austria, came to America and Louisville before I was born. "Somehow, the impression has got around that I'm a Frenchman. Just like the impression has got around that I'm crazy about girls. Well, I do like them a lot. I see Phyllis Brooks and Liz Whitney occasionally. They're all fine girls. I used to gad about some with Lana Turner when I was in Hollywood. And, of course, there's Betty Grable. A fine girl, Betty."

His French and Austrian blood, undoubtedly, are responsible for his mature viewpoint on love. He lives up to his name, as it were, because he has to, because he can't help himself. Love to him is not something to be taken with the deadly seriousness of the Americano. It is not a matter for melancholy or poetic frenzy. It is, in the words of Byron, a thing apart; it isn't his whole existence.

Yet, Victor Mature is not a philanderer. He is not taking a flirtation walk through life, playing the field for the sole sake of conquest. If he is enjoying an enormous vogue right now as the newest pulse-quickener of the American girl it is because he has the rare gift of blending sincerity along with his light-heartedness. When you add to these his abundant good looks—his dark eyes, his wavy hair, his expressive mouth and those white dance-maestro teeth—well, you have the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Matures don't come along every day. The novelty of a great lover in the Casanova, Don Juan tradition unquestionably exerts a great appeal. Too much Gable, too much Taylor and Boyer and Flynn can be as palling in the world of romance as, say, too many griddle cakes on a Sunday winter morning—even in Vermont. A change is welcome.

Reversing the order, a change isn't unwelcome, either, to Victor Mature. The little Grable may stimulate him more than any other person, but when she is not around you don't find the fellow mooning around in the doldrums. He is up and doing, having a time for himself, kicking up a heel in the night clubs with Phyllis Brooks or pal-ing around with Liz or Lana. Take life—and love—in stride; that's his philosophy. You can't deny it is a mature one.

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Hollywood on the March

[*Continued from page* 59]

of training became more apparent, regular Army Air Corps officers would provide the education to indoctrinate the men in the whys and wherefores of military aviation.

Obviously the national emergency, created by hungry, predatory power-crazed dictators, has affected Hollywood, and if it continues, Hollywood will see some of its best material go to the defense of the nation, such as the war emergency in London that has called from the movie citadel Richard Greene, Leslie Howard, David Niven, Patric Knowles and others, who are now either in Canada or London on war duty. It has taken from Hollywood a fine director (W. S. Van Dyke), a studio executive (James Roosevelt), the son of the President of the United States, and an army of technicians.

SPEAKING of Richard Greene, his occasion to volunteer left Virginia Field, with whom he "was deeply in love," practically brokenhearted. While talking with Virginia on the set between scenes of *Hudson's Bay* which she is making for 20th Century-Fox, the alluring English lass almost cried.

She was choked with emotion. "I was terribly nervous and excited when Dick was making the boat trip to England," she told me. "I was more worried then than I am now," Virginia said, as she began writing a letter to enclose with a recent photograph of herself to send to Dick.

Virginia Field is one of a vast army of Britishers in Hollywood, who, with the aid of American movie stars and executives, have been generously contributing to British War Relief. While Dick was being promoted to direct a division of 35 men in the Royal Armored Corps, Virginia was out raising money in connection with the world premiere of *The Thief of Bagdad,* which was held as a benefit for British War Relief, fifty per-cent of the proceeds going to the purchase of three Red Cross ambulances.

Alan Mowbray, vigorous leader in British War Relief work in Hollywood and Southern California, has had a tremendous task in operating an organization which will have raised by the end of this year more than half-a-million dollars in cash alone. Of this figure, $40,000 alone was raised through an entertainment venture produced by Mr. Mowbray and Dudley Murphy, movie director and writer, in which was assembled the biggest list of stellar names ever gathered before in a stage show.

The stars who donated their services even turned back the minimum Equity salaries of $40 so that they could be turned over to the relief fund.

Hundreds of benefits in hotels, restaurants and theaters were held and are being held with motion picture players taking part. Various groups, including Bundles for Britain, operating through Mr. Mowbray's war relief association raised enough money to pay for 18 ambulances, one of which was entirely paid for by Ronald Colman. This truck, one of the first to go overseas, received the personal inspection of Queen Elizabeth.

Cary Grant, a native Londoner, but who has taken out his first citizenship papers, contributed $125,000, the entire salary he made from his last picture, *The Philadelphia Story.*

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, wife of the director, as president of the Bundles for Britain group, has a corps of women including Merle Oberon, Fay Wray, Kay Francis, Mrs. Michael Curtiz and others, assisting her daily in a little shop on Sunset Boulevard making surgical dressings and bandages.

Money is being raised at this moment to buy and send 1,000 children hospital beds, fully equipped at a cost of around $20,000.

Under Mary Pickford, chairman of the Red Cross women's committee for the film industry, scores of sewing projects are in operation to make clothing, uniforms and socks. One of these operated solely for the feminine stars, which goes six days a week, is at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and there Ann Sothern, sets aside her glamour, and sews.

A host of film women take part in this sewing project. Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson), Mrs. Ronald Colman (Benita Hume), and Mrs. Herbert Marshall, said to be the three most active workers, conduct shops where jewelry and bric-a-brac are sold.

Claudette Colbert turned her mother's Hollywood home into a knitting center, to provide garments for French refugee children. Mildred Lloyd, wife of Harold Lloyd, knitted 17 sweaters for British War Relief and their children are filling Christmas stockings which are to be sent to English youngsters. Constance Bennett, who recently gave away her prized Persian lamb coat as a door prize at an amateur stage show she held for British relief, is opening a rummage shop in the Sunset Boulevard headquarters of the International Committee for Refugees of England, of which she is chairman—and the proceeds are to go to England.

SETTING the pace for good citizenship and loyal Americanism, Hollywood contributed W. S. Van Dyke and James Roosevelt, eldest son of the President, to the nation's preparedness program, and some 50 technicians whom Director Van Dyke recruited from all the studios to make up part of his reorganized 22nd Battalion, United States Marine Corps.

When Major Van Dyke opened the first and only recruiting-office at a movie studio, technicians, extras and bit players came for enlistment and out of the lot 50 stalwarts were selected for service.

Asked when he thought he would return, the major replied, "We don't know how soon we shall be back in Hollywood and it is likely that many more of our Hollywood friends will be following our advance guards, but we anticipate a joyful reunion when the present job has been fully attended to."

Movie producers are also watching Hollywood's ramparts, and are cooperating fully in the national defense program by turning over the entire industry's facilities to the United States Army for the production of films to be used in the training of men, a huge project costing the government around $5,000,000.

And producers are making shorts, emphasizing national defense, and Hollywood is forging ahead with military and aviation pictures. Producers have made provisions to take care of those drafted.

So Hollywood shakes its finger, and heckles its hecklers. Here is its patriotism; they make no bones about it, and they don't care who knows about it. Yes, Hollywood is on the march, but there is no fanfare—no blowing of trumpets, and no beating of drums.

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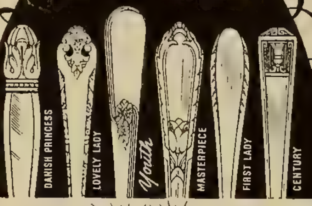

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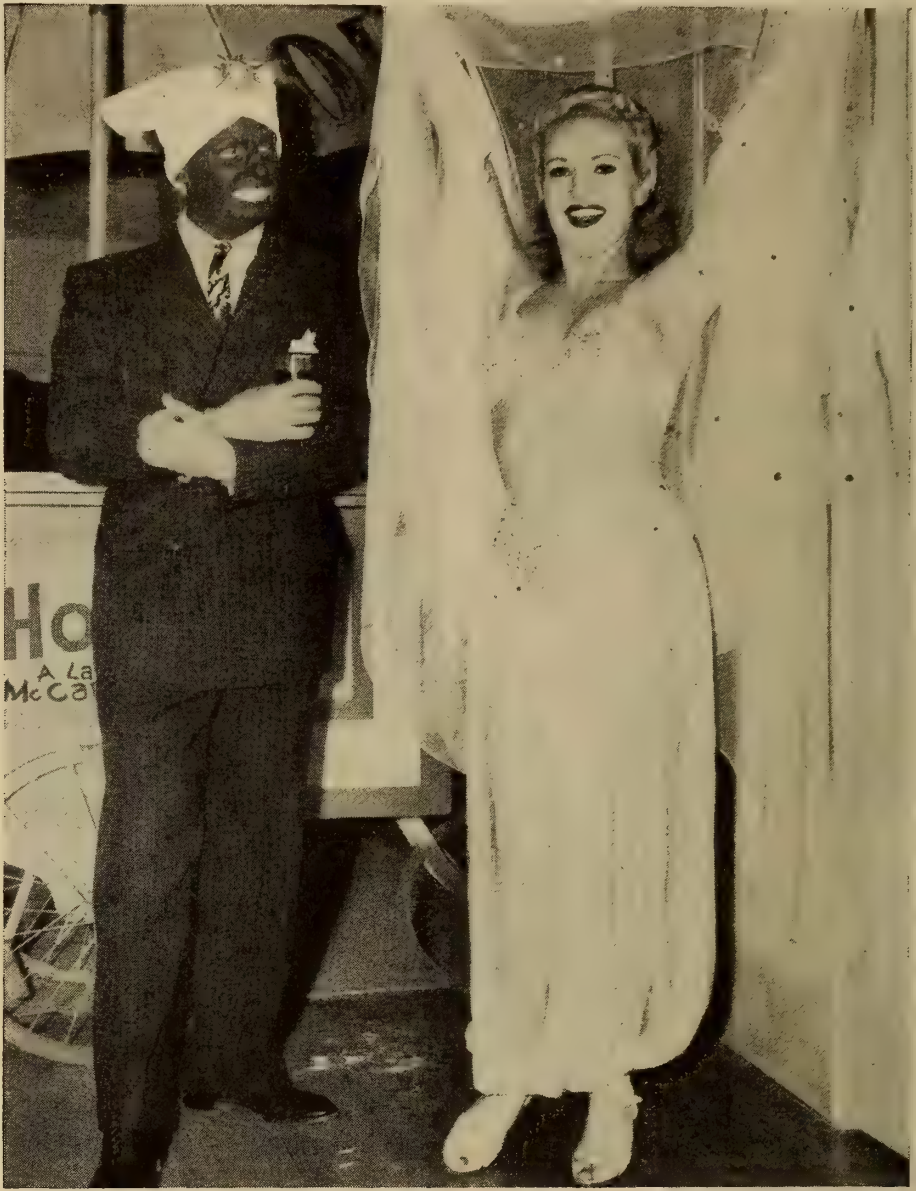
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 76]



When Edgar Bergen asked guests at his recent party to come dressed as "childhood ambitions," Betty Grable arrived in a harem outfit. Black sheik is ex-hubby Jackie Coogan. Incidentally, the ex-ers arrived together. She DOES LIKE Vic Mature

JOAN DAVIS, whose professional life is just one pratfall after another, insists that her marriage isn't going to turn out just another flop in her life. She denies that she and Cy Wills are studying divorce routines.

■

WELL, even IF this Lana Turner-Tony Martin conflagration dies down, Lana will remember it. She'll remember it, every time she wears that ermine coat he gave her. Or that sapphire clip. Tony, no piker with his girls, is showering Lana not only with attentions, but gifts as well.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now it's Lucia Carroll with Vic Orsatti—
Keeping up with HIM drives us newshounds batti!

■

IF JUDY GARLAND keeps her announced vow NOT to marry anybody (and that goes for David Rose, too, she says), a great deal of credit for keeping her word will have to go to a certain assistant director known as "Red" Golden.

"Red" has appointed himself a sort of censor for Judy's love-life. He lets

[Continued on page 86]

Use Your Sense and Save Cents

[*Continued from page* 52]

Hollywood movie stars, realizes that these conveniently located electric soup kitchens offer an easy solution to having a sensible hot, light luncheon every day. And, if you've ever paid any attention to these modern drug store conveniences, you've noticed that the attractive equipment that makes it possible to have hot soup in two minutes is loads of fun to watch. The electric stoves are equipped with little bell timers that ring a chime when the soup has reached the proper temperature and the electric current is then automatically cut off. It makes you wonder what they'll think of next to improve eating pleasure.

VARIETY is another thing electric soup kitchens have in their favor. I've counted as many as ten different kinds of grand canned soups on a single fountain menu; so, you see, even though we do go sensible with a luncheon of soup several times during the week—there's energy *plus* health in every gay-colored ramekin, *and* never a dull moment!

But, our "working gals" are not the only ones guilty of "catch as catch can" eating on the run. It seems to me there are just as many busy homemakers who make a bad habit of sneaking noontime "quickies," and they're usually the ones who complain of not having enough energy to wind up an active day by going out in the evening with Dad. Wives and mothers need lunches with even more backbone to them than business women.

As a matter of fact, it's pretty generally agreed that no matter what sort of work people do, they still need substantial food to keep them going. So, whether you're a business girl or a homemaker, a luncheon of piping hot soup and a sturdy meat-and-lettuce sandwich is your dish. It's a smart combination and a balanced low-cost lunch that most anyone can thrive on . . . even young school children.

Tasty luncheons are not only available at drug stores—with an assortment of several interesting varieties of thriftily priced canned soups on one's pantry shelf, and the left-overs from last night's meat dish, there's actually nothing to quickly getting together an "at home" noon-time snack with lots of character and taste appeal. Salads combine nicely with a hot cup of soup too, and I've included a Winter Salad Bowl suggestion with a Tomato French Dressing that's tops.

Interesting salad concoctions can always be made with cooked vegetables which are left over, and it's been our experience that there isn't a vegetable on the market that doesn't perk up when served in salad form with this special dressing. The "Saucy" French Toasted Cheese Sandwich with Tomato Sauce (illustrated on page 52) also is tempting. You'll not only like it for family or guest luncheons . . . it's also mighty fine when served at Sunday evening supper parties.

WINTER SALAD BOWL

The Salad:

Cauliflower
Carrots
String beans
Quarters of beets
Lettuce

Tomato French Dressing:

1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 cup oil (olive or salad)
½ cup vinegar
½ can condensed tomato soup

Combine the dry ingredients and mix in the grated onion. Blend in the oil and let stand for 10 to 15 minutes. Add vinegar and tomato soup. Beat well until the dressing mixture is thick and well blended. Makes approximately 2½ cups of dressing. This is a non-separating French dressing.

"SAUCY" FRENCH TOAST

12 slices of bread
6 large slices cheese (about ⅛ inch thick)
3 eggs
¾ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter

Trim crusts from bread. Put a slice of cheese between two slices of bread to make a sandwich. Then dip sandwiches into egg and milk mixture and brown on both sides in melted hot butter. Brown slowly so that the cheese heats and melts. Serve with Tomato Cream Sauce. Makes 6 sandwiches.

Tomato Cream Sauce:

1 can condensed tomato soup
2 tablespoons whipping cream

Combine the tomato soup and cream. Heat and serve over the French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.

So, let's get sensible luncheon minded, shall we? But, above all, remember . . . *it is possible to save the pennies wisely,* especially at mid-day snack time. And one way to do it is to keep left-overs on hand, and always have a supply of canned soups on the pantry shelf. If you eat out at noon, why then you have the advantage of the electric soup kitchens to help you pinch your pennies wisely.

This month we've prepared a *free* leaflet especially to give you more luncheon suggestions than we could possibly include here. "Minute Mid-Day Meals" will also help solve left-over problems and it includes a choice recipe for Barbecued Meat Slices, Dried Beef Creamed with Mushrooms and Noodles, Breaded Cold Meats, and tempting salads such as Banana and Peanut Butter Salad. "Minute Mid-Day Meals" is a leaflet I'm sure you will want to have and to keep. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to me today.

FREE

Pauline Rawley
Motion Picture Magazine
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Please send me your free booklet entitled "MINUTE MID-DAY MEALS" which includes suggestions for salads, sandwiches, and hot dishes which will give zest to sensible Mid-Day Meals.

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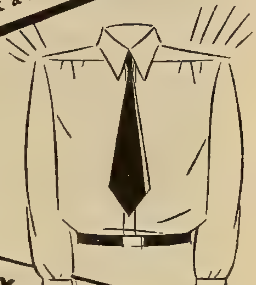

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 84*]

it go just so far—until about 10 p. m., to be precise—and then he stops in and hollers "cut!" He keeps an eye on Lana Turner, too—and if you don't think that's a job (keeping one eye on Lana and the other on Judy) then you don't know nothin' . . .

Just the other night, "Red" busted up a hot-and-heavy foursome at the House of Murphy, by appearing and dragging Judy and Lana home at 10 o'clock, leaving Tony Martin and Dave Rose to stag it for the rest of the evening.

"Red's" interest is purely professional, of course. He's assistant director on their picture, and he's going to have his starlets fresh and merry on the set in the morning, and not looking and acting like something left over from a Hollywood party.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Freddie Bartholomew and li'l Janie Withers—
Keeping Hollywood in stitches and dithers!

■

MARJORIE WEAVER'S love-life, ahem, seems to be so complicated that even Marj is confused, not to mention her boy friends.

Everybody's been taking it for granted that she's engaged to a young Navy lieutenant named Ken Schacht, who is stationed far away in Manila at the time, and to whom Marj has publicly vowed to be true forever and ever and ever.

Bette Davis' "childhood ambition" was to be ballet dancer, so came dressed as one at Bergen party. Note mended "run" in stocking. Jean Hersholt is a "doctor"

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DON'T miss the March issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS! In it you'll find among other exciting stories, "VICTIM OF A DANCE-HALL RACKET" in which a pretty, misguided wife tells how she courted tragedy by unwittingly acting as a lure for men in a sinister dance hall—just because she was lonely. There is also "MEN CALLED ME SHAMELESS," the confession of a girl who sought revenge by destroying the happiness of her son and her own good name. You'll be thrilled and fascinated by this outstanding issue of—

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But on a recent personal-appearance tour, she met up with Football Star Tommy Harmon—and Tommy promptly carried the ball for what observers called a romantic touchdown, escorting Marj all over the Midwestern playspots. So what?—so of course, reporters asked her if she was switching from the Navy to the gridiron. And right there, Marj complicated matters. She replied that she wasn't interested in Mr. Harmon at all, and that her real temperature-of-the-moment was caused by Don Briggs, the young star.

Well, that news went on the wires. And before Marj knew it, she had a long-distance phone call, all the way from Manila, with Lieutenant Schacht on the other end wanting to know what's going on?

Marjorie explained very neatly. She told the lieutenant that she still loves him and only him—and she only mentioned Briggs to confuse the reporters.

Now let's play post-office, Mama; huh?

That Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are serious about romance was proved when her parents announced her engagement. She's 19, he's 25. Wedding in June

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Susan Hayward and Robert Shaw—
Some day maybe they'll be maw and paw?

◆

DON'T BE SURPRISED if Wayne Morris and Pat Stewart make it mrandmrs before long.

◆

IF THERE seems to be a shortage in the Hollywood orchid supply, then you can blame Franchot Tone, for he's sending them by the cartload to Carole Landis.

◆

DON'T BE SURPRISED if Helen Gilbert turns out to be Mrs. Bill Marshall by the time you read this. They've been pricing cute little homes, together. . . .

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Robert Preston, who was formerly stepping with Dot Lamour, stepped out seriously with Kay Feltus by marrying her. She was Big Moment in his life all time

ARTHUR HORNBLOW is carrying a terrific torch for Myrna Loy, and who wouldn't? But their friends say that now that they've finally taken the plunge into separation, there isn't a chance that they'll try reconciliation.

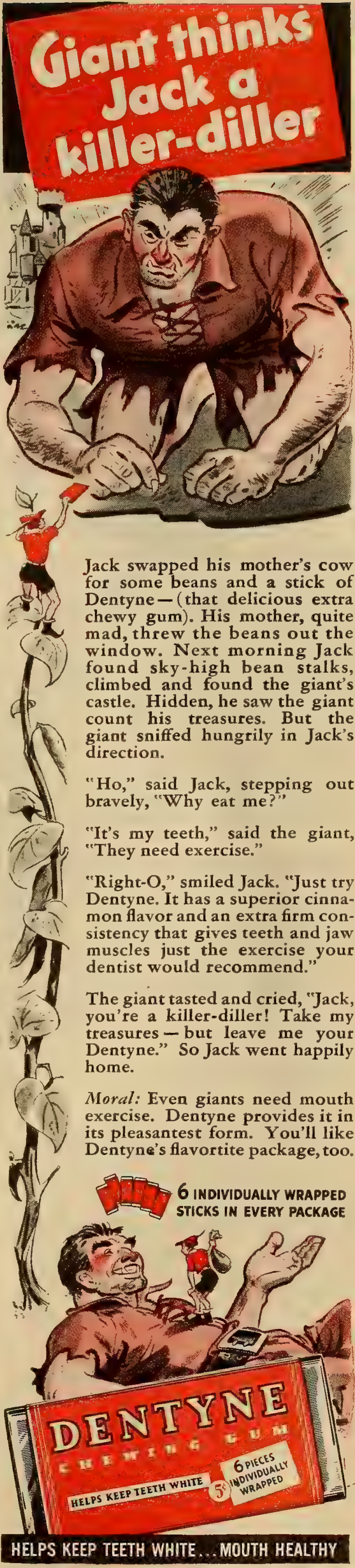
◆

LOOKS like Brenda Joyce has finally been won over to the "career-first-marriage-second" school of Hollywood thought. Not so long ago, she was telling the world that nothing—not even Hollywood fame—could break up her determination to marry Owen Ward.

But now it's different. She's told her friends that Owen is such a nice boy, just as a friend, mind you, but that she no longer has any intention of marrying him or anyone else, because it'd probably interfere with her career.

[*Continued on page* 88]

One of these days Margaret Lindsay and Bill Lundigan will make up their minds and make it a twosome for life. Meanwhile they circulate around at Ciro's


Giant thinks Jack a killer-diller

Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—(that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures—but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 87]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Garwood Van and Myrna Dell—
A bran-new twosome that's hotter'n you-know.

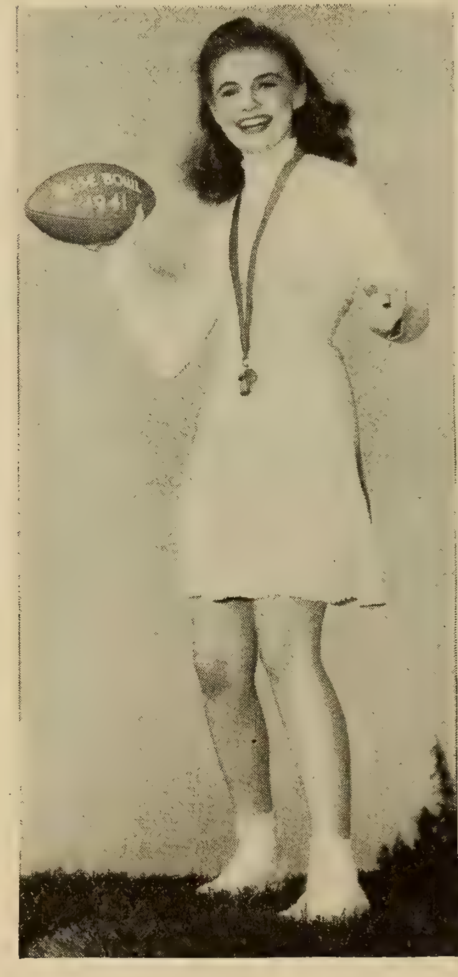
■

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, having gone icy on Jimmy Stewart, is keeping other boysie-woysies' home fires burnin' . . .! There were those dates with Burgess Meredith (although "Livvie" insisted that was merely business, because Burgess was helping her with her plans to do a stage play). And now there are dates with Gene Markey, that man who used to have Hedy Lamarr.

Your Ol' Tattler doesn't exactly KNOW—but somehow, it seems to him that having Olivia after Hedy would be like following chile con carne with a dish of sherbet!—or anyway, custard.

■

FOLLOWING the precept established by Lin Howard and wifie Judy Barrett, brother Bob Howard and wifie Andrea Leeds had themselves a nice, fresh baby. But whereas the Lins made it a girl, the Bobs came through with a boy.



Warner's most likely starlet of 1941, is Joan Leslie who through her youth, beauty and personality was elected Queen of Rose Bowl by Coast football coaches

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Nelly Don Dress, page 34:

New York	James McCreery & Co.
Denver	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Detroit	J. L. Hudson

L'Aiglon Dress, page 34:

New York	Lord & Taylor
Chicago	Marshall Field
Los Angeles	The May Co.

Annetta Dress, page 34:

New York	Gimbel Brothers
Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles	J. W. Robinson
Boston	E. T. Slattery Co.
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

Joyce Hubrite Jumper Dress, page 35:

Syracuse	E. C. Chappell & Sons, Inc.
Austin, Tex.	E. M. Scarsbrough & Sons
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's, Inc.

Sterling's Ensenada Lounge Suit, page 35:

Buffalo	Wm. Hengerer Co.
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St. Paul	Golden Rule

Debway Bonnet, page 35:

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Fownes "Side-draped" Gloves, page 35:

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Chicago	Marshall Field
Los Angeles	Broadway Department Store
Seattle	The Bon Marche
Minneapolis	The Dayton Company

"Leading Lady" Bag, page 35:

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Cincinnati	John Shillito Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Bridgeport	Howland Dry Goods Store

"Stardust" Slip, page 35:

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Chicago	Boston Store
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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

IF YOU think the star system is on its way to a final fade-out then you'll have to admit "my mistake." There have been indications that the stars were doomed to subordinate standing in view of heavy concentration on plots. But have you noticed Bette Davis giving ground? Or Bing Crosby? Or Deanna Durbin? Or Gene Autry and other singing cowboys with their "geetahs"? Or Errol Flynn, the disciple of derring-do? Or songbirds like Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or Charles Laughton? Or such box-office bets as Mickey Rooney? No? Neither have we.

Yes, indeed, the star system will always prevail despite emphasis on such stories as *Rebecca, Gone With the Wind, The Howards of Virginia, Pride and Prejudice, The Mortal Storm, All This, and Heaven Too, Escape,* and some others of similar caliber. Why, only the other day Paramount placed more emphasis on the star system by renewing contracts with Bing Crosby and Claudette Colbert—whereby they'll be starred for several more years.

And talent scouts are searching everywhere for new "hopes" who'll lift stories out of the doldrums. They've discovered quite a formidable list, most of whom haven't had much experience but who show great possibilities. At least all are photogenic and ambitious and are willing to work for peanuts till an agent grabs them, tells them how great they are—and thus precipitates a studio fight. If you don't think the job of building stars of tomorrow isn't in the back of producers' minds when they sign up these newcomers then you're due to join that reporter whom FDR told to stand in the corner and wear that dunce cap when he suffered a mental lapse.

This year you're going to see a lot of these newcomers on the screen and in MOTION PICTURE, too. Such new talent as Joan Leslie, Laird Cregar, Victor Mature, Gene Tierney, Constance Moore, John Shelton, Susanna Foster, Veronica Lake, Mary Beth Hughes, Dennis Morgan, John Sutton, William Marshall, Stirling Hayden, Virginia Gilmore, Doris Davenport, Richard Ainley, Broderick Crawford, George Montgomery, William Orr, Ann Gillis, Betty Brewer, James Craig and Elizabeth Earl. Some of these have already made their mark—chiefly because they were endowed with talent at the start, and proved it on Broadway, in stock or Little Theater groups.

Discoveries

THE past year has brought out several fine discoveries. By the way they're progressing Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Luise Rainer, Vivien Leigh, Jean Arthur, Greer Garson, Rooney, Margaret Sullavan, Beery, Muni, Melvyn Douglas, Tracy and a half-dozen others will have to move over and let them share the bench. We are thinking of Martha Scott, William Holden, Dean Jagger, John Hubbard, Dennis Morgan, Susanna Foster, Laraine Day, Ruth Hussey, Ida Lupino, Lucille Ball, Joan Carroll, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Maureen O'Hara, James Stephenson, John Wayne, John Carradine, Rita Johnson, Ingrid Bergman (and where have you been, Ingrid—and why don't they keep you busy?), Albert Dekker, Betty Field, Joan Fontaine ("say it ain't so, Joan—that you're retiring because you never expect to equal that *Rebecca* performance"), and Richard Carlson.

You'll note that none of the forward-marchers above are members of the comedy-preserves. Come to think of it, the comedy well seems to be drying up. Chaplin doesn't make appearances very often; Harold Lloyd has turned director; others like Mack Swain and Ben Turpin have had the Final Curtain descend on them. The most likely comedy bets are Bob Hope and Jack Oakie.

There are no newsters to join the oldsters in this field. It takes years of training to polish up comedy business and time it so it clicks with effortless ease—touched off, as it were, from an inborn comedy spark.

Winners For Our Money

AS WE go to press it's too early to learn the Academy winner in pictures and players. But for our money we'd still be inclined to go all out for *Rebecca,* until we happen to think of *The Letter* or *The Philadelphia Story* or *Ninotchka.* And with *Kitty Foyle* coming up. And this white-collar girl should do more to establish Ginger Rogers than all the combined dancing roles she ever had with Fred Astaire. *Ninotchka* should win easily as the comedy of the year. Garbo and Melvyn Douglas were matchless in their performances.

And if you don't think *The Philadelphia Story* is making a big dent in Hollywood just be reminded that the satiated sitters-in of screenings have seen it two and three and five times. It must have something, you see, to drag them out this way. One thing it does, it sparks Hepburn's comeback and establishes her as a star who never should have left Hollywood. But if she hadn't gone to Broadway she would never have played in the original stage version.

We all agree, don't we, about Joan Fontaine's inspired portrayal of the harassed, mental-tortured wife of *Max* in *Rebecca?* As Toscanini brings forth true inspiration from his fiddlers, so Hitchcock brought out a truly inspired performance from Joan Fontaine. I don't know of a greater acting job the past year. Do you? But Hepburn is right up there, too. Likewise, the ever-present Bette Davis. She's like Seabiscuit—always winning or in the money. Everyone could string along with Davis—and not go wrong. Margaret Sullavan, with the screen's best speaking voice, is always in there fighting. Some day she'll win. Spencer Tracy got jammed up on the back-stretch on the past year's entries, was crowded enough so he had to run wide. But given a good horse (I mean plot) he can breeze through without once laying the whip.

Vivien Leigh won the award last year with her *Scarlett O'Hara* in *GWTW.* She'll probably never get as big a role again. But in getting this one, she knew what to do with it. One thing is certain, Americans can breathe more easily—with less competition from the Britishers this time. Robert Donat, who has been ill, hasn't been acting to any extent. And Vivien will soon be leaving for England—with Olivier—for the duration. In taking themselves out of the running it'll be more of an open field for Americans. Yet we must always consider the Britons who reside here. They will always remain dark horses, meaning Greer Garson, Herbert Marshall, Rathbone, Chaplin, Anna Neagle, James Stephenson, Brian Aherne, Colman, Laughton, Cary Grant—and, yes, Ida Lupino—who seems destined to carry away the Oscar some fine day, judging from her histrionic growth the past year. "There Will Always Be An England"—so sings Britain. "There Will Always Be English Stars," says Hollywood, "to steal the Oscars from us."

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"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

★ ★ ★ ★

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THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

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For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studding the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

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And Judy Garland! Words fail us.

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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

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Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

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—*Leo*

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INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. FAWCETT, JR., President
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Volume LXI No. 3 APRIL, 1941 Thirtieth Year

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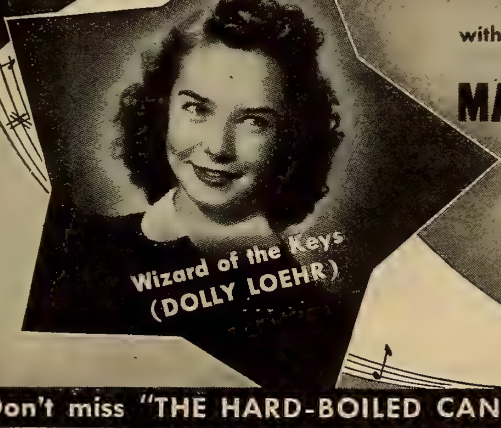
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

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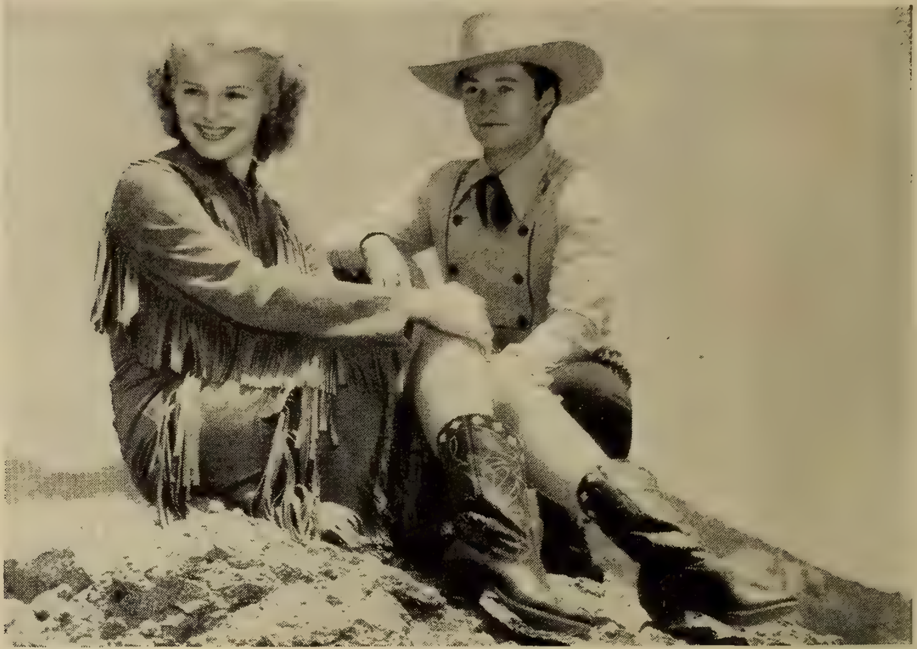

New western team that'll ride into dying sunsets finds Tim Holt (Jack's son) and Martha O'Driscoll (former chorine). First films—*Wagon Train, Sir Piegan Passes*

LATEST of Hollywood's plethora of "off agin—on agin—off agin" affairs is this Lana Turner-Tony Martin jig. Just when the town's gossipeers had decided for good that Lana and Tony were a steady twosome, they blew up with a bang that must have echoed even in Alice Faye's and Artie Shaw's ears. . . . !

Currently, Tony and Lana are dating—but NOT exclusively. And there are whispers that that sooo-intellectual Warner Brothers star is Lana's real central-heating system, while other rumors persist that Tony and Alice Faye are nearer a reconciliation than you'd guess. Alice says no—but then, Alice said no up to the very moment she parted from Tony. Alice's voice always says no when her heart's yelling yes. Anyway, while Tony and Lana are cooling, Alice handed his walking-papers to Sandy Cummings, who's been her most persevering squire recently.

■

Some of the lesser players get married too. George Reeves, who's on his way up (was seen in *Always a Bride*) gives a head clinch with bride, Eleanor Needles

MOST TEE-HEE-HEE item of the month concerns Dolores Del Rio's recent visit to a department store, late in the afternoon. Completing a bit of shopping, she stayed after store-closing-hours. To the good-looking young man who waited on her, Dolores apologized:

"Am I keeping you?"

Quick as you'd please, he came back with: "No—but I wish you were!"

■

PSST—look! Jimmy Stewart is dating Ginger Rogers again, and ain't that sumpn? That's the hottest-gossiped retake in Hollywood, today—because nobody in Hollywood has forgotten how hard Jimmy fell for Ginger when they made a picture together a couple of years ago.

But then along came Olivia de Havilland, and Jimmy went for that instead. Now the Olivia tempest is stilled in Jimmy's heart—and while Stewart is escorting Ginger here and there, Olivia is keeping the fires burning in the hearts of Eddie Albert, and

[*Continued on page* 10]

At last it's on the screen!

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A 20th Century-Fox Picture

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STOP experimenting with "fad" shades and ask for Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. As you apply it, notice how it changes from *orange* in the stick to produce *your own* most flattering shade of vibrant blush rose.

You'll thrill to the smartness of the "Matched Make-Up" that harmonizes with this famous lipstick... Tangee NATURAL Rouge, and the famous Tangee Face Powder.

Remember: Tangee NATURAL Lipstick is made with a pure cream base which helps prevent chapping and ends that dry, "drawn" feeling.

TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*____________________ [Please Print]

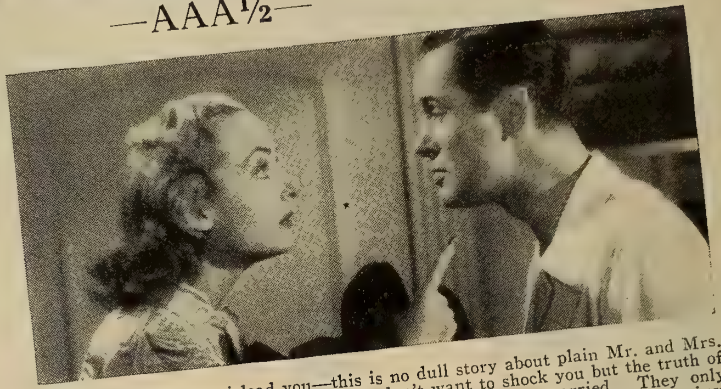
*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ F41

PICTURE PARADE

MR. AND MRS. SMITH

—AAA½—



Don't let the title mislead you—this is no dull story about plain Mr. and Mrs. Smith, that nice couple next door. We don't want to shock you but the truth of the matter is that *Ann* and *David Smith* weren't even married. They only thought they were—and for three years, too. Of course if they were just ordinary people they would have kept the whole thing quiet and would have slipped away quietly one day and made it legal by retying the knot, but *Ann* and *David* were both slightly mad. And when *Ann* got mad she threw things—like throwing *David* out of the house when he didn't measure up to her romantic notions. The rest of the running time is devoted to *David's* trying to get back into the house—and *Ann's* good graces. It's a thin story we'll admit, but with Norman Krasna's sparkling dialogue and screwy situations, and with Alfred Hitchcock's deft direction, you may be sure that the most is made of this farce. Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery are excellent as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Smith* and Gene Raymond scores as *Jefferson Custer*, *David's* law partner and about-to-be-successor. There's also Charles Halton, Jack Carson, Philip Merivale and Lucille Watson keeping *Mr.* and *Mrs. Smith* company.—*RKO-Radio.*

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

—AAA½—

You wouldn't think it was possible to enjoy a kissless honeymoon, would you? And if we swore that you would, you'd probably think we're crazy. But wait—don't you go calling us names, not until you see *This Thing Called Love.* And then, if you don't find Melvyn Douglas' and Rosalind Russell's kissless honeymoon funny you can call us anything. *This Thing Called Love* is sophisticated and sexy, but if you were old enough to appreciate *My Favorite Wife* and *Too Many Husbands* then you're not too young or too old, for that matter, to have the time of your life watching Melvyn Douglas try to make his bride break their bargain. Three months is an awfully long time to be married in name only, *Tice* discovers, and with everything being fair in love and war he stops at practically nothing to make kissless *Ann* relent. But she's a terribly stubborn girl this *Ann* and he does have a time bending her will but after all Melvyn Douglas is *Tice* and what woman could resist him for long. While *Ann's* will power holds out for about two hours, you'll lose your will power to hold back those side-splitting laughs within two minutes.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 70]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

it now. On account of she's engaged to a good-looking Stanford grad, and not even Olympe can maintain an unkissable record with a Stanford fiance . . .!

They haven't announced the date—but Olympe's so EXCITED about it! She wanted to keep her engagement secret a while, she told her studio boss—so "we're not letting ANYONE know—except our friends."

■

ABOUT divorce, now—Myrna Loy, since her parting from Arthur Hornblow, remains the enigma-girl of Hollywood's romance snoopers. Unlike most other Hollywood divorcees, Myrna isn't stepping out with the next MISTER Loy, whoever he may turn out to be. She's behaving quietly, dignifiedly, and altogether like the swell girl all her friends know her to be. In Hollywood, there are two schools of thought when it comes to unprivate lives: one contends that you shall make all the romantic whoop-te-doo possible, no matter about dignity and decency; the other that your love-life is primarily your own affair. Loy belongs to the latter group.

Her only definite gesture has been the request that from her publicity, there be dropped the slogan that has long been attached to Myrna Loy: "the perfect wife."

■

DON'T take this chatter about an Alice Faye-Tony Martin reconciliation too seriously. They might but again they mightn't. Not while a handsome guy named Charlie Wrightson,

[*Continued on page* 15]

When Gloria Dickson tore clothes off Binnie Barnes in *This Thing Called Love* latter didn't know camera was shooting

"Remember the tune they were singing... the night we fell in love?"

This "*Penny Serenade*" Is The Kind Of Music A Man Plays On A Woman's Heart-Strings!

★ The love story you've always wanted for these thrilling stars!

★ Excitingly Reunited
★ IRENE DUNNE ★ CARY GRANT
George Stevens' PENNY SERENADE
BEULAH BONDI · EDGAR BUCHANAN · ANN DORAN
Based on the McCall's Magazine novel by Martha Cheavens
Screen play by Morrie Ryskind · Directed by George Stevens
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ Watch for it at your local theatre!

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

"HAVING A WONDERFUL time, wish you were here . . . " The "here" is Palm Springs, and the wonderful time consists in lolling around the spacious Palm Springs Tennis Club eyeing the colorful playclothes the fugitives from Hollywood are sporting . . . And I mean *colorful!* . . . The girls seem to have gone all out this season for the weirdest and brightest color combinations a fashion designer could dream up . . . I was just talking to Mary Livingstone who was wearing a jersey slack suit in three colors . . . The full trousers were mustard color, the blouse a violent peacock blue and the soft girdle around her waist was of shocking pink! . . . Sounds like something left over from a sunset, but this good old standby—jersey—is so soft that the three colors seemed to blend rather than contrast . . . Quite the brightest slack suit I've seen is the one Virginia Field wears of brilliant red gabardine . . . The tailored trousers, of the red, are worn with a white linen shirt and a boxy jacket that matches the trousers . . . Virginia had her hair in a pompadour with a turned-under pigtail at the back tied with a red ribbon . . . One thing I noticed down here, that I know you'll like, is the fact that the very short skirt is more popular than ever in playclothes . . . And incidentally, I've asked a lot of the Hollywood men what *they* like for their girl friends to wear in the way of informal playclothes, and the answer has generally been "that cute little abbreviated thing they call a skirt" . . . Paulette Goddard—who knows what they like without asking—was soaking up desert sun in what she told me was her favorite playdress . . . This featured a suspender skirt of sheer wool in a very brilliant green, worn with a white organdy peasant-type blouse . . . The full sleeves were gathered in at the wrists with gay-colored embroidery, and the drawstring neck was trimmed in the same way.

ANITA LOUISE IS another Hollywood girl who goes for the short-skirt mode . . . At the Club she was wearing a little-girl jumper-dress of red and white candy-striped cotton . . . The skirt is *very* short and very full and she wore it with a white blouse that had an embroidered frill around the neck . . . There's a trick about Anita's dress that makes it a two-in-one . . . When she wears it for a playdress, she wears matching shorts . . . But she likes the style so well, Anita told me, that she has had several made in different colors to wear as house dresses around her honeymoon home . . . And when she is at home, the shorts come off and a crisp white petticoat edged with eyelet embroidery is worn underneath . . . A trip to Palm Springs at this time of year is really a style preview of what you'll be wearing for play and street when the warm weather hits your town . . . One of the summer fashions that has been noticeably absent the last two or three seasons is the sleeveless dress . . . But leave it to Chic to find out for you that this style is being revived, and the first Hollywood fashion-wise girl to wear it is Irene Dunne . . . I lunched with Irene at the Tennis Club the day I arrived and was again convinced that she is definitely one of the best-dressed Hollywood women . . . Irene was wearing a sleeveless dress of pale blue flat crepe, printed all over with tiny black sheep . . . She carried a black flannel jacket of the "soldier shirt" type . . . You'll see more of that, too . . . It's a simple jacket tailored like the khaki army shirts, and the grandest thing for slipping on over your print dresses . . . Plain black sandals completed Irene's costume.

I SAW BARBARA STANWYCK sitting in the lounge busily wrapping adhesive tape around a wooden ring! . . . I had heard about sunstroke but I wasn't sure whether it was Barbara or I who was suffering with it . . . So I went over to her to find out . . . "I'm making a costume pin," Barbara said . . . Then she showed me the trick and I'm passing it on to you . . . Barbara takes wooden rings—those kind you use for hanging drapes—and winds them with adhesive tape . . . Then over this tape she wraps brightly colored yarn until the ring is completely covered with it . . . Attach a tiny safety pin to the back of it and you have a clever gadget to wear on your sweater or to pin the belt of your sports jacket! . . . Margaret Hayes was sitting with Barbara . . . She had just finished a fast game of tennis and was resting her feet in the cutest little bootees she told me were Hawaiian slippers . . . They are made of gaily printed cotton; the top part comes up around the ankles, and the foot is shaped like a mitten with the big toe separated from the other toes! . . . The sole is of heavy felt covered with the same print . . . You couldn't exactly do garden work in them, but they would make cute house or patio slippers . . . The after-dark clothes I noticed on the desert haven't quite reached summer proportions . . . Crepes and laces seem to be the most popular fabrics right now . . . Constance Moore wore what I thought was one of those popular light-top dark-bottom dinner dresses the other night but she told me they were really dinner pajamas . . . The trousers, of navy blue crepe, had gathered fullness at the front which gave the effect of a skirt . . . Her blouse, of white crepe, featured long sleeves trimmed with ruffles at the wrist . . . A personal touch were the navy crepe sandals with Constance's monogram in silver on the sides . . . Quite the loveliest-looking gown was the gray lace worn by June Duprez . . . Severely plain, the neckline and sleeves were edged with gray grosgrain rick-rack . . . Platinum earclips and a matching bracelet of platinum with a diamond flower were her accessories . . . Now Chic has to trek back to Hollywood and snoop out your fashion news for next month . . . I particularly want to check up on that crack Carmen Miranda made to me the other day . . . She told me that the Hollywood gals dress so informally she had to send back sixteen of the trunks of clothes she brought out from New York . . . Of course the poor dear still has *ten* left—but probably not a decent rag in them.

Mlle. Chic

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin – and Camay helped me to have one"

—*Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey*

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman —even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

NOW a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!

His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 13]

who's of Texas oil millions, is in the picture!

■

IT DIDN'T take freshly-divorced Margo and Francis Lederer long to work up brand-new front-page romances.

Hardly was the ink dry on their Nevada decree than Margo was back in town, setting the tongues wagging with "undownable" reports that she'll soon be Mrs. Barry Trivers. Barry, ex-hubby of Florine McKinney, is one of Hollywood's top-writers.

And Lederer, meantime, comes back to Hollywood in a welter of rumors that a Canadian girl named Marion Irvine is to be Margo's successor as Mrs. Lederer. Lederer, always the gentleman, insists that "there is positively no understanding between Miss Irvine and me."

Hmph!—UNDERSTANDING, indeed!! In these days of 1941, talk of "understandings" is as obsolete as Declarations of War . . . !

■

HOLLY-WOULD Like To Know—if Barbara Hutton will become Mrs. Cary Grant right after her divorce (final in February) . . .

—if Shirley Ross and Hubby Ken Dolan are going to take their battles to the divorce court?

—if Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall will really EVER marry?

[*Continued on page* 17]

Paramount make-up, wardrobe, art department picked Kay Sutton among 100 brunette girls as tops. 5½ feet, 124 lbs.

Frowns can speak volumes–but they can't say "Mum"!

Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm. Every day use quick, safe Mum.

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

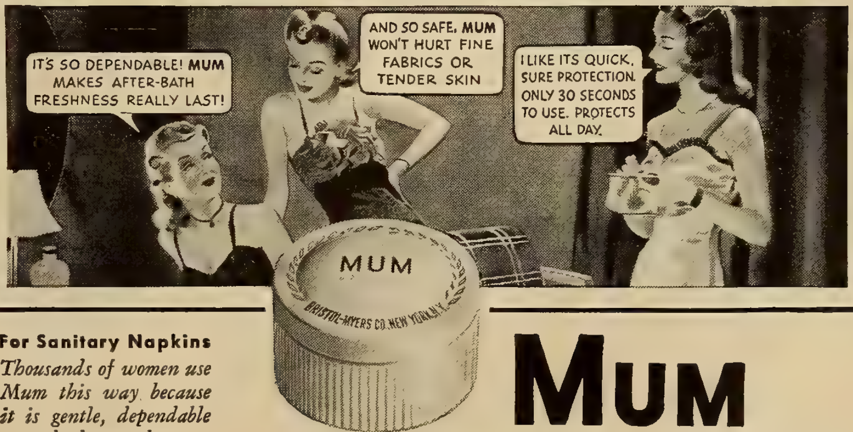
Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness *last.* One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on ... in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE!


IT'S SO DEPENDABLE! MUM MAKES AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS REALLY LAST!
AND SO SAFE. MUM WON'T HURT FINE FABRICS OR TENDER SKIN
I LIKE ITS QUICK, SURE PROTECTION. ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. PROTECTS ALL DAY.
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable ... a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Doing *Ellie May* in *Tobacco Road* is a *dirty* job but Gene Tierney remains fresh, dainty

UN-COMMON SCENTS

By DENISE CAINE

SOME COMMON SENSE ON HOW TO BE "SCENTS-IBLE" FOR A FEW CENTS

COMMON sense should tell you, just by looking at this picture of Gene Tierney, that she's about the freshest, daintiest thing in pictures. Yet right now she's got a dirty face—for her part as *Ellie May* in the 20th Century-Fox *Tobacco Road.* I'd just seen some of the stills from that picture before sipping cokes with Gene in her Park Avenue hideaway. And was I pleasantly surprised by the difference between the real and the reel girl!

There's nothing that Gene likes more than a leisurely tub! And especially after a day as the grimy, sooty, bedraggled *Ellie May.* Of course she removes the make-up thoroughly at the studio—but still she can hardly wait to get home for her bath. For somehow she doesn't *feel* clean until she's scrubbed herself all over with fragrant soap—and patted on just oodles of cologne, toilet water or dusting powder to take away the mere thought of *Jeeter Lester's* home.

Lucky Gene, and lucky us, to have so many grand toiletries and bath luxuries with which to play the fine lady. Stop and think what you'd do if you were *Ellie May* and had no soap—save scraps you made of hog grease and lye. If there were no inexpensive, but oh so delightful colognes and scented toilet waters to make you feel as springlike as the first violet? We don't half appreciate all the wonderful things that modern science, modern factories and well stocked drug stores give us . . . Just think of all the products that Gene uses in her process of doing away with *Ellie May* and becoming her clean, sweet *scents-ible* self again.

First there's the tub bath—with water all the way up to here, and a delicate fragrance of her favorite perfume filling the air lingeringly. Seems that Gene, in her desire to smell something nice quickly, pours "flavored" water softener into the tub while the water is running. That makes her feel good before she even steps into the bath . . . Then there's the large cake of mild, fragrant soap—gentle enough to be used on Gene's pretty face, economical enough for the bath. Gene pins her hair high, steps in—and relaxes completely for a few moments. Then, when the soothing warmth of the water has had time to take the kinks out of her muscles and mind, she starts to scrub in earnest . . . The fine soap lathers quickly, as all good ones do, and quickly removes all suspicion of dirt, body oil or make-up. Gene uses a bath brush so she can reach all the corners of her back—and rubs it

[*Continued on page 62*]

SWEET YOU

Do you know how to make yourself as fresh and lovely as a breath of spring—with make-up, hairstyles and perfume? Write Denise Caine for her help in these and other beauty problems today. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE. 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 15]

—if anybody REALLY cares whether it's Mary Beth Hughes or Joyce Matthews that Milton Berle is Berle-ing about?

—if Mary Heath will be Mrs. Harry Ritz by the time you read this?

—if Joan Crawford's gonna take off her sackcloth and ashes, now that she's back in Hollywood, and get into circulation again?

—if Terry Hunt can talk Elaine Shepard out of that divorce idea?

■

WHEN Lupe Velez goes in for something, she does it in a big way. Of course, it may not last—but you can't tell Lupe that, even after her experiences.

And so, on the verge of becoming a bride again, Lupe insists that it's going to be forever, this time. And that when the wedding is over, there'll be no more Lupe Velez—only a sedate and dignified Mrs. "Big Boy" Williams! She even swears she is going to give up her screen career entirely, to devote herself to being a wife.

She's already got her Beverly Hills home

[*Continued on page* 85]

Shirley Temple wins court's approval of new contract of $2,500 per week for one year. Says she, "I'll be glad to go back to work because school is sometimes dull"

These Dancing Highlights

MAKE MEN NOTICE

The Loveliness Of Your Hair

Amazing Drene Shampoo Reveals Up To

33% MORE LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR

After Washing Than Any Soap . . . Most Liquid Shampoos

IF you want men to notice and women to envy your hair . . . be sure to bring out all of its natural loveliness with your next shampoo.

Soaps and most liquid shampoos can't do it full justice. That's because even the finest soap combines with minerals in water to leave a "bath-tub ring" . . . an unrinsable film that hides the natural loveliness and color-brilliance of each strand of hair . . . just as a frosted windowpane hides the true beauty of the great outdoors.

Drene is thrillingly different . . . its *patented* cleansing ingredient does *not* combine with minerals in water to form this dulling film. As a result, tests in our laboratory prove Drene reveals up to 33% *more* lustre than even the finest soaps. Drene makes highlights dance and sparkle . . . brings out the depth of color . . leaves hair smooth and silky.

Drene is economical—because it makes 5 times as much lather as soap in hardest water. Get Drene at your drug, department, or 10¢ store. Use it for your next shampoo . . . vivacious highlights will dance to make men notice your loveliness! *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of its *true blonde look* it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, "mousey" look. Drene leaves no such film.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair dark instead of bringing out its reddish warmth, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—for normal or dry hair

REGULAR—for oily hair

EMIL ROHDE of Edgewater Beach Hotel Salon, Chicago, says: "Look at the photos of the model above—coiffured in my salon. My experience with Drene has been that it reveals the natural beauty and brilliance in all colors of hair—as illustrated by these photos."

Other Famous Hairstylists Using Drene Include:

Stani Mars
St. Regis Hotel, New York

Marc Gartman
Chicago

Burton Skiles
Hairstylists, Hollywood

Don Martinez
St. Louis

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—

DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!

❶

DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!

❷

DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that!*

❸

DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing!*—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

❹

DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.

DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVD,
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right!* Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

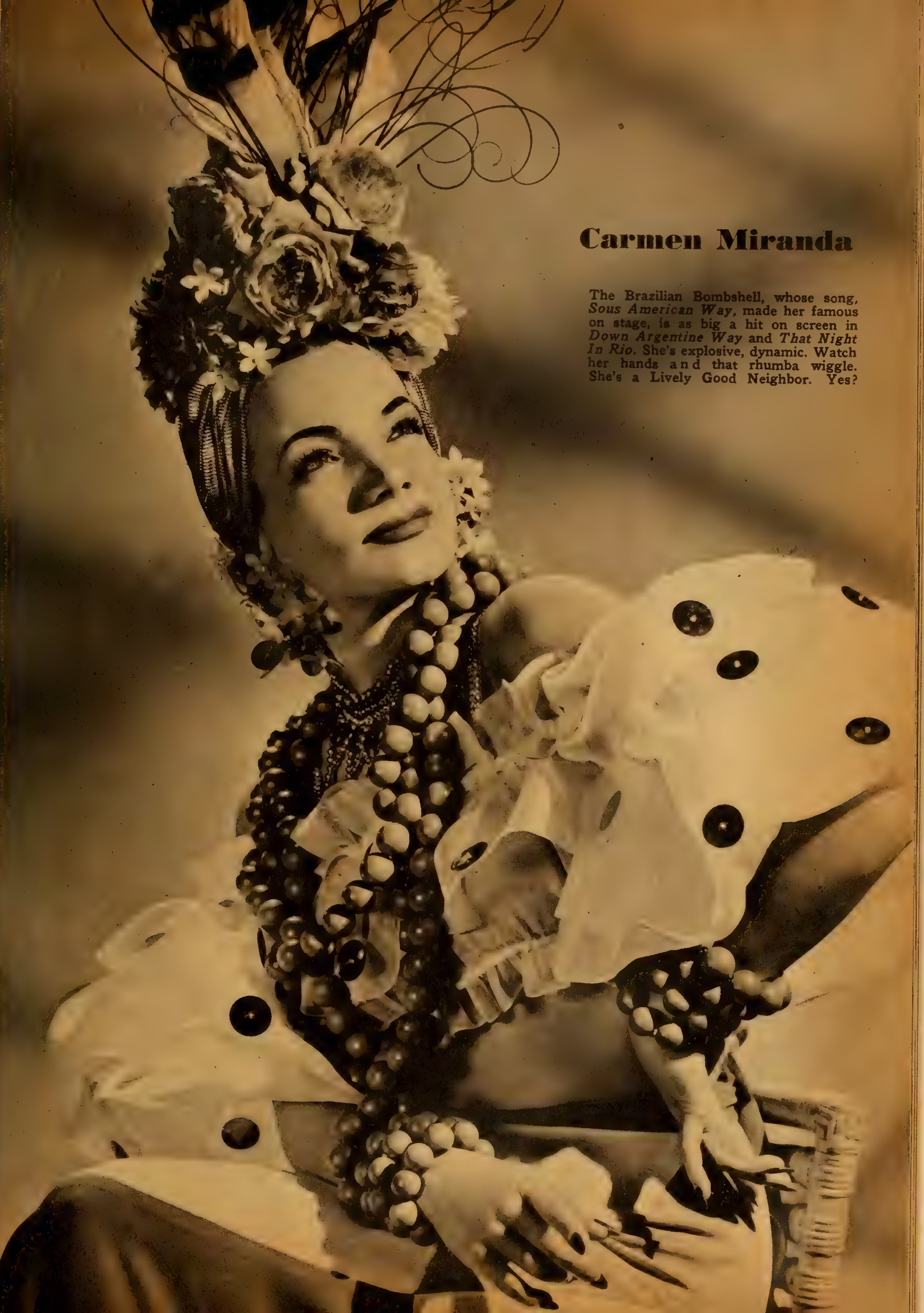
INGRID BERGMAN

You'll be shouting Skol! again, knowing Sweden's Ingrid Bergman will blossom forth soon in *Adam Had Four Sons* and *Rage of Heaven*. She's even being named for *Maria* in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*

STIRLING HAYDEN

PATRICIA MORISON

A deep-sea cap'n before Paramount grabbed him for *Virginia*, Stirling Hayden feels at home at the helm as he takes Patricia Morison, late of *The Roundup*, down to the sea in Cecil B. DeMille's schooner yacht



Carmen Miranda

The Brazilian Bombshell, whose song, *Sous American Way,* made her famous on stage, is as big a hit on screen in *Down Argentine Way* and *That Night In Rio*. She's explosive, dynamic. Watch her hands and that rhumba wiggle. She's a Lively Good Neighbor. Yes?

LEIGH AND OLIVIER QUIT

In their last Hollywood picture, *That Hamilton Woman,* Vivien says to Larry as *Nelson:* "I would have died if you had left me behind." So in real life they go back together—to fight for Britain

HOLLYWOOD TO BATTLE FOR Britain

By James Reid

VIVIEN LEIGH AND LAURENCE OLIVIER GAVE UP EVERYTHING—FAME, BIG ROLES, CHILDREN, RICHES, SAFETY, TO DO THEIR BIT FOR BRITAIN. THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO GO. THEY COULD DO THEIR BIT WITHOUT RISKING LIVES. BUT IT'S HOME AND WORTH DEFENDING

IT'S easy enough to understand why Richard Greene went off to war. It's not so easy to understand why Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh have also gone.

Dick was crucified by public opinion until he went. He didn't get the benefit of the doubt about his patriotism until he was in mid-Atlantic, aboard a boat bound for England.

Larry and Vivien didn't have to go back to Blighty to convince the world that they weren't afraid to go. No one ever questioned Larry's patriotism, or Vivien's. They could have stayed safely in Hollywood, and kept right on acting—without bringing any storm of condemnation down upon themselves. They were "doing their bit." Every paycheck they received meant another bundle of cash for Britain. Which was what Britain itself said it needed most.

Not only that. Vivien won the Academy Award last year, and Larry was nominated for the Award. They were important in the Hollywood scheme of things. And Hollywood was (and is) important in the British and American scheme of things. Hollywood was (and is) playing a great part in maintaining civilian morale—giving people other things to think about besides the horrors of war, dramatizing the fact that English-speaking men and women have freedom that's unknown anywhere else on earth.

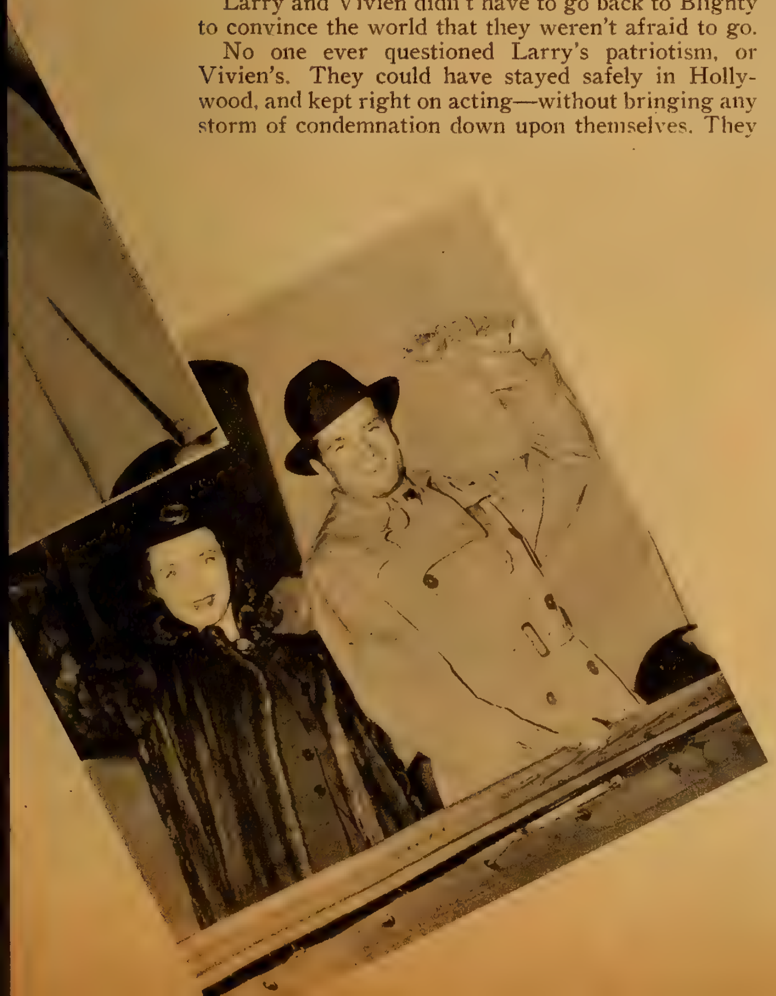
BOTH England and America felt lucky to have Larry and Vivien in Hollywood. And said so convincingly. They were welcome to stay indefinitely.

Last, but not least, they were desperately in love. So desperately that they had defied convention, risked scandal and their careers, exposed themselves to sensational divorce suits, and given up their children by their respective first marriages, to be together. They had finally been free to marry each other. And no one would have blamed them, after all they had gone through for love, if they had made the honeymoon last as long as possible . . . until Larry was actually called for war duty.

He wasn't called. England didn't tell him that he should leave the woman he loved, abandon the work he loved, and get into a soldier's uniform. He told himself that.

Why?

When England went to war, he was ironically enough, acting in the play, *No Time for Comedy*. Like every other able-bodied young British actor in America, he immediately offered his services. They all were instructed to keep on working until called. England didn't need more [*Continued on page* 56]



Larry and Vivien wave cheerio as they sail for Lisbon. Hollywood couldn't believe they were leaving till they heard him say goodbye on radio night before sailing

SULLAVAN ISN'T

By
FAITH
SERVICE

Margaret continues having babies and winning best roles. Below is husband Leland Hayward with their daughter Brooke as babe

Margaret and Leland Hayward have a few close friends including Jimmy Stewart. Hollywood says he'll probably never get married unless he finds a girl who's just like her

AFRAID TO HAVE BABIES

MARGARET SULLAVAN HASN'T SACRIFICED HER CAREER FOR MOTHERHOOD—AND HASN'T SACRIFICED MOTHERHOOD TO HER CAREER. SHE HAS TWO CHILDREN NOW, ANOTHER WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY—AND SHE INTENDS TO HAVE MANY MORE BABIES AS WELL AS BIG ROLES

IT WAS in the toy department of one of the big Los Angeles department stores where she shopped like you and me. Now the toy department of a big city department store, two days before Christmas, is not anybody's idea of Peace on Earth. Nor anybody's idea of where you would be likely to behold a Big Movie Star. But Margaret Sullavan was there with her husband, Leland Hayward. She was expecting her third baby at the time. She had just about finished Universal's *Back Street,* with Charles Boyer. She was on her knees in front of a toy puppet show, examining the jointless dolls with absorbed interest. She was putting them through their motions with her own hands.

Maggie looked up at her husband and said, "Brooke would like these, don't you think?" There she was, without any make-up, without a hat, without a finger-wave, without furs or jewels or dark-glasses or orchids or any of the insignia—and dressed like any other young wife and expectant mother, looking and behaving like any young wife and mother looks two days before Christmas, tired but somehow triumphant. No one paid any attention to her, or recognized her. That was not the place the public expects to see a star. Maggie doesn't look the way the public expects a star to look. Which is all right with Maggie!

It was then I thought how Margaret Sullavan hasn't sacrificed her career for motherhood (she made *So Ends Our Night* and *Back Street* while expecting this third child) and, more importantly, hasn't sacrificed motherhood to her career. But in her small, immensely capable hands, she has managed to do what no other star has done, has welded two great careers into one firm-knit, indeed fabulous, whole. And one hasn't suffered for the other. That's what's sensational.

With the exceptions of Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett and Joan Blondell, I can think of no other present-day star who has had more than one child. And Norma and the two Joans had their children at widely-spaced intervals. Not one smack after another, for Heavens sakes . . .

Yet here is this small, amazing Sullavan, who was five feet two inches tall, weighed 112 pounds when she first came to Hollywood, is still five feet two inches tall and still weighs 112 pounds, having retained, in spite of chain-children motherhood, bees' hips and a Queen Mab waistline. Having kept her figure, if you want it plain.

Here is this small, resilient Sullavan who still gets the biggest kind of picture assignments, does the most emotional jobs of any actress in pictures, not excepting Bette Davis, and claims that mother- [*Continued on page* 71]

Margaret once said she had married director William Wyler for stability and protection, and Henry Fonda for glamour and romance. Retains friendship of both and that of every man she has ever known

THE STRANGE CASE OF GINGER ROGERS

GINGER HAS KEPT EVERYONE GUESSING ABOUT HER LOVE-LIFE. TWO MARRIAGES DIDN'T TAKE, SO SHE'S BIDIN' HER TIME TILL SHE'S SURE OF HERSELF AND HER MAN. SUSPENSE IS AWFUL AS, LIKE KITTY FOYLE, SHE MAKES UP HER MIND

By FRANCES ELLIOTT

THE idea of practically every movie is to keep the audience in suspense about which boy will get the girl—only some movies do it better than others. *Kitty Foyle,* for example. The suspense in that lasts until the last possible moment. But look at who's the star! Ginger Rogers *ought* to be able to keep everybody guessing on the screen, says Hollywood, after all the practice she has had OFF the screen!

For longer than most gossip columnists can remember, she has been making people wonder who might be the big, one-and-only heart interest in her life.

And don't think the columnists haven't resented it. There's nothing that gets under the epidermis of columnists like secretiveness in a movie star. Maybe you've noticed how they have sniped at our Ginger, ever so often. And maybe you've wondered why, considering that she has been doing all right—very much all right—on the screen, and success usually begets bouquets, not brickbats. They've sniped at Ginger because, ever so often, she would again refuse to give anybody the lowdown about her love-life. Which *they* wanted to know—though they said that it was their readers who wanted to know.

When she went home to Mother in May, 1936, and said that she and Lew Ayres had decided, after a year and a half of matrimony, that they could never be happy together, everybody was sure that there was Someone Else.

Almost always, when a movie star parted from her husband, she said (for the sake of appearances) that they had found each other "incompatible." But, almost always, the lowdown was that one or the other had found—Someone Else.

The word got around that Lew was taking the bust-up "pretty hard." To all appearances, Ginger was as chipper as ever. So everybody was sure that she was the one.

Only nobody knew [*Continued on page* 86]

Dennis Morgan

Kitty Foyle Rogers couldn't resist him. So how can you? Since playing *Wyn*, the Philly Main-Liner who hopped across the tracks to *Kitty*, he's doing all right for himself. His next dish—*She Stayed Kissed*

More Than Legs to Stand On

By James F. Scheer

VIRGINIA GILMORE GIVES HER PRETTY LEGS A REST WHILE SHE TAKES UP SERIOUS DRAMA

PROBABLY the last thing you would expect a Hollywood girl to complain about is a pair of lovely legs that would make an Earl Carroll or George White gape.

Well, blond, brown-eyed Virginia Gilmore, 20th Century-Fox-Samuel Goldwyn star, doesn't exactly complain, but she feels her dramatic career has been slowed down and tripped up by those very legs.

And, on the level, if you were in Virginia's pumps, perhaps you'd feel even worse about it. Imagine trying to sell yourself as a Sarah Bernhardt when the boys of the press are selling you on your Grable legs.

That's how she became a victim of her own slender stems. That's why she might still be if Darryl Zanuck, famous for his discoveries, hadn't given her a chance in *Manhattan Heartbeat* and *Jennie* and hit the jack pot each time.

When Virginia put in her bid for the Martha Scott role in *Our Town,* Producer Sol Lesser said—"She is a legs girl. We don't need great physical beauty. We need an actress." And inasmuch as Virginia hadn't yet played even a bit in a picture, she couldn't defend herself with celluloid evidence.

When she tried for the Joan Fontaine role in *Rebecca,* she got another "No" for the same reason.

The body beautiful, as Carole Landis will testify along with Virginia Gilmore, leads producers to believe that a girl who has "oomph," figura-

[*Continued on page* 58]

WARD BOND
GENE TIERNEY

After 8 years on Broadway, *Tobacco Road*—earthy drama of Southern share-croppers—reaches the screen. Ward Bond, Gene Tierney carry love interest as *Lov* and *Ellie May*

WHAT

Anna Neagle wore her Alice Blue Gown during her personal appearance tour and also sang *My Alice Blue Gown* from *Irene*—and songs from *No, No, Nanette*

By

ANNA NEAGLE

As Told To

GLADYS HALL

I KNOW ABOUT YOU FANS

ANNA NEAGLE, HAVING FINISHED A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR, FEELS SHE UNDERSTANDS YOU BETTER. IN TELLING YOU ABOUT YOURSELVES—YOUR LIKES, DISLIKES AND REACTIONS—SHE KNOWS THAT STARS NEED YOU, HOPES YOU NEED THE STARS

"THE very first thing I want to say to you fans, the thing that is uppermost in my mind and warmest in my heart is—Thank you! *Thank you for the way you took me, a stranger, as one of you when I met you, recently, on my personal appearance tour . . . thank you, one and all . . .*

". . . Because I *was* a stranger to you, really, compared to girls like Bette Davis and Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell and others whom you have, of course, known so much longer and so much better than you have known me; girls who have made so many more pictures than my *Victorias* and *Nurse Cavell* and *Irene* and *No, No, Nanette* . . .

"And I think it was easier for me to understand you, as I feel I do, because I, too, am a fan, a really quite rabid fan. I have my favorites, just as you have yours. Bette Davis, Garbo, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are among my prime favorites . . . I really believe I'd fall flat on my back in a faint if I ever saw Garbo! I never have, not yet, but I am always looking, half afraid I won't see her and even more afraid that I will!

"I read all the things that are printed about Bette Davis, every word, and love the simplicity and honesty the things written about her reveal—just as I love the mystery and strangeness the things written about Garbo reveal . . .

"The first time I saw Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard, here on the RKO lot, I stood and blinked after them as if I had had a sunstroke! I once met Gary Cooper, and I blushed like a school-girl but, confidentially, *so did he!* He has, I think, a lovely, honest quality!

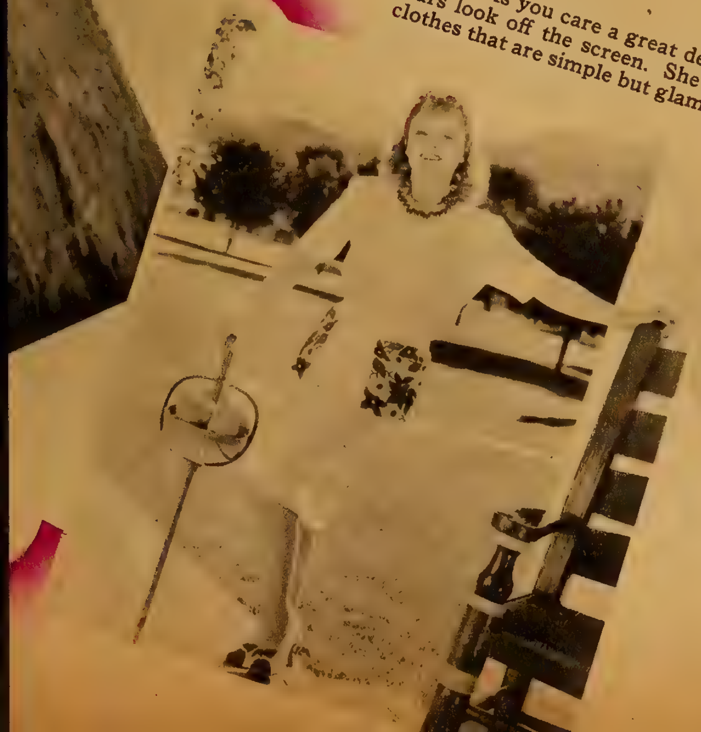
"I think of the things I'll say to my favorites when, or if, I ever meet them and, of course, never have the nerve to say them . . . I imagine how I will tell Spencer Tracy of my intense admiration for his acting, how you never can tell, by the flicker of the eyelash, that he is acting but, when you realize all the different characters he plays, you also realize that he *must* be acting . . .

"I day-dream about how I'd like to tell Deanna, Judy and Mickey what grand little artists they are, how wonderful I think they are to have learned this chancy job of entertaining so young, and so well . . . I always hope that if ever I meet Rosalind Russell I will be able to be just half as witty and entertaining and vital as she is . . .

"And so, you see, I am one of you . . . but I do feel that my personal appearance tour, which gave me the opportunity of meeting so many of you in person, gave me a tangible opportunity of knowing you better, much better than I could have known you any other way . . .

"I have a feeling, too, that it was, really, more *your* personal appearance tour than mine . . . my little friend in Pittsburgh, for instance (aged four), who came to my dressing room and sang *Alice Blue Gown* for me, and so beautifully that I was tempted to say, 'You should come to Hollywood,' but didn't say it because I wouldn't encourage any child to come here. I can't bear to encourage children to come into this work, much as I love it, believing as I so sincerely do that

[*Continued on page* 88]



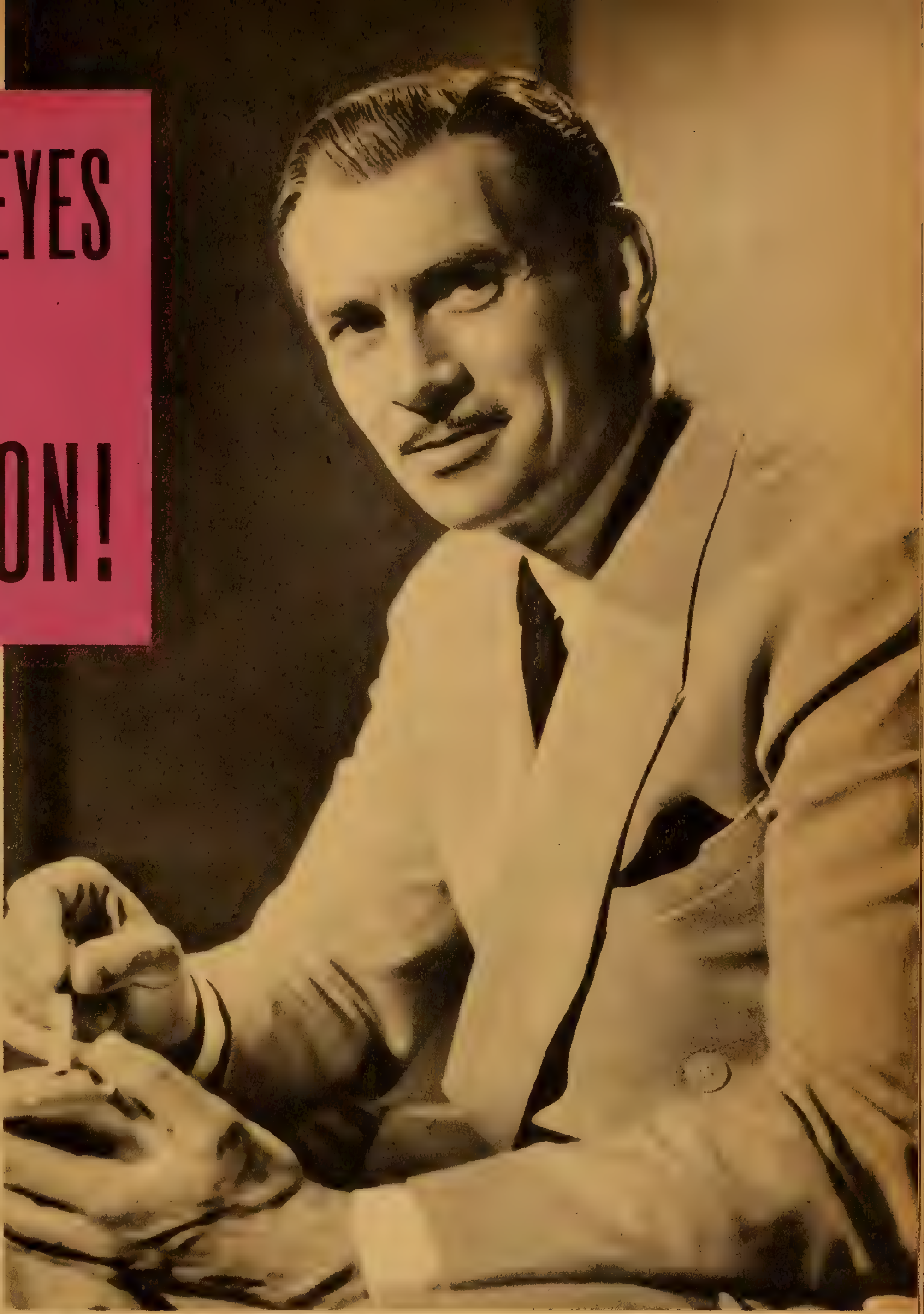
Anna feels you care a great deal how stars look off the screen. She wears clothes that are simple but glamorous

Equally fetching is pique bolero frock of royal blue that Anna wears in her newest film, *No, No, Nanette*

Bette Davis

The Warner orchard having borne acting plums for Bette—notably *The Letter*, in which Mr. S., opposite, gives a socko performance—now showers her with orange blossoms for becoming a recent bride

KEEP YOUR EYES ON STEPHENSON!



By LEON SURMELIAN

ANOTHER SOCKO PERFORMANCE LIKE THE ONE HE GAVE IN "THE LETTER" AND JAMES STEPHENSON CAN WRITE OUT HIS OWN TICKET

JAMES STEPHENSON looks like a character out of a Somerset Maugham novel—one of those much-traveled English officers and gentlemen who have seen the world, and know their wines and women. There is a wicked, sort of Colmanesque glint in his brown eyes. His deep, superb speaking voice is bound to do some funny things to feminine hearts. Six feet tall, with a military physique and bearing, he is an impressive guy, and still carries himself with the virile dignity of an officer in the heavy artillery of His Britannic Majesty.

Stephenson is the kind of a chap your brother or hubby would like to knock around with. He is suave, urbane, sensitive, has no false illusions, makes no dogmatic assertions, and is tickled to death by his sudden success in Hollywood. He has a knack of enjoying life, and you don't have to talk with him five minutes to realize that. He has lived all right, and is still living, every minute of the day. Once it was the army and business, now it is acting, which covers, vicariously, a lot of territory.

I just gave him the works. He pleaded, ineffectively, to spare him the usual questions about his personal life, for there's nothing interesting about it, he said. He has been in China, Japan, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Honolulu, Cuba, etc. He is an ex-confirmed bachelor, and had every intention in the world to remain confirmed until he met a slender, dark-haired, gray-eyed, a bit saucy and highly capable girl, about which more later.

We'd have to confine ourselves to his life in the last eight years. In these years he has been an actor. Both on the stage and screen. And he became an actor by accident, when the cotton business "went to pieces" in Manchester. Well, he is definitely not one of those fellows who want to strut their stuff before the public as soon as they start shaving.

Now, an Englishman has to live down a few things in Hollywood. Some of them can never do it; they remain, everywhere and forever, English gentlemen, if you know what I mean. But Stephenson will fit anywhere.

"The only important adjustment I've had to make here," he said, "was adapting myself to the natural friendliness and camaraderie of people, and that was no trouble at all. I detest class distinctions. We have them in England, you know, although they are fast disappearing now and will go forever after the war, and that at least is one good thing we'll get out of it.

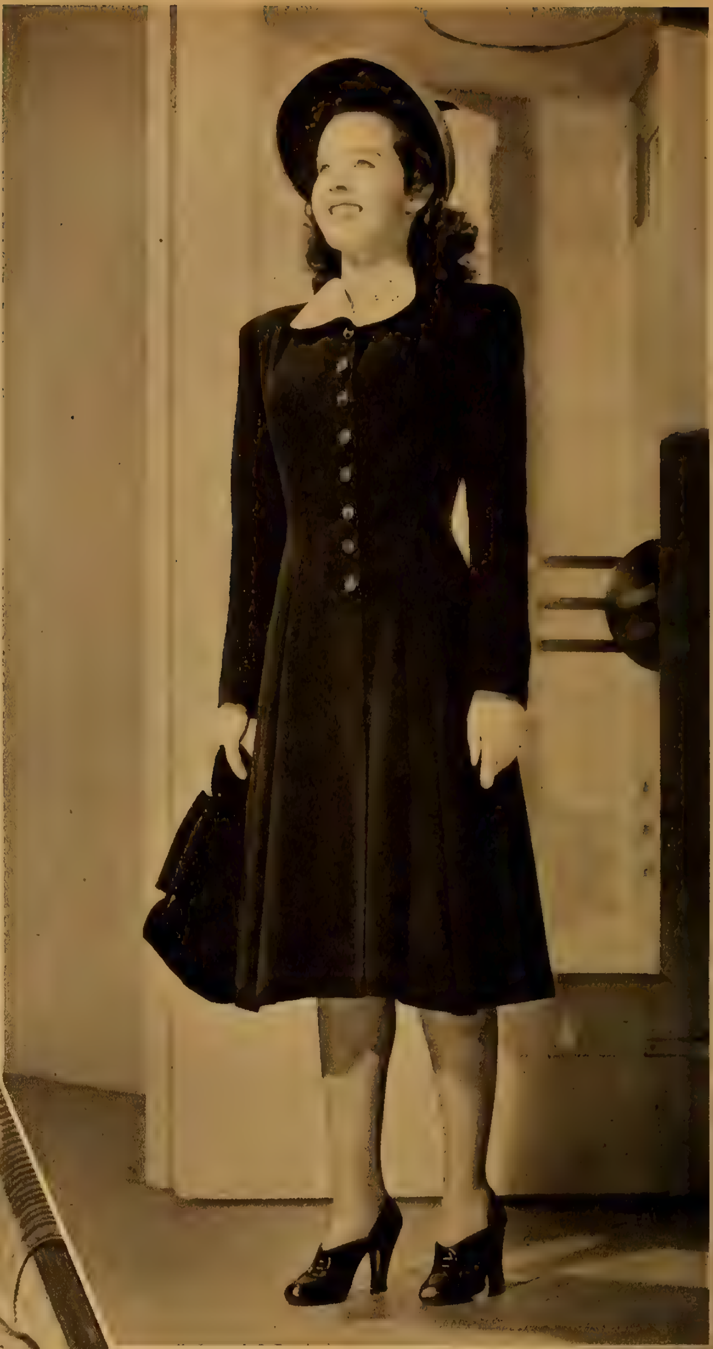
"It struck me a bit strange, but also wonderful, that truck drivers and bankers, milkmen and university professors, should treat each other absolutely as equals. The English system of government is democratic, in some ways even more democratic than the American, but our people have been divided into watertight compartments. I know that if I went back to England I'd hate to see again what I've seen there so often, emanating from

[*Continued on page 91*]

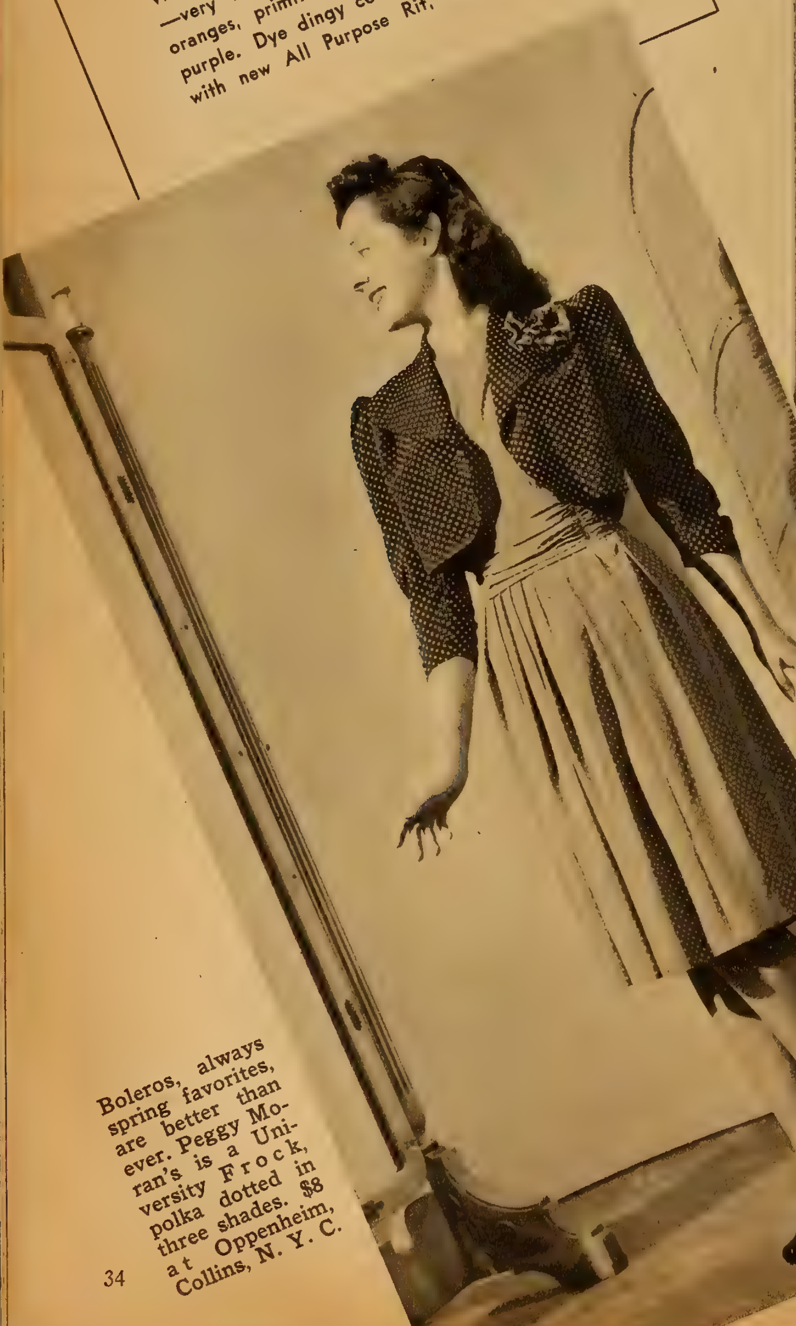
Spring Shopping

By CANDIDA

This year you'll be greeted with a riot of colors. Beiges and browns are smarter than ever before, navy is good (and so are all the Follow the Fleet clothes), green and red look big for accessories. Watch for Gypsy colors, deep sea shades, and —very important—the new South American oranges, primitive pinks, bright yellows and purple. Dye dingy collars these smart shades with new All Purpose Rit, for all materials



Peggy's dressmaker coat with new "shirt" collar and front fullness is under $20 at Gimbel Bros., New York City. Jalna bonnet, in navy and crater blue straw by Jean Allen, $2.95 at N. Kaufman, Inc., Uniontown, Pa.



Boleros, always spring favorites, are better than ever. Peggy Moran's is a University Frock polka dotted in three shades. $8 at Oppenheim, Collins, N. Y. C.

WRITE TODAY

Ask for these clothes at your local stores—or write Candida for the names of shops handling them. Address your post card to Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Window shopping buys—Munsingwear "Complete" molds figure to suit, $1.50 in your local stores. Joan Kenley blouse of batiste has val trim, bow at waist, $1.95 at McCreery's. Miss Swank's Topsy slip, of rayon crepe with lace insets is $1.98 at Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn

Ansonia matches spring shoes and bags in gabardine with patent trim—around $6 and $3 respectively, at all Ansonia Stores. Aris gloves of fabric come in dressy or tailored styles, in white, navy and all spring shades. $1, at Saks, 34th St., New York City

Face close-ups in Peggy's Iola hat of straw braid, under $4 at N. Kaufman, Inc., Uniontown, Pa. Fri-Lo Bag of patent, fabric, is $3 at Saks, 34th St., New York City

Mrs. Hope has job on her hands keeping up with hubby's gags. They go to premieres but seldom to night clubs. When dancing, they rhumba. And what a rhumba! They don't care if you laugh

AFTER HOPE COMES CHARITY

By DAN CAMP

EVERYONE HAS FAITH IN BOB HOPE WHO ALWAYS COMES THRU FOR CHARITY. HIS HEART IS BIGGER THAN HIS CHIN. HERE IS NEW SLANT ON ACE GAGSTER

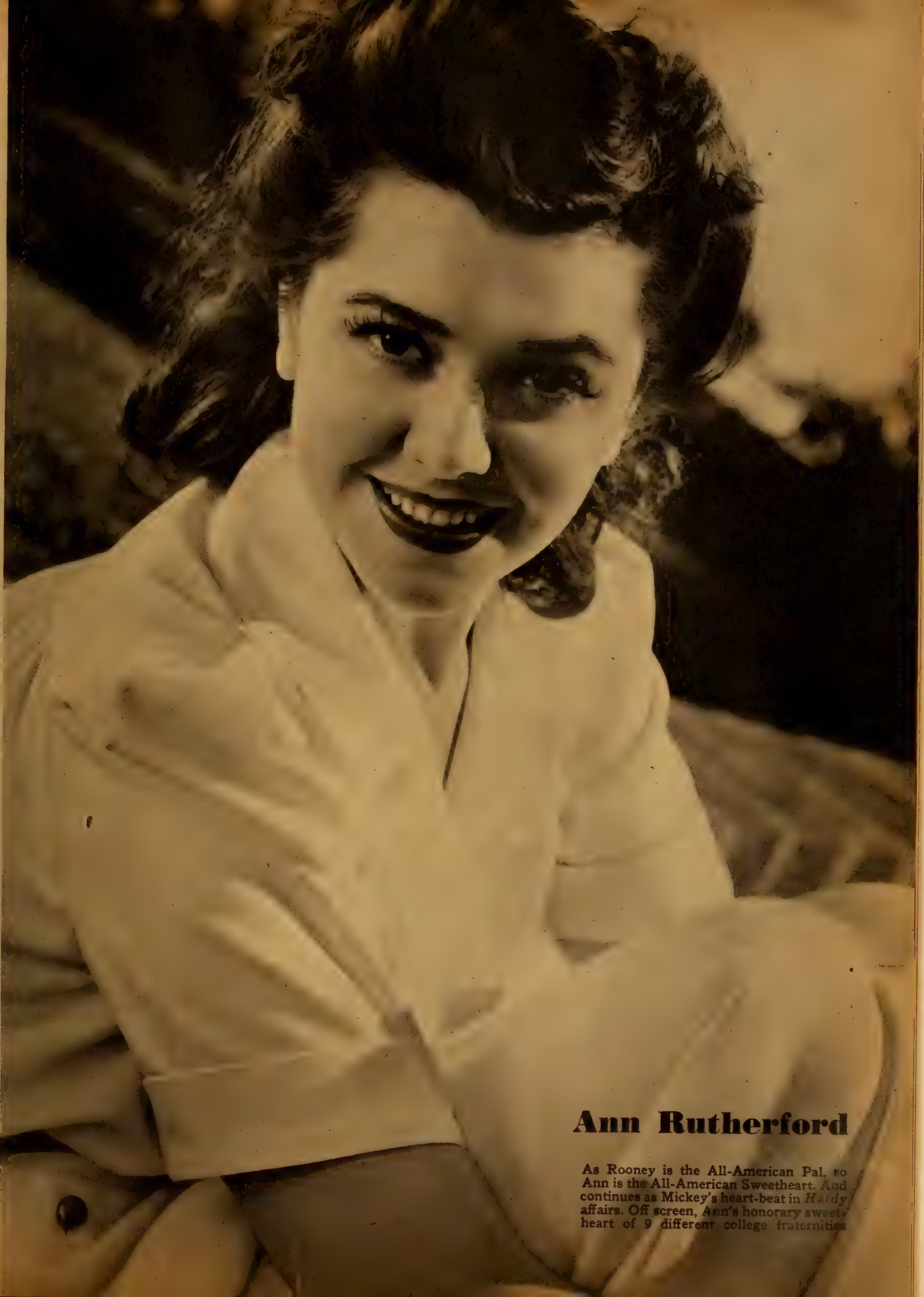
FOR Christmas, Bob Hope gave his wife one beaver coat and twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo, California.

Anyway, that was Bob's story. He said they were all named Hope and that they all came from El Segundo, and what's more, they were all relatives of his. A number of Hollywood people who have been in El Segundo doubt the truth of Bob's contention. They say there can't possibly be twenty-seven people named Hope from El Segundo because there aren't that many people named anything at all in El Segundo.

But that's neither here nor there, as far as this story is concerned. The point is merely that that's what Bob said and did, and you can take it or leave it. Mrs. Hope took it. She's been taking things ever since she married Bob more than six years ago, and she's perfectly happy and she says she'll go right on taking things—even if he brings home twenty-seven dinner guests named Yamasaka or even Sitting Bull! And what's more, she wouldn't be surprised.

But to get back to the point, if any: the only reason I mention about the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope is that the incident illustrates so aptly and so perfectly the three cardinal points of interest about Bob Hope. It just seemed a good way to start a story about Bob Hope, which this is, you understand. I mean, if you don't care about Bob Hope, then just skip the rest of this. On second thought, even if you DO care about Bob Hope, maybe you'd better skip it. On account of it gets kind of screwy in places. You understand how that can be, don't you?—I mean, a story about a fellow that brings home twenty-seven Christmas dinner guests named El Segundo from Hope—or, I mean, named Hope from El Segundo (dam' but this DOES drive one slap-happy!)—and says they're his relatives, all of them—I mean, you sort of catch on, don't you?

But there we are, getting away from the point again. The point of that business about the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo is, as I tried to say [*Continued on page* 83]



Ann Rutherford

As Rooney is the All-American Pal, so Ann is the All-American Sweetheart. And continues as Mickey's heart-beat in *Hardy* affairs. Off screen, Ann's honorary sweetheart of 9 different college fraternities

35 YEARS AS A PICTURE

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AS A FILM ACTOR—WITH TWENTY-SIX OF THEM SPENT IN HOLLYWOOD—IS THE RECORD OF JEAN HERSHOLT. YOU HAVE TO KNOW YOUR JOB TO STICK AROUND THAT LONG. HERSHOLT KNOWS HIS. THAT'S WHY HE'S STILL GOING STRONG

By RAY DICKEY

ON THE 26th of March, 1906, in Copenhagen, Denmark, a youth of 18, carrying a paint bucket, walked before a motion picture camera containing 300 feet of film, to a park bench, began to daub it with the swift, sure strokes of a professional painter.

Scarcely had he finished his job when a fat man, reading a newspaper, approached the bench, sat down. The youth had hoped for just such a situation, for this was a picture in the brief, but broad, comic strip pattern. His impulse was to flee, and he obeyed it. Presently the fat man got up, and the film ended upon a view of him walking away, his rear solidly striped with paint.

The youth was Jean Hersholt. The comedy was his introduction to a form of animated photograph entertainment which Europe was calling "the cinema" and distant America, with greater expressiveness, "the movies."

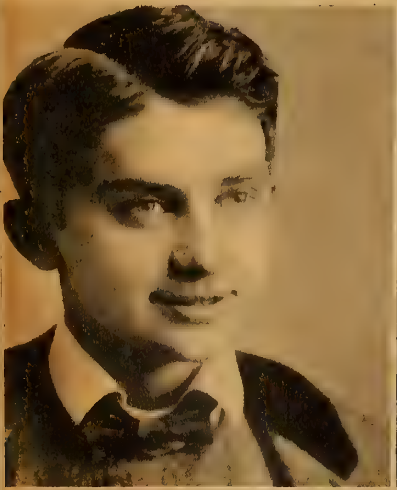
More than three decades have passed and Jean Hersholt has become one of the foremost, one of the really fabulous, figures of the motion picture world. At 53 Jean Hersholt is celebrating his 35th anniversary as a film actor and he can look back upon a career that covers the entire history of film production, the entire history of Hollywood. During that career he has directed scores of pictures, has played the most pure-minded of heroes, the most diabolical of villains. His impersonations have tapped every walk of life, every degree of intelligence and force encompassed by *homo sapiens* or just plain "homo sap." He has taken them all in his stride, in his substantial, sure-footed Scandinavian stride.

Today, at 53, enjoying his greatest success, his greatest happiness, he is as friendly, as reliable as an old shoe. And quite as comforting to have around. The Viking blood and background have given him a serenity of outlook, a good fellowship in approach that is unmarked by affectation or political diplomacy. Catch him in one of his relaxing, reflecting, pipe-smoking hours—when he relaxes he is pretty continuously puffing at a pipe—and you feel that here is not just a contented man, with a contented man's satisfaction with himself, but a kind man interested deeply in the people and the life about him.

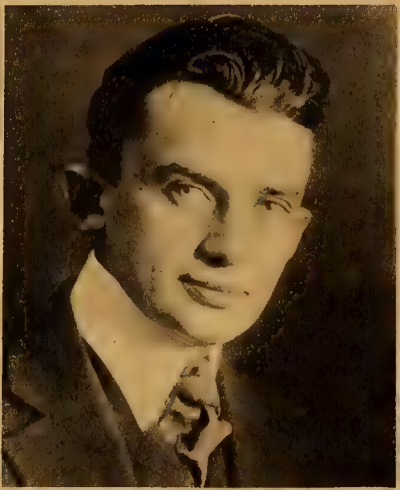
He is reluctant to talk about himself but if the conversation happens to veer about to the troubles of the world you are apt to hear references to the activities of the Motion Picture Relief Fund of Hollywood. He has the distinction of being president of this organization and he proudly talks of its work, of how it took care of more than 17,000 cases last year—the sick and disabled and unemployed.

Suddenly it flashes upon you that here is a man who could have been, and probably would have been had he not been stage-struck at an

[*Continued on page* 54]



It was in 1906, or 35 years ago, that Jean became a film actor in his native Denmark



Jean's high collar didn't scare Universal in 1915. He made two-reelers for them

In looking back on all of his films, Jean considers *Greed* gave him finest role

As *Country Doctor* with Quins he won praise from great surgeon, Wm. Mayo

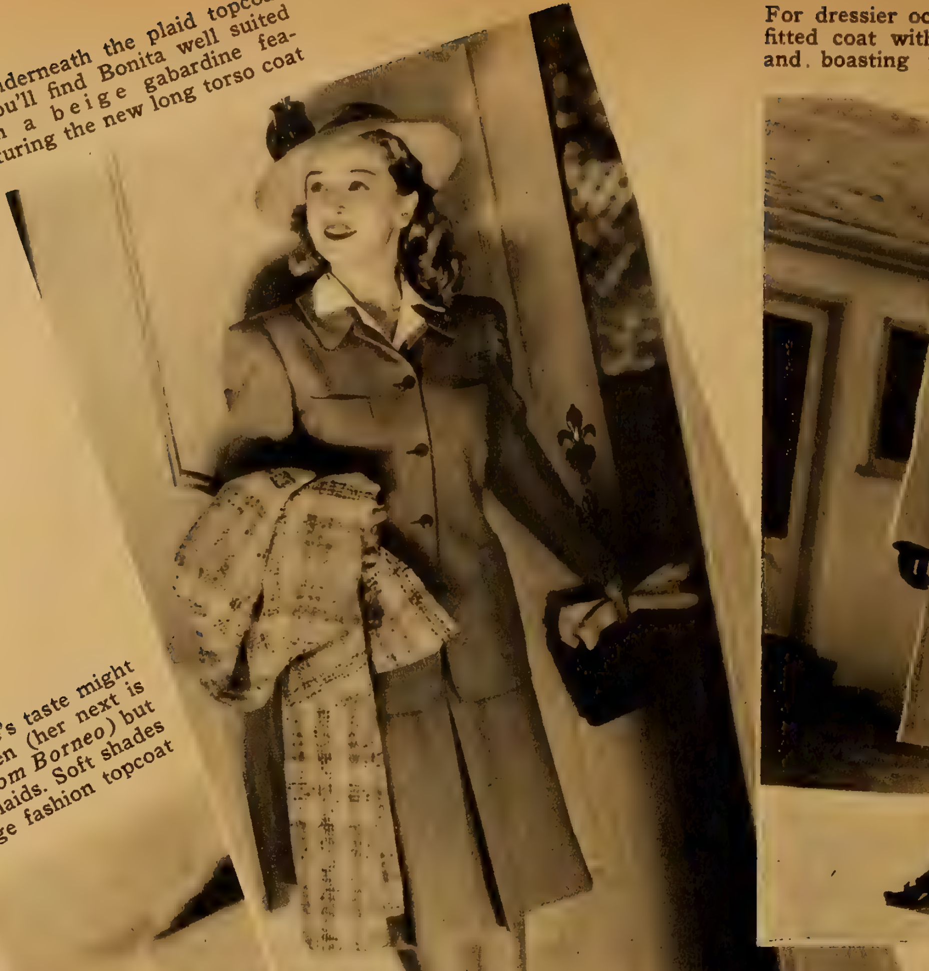
STAR

Lifelike portrayals of doctors brought him role of *Dr. Christian* of films, radio

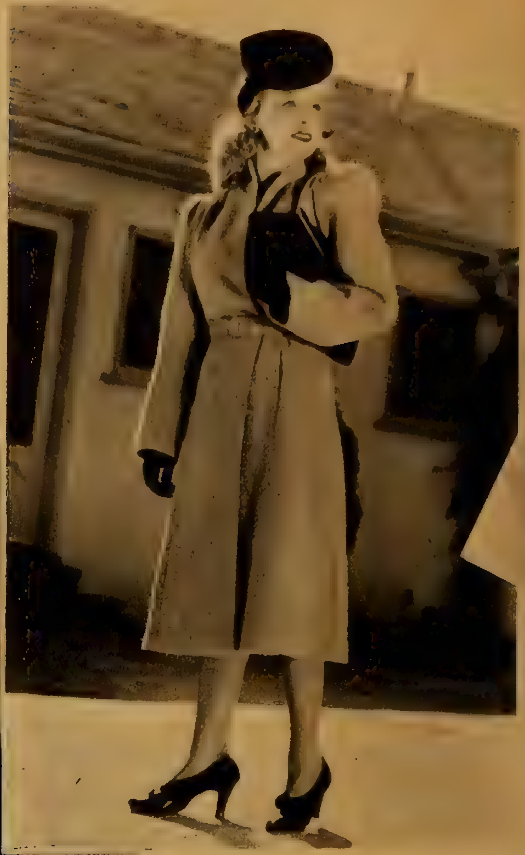
Started as doctor in 1934 in *Men in White.* Did so well he won *Country Doctor* role

The Hersholts (Mrs. H. is also native of Denmark) have remained married nearly 27 years. And celebrated their silver anniversary in 1939

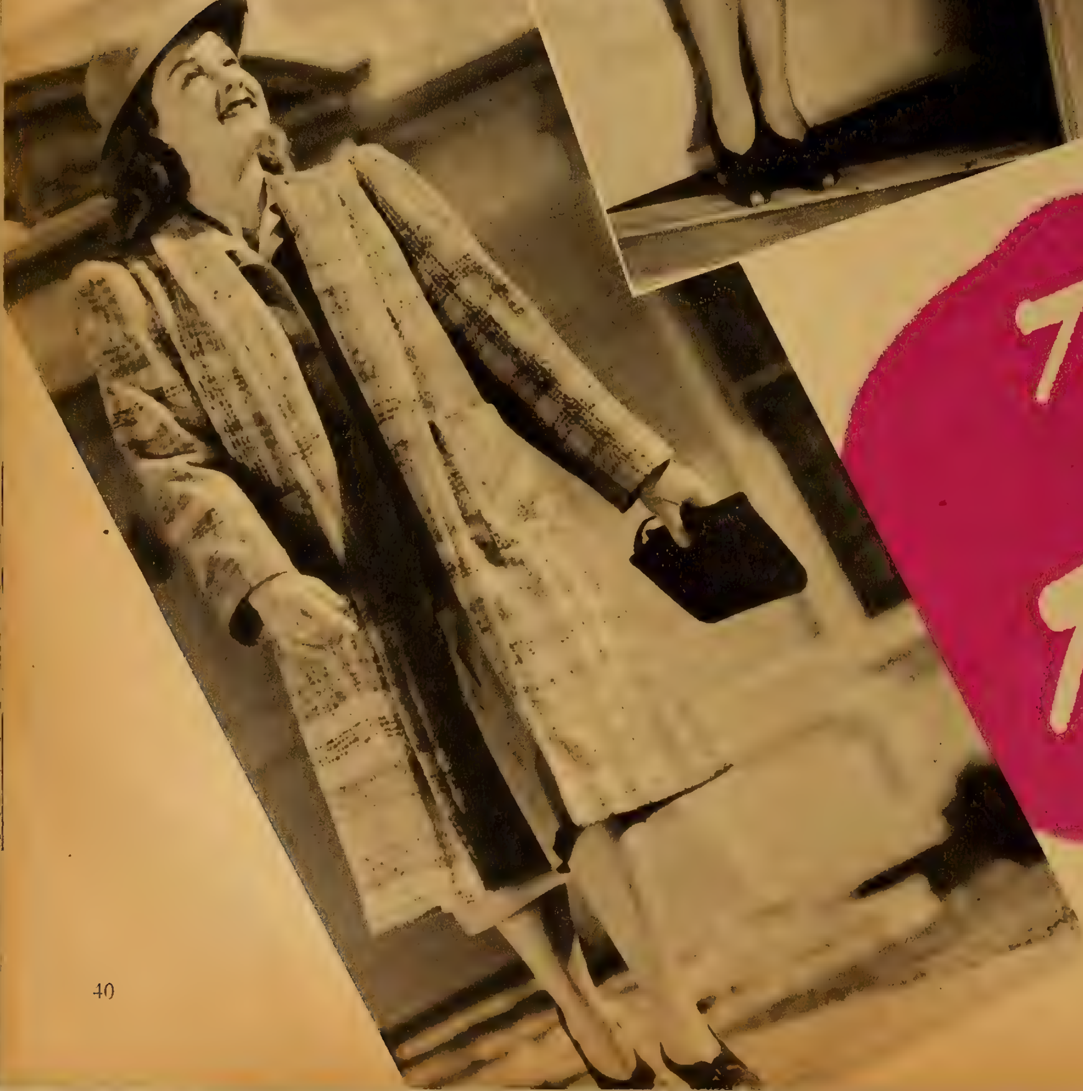
Underneath the plaid topcoat you'll find Bonita well suited in a beige gabardine featuring the new long torso coat



For dressier occasions Bonita's beige wool fitted coat with spacious side slit pockets and boasting yoked sleeves is the tops



Bonita Granville's taste might run to wild men (her next is *Wild Man From Borneo*) but not to wild plaids. Soft shades of pink, beige fashion topcoat



They're the TOPS

By HOLLY WOOD

You'll see *red* when Bonita dons her double-breasted topcoat of thick camels hair. Large patch pockets and a full cut back are fashion favorites this spring

The military influence is apparent in Bonita's double-breasted navy blue wool coat. Gold buttons sport RAF insignia. Join up

For sportswear Bonita tops her one-piece slack suit with a soft camels hair box coat in natural

ON ICE...

IT USED TO BE THIS

ON FIRE...

NOW IT'S THIS

Dolores Del Rio played love set with hubby, Cedric Gibbons, lost match

Now Dolores plays game of love with actor, author, Orson Welles

Alan Curtis, Sonja Henie skated on thin ice before Dan Topping rescued her

Then Alan traveled from Norway to Hungary, found Ilona Massey willing

Elaine Barrie, John Barrymore were cheek to cheek but not seeing eye to eye

But John still has eye for ladies, fastens them on former sweetheart Sally Allen

Marriage cooled the Wayne Morris - Bubbles Schinasi ardor. They're divorced

So you'll find Pat Stewart in Wayne's arms. She may be Mrs. M. shortly

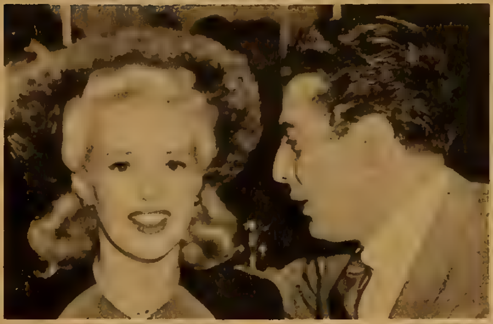
ON ICE...

IT USED TO BE THIS

ON FIRE...

NOW IT'S THIS

Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan ran a terrific temperature until they were hitched



Then Betty and Jackie parted and Betty got feverish over Victor Mature

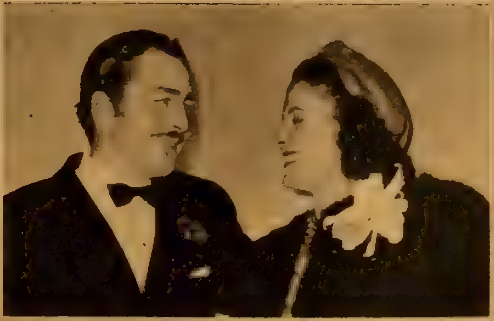
For a while it looked like Jimmy was going to make Olivia de Havilland Mrs. S.

But Olivia and Jimmy grew apart and Burgess Meredith is close to Livvie now

Brenda Marshall, Richard Gaines found love in NYC. Lost it in dizzy Hollywood

Hollywood made up for it, introduced Bill Holden to Brenda. They are now engaged

Everyone took for granted that Kay Griffith was John Howard's honey-bunch



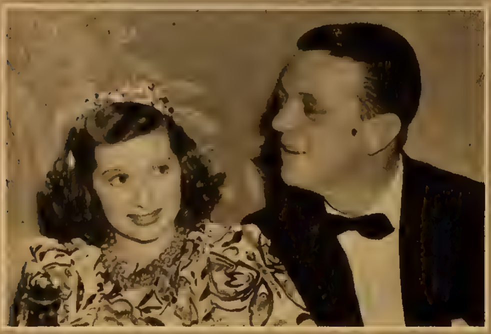
That is, everyone but Broderick Crawford. He asked for her hand—and got it

BUSTED BUDS...

IT USED TO BE THIS

BLOSSOM TIME...

NOW IT'S THIS

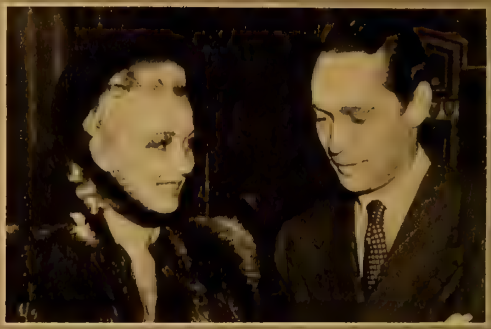


Hollywood expected Lucille Ball to become director Al Hall's missus

Instead she did the unexpected, eloped with Desi Arnaz, Cuba's pride

Marriage put out the Carole Landis - Willis Hunt fire in three weeks

But Carole's not carrying torch. Franchot Tone is seeing to that

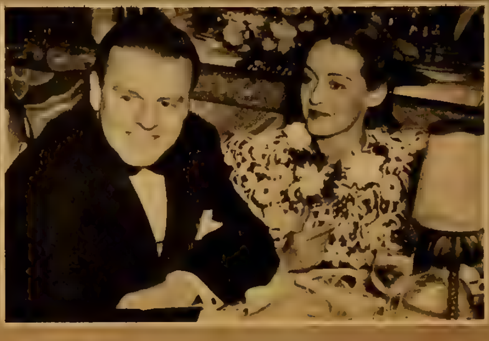


The Ann Sheridan-Jeffrey Lynn romantic antics may have been *reel* thing

It's different now with Annie and George Brent. Now that is the *real* thing

Before George became interested in oomph, Bette Davis was his interest

Meantime, Bette's big interest was Arthur Farnsworth. She married him



BUSTED BUDS...

IT USED TO BE THIS

BLOSSOM TIME...

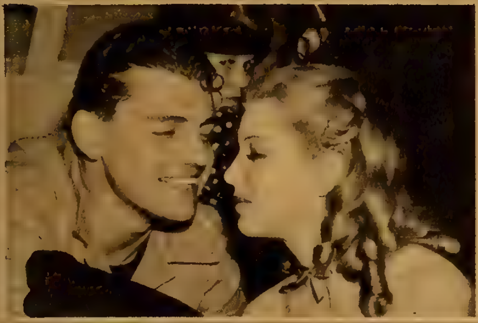
NOW IT'S THIS

Martha Raye's love for Dave Rose blossomed into matrimony, then it died

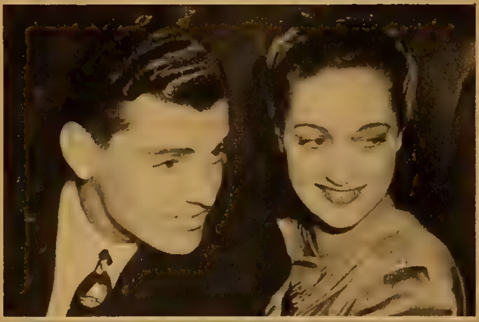
Now it's Judy Garland who's singing torch songs to Dave. They may wed

In real and reel life Bob Preston, Dorothy Lamour made l-o-v-e

When it cooled in real life, Bob and erstwhile flame, Kay Feltus, eloped



Attorney Greg Bautzer was the first link in fiery Lana Turner's chain



Then it broke and Greg and Dorothy Lamour began to be palsie-walsie

One date kindled the flame 'tween Lana and Artie Shaw. Made it legal

That didn't help so the fire died. Tony Martin's relighting it now

Walter Pidgeon

After strenuous flying in *Flight Command*, you wouldn't mind if Walter grounded himself to play *Blossoms in the Dust?* Walter has scored well as *Nick Carter*. He's always in there pitching

Aside from the Glamour

THERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED STREAK IN JOAN BENNETT, BUT IT HAS BEEN OVERSHADOWED BY HER GLAMOUR. SHE'S TEACHING HER CHILDREN TO COOK, SEW, HEM-STITCH SKIRTS, EVEN WASHING AND IRONING

By Louis Raymond

DESPITE the perennial restlessness of the Bennetts, there is a poise about them that indicates unusual discipline of mind and emotion. Life, for them, has been not only abundant, but opulent. Yet, they take it with a nonchalance as impressive as that of music critics at a Disney opening.

Such an attitude in the Bennetts, as well as in the music critics, has been interpreted by some observers as insufferable hauteur, as a piece of arrogant affectation. Such, of course, is not the case—at least with the Bennetts. Active, eager, inquisitive, they are, withal, serene—with the serenity of those who are sure of themselves, of what they're doing and where they're going.

Take Joan, for example—probably the best example of the Bennetts to take. Continuously on the wing, continuously alert to what is significant in life, while missing none of its more attractive froth, her mind is calm and level and decisive. Had she not been trained to an actress' career she might have made a first class operator of a girl's school—the kind of [*Continued on page* 69]

Charles Grapewin, who was Grandpa (will you ever forget him?) in *The Grapes of Wrath*, has the biggest role of his career as *Jeeter Lester* in *Tobacco Road*

Merle Oberon shares pleasure with her chow pup, Luke, in taking up comedy for a change. Co-starring with Melvyn Douglas, her next is *That Uncertain Feeling*

Tony's Influence

■ Talking about changes in our girls, here's Lana Turner.

Lana, who used to be the hottest number in Hollywood (and THAT is HOT!!) has cooled off—publicly, at least. The girl who ran the night-spot temperatures up above the summer-fever point, who slew males right and left, and who was fast getting the reputation of being the sweetie pie of Hollywood, has gone coy.

It's come since Tony Martin popped into her life. She's forgotten all about being the Lorelei of Sunset Boulevard, and seems to be a one-man girl—all Tony's. And what's more, she's suddenly buckled down to working at her job, and her work shows it. One of Hollywood's severest critics once said that if Lana could control her glands, she could develop into another Clara Bow.

Looks like Lana's doing it.

In *Men of Boystown*—the long awaited sequel to *Boystown*—Spencer Tracy again plays the humanitarian priest, *Father Flanagan*, with Mickey Rooney as the Mayor

Chauffeurs Are Handy for Flat Tires

■ If you visitors to Hollywood ever wonder why you see Margaret Sullavan's chauffeur riding down Hollywood Boulevard in the back seat in blissful luxury, while Margaret sits behind the wheel fighting traffic and doing his work for him, DON'T jump to the conclusion that she lost a bet to him.

The answer is merely that Margaret becomes car-sick unless she herself is driving.

So if you ask me why she hires a chauffeur at all, I don't know.

June 7, 1941, is date for Deanna Durbin-Vaughn Paul wedding. At recent engagement party couple are flanked at left by his parents, and right, by hers. Note star's diamond sparkler on *that* finger

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Overboard With Oughday

■ Change-of-Character Note, No. 2—concerns Cary Grant, the one-time all-around Scotch champ of the town. They used to say that if ever Cary got his hands on a dollar bill, it'd be so squeezed that it'd look like a spitball for the rest of its life.

But now Cary's gone overboard with the money he used to be so veddy, veddy careful about. And this time, it's the war that did it. Cary, like so many other Hollywood Englishmen, is going "all out" to help his fatherland in the war—and his latest gesture is the contributing of his entire salary for making *The Philadelphia Story* to the British War Relief!—and that salary, my frans, was a nifty $125,000 . . . !!!!

Moreover, he's been shelling out in huge checks to the American Red Cross as well, not to mention Los Angeles' Community Chest.

And to top it, comes the news that Cary has extended his charities to his own more private contacts. He has just set up a not-at-all niggardly trust fund, which will give a college education in the years to come to the son of his movie stand-in, Dave Merrihugh.

Tee-Hee From the Tee-Pee

■ Tee-hee of the month: No longer will Indians, in Hollywood epics, give the famous historical Indian greeting-gesture—the upraised right arm.

Reason: the Hollywood producers say it looks too much like the Fascist salute. And no Hollywood producer ain't going to let no Indian give a Heetler salute, yet!

Seems rather odd for Brian Donlevy, Ray Milland, Wayne Morris, Bill Holden to take up aviation in *I Wanted Wings*—especially with Veronica Lake around. You'd think they'd want to stay grounded

It's "Howsa Boy, Jack?" Now

■ Happiest man in all Hollywood, these days, is Jack Oakie. Reason for his joy is the fact that he's riding the crest of the wave again—after folks were shaking their heads, not so long ago, about "poor Jack being all done." Sailing merrily along in high gear on his second career, Jack himself remarks that "this is more fun than the first time." To Jack (who used to be snubbed on Hollywood

[*Continued on page* 78]

Who said girls had to be young to be actresses? Eighty-year-old Adeline Dewalt Reynolds makes screen debut as Jimmy Stewart's grandma in *Come Live With Me*

Howard Hughes always discovers new talent. Remember he discovered Jean Harlow. And now discovers Jack Beutel to play Billy the Kid in *The Outlaw*.

Not content with discovering Beutel, Howard Hughes also brings forth Jane Russell, former receptionist in doctor's office, to play with Beutel in *The Outlaw*

CLICKING AS A DUMB CLUCK

By FRANC DILLON

You've pictured Vera as a slightly daffy fuss-budget. But she's on glamour side

HOW TO BE GOOFY YET GLAMOROUS. THAT'S THE DUAL ROLE PLAYED BY VERA VAGUE OF THE RADIO, AND BARBARA JO ALLEN ON SCREEN. IT TAKES BRAINS TO BE BALMY

THE usual group of autograph-hunters stood outside the Hollywood Brown Derby one recent lunch-time, watching the celebrities arrive. As a beautiful young woman approached, the crowd looked puzzled. No one recognized her.

"She must be SOME one," said one.

"I believe it's Vera Vague," volunteered another.

"No!" replied the others in chorus.

One, braver than the others, stuck his album in front of the lady, requested her autograph and asked, "Are you really Vera Vague?" To the astonishment of the crowd, she admitted that she was, indeed, Vera Vague. The fans closed in—all but one little boy, who hung back with a disappointed look on his small, round face.

"I didn't think she'd look like THAT," he grumbled.

That small boy voiced the thoughts of thousands of other people who, actually, seem to be disappointed when they discover that Vera Vague and the lovely dramatic actress, Barbara Jo Allen, are one and the same person. Radio audiences have known her for years as *Beth Holly* in the NBC serial, "One Man's Family." Certainly there is nothing in the lush, sophisticated *Beth Holly* to suggest the daffy, dim-witted, man-hunting Vera Vague who is heard on the Signal Oil Carnival, but they are the same girl.

Neither would the smartly-dressed, lovely Barbara Jo live up (or down, depending upon your point of view) to your mental picture

[*Continued on page* 80]

When She's BAD She's GOOD

By **WILLIAM F. FRENCH**

LEE PATRICK IS SO NICE BEING BAD IT SEEMS JUST TOO BAD TO HAVE HER NICE. BUT NICE OR NAUGHTY, IT'S ALL IN FUN

SOMEHOW Fate won't let Lee Patrick be good. Or maybe it's just the movies. On the screen Lee is always doing the sort of things nice girls shouldn't. Even in galoshes, old-fashioned spectacles and a job in a bank she couldn't be trusted in *Money and the Woman.* And in *The Sisters* she was a bad woman as far back as 1905.

Bumping off a matron in a prison break in *Condemned Women* was just a pleasant interlude for this luring blonde with the curves. When she reeked with sympathy and took poor, little, worn-out, heart-broken Ann Sheridan under her wing in *City for Conquest* she subconsciously suggested that lonely girls weren't the only things she was good at picking up. And do you remember the ideas she put in her sister's (Ann Shirley's) head in *Saturday's Children?* Gosh!

Even as a cockney water-front girl in *South of Suez* she's up to her old tricks, and the only way they could keep her from giving the wrong impression in *Honeymoon for Three* was to have her appear in EVERY scene in the picture with a baby in her arms.

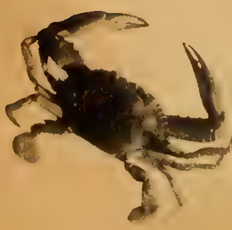
Not having a child to keep her occupied in *Footsteps in the Dark* she does a strip tease, and they finally have to murder her to get the picture past the censors. And, worst of all, we like this girl a little rouged with scarlet. There's something about the cut of her—ah—jib that makes her being a little off-color seem sort of satisfying. No doubt a stop ought to be put to it, but we hope not. As Humphrey Bogart said: it seems a shame to make a good woman of Lee Patrick.

Whether War- [*Continued on page* 66]

CAN-DIDLY AMERICAN

By PAULINE RAWLEY

If you want the recipe Penny Singleton is using for preparing a Crab Casserole turn to page 95. Another treat is Deviled Crab baked and served in the original crab shells



A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY IS BORN TO GIVE YOU COOKING AND EATING PLEASURE

HAVE you heard the good news about crab meat? Has anyone told you that it is no longer necessary to depend upon Japanese or Russian crab meat whenever you and your family have "yens" for these tasty seafood morsels—that you can now get American crab meat?

Yes, even crab meat has gone American, and in a way in which we can be proud. For those flavorsome Blue Crabs which grace our warm east coastal waters have become a contributing factor in establishing a new All-American Industry—an industry which in time will play no small role in helping to increase American pay rolls and decrease unemployment.

You see—until 1939 we were all pretty much up against it, especially if we harboured a decided love for the delicate tang of crab meat. Just about the only thing those of us who lived in inland regions had to resort to was the canned meat from the Russian and Japanese crab. Not only were these all we were able to find on grocers' shelves—they were the only canned crab meat products in existence. That doesn't mean that we Americans had no appreciation for the crab meat found in our own eastern and western waters. We did have—and scientists and food manufacturers realized this. Yet, because of its chemical make-up, the canning of this American Blue Crab defied the canning industry.

It was, therefore, only possible to market this fine seafood as fresh "iced" meat, available to seaside resorts—and only during certain seasons at that! But, one day a gentleman down in the south (South Carolina, to be exact) decided to take the bull by the horns. With the aid of American scientists, he went to work on these "gems" from nearby Atlantic waters. After better than six years of extensive research, a successful method was finally developed for preserving the delicious flavor and true [*Continued on page* 94]

"Almost a Miracle!"

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

will soon arrive to enchant you with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.

WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears . . . as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty . . . but only if you will help Nature remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin . . . if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes . . . really cleanses . . . yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness . . . making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (66)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

35 Years as a Picture Star

[*Continued from page* 38]

early age, a great doctor. He has unquestionably the understanding, the confidence-stimulating manner of a great doctor. It is these, of course, that account largely for his currently enormous success as a doctor on the screen and the radio.

JEAN HERSHOLT started his make-believe medical practice some years back as *Dr. Hochberg* in *Men in White*, played the role with so much authority that Hollywood had an easy choice in selecting the screen physician in the Dionne Quins' first picture back in 1935. He was, you will recall, "the country doctor." He has remained consistently a country doctor since. So convincing has been his characterization that no less an authority than the late great William Mayo, of Rochester, Minn., wrote him: *"You are the best doctor I have ever seen on the screen."*

"The Quins were 2½ years old when I went up to Callander, Ont., to make my first picture with them," he said. "I made the journey three weeks ahead of schedule so that the children might get used to me by the time Henry King, who was directing, began filming. What struck me first about them on close observation was the lack of identical similarity among all five. Annette and Yvonne looked alike and Emilie and Cecile looked alike. Marie, while she resembled the others, was different from her sisters. She was then the tiniest and the frailest. Today she is the tallest."

The first picture was a big hit. The others, *Reunion*, made in 1936, and *Five of a Kind*, coming two years after *Reunion*, while popular at the box office, failed to duplicate the sensational success of *The Country Doctor*. Hersholt has an idea the original title had much to do with the first film's triumph—that and the fact that the Quins were still babies.

At any event, the actor has shrewdly clung to the country doctor characterization in his *Dr. Christian* series of screen and radio performances. He makes three pictures a year. They are the direct result of his broadcasts which he inaugurated in 1937 under the full title of *Dr. Christian of Rivers End*.

"The broadcasts, heard on Wednesday night, have a Crosley rating of 21," Hersholt proudly announces. "Indeed, they lead in popularity among all half-hour programs on CBS. The rise in Crosley ratings has been steady. Originally, the program was heard on Sunday afternoon, had a Crosley rating of 1.5 to 3 the first year. The second year the rating began at 5 went only to 7.8 at the end of twelve months. There was talk of discontinuing the program. Finally it was decided to try it for another year. In its third year it started at 7, climbed to 18.2. We knew then we had a hit on our hands."

Hersholt receives a huge quantity of fan mail from his listeners. Many of them are sick folks. They obtain a good deal of cheer from the broadcasts. The actor showed me one of his letters. It was from a doctor in St. Petersburg, Fla., and was a vivid testimonial to the material help *Dr. Christian* had given to a patient. The letter read:

"This little anecdote may prove pleasing to you. Several weeks ago I was called in on a case of apoplexy which had resulted in complete paralysis of the left side. For a time the patient was unconscious, then into a semi-consciousness, realizing in a hazy way what was going on around her. Finally regaining a certain ability to speak, she called me *Dr. Christian* and has continued to do so ever since. At first I thought her mind might be somewhat hazy, but this never has been so. She is one of your Radio and Screen fans and I feel it quite a compliment to be associated in her thoughts with such a lovable character as your *Dr. Christian*.

"Her progress is entirely satisfactory and in due time she will probably return to a state of fairly good health . . . It would really be a good deed instead of even acknowledging this letter, if you would write to her, saying that you were sorry to hear of her recent illness but glad to know that things are going along so nicely with her, etc. The beneficial effect of such a letter would, I am sure, be material."

LOOKING back over his career, Jean Hersholt misses many of the important figures who were active in films when he arrived in Hollywood in 1912. The elder Laemmle, the Horkheimer Brothers, Ben B. Hampton, William S. Hart, Thomas Ince, Reginald Barker, the Balboa studio—these were among those with whom he first came in contact. Yet, he didn't come to America to enter the movies, though he did have a letter of introduction to the Horkheimers.

His real purpose in coming was to give a series of recitations before Danish societies in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal and other cities. Once this engagement was at an end he called on one of the Horkheimers in New York, told him his experience on the Copenhagen stage. The film producer was impressed, advised the young actor to go out to Hollywood and see his brother, then in active charge of the Balboa studio.

"I made the trip," Hersholt related, "and on the morning I was to visit the Balboa plant I dressed up in formal clothes—cutaway, striped trousers, spats, so on. No, I didn't have a top hat on. I wore a derby. You see, in Copenhagen when an actor sets out to apply for a role he puts on his dressiest clothes. I didn't know such a custom didn't prevail in America. Horkheimer let out a laugh when he saw me, but he was, nevertheless, impressed. Wardrobes were scarce in Hollywood in those days. There was plenty of cowboy and Indian clothing but precious little else. Evidently, Horkheimer believed I'd be a handy man to have around. Anyway, he offered me a job but with no salary attached. It was to be experience for me. I couldn't see any sense in that. I still had to live. I decided to apply to Thomas Ince for work."

The Ince studio was located some two and one half miles from the terminus of a trolley line and to reach it after the trolley trip one had to rely upon an occasional auto or an occasional horse or else walk through dust and sand. Hersholt walked it—in his cutaway, striped trousers, spats, etc.

"I was a terrible sight and a funny one. But again the garb also impressed, for after E. H. Allen, the studio manager, had stopped guffawing at me, he took me into Ince who placed me under a two year contract at $15 a week. It was the day of the one and two reeler, and I often worked in six pictures a day. It was also a day of doubling in brass. I would play one sequence as a Union soldier and follow it up with one as a Confederate. I did Indians and immi-

[*Continued on page* 75]

Jean Hersholt likes to recall his early film years in Hollywood, like the time John Gilbert made his first film appearance when he was only 16 years old. John supported Jean in *The Servant in the House*. Latter played *Manson*, a Christ-like figure

Joléne takes you 'round the clock with Martha Scott-

MARTHA SCOTT
Appearing in
"CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP"
A Richard A. Rowland Production
for United Artists Release

8 a.m. –Off to an early call at the studio — *Audee*

10 a.m. –On the set — *Duggie*

1 p.m. –Lunch at the studio commissary — *Tinee*

2 p.m. –and now to a wardrobe fitting — *Tabaran*

3 p.m. –At the tennis matches — *Cabana*

5 p.m. – Cocktails at a fashion center — *Gigi*

6³⁰ p.m. –Dining out — *Zetta*

8³⁰ p.m. –Off to pre-vue her newest picture — *Bolo*

11³⁰ p.m. –Supper dancing – The perfect ending to a busy day — *Fi-Fi*

Here are glamorous Joléne Shoes, Styled in Hollywood, exactly like those seen on the best dressed women in the NEW STYLE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD . . . and at a mere fraction of the price paid for the expensive originals. Insist on Joléne, Nationally Advertised, Shoes this Spring.

Free! **RUN-STOP HOSIERY KIT**
. . . for your kit and the name of your nearest Joléne Dealer write . . .
Joléne's Hollywood Studio MP,
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JOLÉNE *Shoes*
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

$3. to $4.

TOBER-SAIFER SHOE COMPANY ✦ SAINT LOUIS

Leigh and Olivier Quit Hollywood To Battle for Britain

[*Continued from page* 23]

men right away. What England needed was more planes, more guns, more ammunition. They couldn't do as much immediately by becoming soldiers as they could by keeping on with their jobs, helping financially. Helping to buy more planes, more guns, more ammunition.

"Keep on working until called." That was an unofficial order.

It wasn't easy to obey that order—to keep on play-acting, while the world was falling apart; while their families and their homes faced the threat of extinction; while everything that England meant to them was in danger.

It particularly wasn't easy for Larry.

He had come from England more recently than any of the others. He had seen air-raid shelters being built; he had seen trenches being dug in Hyde Park; he had seen women and children being fitted for gas masks; he had seen tests of blackouts. He knew how real, and how terrible, the danger to England threatened to be.

He hadn't been in America several years, like most of the British actors working here. He hadn't had time to think of America as a second home. England was the only home he had.

He had no relatives, no close friends in America. All the people he cared deeply about—with the single exception of Vivien—were in England.

And he would have been there himself, in the thick of it, instead of thousands of miles away, if it hadn't been for an ironic set of circumstances.

Twice, years before, he had tried to amount to something in Hollywood. Both times he had been pushed around unmercifully, given no opportunity to prove what he could do. The first time, he was publicized—over his protests—as "another Ronald Colman." Hollywood had jumped to the conclusion that he couldn't do anything that Ronald Colman couldn't do better. To get back his self-respect, he had had to leave the place. The second time, Garbo had dismissed him as an unimportant unknown, and refused to work with him, after M-G-M had signed him to play opposite her in *Queen Christina*. He had left that time, vowing that he would manage to get along without Hollywood for the rest of his life.

Returning to England, he had managed very well. He had become one of the biggest names on the London stage and the English screen.

He had pointedly turned down offer after offer from Hollywood.

Then he had made a great hit as *Heathcliff* in a London stage version of *Wuthering Heights*. Such a hit that when Samuel Goldwyn decided to make a screen version of the Bronte story, Goldwyn had also decided that no one could play *Heathcliff* as Laurence Olivier could. Goldwyn had set out to lure him to Hollywood for the part.

LARRY had insisted at first that nothing could lure him to Hollywood. Goldwyn, thinking that Larry was merely playing hard-to-get, had increased his inducements. But the thing that had finally induced Larry to accept was the thought of how satisfying it would be to return to Hollywood as a star, in a role right up his alley. He still smarted from the two kicks-in-the-teeth that Hollywood had given him. It would be a pleasure to make Hollywood eat every belittling thing it had ever said about him, word by word.

He had intended to make just the one picture—then return to England and prove that Hollywood interested him even less than he had once interested Hollywood.

He had anticipated no welcome from Hollywood. He had anticipated seeing no friendly faces. He had asked Vivien to come over for at least a couple of weeks while he was there—to take the curse off his loneliness.

So she had come over just before Christmas. She had met Myron Selznick, the agent. He had decided, excitedly, that she was *Scarlett O'Hara* to the life, even though she was English. He had introduced her to his brother, David, who had abandoned his two-year search for a living counterpart of *Scarlett* and was about to try to make some Hollywood glamour girl into an approximation of *Scarlett*. David, after one look at Vivien, had excitedly asked her to make some tests. And, after one look at the tests, he had said that she was the girl for the role.

It was the greatest role the screen had ever offered any actress—but Vivien didn't want it if it meant separation from Larry. He was planning to return to England. If he went, she intended to go, too.

He had loved her too much to let her forfeit such an opportunity. Besides, it had pleased his sense of irony that the girl he loved had, at the last minute, won the greatest role in movie history away from every star in Hollywood. That sort of made the triumph of his return complete.

He had told her to accept. He would change his plans. He would stay in America while she made the picture.

After *Wuthering Heights,* Hollywood had deluged him with offers. He had declined to be interested. Maybe that was cutting off his nose to spite his face—but there was a vast amount of satisfaction in not caring any more about Hollywood now than Hollywood had once cared about him.

He had had to find something to do, however, during the long months that *Gone With the Wind* was in production. He couldn't just sit and twiddle his thumbs. So he had gone East to do a Broadway play—at a fraction of the money he could have earned in Hollywood. But the complete change from Hollywood had been worth the difference. And he could still talk with Vivien every night by telephone.

So that was how he happened to be in the Broadway play, *No Time for Comedy,* when England went to war.

[*Continued on page* 64]

During their stay in Hollywood, Vivien has won the Academy Award (1940) for her *Scarlett O'Hara* in GWTW. And Larry was nominated for the Award. This is how they register love at last year's Academy dinner. Hollywood will miss them

Hollywood Parties

CLEVEREST party of-the-month --was the progressive dinner party given by Vaughn Paul in celebration of fiancee Deanna Durbin's nineteenth birthday . . . With all details arranged by Vaughn himself—even to furnishing music and entertainment at each stop—the guests started off with champagne cocktails at his apartment . . . From there, they went by bus to Barney's Beanery where they had onion soup . . . After that came spaghetti and ravioli at Villa Nova; hot dogs—of *all* things—at the very swank Gold Room of the Beverly Wilshire . . . Last stop of the evening was at the Tail o' the Cock where a five-piece orchestra played for everything from Virginia reels to jitterbugging . . . A huge birthday cake in the shape of a star and surrounded by nineteen little cakes, was designed by Vaughn . . . Guests who ate the cake and took envious looks at Deanna's diamond-and-ruby engagement ring which she received that evening were Ann Rutherford, Bob Stack, Helen Parrish, Anne Shirley, John Payne and a score of others . . . Most wonderful host-of-the-month was Errol Flynn . . . Until they read this, probably none of the Hollywood party-goers will know that Errol *gave* a party . . . There wasn't one glamour girl or stuffed-shirt present . . . But there are thirty little boys from a Los Angeles orphanage who know he did and to them he *is* wonderful . . . In fact he's nothing short of Santa Claus . . . Errol took these thirty lads to his Mullholland Drive ranch and gave them a Wild West party that they'll never forget . . . There was a complete cowboy outfit for each boy, a pony to ride and all the picnic food they could eat . . . During the afternoon, Errol himself (the old softie) thrilled them with roping contests while Howard Hill, the archery champ, gave the kids all the inside dope on the bow and arrow.

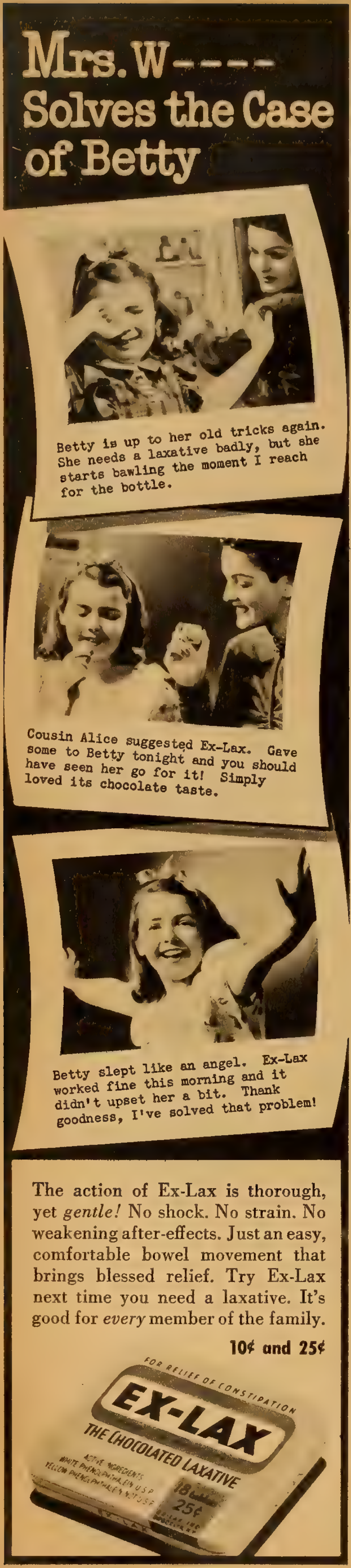
QUITE the swankest dinner-party-of-the-month was the one Fannie Brice gave in honor of Cobina Wright, Sr. . . . Fannie had hired an extra staff of servants to see that things ran smoothly and everything was veddy, VEDDY formal. . . . The table was exquisitely appointed and the guests sat around in their best bibs-and-tuckers carrying on polite chit-chat. . . . Then the new maid entered with the *hors d'oeuvres*. . . . Taking a washwoman stance in front of the guest of honor she thrust the tray at her. . . . "Better eat some of these and get some skin on your bones!" . . . A few polite gasps went up but most of the guests pretended not to hear. . . . When Roz Russell took two of the *very* small appetizers the maid hissed "Pig!" . . . This sort of thing kept up all evening until finally the maid put her tray down and sat down on a male guest's lap. . . . "This has gone far enough," said the maid, and with that she took off her glasses and pulled out her false teeth and revealed she was Polly Moran. . . . Fannie wouldn't admit she had been in on the rib, but the stuffiness was gone from the party. . . . You just can't be stuffy when Polly Moran is around. . . . Noisiest party-of-the-month was given by those noisy Gables, Clark and Carole, at their valley ranch. . . . The Gables invited a dozen friends to dinner, hired a hot pianist, rented a dozen musical instruments ranging from a bull-fiddle to a jew's-harp. . . . Then let nature take its course. . . .The result was that the eight o'clock dinner was served at 12:30, and the jivin'-an'-jammin' that went on was just nobody's business! . . . Carole calls it a "break the lease" party.

SET party of-the-month *wasn't* a birthday surprise party this time . . : It was the party given to dedicate Republic's new $250,000 sound stage—that sound stage which is built on the site where Mack Sennett used to make his highly hilarious Keystone Kop comedies and where his bathing beauties posed in bloomers against papier-mache rocks . . . There was a host of old-timers present . . . Associates of Sennett's who are still on the top in Hollywood and a lot more who are forgotten now but whose names made Hollywood news a few years ago . . . Unashamed tears rolled down the cheeks of grey-haired Mack Sennett as he dedicated the stage to the memory of Mabel Normand, the loveliest of his beauties and whom he called "the girl with the golden heart" . . . Old-timers you might remember who were guests of honor included William Farnum, Andy Clyde, Slim Summerville, Chester Conklin, Hank Mann, Jack Mulhall, Monte Blue, Louise Fazenda, Edna Purviance and Raymond Griffith . . . Most popular man of the evening was Charlie Ray, who still has his boyish grin . . . Most novel table-arrangement-of-the-month was the huge "S"-shaped buffet Janet Gaynor and Adrian used when they entertained in honor of the David O. Selznicks . . . Lighted by dozens of small candles the table was decorated with potted primroses . . . A flamboyant touch was added by the flaming cups of *cafe noir* and brandy which were served after dinner . . . Silliest reason for a party this month was the fact that Paramount studios have officially changed the name of Dana Dale to Margaret Hayes . . . Dana—excuse it—Margaret felt this was sufficient reason to celebrate so she invited guests for, of *all* things, punch and tidbits . . . But don't get excited, it turned out to be cocktails and appetizers when we got there.

Does your husband have to give up one evening a week to wash-day? Does washing leave you so 'done in' you can't even drag yourself to a movie?

THERE'S no better reason for using Fels-Naptha Soap than this: richer, *golden* soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha make a combination that can't be equalled for taking the back-breaking labor out of washday. No weak, would-be beauty soap can get *all* the deep-down dirt the way Fels-Naptha Soap does. In hard or soft water, hot or cool, this Peerless Pair of Cleaners—gentle naptha and *golden* soap, provide washday help that saves your hands, your energy—yes, saves your money, too.

If you *have been* a 'washday wife' write to Fels & Co., Dept. 5-D, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Use it next washday and warn your husband you'll be ready to step out that night.



Mrs. W---- Solves the Case of Betty

Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.

Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.

Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

More Than Legs to Stand On

[*Continued from page* 28]

tively, has too little gray matter to permit any scope of acting ability. In other words, beauty and brains are still not regarded an inseparable couple.

Actually, Virginia has more than legs to stand on—as you have seen in *Jennie* and will see more and more in 20th-Fox's *Western Union, Tall, Dark, and Handsome,* and Goldwyn's *The Little Foxes.*

On the San Francisco stage she was definitely a character actress. Her physical assets didn't become liabilities until she arrived in Hollywood. She won the Hollywood Institute of Physical Culture's award for the most beautiful legs in the film colony, and then things began breaking—in the wrong direction.

It all happened while she was on the Samuel Goldwyn lot. Of course, Virginia out-silences the Sphinx when it comes to talking on the subject of her award, but insiders will tell you the true story—crazy as it may sound.

One day Virginia, who was too new to Hollywood to know part of the answers to all the questions, was asked to pose for still pictures. That was all right. Dressed in a shape-showing black sweater and trim shorts, she was hustled before the cameras.

A bronze plaque which later turned out to be part of the Hollywood Institute of Physical Culture's award was attached to a building wall, and she was posed before it.

A red-faced man who may have been a local butcher, presented her with a golden loving cup as big as a punch bowl on which were inscribed words to the effect that she had won the movieland competition for beautiful legs.

There is no denying the expression of sheer amazement on her face when the "official" made his speech. She looked around for her competitors, of which there was a total quantity of none. Cameras clicked. And, thus, Virginia Gilmore became the legs queen of Hollywood, having won by being in a class all by herself.

Newspapers and magazines splashed with copy and art about Virginia and her slender stems. Overnight she became this town's most sexational filler of stockings.

However, since then it has been discovered

Blond, brown-eyed Virginia Gilmore has been feeling for some time that her dramatic career was tripped up by her pretty legs. Then Zanuck had a hunch the girl could act. So she gave up posing leg art and blossomed forth as an actress, making good in *Manhattan Heartbeat* and *Jennie*, and with Bob Young in *Western Union* that like Yehudi and his silent partner, the Little Man Who Wasn't There, the Hollywood Institute of Physical Culture just *wasn't* either. The bronze plaque with its flowery inscription is once more in the studio's property shop, while the loving cup has found its way back to the dusty shelf of a jewelry store.

SO THE only remains of the home-cooked publicity stunt are tricklings of talk about Hollywood's so-called First Lady of Legs—and a headache for the lady in question.

But headaches are nothing new to Virginia Gilmore. One of her earliest came shortly after her first crib's-eye view of the world on July 26, 1919. It was in Del Monte, California, and her father, Albion Winchester Poole, a retired British army officer, and her mother, agreed to christen her Sherman Poole.

Virginia wouldn't remember it distinctly, but she bawled something awful on baptism day. "Maybe I cried because I anticipated having the name Sherman attached to me for life," she says. "Anyhow, they finally decided to give me a Christian name, compromising by sandwiching Virginia between Sherman and Poole."

Later when her parents were divorced, she took her mother's name by re-marriage and became Virginia Gilmore. Because of a parental tug of war about who was going to have custody of her, she was placed in the Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood and stayed there for six years—until she was eleven.

She was energy in person, skipping rope, playing jacks and hide-and-seek and reading everything she could lay eyes upon—that included literature all the way from *Peter Rabbit* to *David Copperfield*. Days weren't long enough to outlast her activity.

And that is one reason Virginia began acting. When the Sisters told her to go to sleep, she asked for time enough to put on a play, produced, directed, and acted by one V. Gilmore. Like *Schcherazade* who told stories continuously for 1,001 nights to keep from being put to death, Virginia dreamed up her plays as she went along, acting all parts, to keep from being put to bed. The kind Sisters smiled and let their thespian genius continue far into the night.

BY THE time Virginia was twelve and back with her mother up north in Burlingame, California, she knew definitely that she was an actress—a Bernhardt in the bud—and that nothing or no one was going to stand between her and the footlights. Her mother objected to her acting; so Virginia starved her stomach and fed her soul, saved her lunch-money for carfare to nearby San Francisco, tried out for the role of Winifred in *The Awakening of Spring*, and won it.

The play was put on at the Green Room Theater, and Mrs. Gilmore didn't learn about her daughter's secret appearances until the last curtain had dropped.

There's no place like home—for arguments, Virginia found. She was used to living quite alone in the convent and liking it more than quite a bit. Differences in her desire for career and her mother's wishes for her future, made for conflict. Naturally, then, she couldn't confide her dreams and lived as much a solo existence as possible. It was in these moods that Virginia wrote her first verses. Putting her thoughts and fancies to paper was confiding of a sort—like telling secrets to a trusted friend.

"Our house in Burlingame was at the top of a tall hill," Virginia told me. "I used to go to high school on a bicycle. All the way down, I would think about the future, saying to myself: 'The way down this hill

VIRGINIA BRUCE, NOW IN UNIVERSAL'S "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN"

"Sleep brings softer, lovelier skin"

says Virginia Bruce

"after you've had a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap"

"**To go to sleep** feeling as clean and sweet as a baby," Virginia Bruce recently told Louella Parsons, famous Movieland Commentator, "I cleanse my skin with Woodbury Cold Cream—the self-purifying cream that stays sweet and pure. You see, my skin specialist says Woodbury has put a wonderful ingredient into this cream which keeps it *germ-free*. All I know is, it cleanses wonderfully. And when I've removed it with tissues, I apply a light film of fresh cream and leave it on all night. That's my Woodbury Beauty Nightcap and my close-up shots show my skin has new softness.

"**But nighttime care** isn't all. During the day, I remove powder, rouge and soil with my 'steady' cream—Woodbury Cold Cream."

For special skins—these special creams

If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. But if your skin is oily, cleanse with Woodbury *Cleansing Cream*. If dry, use Woodbury *Dry Skin Cream* at night. And for any skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury *Foundation Cream* for powder base.

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(Check only one) ☐ Dry Skin Cream ☐ Foundation Cream ☐ Cleansing Cream

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is easy. The way up is hard. If I think my most enjoyable thoughts now, I won't have anything to comfort me on the tiring walk up.'"

About this time, Virginia joined the San Francisco Group Theater and for the first time in her life found boys and girls with whom she shared a common interest.

She and the girls chipped in and rented an earthquake house. It was the typical kind bent out of shape by a quake—with floors that belly up or tilt downward, with doors that don't close properly, and windows that set crookedly in their frames. But the place was as clean as a Dutch house and didn't cost a fortune.

Virginia and her friends had toast, rolls, coffee, and Shakespeare for breakfast; soup, a meat course, cake, milk, and Eugene O'Neill for lunch—provided they weren't rehearsing at the theater; and orange juice, hamburgers, or steaks—depending upon the purse—fresh vegetables, a pudding, and George Bernard Shaw for dinner.

They read their lines between bites and sips, in bed, in the bathtub; they talked shop until anybody but an actress to-the-core would have been sick of it. And out of it all came a lot of well-rounded actresses with Virginia probably the best.

Sure, they were snobbish, smug, and know-it-all, as many young people are. They knew DEFINITELY what they wanted of life; they knew what the world needed to solve its financial, political, and social illness. They swapped philosophical arguments, covering the greatest names from Descartes to Nietsche; they arrived at a lot of varying conclusions, but on one thing they agreed: that the stage was the thing—that the Group would never have anything to do with Hollywood and its "inferior" medium.

"It makes me laugh when I think of our attitude now," Virginia admits. Her brown eyes sparkled merrily. "What the whole thing amounted to was each one of us knew secretly we would never be called to Hollywood.

"We were all 'sour grapes' who consoled ourselves with running down Hollywood and speaking affectedly of the stage and the lofty art of the *theatuh.*

"One thing about my training with the Group, I gained confidence," she said earnestly. "It's confidence built on bedrock. People can say I can't do this or I can't do that. But of this I'm sure: I can act! And I'm going to improve with every picture."

SOMETHING about Virginia's confidence gives you the same inner warmth and well-being that a glass of sherry does. It's not that blatant, offensive sort of confidence. It's the quiet, firm type.

Even when she was sixteen and played *May* in the premiere of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men,* Virginia had that surety of self and purpose. She was a good little actress and knew it. In fact, she suffered some of her most humiliating moments because of this.

The San Francisco Theater Group was presenting *Remember the Day* and Virginia had a top part. But one of the other girls kept jumping her cue, coming in before she should have, and cutting some of Virginia's best lines.

"One day I boiled over. The curtain was already down. I stomped into the dressing room, threw my arms around gymnastically, screamed like a pampered prima donna, charged everyone in the cast with trying to sabotage my performance.

"When the girl who was guilty began arguing with me, it was really the last straw. 'The show must go on—but not with me in it,' I said. I grabbed my suitcases in this red rage. Furious, I threw them into my junky, $23 auto, and pointed the nose south.

"After crying and feeling nobody loved me, and that I was going to end it all, I arrived in King City. The gas was down to the E mark. I snapped open my purse, and there was $1.25. That was bad. I stopped at a hotel, knowing I wouldn't have enough to pay for my room.

"But that wasn't the worst part of it. I opened my suitcases to remove my clothes and found that in my blind rage I had packed my suitcases full of only belts and hangers—and not another dress to wear!

"The next day I even topped that embarrassment. I had to wire the Group 'collect' asking for money to come back with!"

A lot of Gilmorian temperament ended right then!

SOME time after when the girls with their $16 per from the Theater moved to more spacious quarters on Geary Street, Virginia received a telegram from Samuel Goldwyn Studios in Hollywood.

She had been planning to hie herself Eastward to try Broadway when the yellow envelope arrived. The girls at home and the cast at the Theater grunted and "hmmphed" all over the place. So Hollywood wanted to sign one of their players? Well, Hollywood knew what it could do!

Virginia wired Goldwyn, saying—"Sorry. Not interested. Going to New York to fulfill commitments." Actually there weren't any commitments, but such a thing never seems to bother the aspiring actor or actress.

Rrrrrring! The doorbell—and another telegram from Goldwyn, to wit—"If you are going to New York, why not re-route your trip and come through Hollywood?"

That was all right. It wouldn't hurt, she reasoned.

Samuel Goldwyn never to this day has told Virginia how he heard of her, or where his scouts saw her, but he was impressed. Virginia didn't remove her hat during the interview; she didn't even smile. Mr. Goldwyn said—"We want you to take a screen test with us."

"I don't want a screen test," said Virginia.

"All right. Then I'll sign you for $50 without one!"

Virginia didn't have to use her ten fingers to figure that $50 a week with regular option raises was much better than the $16 she had been earning with the Group. Besides, those commitments she *didn't* have in New York were hardly a temptation now.

"It's a deal," said Virginia. And she scratched her signature above that highly publicized dotted line.

But now Mr. Goldwyn was in for a surprise! Virginia smiled. No, the Angels didn't sing. Goldwyn winced. Those teeth were not straight enough for camera close-ups. Virginia removed her hat, and Mr. Goldwyn gave out with an encore wince. Her hair was cut almost mannishly by a hand that obviously would have been more adept at juggling grand pianos—one of the Group who had given her a ragged shearing for her last play.

RIGHT then and there began the remodeling of Virginia Gilmore. Inside a day, she looked juvenile with gold braces covering her top front teeth. The hair took care of itself eventually with 100 daily strokes of the brush to give it lustre. The teeth came out straight and even a year later, and, dentally speaking, she looks far better than the "after" gal in the ads.

After that the publicists discovered Virginia's legs. And, well, you've heard what happened!

Today she has two pictures notched after her name—two 20th Century-Fox's: *Man-*

hattan Heartbeat and *Jennie*. Perhaps you haven't seen them or don't remember them. But, honest, you're not going to forget her in *Western Union* and *The Little Foxes*, in which she is to be Bette Davis' daughter. This is a Goldwyn opus that will make critics run dry of high-powered superlatives.

So far as Hollywood is concerned, Virginia is just starting to shift into high. (Her last was *Tall, Dark, and Handsome* with Cesar Romero and Milton Berle at 20th-Fox.) She's going to go fast from now on, because she is studying constantly, seeing as many movies as she can, watching Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, Spencer Tracy, and others of her favorite actresses and actors to learn how they achieve their Academy Award calibre of artistry.

Temporarily romance is off the schedule for Virginia. Career is top man and probably will be for quite a while. Virginia's been at Ciro's once and doesn't care for night clubbing. No, she's not old-fashioned. She just doesn't like to spend time that way.

Although she has good friends, the list is not large. Like Garbo, she "Vants To Be Alone," but without the Swedish accent. She is Hollywood's female hermit Number Two and lives in a small three-room house in Westwood within brisk walking distance of Zanuckville on the Pico. Those years of quiet, lonely days in the convent have conditioned her so that she even prefers that her maid do the cleaning up while she is working at the studio.

When she considers roles she'd like to do on the screen, she says with a laugh—

"If it isn't Bette Davis who's playing just the part I would like, it's Ida Lupino. Bette did so excellently in *Of Human Bondage*, *Elizabeth and Essex*, *The Old Maid*, and *The Letter*. And Ida was magnificent as *Bessie* in *The Light That Failed* and *Mrs. Carlson* in *They Drive by Night*. I'm very happy that I'll get such a chance in *The Little Foxes*."

FLUFFY roles that ask the actress to do nothing more than throw smiles at the hero, cheer-lead rah-rahs for Dear Old Siwash, or sip champagne cocktails without dribbling, are Virginia's prime peeves.

Another is people who have faults and won't admit them. If she had time out from pictures and writing books of verse, which, incidentally, are soon to be published, she would write an article entitled, "Don't Try To Lose Your Faults," or "Perfect People Are Such Bores."

She doesn't care for girls or fellows who like everybody. "There is no conquest in winning that type of person's friendship," she says.

The only work other than acting that she has done was clerking during a Christmas sale—for one day.

Virginia lays no claims to being an excellent salesgirl. In fact, the only complimentary things she will say about herself are in regard to her acting, which can hardly be over-complimented.

For a girl who has had so much trouble with her lovely legs, Virginia and her career are doing all right now. She likes Hollywood and wouldn't trade it for all the legitimate stage in the world. Legs originally brought attention to her, but now her other extremity—that pretty blond head chockful of acting acumen is getting the publicity.

"I have never laid claims to having nice legs," she explains. "I don't want to be thought of as lovely limbs carrying around the body beautiful, and a Ziegfeld face. I want to be an actress. I've got to be!"

She's got to be and is! That determination plus evidence we already have in two films is proof enough that Virginia Gilmore has more than legs to stand on!

To acquaint you with One luxury you may not know:

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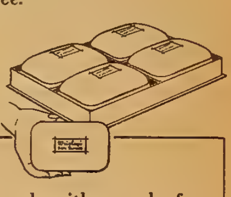

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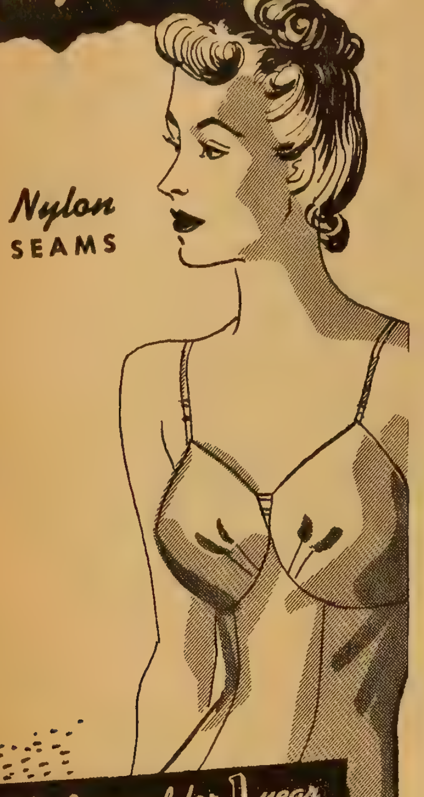

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Un-Common Scents

[*Continued from page* 16]

briskly over feet and elbows as well, to keep callouses from appearing.

It's a smart idea, after your tub, to stand up and drain off the first water, with its accumulation of soap scum, skin particles and dirt. If you have a shower, rinse off in that. Otherwise, swish out the tub, refill it partway with clean water, and rinse off the soapsuds that way. Then there's no chance that any bit of dirt will stay on you!

Gene is particularly partial to the use of scented talcum powder after her tub. It *is* nice—especially with warm weather coming on. And it does make it easier to slip on your girdle. You might prefer to use your favorite perfume in cologne form instead. It makes your whole body feel delightfully cool, and gives off a pleasant, lingering aroma as you move, when your body heat releases the scent. Or if you can't make up your mind which is the best way—do as I do. Use talcum to ease the girdle into place—and cologne on arms, chest, neck and back, for the sheer delight of it.

Perfume itself is a finishing touch, according to Gene. And she leaves it till the last moment, after her make-up is carefully applied. Then she touches the stopper of her bottle to the loosely curled ends of her hair, to her eyebrows, the tips of her ears—and her mouth. That sets the lipstick she declares—and anyway it's nice to have the perfume where *she* can smell it!

HERE are some other not so usual ways of using perfume which I think your best beau will find un-common *scents-ible* . . . Pour a bit of cologne, or a drop or two of perfume, in the rinse water—when you're washing your hands, undies or hair. It gives an utterly new note of freshness he'll love. Spray cologne liberally over your whole body, instead of slapping it on with your hands, or with pads of saturated cotton—to distribute the fragrance evenly all over you. Spray it on your hair, too, before setting your pompadour for that dancing date—could he imagine anything nicer than sweet-scented locks on his partner? Tuck little sachet pads into the shoulders of your dresses before hanging them in the closet—or tie the sachet bags onto the hangers, to scent all the dresses in your wardrobe . . . I like to dust sachet powder in my undies drawer—and I always keep old perfume bottles there. Even if they're not all the same scent, they mingle nicely to make the grandest smell! There's always the trick Ginger Rogers learned in *Kitty Foyle*—spray a cloud of perfume on the air with your atomizer, then walk through it—for a subtle note.

So many of you girls ask me to help you choose a perfume that's perfect for you—and that's just about the hardest thing anyone can do for anyone else . . . Only *you* can tell whether you like a particular fragrance, and you can tell only by trying it on, just as you would a dress . . . Dab a bit on your wrist, rub it gently for a minute or two till all moisture disappears, then sniff. Now try another perfume on the other wrist. Four is about the most you should sniff at one time—because your nose gets confused, and you won't know which was which, or which you *did* like.

Of course there are general classifications to give you a lead in your perfume buying. Delicate blondes usually like the lighter floral odors and bouquets; ravishing brunettes feel their personalities are best expressed by oriental scents, or the heavier flower fragrances—gardenia, for example. And perfume fancies do change with the season, and with fashions. Right now, with all the emphasis on flower bonnets and femininity, perfumes like apple blossom, moss rose, lily of the valley, forget-me-not, and clover are all the rage. So too are the bouquets composed of two or three of these scents, which smell for all the world like an old-fashioned flower garden . . . And it's about one of these I want to tell you now.

In the first place, the perfume itself is not expensive, although it's just as nice as it can be. In fact, it's been one of the best selling fragrances for a long, long time now. And you'll know why when you buy it and wear it. . . . For it has the freshness of garden flowers after an April shower. Remember that wonderful smell? It's not cloyingly sweet, but has somewhat of a tang, for this is the very fragrance of youth. There's cologne, toilet water, talcum and dusting powders to match—each priced proportionately low. There are purse flacons of the perfume for about 30 cents, with dressing table presentations around $1. The talcum is 39 cents, and a luxury box of dusting powder, large enough to last for months, is only 85 cents. If you use cologne as lavishly as I do, you'll want the large size at 90 cents—but there is a smaller bottle at only 50 cents. See? I told you it was exquisite but not expensive!

What about the sachets I suggested? I know where you can get them in pressed tablet, powder or bag form. And for a quite nominal price, too. The English manufacturer (who is still receiving shipments by the way) has several delightful fragrances from which you may choose. There's a delicate old-fashioned one that just goes with the idea of sachet powder to begin with. It's a fragrance you could well sprinkle through your linen closet, so that the sheets and pillowcases, as well as your personal effects, are faintly tinged with its loveliness. Then there's April violets—just as fresh as you imagine them—and crushed roses. The sachet tablets are 20 cents apiece, the tiny bags (in the old-fashioned scent only) a quarter each, and the glass bottles of loose sachet powder are about $1.10.

YOU girls who live in a hard water district, where bath water always has a thick soap scum, will want to have the fragrant water softener from the same manufacturer. It's scented with the same misty, appealing perfume as the sachet bags—and contains cereals as well as special water softening ingredients to give your bath a silken texture and you a refreshing new delight.

GORGEOUS COLOR PORTRAITS

There's a limited quantity of those beautiful colored portraits of your favorites—free of printed matter front and back, and on extra heavy stock—available. They're going fast so if you want any or all write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. Enclose a dime for one, or fifteen cents for two. They can be had:

Charles Boyer
Laraine Day
Errol Flynn
Clark Gable
Richard Greene
William Holden

Vivien Leigh
Tyrone Power
Ginger Rogers
Mickey Rooney
Robert Taylor
Jimmy Stewart

Sonja Henie—Richard Greene
Jeanette MacDonald—Nelson Eddy
Hedy Lamarr—Charles Boyer
Loretta Young—Tyrone Power

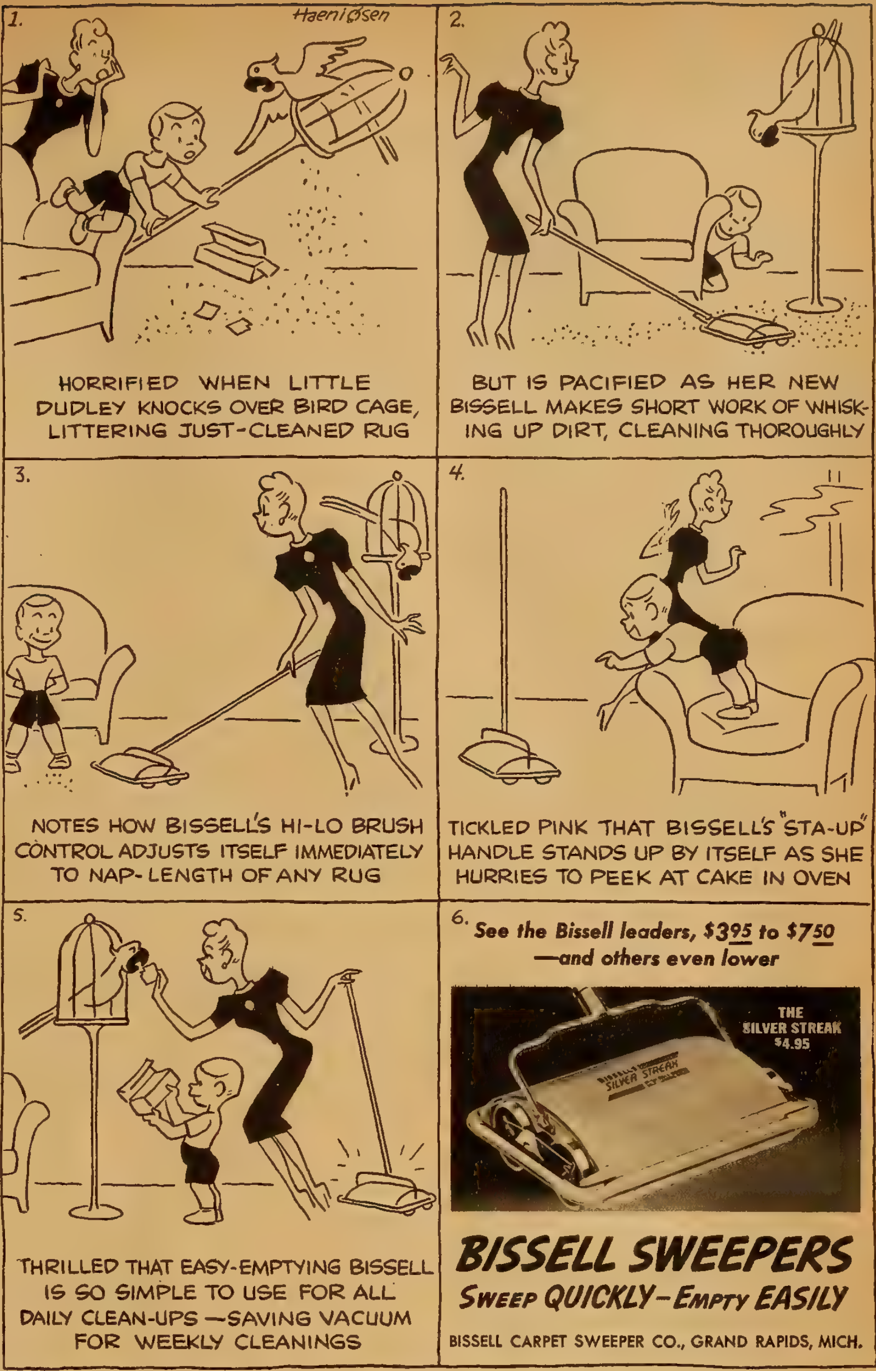
Packed in the quaintest of wooden drums, it's priced from 35 cents (for travel sizes) to $3. Want to know more?

Looking for a soap that is both mild and fragrant? I have it! A world famous toilet soap whose manufacturer is just as proud of its gentle cleansing properties as he is of the fine perfumes that go into it. More so, if anything, because it's quite a trick to combine perfume and soap, and still have a cleanser that will be kind to your skin. How perfectly this one succeeds is well told by its sales—right up there in the top brackets for these many years! I went through the factory recently, and I know what care and scientific accuracy go into the making of this superfine facial soap, how everything is weighed to keep the balance just perfect, so that the soap will lather smoothly, quickly, in a fine bubbled foam that really cleanses—and yet without irritating the tenderest skin. The soap is of the "hard-milled" kind, which means that it's run through roller after roller, to press out all water and air, and give you a hard, firm, truly economical cake that will not smudge away quickly or become soggy with use. When you get it, you'll notice that each cake is triply wrapped, to keep every bit of the delightful perfume in the cake, so that none can go stale before it reaches you . . . The price, only a few pennies, is best of all. Interested?

Remember awhile back I mentioned that Gene scrubs her elbows thoroughly in every bath, to prevent their becoming calloused or rough? There's something else she and all other movie stars worth their salt do all year round. They use hand lotion winter and summer, spring and fall. Because it's not just cold weather that makes hands (and elbows) rough and chapped. It's continually having them in and out of water, seldom drying them thoroughly. There's a grand hand lotion on the market that's mighty pleasant to use, because it's just as fragrant as it can be with orange blossoms. Wonderful for the bride—or anyone who'd like to be one. The lotion is a delicate golden color, and not the least bit sticky. You can draw on a pair of gloves almost immediately—even though you won't have to hide any rough red hands after using it! There are ten cent sizes, and larger ones at 25 and 50 cents. All handy bottles, by the way, and good looking enough for a lady's boudoir.

Just room to tell you about a clever new mascara presentation that has intrigued me. It looks for all the world like a jumbo size lipstick—until you open it. For attached to the top of the "lipstick" is a small spiral brush—and the mascara itself lines the inside of the metal case. There's supposed to be a special reason for the spiral of the brush—if you twist the brush as you apply the mascara, the bristles will evenly coat all sides of the lashes at once, by going between them. The mascara is a fine grade, guaranteed not to harm the eyes. And it does beautify them—what with making the lashes lustrous, dark and sheenful, so that they appear longer and fuller! The spiral brush also helps to curl the lashes, so your eyes will appear larger, brighter and more glamorous. The top of the case is painted with the color of the mascara—blue, brown, black. The price of each is 10 cents.

Write to me before April 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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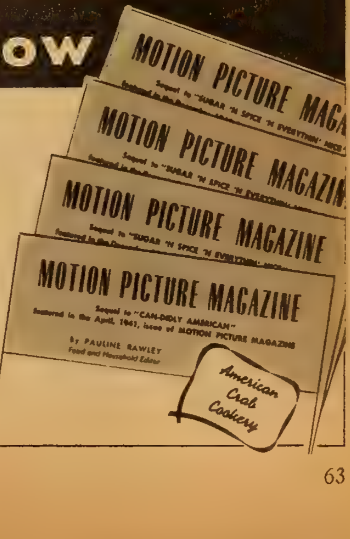
What Every Housewife Wants To Know

"WHAT shall I have for dinner today?" Yes, it is a problem, and Pauline Rawley, Food and Household Editor of MOTION PICTURE, helps you each month by telling you how to prepare delightfully tempting new dishes that are easy to make. Right now, turn to page 52 in this issue, and see the many ways to serve crabmeat—a really economical treat. And be sure to send for the *free* additional recipes. Look for the many varieties of new, tasty recipes each month in

MOTION PICTURE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Sequel to "CAN-DIDLY AMERICAN"
Featured in the April, 1941, issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
By PAULINE RAWLEY Food and Household Editor
American Crab Cookery

HOW TO BRING OUT
SEDUCTIVE COLOR
IN YOUR HAIR

THE heartbreaking thing about drab, colorless, mousey hair is what it does to the rest of you. You may be as pretty as a movie star, but if your hair-do lacks Oomph, so do you!

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And Halo, because of its new-type ingredient, makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

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Leigh and Olivier Quit Hollywood To Battle for Britain

[*Continued from page* 56]

When he offered his services, and England told him that he should stay in America until called, meanwhile doing what he could to help the British cause financially, he decided to forget the satisfaction of being disinterested in Hollywood. He could earn more money in Hollywood than anywhere else. So he went back to do *Rebecca*.

He didn't find it easy to stay 6,000 miles away from England, play-acting, with England at war. And Americans didn't make it easier by wondering why the young British actors in Hollywood seemed to be waiting to be called, instead of rushing home to enlist—as David Niven had done. Americans didn't know that the British actors were doing what England expressly wanted them to do; that they were still in Hollywood because that was where England felt they could do the most for the cause for a while. And they couldn't rise up and shout that they were "doing their bit" without being accused of loving their country only a little more than they loved publicity.

Americans didn't know that David Niven had gone counter to England's instructions, rushing home to enlist. And they didn't know what had befallen Niven, as the British actors did. The British actors were told, to impress upon them that England didn't need men; it needed planes, guns and ammunition.

When Niven was instructed to stay in Hollywood, he felt that he had to disregard those instructions—after the way Hollywood had publicized the fact that he was an officer in the British Army before he was an actor. So he went over to rejoin his regiment. And what happened? He found his regiment full; it had no room for him. He had to wait weeks, months, to get in another regiment. And Niven had been *trained* for the army—at Sandhurst, the British West Point.

Larry was less of a victim of American misunderstanding than some of the other British actors. Americans weren't sure how old he was; they didn't know whether he was over the age limit for the army or not. The same thing was true of several others. But it wasn't true of Richard Greene. People were sure he was of fighting age. So he became the special target of all those who intolerantly resented the fact that the British actors in Hollywood seemed intent on working until called. They booed and hissed his pictures. They wrote him vilifying letters. They taunted him and hounded him and persecuted him until he couldn't stand it any longer—until, like Niven, he went counter to England's instructions and headed home.

THAT sort of thing didn't happen to Larry. But he brooded about the war, about how indirect a part he was taking in it, about the fact that he was in America only by a quirk of Fate. About the fact that he was dodging danger—even though unintentionally.

Dodging goes against Larry's grain. He proved that by frankly and openly admitting his love for Vivien, though he was married to another woman. And by not getting out of that marriage the easy way, the Hollywood way, by quietly getting himself a divorce. He didn't dodge the blame for the break-up of that marriage. If there was to be a divorce, he felt that Jill Esmond Olivier was the only one who had a right to get it; she had to be the one to make the charges. Though she lived in England, where only one charge was admissible in a divorce court. It looked for a long time as if she would never be able to bring herself to make that charge. Then Vivien's husband, Leigh Holman, sued Vivien for divorce, naming Larry as co-respondent. There the charge was, aired in the public prints. Jill sued for divorce immediately afterward.

Holman received a decree *nisi* late in January, 1940, and Jill received one three weeks later. The two decrees, according to English law, wouldn't be absolute until six months had elapsed. That meant that Larry and Vivien wouldn't be free to marry until August.

And that meant that they might never marry. Long before August, all British actors expected to be called for war duty.

BUT Larry and Vivien decided that they could make at least one of their dreams come true—their dream of playing *Romeo and Juliet* together on the stage some day. "Some day" was a long way off. It might never come. They decided that, no matter what the future brought, they were going to have the memory of playing *Romeo and Juliet* together.

That was why, last spring, as soon as she finished *Waterloo Bridge* and he finished *Pride and Prejudice,* they embarked on that stage tour—which they knew in advance would be financially disastrous.

They opened in San Francisco and went East from there. By the time they reached New York, it was spring, the war was on in earnest, the British were suffering reverses, and still no summons had come from England. Larry, brooding about what was happening overseas, felt like a forgotten man. He offered his services again.

He was told, "Try to understand. We can't use you as a soldier. We have 4,500,000 men under arms now—men trained as soldiers—and not enough equipment to go around. There isn't anything you could do in England that people already here can't do. Stay where you are. Help us to buy more equipment. You'll be doing your bit as much as if you were in the army. Perhaps more."

Larry brooded about what he could do to become useful.

He decided that he could learn to fly. This was going to be a war fought in the air. England could always use more fliers.

He was living in Westchester, outside New York. There was an airport a few miles away. He went over to that airport, rented a plane, hired an instructor, quietly started taking flying lessons.

When he sets out to do a thing that he can put his heart in, he's intense about it. He was at that airport every day, including Sundays. On matinee days, he was there mornings—while Vivien sat at one end of the landing field, knitting, watching his evolution as a flier.

He had made up his mind that he was going to be useful to England. He had also made up his mind that he was going over after he had trained himself as a pilot.

And Vivien had made up her mind that she was going, too—not only to be near him, but to do her bit in England, also.

There was just one piece of unfinished business that they wanted to finish first. That was why they came back to Hollywood once more, to make one more picture.

They both had children by their first marriages. Vivien had a little girl, Suzanne. Larry had a little boy, Simon. They had been trying, for months, to get

the children evacuated to safety in America. They had had word that they would be over in a few weeks—Simon with his mother, and Suzanne with Vivien's mother. Before they, themselves, left for England, they wanted to be sure that both children were provided for, financially, no matter what happened. The money from one more picture would take care of that.

A few days after they returned to Hollywood, their divorce decrees were final. They had a quiet wedding in a garden at Santa Barbara. And after the wedding they settled down in a snug, out-of-the-way little house.

Everybody thought they intended to let nothing intrude on their hard-won happiness.

Except when they were working, or appearing at benefits for Britain, they stayed home. The few people they invited to the house raved, afterward, that they didn't blame Larry and Vivien for staying there. "It's one of those places where the world is well lost—a perfect place for two newlyweds. It's probably the most peaceful spot on earth." Larry and Vivien didn't tell people that they were renting month to month and would be staying only four months.

They gave no interviews. People thought that they were self-conscious about discussing their love for each other, after all the sensational headlines. Larry and Vivien self-conscious about their love? Ridiculous! They just didn't want to be questioned about their future plans.

HOLLYWOOD heard that Larry was flying, every possible spare moment—but Hollywood didn't know with what intensity of purpose he was flying. Hollywood didn't know that he was taking the kind of instruction that army pilots get, or that, in a few short months, he had soloed nearly 200 hours.

When they left Hollywood, they left so quietly that only after they had gone did Hollywood hear that they were bound for England. Hollywood didn't believe it—until, with its own ears, it heard Larry say "Goodbye" on a broadcast from New York, the night before they sailed.

Then Hollywood said, "Well, Larry always did take his acting seriously. But did he have to take his last role *that* seriously?"

His last role was that of *Lord Nelson* in *That Hamilton Woman—Lord Nelson*, who helped to defend England against another dictator, a century ago.

Larry and Vivien didn't choose to make *That Hamilton Woman* as their farewell Hollywood picture. Their mutual boss, Producer Alexander Korda, chose to have them make it—because it struck him as a timely story, and because he couldn't think of anyone who could be more convincing as *Nelson* than Larry, or anyone who could be more convincing as *Lady Hamilton*, the great love of Nelson's life, than Vivien.

No, their plans were made long before the picture. Their roles had nothing to do with their resolve to go back to England. Though they must have found some of the lines they were given to say gratifyingly close to what they, themselves, felt.

There was, for example, that scene in which *Nelson* spoke to the members of the Admiralty after the Battle of Copenhagen, when England was trying to tell itself that the dictator across the Channel sincerely wanted a lasting peace. *Nelson* listened for a moment to the bells of London, chiming in celebration of peace, then said: "'Today they ring the bells—tomorrow they will wring their hands.' Do you remember those words of Robert Walpole? You are celebrating a peace with Napoleon Bonaparte. Peace is a beautiful word . . . if the impulse for peace is behind it. But, gentlemen, you will *never* make peace with Napoleon! He doesn't *mean* peace today. He just wants to gain a little time . . . a breathing spell to re-arm himself at sea . . . to make new alliances with Italy and Spain . . . all to one purpose, to destroy our Empire.

"Years ago I said this same thing in Naples. I begged them—I entreated them—not to give way, but they wouldn't listen, and they paid the price. But that was a little kingdom, miles away in the Mediterranean. This time it is England—our own land! Napoleon can never be master of the world until he has smashed us—and believe *me*, gentlemen, he *means* to be master of the world!

"You *cannot* make peace with dictators! You have to destroy them—wipe them out!"

Larry never uttered any lines of dialogue with more intense conviction than he uttered those.

Then there was that love scene between *Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton* at Palermo. He was going back to England. They faced a heart-breaking separation, if he didn't take her with him.

Vivien never uttered any line of dialogue with more feeling than when she said, as *Lady Hamilton*: "I would have died if you had left me behind!"

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Says

Lovely Jane Goolrick
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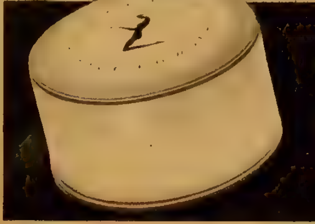

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When She's Bad She's Good

[*Continued from page* 51]

ner Brothers plan to reform her, remains to be seen, but it's evident they believe in the old adage that busy hands haven't time to whip up a mess of mischief. It's getting so now that any time anybody puts a roll of film in a camera they start hunting for Lee Patrick. They must have gotten that idea from RKO. Lee was out here for a year at that studio and they managed to get her in about a dozen pictures.

Just lately Warners cast her in *She Stayed Kissed*, but if they think that applies to the screen Patrick they're crazy. That girl stays nothing.

Someone said, not long ago, that what pictures needed was a 1941 model Mae West. That's one of the things Lee Patrick is. She is also one of the screen's most convincing disillusioned wives. As a wise-cracking "ball-and-chain" she has added a humorous, human element to many a picture. She's also played several gun-molls and a killer part. What more could any man want in a woman: she'll intrigue you; she'll tempt you; she'll hen-peck you or she'll knock you off.

Lee got around on the stage, too. She was a trapeze performer in *Privilege Car*, a stage-struck schemer in *Stage Door* and a red-headed inspiration in that smash hit, *June Moon*. And, as she says, a pilgrim in *The Matrimonial Bed*. The picture, *She Stayed Kissed*, incidentally, is the screen version of that Broadway play.

THAT'S Lee Patrick professionally. Now let's have a look at the girl herself. First of all, she thinks it's all in fun. Everything. No matter what goes on, Lee can see the funny side of it. So she's very popular and bumps into friends at every turn. Walking with Lee is like taking a stroll with a politician. No matter where you go there's always a laugh around the corner. And if the joke's on Lee, she laughs louder than ever.

She gets a kick out of the time she was making *Crashing Hollywood* with Lee Tracy. They were shooting the outdoor sequences at the Lakeside Country Club pool.

"It was November," says Lee, "and the water was terribly cold. They were using some ducks one of the studio workers had picked up at a valley farm. They put them in the water with me, and then discovered they were Southern California ducks and couldn't swim. They started to drown. The men on that picture were humanitarians. Every one of them, from the property boy to the director, started to rescue them. I slipped and fell in the icy water. I screamed for help, but nobody paid any attention to me. If the ducks drowned they'd have to pay for them, but they had an insurance policy that covered the players. So I crawled out by myself.

"Somehow, I don't seem to be able to attract much sympathy. When we were making *Fisherman's Wharf* for RKO I had to do a scene with Hollywood's famous seal, 'Slicker.' In working with 'Slicker' you first give him some raw fish. Then you keep a piece of fish in your hand and he'll follow you and do anything you want him to. After a couple hours with 'Slicker' I noticed the people on the set avoided me.

"Feeling a bit lonely, I went over and sat down beside Leo Carrillo. Leo drew back for the first minute or two, then leaned toward me with his most charming smile: 'Lee,' he said, 'I like you. So I'm going to give you a tip. Don't go out or they'll arrest you for fragrancy.' "

How did Lee happen to get into all this? She thinks it's because she was never quite able to make up her mind. Even in grade school in Chicago she couldn't make up her mind whether she wanted to be a writer or an actress. And her indecision continued through her years at the Hyde Park high school in that city. So she decided to be a lawyer.

And she might have been, if her father hadn't died when she was fifteen. With college out of the question she had to look for a job.

Her father, Warren A. Patrick, had been a drama critic in the town of her birth, New York. One of her father's friends, Frank Bacon, the famous stage star, gave her a letter to producer Dillingham in New York. Dillingham put her in the show *The Bunch and Judy*. That settled the question of her career, and following that she appeared in seven consecutive flops. There was no money in them, but lots of experience. And it was during this period that she learned to dislike stupid parts, such as the perfect lady she played in *Lady Be Good*.

"Even at sixteen," says Lee, "I wanted to portray real people, people with color and faults. But I did nothing but stupid parts until I dyed my hair. Then I played the red-head in *June Moon* and loved it. That was the beginning of lots of interesting things. I played the trapeze performer in *Privilege Car*—and the character caught the attention of George M. Cohan. He put me in his play *Friendship*.

"I'll never forget George M. Cohan," she continued. "We were rehearsing a scene I was to play with him. Suddenly he put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Listen, young fellow, this is your scene; *take it.*'

"He taught me to listen—to pay attention when other players were talking so that my reactions would be normal, and I wouldn't just read my lines back at them."

In 1937 RKO brought Lee out to play *Judith* in *Stage Door*, the part in which she had been so successful on Broadway. But the studio decided she "wasn't the type." It was during the following twelve months that she worked in so many RKO pictures.

LEE has told us about her indecision. One thing she couldn't decide was whether to take movies seriously or to stick to the stage. So she shuttled between the two.

She was first brought to Hollywood in 1928 by Pathe to appear in one of the original sound pictures, *Strange Cargo*.

"That was another stupid part," explains Lee. "I was very much of a lady who kept losing her voice in the picture because the microphones were hidden in different parts of the stage: behind pictures, in vases of flowers on the piano, in telephone mouthpieces and in lampshades. The players had to put their mouths close to the 'mike' and speak directly into it. A perfect lady couldn't reach over to tie her shoe, or sit on the edge of the piano or play with a telephone. So my dialogue faded in and out like the sound of a missing airplane motor.

"I decided then that the stage was the place for me, and went back to New York. Then I came out in 1937 for *Stage Door* and went back to Broadway as soon as my contract expired."

Lee next came out to Hollywood to play in *The Sisters*. Because dyeing her hair had proved a successful turning point in her theatrical career, she tried that formula for the movies, and with the aid of a little bleach went back to her natural blond self.

But complications resulted. In her tests she photographed exactly like the star of the picture, Bette Davis. In fact, even the cutters had difficulty distinguishing between them.

Therefore it was decided to drop Lee from the cast—until Bette Davis got wind of it. She objected, and offered a way out. Why couldn't Patrick wear a black transformation? So Lee covered her freshly bleached and carefully waved hair with a black wig.

With this picture and *Invisible Stripes* completed, the much-traveled girl from Broadway shuttled back to New York. As she had plenty of radio and stage work ahead, Lee decided to stay in the East.

"But," she says, "at six o'clock one night I got a phone call asking me if I could catch the nine o'clock plane for Hollywood. It was an emergency and I must not let them down. I went to work in Hollywood the next morning in *Saturday's Children*, replacing Una Merkel who had pneumonia."

Before Lee had time to reach for another timetable, Warner Brothers cast her in *Ladies Must Live* with Wayne Morris; then in *Honeymoon for Three;* then in *City for Conquest*.

By this time she was nailed to a Warner contract and was hurried into *South of Suez*. Before that was finished she was before the camera in *Footsteps in the Dark* with Errol Flynn. After that she was allowed a full week end before starting to work in *She Stayed Kissed*.

NOW her studio feels this girl is not only a natural for comedy and for the sort of characterizations she has been doing, but also for straight dramatic parts. She is definitely expected to turn in some outstanding performances in 1941, after as busy a 1940 as any player in Hollywood has seen.

Lee has already been mentioned for an Academy Award. After seeing her in *Condemned Women*, an English soldier wrote her that she should have the Academy Award.

"He must have had a bad experience with a prison matron," she grinned, "and liked my way of handling them. The stunt woman that fell down the stairs for that matron when I shot her was the first Mrs. Hoot Gibson. And she almost landed on our leading lady, Sally Eilers, the second Mrs. Hoot Gibson. That would have been a typical Hollywood pay-off."

In view of her Warner Brothers contract, Lee thinks she will stay in Hollywood. She and her husband have bought a house here and are searching the countryside for furniture for it. Tom Wood, a magazine man, started wooing Lee when the boat left New York on one of her visits out here, broke down her resistance in the Caribbean and married her in Panama.

Lee has traveled in Europe, South America, Canada, Mexico and Panama, and is studying Spanish because of her interest in the nations south of the U. S. She also speaks French and has studied German, Greek and Latin. Wishes now she had spent all the time on Spanish.

Her pet aversion is actors who talk about themselves, and her favorite date the 13th.

She is five feet four-and-one-half inches tall and weighs 110 pounds—all of it fun-loving.

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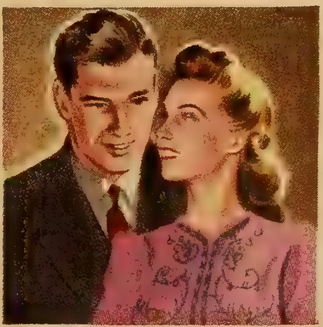

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Aside From the Glamour

[*Continued from page* 47]

a girl's school in which the students were taught to develop their minds and their social consciousness as well as their social graces.

There's a definite impression among those who keep their ears to the gossip ground that this new interest of Joan's in the deeper meanings of life is of comparatively recent origin. It was there all the time, but the girl's glamour overshadowed it. It had been told too often that so far as Joan Bennett was concerned, it was better to be beautiful, my child, and let who will be clever.

A pretty face, we were told, could launch not only a thousand ships but, given the proper speed-up, a thousand films. Why bother about mind? Who, in the plush seats, cares about imagination and sympathetic understanding and social consciousness and humanitarianism and even old-fashioned notions in child-raising in the stars of the screen?

It is to Joan Bennett's eternal glory that she scaled the hurdle of glamour, began to be recognized as something more than a Pretty Thing. Undoubtedly, the war has played a big part in bringing about the recognition. It has cleared away the misunderstandings, has revealed the basic qualities in men and women.

JOAN BENNETT had just finished an early morning broadcast in Radio City. We joined her for breakfast on the ground floor. The restaurant was deserted save for two girls at a nearby table who couldn't make up their minds that the young woman with the curved eye-glasses (their curve was in harmony with the contour of her hat) was Joan Bennett. For ten minutes she fooled the waiter. But with the ham and eggs he brought a huge book, filled with names of celebrities from Hollywood who had not only eaten ham and eggs there but had gorged themselves on the un-Hollywood fare of wheat-cakes. Would she sign the book? She would, and did and soiled her hands with ink.

There are probably many persons who have a notion a Bennett would make quite a fuss over the public inking of her hands. Well, Joan didn't. She demonstrated that even in trivial exasperations she could be serene. Most persons can take big misadventures calmly; it's the little things that try their self-control.

Joan had had three months in New York. She was returning on the morrow to Hollywood. She was happy to be getting back to her young daughters, Ditty (Diana) and Melinda. Yes, she had gifts for the children (she always brings back gifts from every trip)—a party dress for Ditty. "Her first," said Joan. "Ditty is getting tall and grown-up, wants to wear evening dresses. For Melinda I have a doll with complete wardrobe. She's still in the doll stage."

She then revealed her child-rearing philosophy. It emphasized anew the practical, sensible side of Joan Bennett's nature. She is not going back to old-fashioned ideas in bringing up her children. She declared proudly she had always had them.

In short, she is seeing that they learn how to cook and sew and take care of a house. "Children are not taught these things in school nowadays, and it's a pity. Well, I'm determined my children shall know them," and Joan's eyes grew a little wider and her chin jutted out a bit.

An old-fashioned mother, indeed! It just didn't fit in with the pre-conceived notions of glamour. Social graces, of course, are necessary but they can wait. The stress is upon an ability to bake a pie, hemstitch a skirt, and if need be do a bit of washing and ironing. It's a far cry from oomph, from build-up and ballyhoo, from the vast and noisy cultivation of sex-appeal.

It must be the Indiana that's coming out in Joan—the rural Indiana of Deacon's Mills. Until you know your Bennetts off the screen and rotogravures, it's hard to believe they have their roots in rural Indiana. It was in the quaintly-named, homespun hamlet of Deacon's Mills that Joan's actor father, Richard Bennett, was born. Blood and birthplace will tell. What chance has glamour when pitted against the old-fashioned virtues of Deacon's Mills.

Joan Bennett is devoted to her father. Richard Bennett, now nearing 70, is living in Hollywood. During her sojourn in New York they had frequent phone conversations. Two nights before she left for home she was distressed to receive word he was seriously ill. "He won't relax," she said. "He insists on living the same active life he has always lived."

She might have said that he insists upon being determined. It's an old Bennett trait, determination, decisiveness. In his stage starring days he was a most decisive individual. Decisive and incisive. If critics and audiences displeased him he didn't hesitate to express his opinions of them in public and at length—and to the devil with the reactions at the box office. His opinions made good headlines, but they weren't uttered for publicity. It was a case of a forceful and not infrequently tactless personality giving vent to his feelings.

The younger generation isn't tactless, but it expresses itself forcefully, decisively. Joan, for example, is very certain she will not return to the stage. In that respect she is an exception.

"I GOT all I want of the stage during my recent engagement in a touring company of *Stage Door,*" she smiled. "The monotony of it became unendurable. The same thing night after night for weeks on end. The only possible attraction the stage would have for me now is to play in a repertory company. Playing a part on the screen also becomes monotonous, but there is always the assurance that in a few weeks the picture will be finished and that there is usually a brief vacation for you before you begin another film."

When a lady combines a personal loveliness with an alert and confident mind, the result is apt to be arresting. Arresting is the word for Joan Bennett. A rush of events had filled her visit in New York—renewing old confidences with her mother. (This was the last time Joan was to see her mother alive. A few days after returning to Hollywood she was called East by the sudden death of her mother—the late Adrienne Morrison of stage fame.) Seeing a Broadway show or two, stopping in at a few of the night clubs, making side trips to Washington, Boston and other cities. And in the center, as the chief reason for her New York visit, the premiere of Walter Wanger's production of *Foreign Correspondent.* She was proud of its success, of the acclaim given its stars, Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, and its director, Alfred Hitchcock.

"I'd like to see all of Hitchcock's pictures, especially the one where an important scene is played only by a man's hand, which you see on the banister as he walks downstairs," she said. "Hitchcock believes in letting the audience use its imagination."

She found her own imagination stimulated by *Foreign Correspondent,* in spite of her familiarity with the dialogue and situations. She had seen numerous "rushes" of the film in Hollywood, but she adds she is not the movie addict her husband is. "He can't get enough of pictures," she laughed.

JOAN didn't look unlike a correspondent of the more successful domestic brand herself in her tweed suit, her eye-glasses which she affects because of near-sightedness, the little tilted hat. A few ornaments here and there—miniature gold battleships on the pockets of her jacket (why, of course, my child, pocket battleships!), a formidable gold bracelet of miniature pyramids on her right wrist. She seemed ready for an assignment to interview the Defense Commission on the state of our preparedness.

"I don't know whether such a role would turn into drama or comedy," she smiled at our suggestion. "If it were comedy I'd welcome it."

And Joan Bennett confessed that she does not seem able to persuade Hollywood producers to give her comedy roles exclusively.

"Heaven knows, I've tried hard enough. I think I have a talent for comedy, but the producers insist upon putting me in dramatic parts."

Despite its emphasis upon drama, Hollywood is exhibiting a marked leaning for comedy, she remarked. "It is even laughing at itself, which is a most hopeful sign. There are horror pictures on view in Hollywood in which people are hired to sit in the audience and talk back to the actors on the screen. A woman will shout: 'Don't go up those stairs,' and the actor will turn right around and come back.

"Of course, the stage has long poked fun at itself, especially in its revues. But even comedy is scarce on the stage this season, if we except *My Sister Eileen.* But New York has several good new plays like Ethel Barrymore's *The Corn Is Green* and *Flight to the West.* I think my father will be surprised to hear that one of the biggest hits of the new season is *Charley's Aunt,* an old farce that dates back to the Nineties."

Joan Bennett, when we saw her, is still a brunette. Can it be that is why movie producers continue to cast her in dramatic roles? Traditionally, the movie producers associate blondes with comedy, just as the poets and the playwrights do. It's difficult to find a brunette in a gay role just as it's hard to find a blonde in a heavy dramatic part. There are exceptions to the rule, but the tradition persists as strongly as ever.

Joan Bennett may become one of the exceptions to the rule. She may become a hilarious comedienne in spite of her raven tresses. It's a topsy-turvy world. Besides, you can't overlook the Bennett determination, the calm, steady, self-confident driving force that has taken the Bennett clan to the top—and kept it there.

Like the homesick songwriter I, somehow, can't get Indiana off my mind. Or to be more precise I can't get Deacon's Mills, Indiana, off my mind. A family that can overcome Deacon's Mills can overcome anything—even movie producers who like to say: "No."

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PICTURE PARADE

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT

—AAA½—

When Erich Maria Remarque wrote his novel *Flotsam*—dealing with a subject he is not only familiar with but part of—there was yet a chance of escape, a place of refuge, if only temporary, for the political refugee, the persecuted minorities of Germany. But since then the entire continent has been scourged and so while the new title, *So Ends Our Night,* may be defeatism it is also realism for there is very little hope left for the millions of refugees in Europe today. It's true there's still America—and don't think the producers didn't make the most of that—but it is only the few fortunates like *Ruth Holland* (Margaret Sullavan) and *Ludwig Kern* (Glenn Ford) who can hope to reach the promised land—and they only by courtesy of the screenplay. The millions of others like *Josef Steiner* (Fredric March) can only hope for eternal peace. So you see *So Ends Our Night* is a *real* tragedy but it is a good thing to see for as long as public sympathy (the movies are patronized by millions weekly) is *for* these persecuted people and *against* Fascism it can't happen here. Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March and the supporting cast are excellent, but for young Glenn Ford, *So Ends Our Night* should be the beginning of a new day.—*Loew-Lewin-United Artists.*

HIGH SIERRA

—AAA½—

And now that we're back in our own, our native land there isn't much to laugh at either, excepting *Pard* who leads a dog's life. The others in *High Sierra* are Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy, Joan Leslie, Henry Hull, Henry Travers, Barton MacLane, Elizabeth Risdon, Donald MacBride and others, but if you know your movie stars then you know that comedy is not their medium. As you can gather, *High Sierra* is far from gay—it's the story of a Dillinger mobster, *Roy Earle,* played by Humphrey Bogart. *Earle* has a great respect for the sun, the stars and the flowers but apparently little respect for human beings, but nevertheless we are expected to sympathize with him. Maybe we just don't understand him like *Marie* (Ida Lupino) does—she finds him quite a lovable guy. However, Warners can't get away with murder so Mr. Hays does see to it that in the end *Earle,* after he has dropped a few people, takes a big drop himself. But to soften the blow they'll have you believe that poor *Pard* put the jinx on him just as he did on his other masters. This is a grim story but it is exciting and suspenseful.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 74]

Sullavan Isn't Afraid to Have Babies

[*Continued from page* 25]

hood gives her a bigger emotional range than studying Dramatics or other Aids to Acting could ever do . . . who just goes ahead and has her babies and intends to have more babies, quite a *lot* more babies . . . and doesn't make a fuss about it. Meanwhile, producers scream for her services, and critics and fans scream her praises, just the same and all the while. It's all very astonishing.

MARGARET has, in short, the capacity for living life in every phase in which a woman's life can be lived—and plays a stellar role in every phase.

It is the many facets of her amazing personality that fascinate me and should fascinate you—and you. She isn't beautiful, she isn't a clothes-horse, abides by none of the Success Rules, defies, or rather, ignores all the glitter and glamour and beaten tracks and habits and habiliments of other stars, does all those things which are not done and none of those things which are . . .

But let me give you a few of the many phases of Maggie. Perhaps her answers, scrawled on a confidential M-G-M questionnaire, are as revealing as anything could be. Because they tell the simple truth, which so few of us ever think to tell. The questions, and Maggie's answers, are as follows, just as I copied them down:

WHO ARE YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS? *The birds and the bees and the flowers.*

WHAT LIVING PERSON DO YOU MOST ADMIRE? *Leland Hayward.*

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? *Looking at houses.*

YOUR FAVORITE SCENT? *Brooke and Bridget Hayward.*

GREATEST AMBITION? *To be an actress on the screen, a housewife off.*

OCCUPATION? *Housewife.*

Break that down and you will have about as complete and full-length a portrait of Margaret Sullavan as you are ever likely to get.

WHEN she answered that birds and bees and flowers are her best friends, she was speaking the God's truth (visit her rambling, one-story, "farmhousey" home in Brentwood any day and you will be likely to see Brooke and Bridget, Maggie's babies, tumbling about as naked as the day they were born, with the birds and bees and flowers. And Maggie there, too, wearing only one scant garment more than she wore the day *she* was born). But examine the answer to that question closely and you will perceive cleverness as well as truth. For by avoiding the mention of names, she avoided the possibility of hurting those she did not name.

When she said that of all living people she most admires Leland Hayward, her husband—well, you know as well as I do that Miss Average Fancypants Star would not mention her own *husband*. She would be more likely to mention her producer, her director, King George of England, President Roosevelt, Ernest Hemingway or Einstein, someone with whom she could either curry favor or in whose regal or intellectual shadow she could bask. But here again Maggie cut all the gooey Gordian knots by telling the plain truth. She does admire Leland Hayward, enormously. She once

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—by a school teacher

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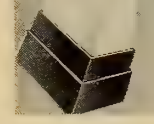

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said that she married Henry Fonda for glamour and Young Romance, married William Wyler for stability and protection and stimulus, but that in Leland Hayward she had discovered the combination of both, of all their qualities.

When she said that looking at houses is her favorite hobby she again told the truth, again unusually. She doesn't collect perfumes or First Editions (her books are all dog-eared and loaned to everyone) nor china penguins (a la Roland Young). She spends hours snooping around half-finished and empty houses because she loves houses. Houses are homes and she loves homes because she is a homemaker.

When she said that her favorite scent is Brooke and Bridget Hayward, she said something every mother in the world will understand and ditto—for she meant the scent of babies, the damp, warm, talcumy, ineffably sweet baby smell, which is out of this world, having so newly come into it. To watch Maggie burrow her face into the backs-of-the-necks of Brooke and Bridget is to know she has found the most seductive scent in the world.

When she said her greatest ambition is to be an actress on the screen, a person off, she didn't need to say it. She lives it. And when she gave her occupation as "Housewife"—well, there the questionnaire abruptly halted. One assumes the publicity department interrogator fainted.

OF HER ambition to be an actress on the screen, a person off, Maggie once said to me, "The trick in being a motion picture actress is not what you do before the camera, but in *what you do outside the studio.* I mean, you've got to collect a lot of life and living and bring what you collect to the parts you play. If you are just an actress all the time, more, if you are just a star all the time, with the attitudinizings and publicity postures of the star, you become nothing but a paper doll, a thin thing of one dimension . . .

"I refuse, point blank," Maggie told me, fiercely, "to be a movie star when I am not actually working before the camera.

"Even if I didn't happen to be in the picture business, I wouldn't be any different than I am. I wouldn't go to nightclubs, big parties, gigantic social events. I wouldn't do any of these things because *I don't like them.* They give me nothing. I give them nothing. Add the two nothings together and you get—nothing.

"I enjoy sitting at a counter, wolfing a hamburger. That beats any swanky nightclub. I like to wear slacks and have my hair mussy and wind-blown. I like to sit at home evenings and play phonograph records or talk to a few close friends, Olivia de Havilland, Burgess Meredith, Hank Fonda, Jimmy Stewart. Why should I be denied these things simply because I happen to be in pictures? I like to be a housewife, and I am. I order our meals, work around the house and garden, take care of the babies. I like to have babies, I want to have a big family, a *very* big family."

At another time, Maggie said to me, "When I first went on the stage, I made up my mind that I would be myself at all times, never try to copy anyone and never spoil the things I like by trying to fit myself into an accepted pattern.

"I want to get all the fun I can out of life so I make my own rules. I respect other people and their rights, I expect them to respect mine. If I think a thing is right for me, I'm going to do that thing. I have a mind of my own and it deserves the respect of dictating my actions."

When Maggie was making *The Mortal Storm* she said she liked the role of *Freya* better than any she had played because *Freya* abided by Maggie's own theories. "She realized," said Maggie at the time, "that the side she chose was not the popular one. She even realized that she would suffer by following her course but, to her, it was a fine one. So she took it and she didn't look back, not even for an instant . . . I *never* look back," added Maggie, "it is one of the commandments I have made for myself. A person who is forever 'looking back' not only gets a pain in the neck, but is one . . .

"IT MAY be proper to be conventional," Maggie told me, "but it would be very dull, fitting a pattern. And by the way, isn't 'proper' a prissy word . . . *horrid!* Anyway, Life is only worth while when you live it your own way. Seems to me there are only four essentials to getting the most out of life . . . a sense of humor, honesty, simplicity and doing the thing you like to do at the time you like to do it."

Maggie lives life her "own way." She dresses as she pleases (she often wears slacks to dinner parties), eats when and what she pleases, says exactly what she thinks to everyone. During the production of a picture, she makes it a point to be abed and asleep before nine o'clock every night. Jimmy Stewart taught her to fly; she hopes someday to win a pilot's license and recently made her first solo flight (and in *her* condition!).

She loves the dirndl type of peasant-dress and likes to wear a handkerchief tied around her head—and peasant type sandals on her feet, if anything. She dresses the babies in clothes that match her own. She seldom goes to pictures, hates telephones, won't use 'em, doesn't believe in hunches and never plays them. She has only one superstition, passing salt at the table, and won't tell why. She loves to chew gum. It's amusing watching her, just before she goes into a big dramatic scene, standing on the set, snapping gum. On the M-G-M lot, Bob Taylor and Bob Young, engage in perennial off-scene bicycle races. When Maggie was an M-G-M-er, she was never happy unless she was perched on the handlebars of one or the other. When she made *Three Comrades,* during the sequences in which she was lying in bed, she never got out of bed during the entire day, didn't *want* to. On the sound stages Maggie is most often to be seen, however, climbing a ladder, sitting on the catwalk and gossiping with the electricians. Hollywood's "Female Puck," they call her . . .

HER sense of humor will be written into the archives, in time. When she first went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Joan Crawford had seen her in *Only Yesterday,* admired her enormously (Joan, unlike many actresses, is given to enormous admirations of other actresses), wanted to meet her. Through a mutual friend it was arranged that Miss S. would have lunch with Miss C. at Miss C.'s home.

On the morning of the luncheon, Joan called the Sullavan home and asked for the Sullavan cook . . . "What," said Miss C. "is Miss Sullavan's favorite luncheon dish?"

"Cheese souffle," said cook.

Joan ordered a cheese souffle to be done to a turn at precisely 12:49. The time and the cheese souffle came to a head together. But no Miss S. At 1:38 when the souffle and the Crawford had suffered a simultaneous collapse, Sullavan appeared—*with an inner tube slung over one shoulder.* She said, "Everyone has the same excuse to offer when they're late for an engagement. 'I had a blow-out,' they lie. But I am *not* lying. I *did* have one. I brought the inner tube along to prove it!"

And Margaret Sullavan can take it as well as dish it. On the set of *Shopworn Angel* she didn't dare look to right or left when she sat in her dressing-room between scenes. Because, to left and right, above and below, were pictures of herself, in bathing-suits, in formals, in informals, and the face of each portrait was painted a flaming red!

" . . . an old Stewart touch," explained Maggie, with glee. "I had several days off from the picture and went to Palm Springs, didn't know one could get sunburned through fog, found out and came back looking like the child of a cigar-store Indian. The Art is Stewart's idea of heaping coals of fire upon my fevered brow for turning into a red girl in his very arms!"

MAGGIE doesn't use her sex in any of the obvious ways—not unless she needs to use it, that is. When she was going to the Woodrow Wilson School, some years ago, she did a good many plays with the school's dramatic society. When she was late and the director bawled her out, she would just start crying and the director would nearly cry in sympathy. She knew how to get around him, all right. Or when, on occasions, she would miss a cue or enter too soon, her tears always started and stopped a possible dressing-down . . . yes, indeed, she can use her sex and all its little, tender tugs when she needs to.

Virginia Bruce once said to me, "Do you know the girl I'd be most afraid of if she decided to go after any man I was interested in?" I made a guess. "Marlene Dietrich," I said. "No," laughed Virginia, "no, indeed—Margaret Sullavan!"

It is one of Hollywood's most persistent stories that Jimmy Stewart is really in love with Maggie, always has been, never has quite got over it, will probably never marry until he finds a girl as near like Maggie as any other girl could be. It has also been remarked that the slim Sullavan, with her unremarkable features, her dispensing with all the trappings that are man-traps, gets every man she wants to get, has had three husbands and retains the friendship of every man she has ever known.

I have been at parties where Sullavan was a guest. I have noticed, invariably, that men will leave every other woman at a party to circle around her. Not only because she is witty, informed, outspoken, but also because she is a good listener. Men love to play cards with her, too. Especially Hearts. Because she is a good loser.

Whether he is in love with her or not is his own business, but Jimmy Stewart once said of her, "She makes life extremely vivid for anyone around her. You go away from her thinking, I must remember to read that book! I must remember to play that symphony! I must remember to read that political speech! She gives you the same feeling you have after taking an invigorating plunge. It's because she is more alive than anyone else . . ."

DID you ever know, have you ever heard how Sullavan got the Sullavan voice? Most of Hollywood agrees she has the best speaking voice among the feminine stars. Well, she wasn't born with it. Here is her own account of it:

"When I arrived in New York several years ago, the Shuberts wanted me to read the script of *The Modern Virgin*. No sooner had I had the glad tidings than I came down with laryngitis. A very lusty, large laryngitis. But laryngitis or no laryngitis, I decided it was too big an opportunity for me to miss.

"When I arrived at the office, I explained, apologetically, that I had a sore throat and . . . I began to read, when Shubert interrupted me by exclaiming, 'Sore throat, nothing! That's an Ethel Barrymore voice, Miss Sullavan, you are engaged!'

"I didn't dare tell him that what he heard was only temporary. Moreover, I decided that if I could help it, it would not be only temporary. And so, from the moment I read the lines until I stepped onto the stage, I deliberately exposed my throat. I would take walks at nights with my throat bared to the elements. I got my feet wet, sat in drafts, did everything I could think of to help keep the condition for as long as possible. It worked. My voice," laughed Maggie, "hasn't, to this day, gone back to normal!"

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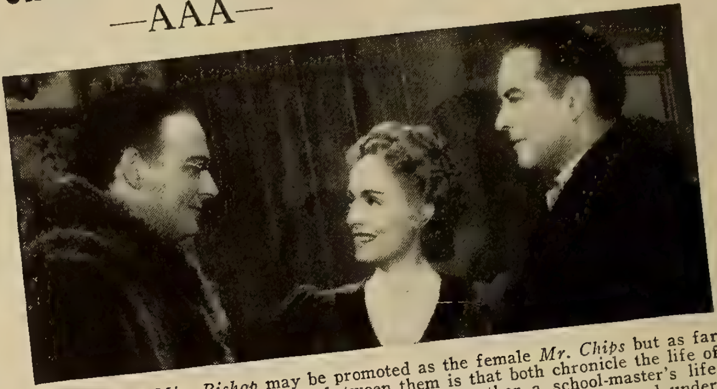

Cheers for Miss Bishop may be promoted as the female *Mr. Chips* but as far as we can see the only similarity between them is that both chronicle the life of a school-teacher—one a school-mistress' life, the other a school-master's life. And while Martha Scott's impersonation of *Ella Bishop* is sincere and understanding and leaves no room for criticism, the character just doesn't excite the sympathy and warm sentiment that darling *Mr. Chips* did. But, perhaps, that's because one finds a natural antipathy to old maids which is after all what *Ella* was. Her life wasn't completely void of love and romance but she was a spinster at heart—otherwise she would have married *Delbert Thompson* (Donald Douglas) or *Sam Peters* (William Gargan). Of course we wouldn't *dare* suggest that she might even have kept a tryst with *John Stevens* (Sidney Blackmer) in Italy. But, no, *Ella* wouldn't have any of that and while she was sweet and lovable and self-sacrificing she was a prig at heart. But maybe we're being too hard on *Miss Bishop*; we must remember that she was in her prime during the mauve decade. However, if we can be a little tolerant of *Ella's* smugness we'll find *Cheers for Miss Bishop* pleasant entertainment.—*Rowland-United Artists.*

VIRGINIA

—AAA—

They are still fighting the Civil War down South, especially in *Virginia*. And if you're a Northerner, like me, you will want to bow you head in shame—such villains we are. But let's not take this too seriously and we'll enjoy *Virginia* for it's colorful (Technicolor). Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray and Stirling Hayden take romance seriously but with Helen Broderick, Marie Wilson and little Carolyn Lee rounding out the cast you'll find plenty of laughs in *Virginia*. *Carlotte Dunterry* (Madeleine Carroll) has been raised in the North but returns to *Dunterry*, the ancestral home, to sell. *Stonewall Elliott* (Fred MacMurray) and his baby, *Pretty*, try to change *Charlotte's* mind and almost succeed, but there's a *Mrs. Elliott* somewhere in the background. So when the modern carpet-bagger, *Norman Williams* (Stirling Hayden), offers his millions and a golden wedding band, too, *Charlotte* promises him her hand. But just when they're ready to seal their bargain Fate intervenes by returning *Pretty's* "little black sheep"—*Mrs. Elliott*—in a big box. Which permits us Northerners to save our face for *Norman* gallantly releases *Charlotte's* hand and then she follows her heart—back to *Stonewall* and *Pretty*.—*Paramount.*

35 Years as a Picture Star

[*Continued from page* 54]

grants in the same picture. It would take two days to film a picture.

"At the end of the year I had taken part in 98 pictures. I joined up with Carl Laemmle before there was a Universal studio. I did a two reeler, called *The Apostle of Vengeance,* which starred Bill Hart. I was developing quite a talent for saintly characters. Sweetness and light—they were now my screen fare. About this time I first met John Gilbert. He was a good-looking 16-year-old boy and I remember he went to work for $12 a week. I continued to be cast in Christ-like characters, including the title role in *The Servant in the House,* which Walter Hampden had played on the stage."

TO BREAK the monotony of grease paint and godliness, the ambitious young Dane agreed to direct a couple of pictures for the old Triangle Film Company, followed by several for B. B. Hampton. And as a contrast to his previous impersonations he began to play villain roles, the deeper-dyed they were the more welcome. He played the heavy with Mary Pickford in *Stella Dallas* and *Tess of the Storm Country.* Then came the great opportunity. He was signed for a leading role in *Greed,* to be directed by Eric von Stroheim.

"That was probably my best role. It was also the most exacting. We worked months. We spent several weeks in midsummer, mind you, in Death Valley, with the temperature in the middle of the day around 140. Even at night it never got below 90. The heat affected us all, made us all temporarily a bit looney. I was continually irritable, I remember. I had to crawl around under the terrific desert sun again and again before I was able to satisfy Von that the hunt for water was sufficiently realistic. After we returned to civilization I suffered for quite a period from fainting spells, induced by the heat I had endured in Death Valley. It's a wonder it didn't kill me. But I was young and pretty rugged and I had taken good care of myself.

"Von was a stickler for detail. It was long before the days of the talkies. Yet, he would not have a camera grind until we had learned by heart every speech in the play. When our lips moved they spoke the lines as indicated in the script. The picture was in 48 reels. It was a heartbreak to Von to have to cut it first to 24 and then to 10, in which form it was finally released. I remember sitting in a projection-room all one day and night looking at the picture unwind."

Greed, of course, established Hersholt as one of the foremost character actors of the screen, and he was signed to a starring contract to play the title roles in such pictures as *Alias the Deacon* and *The Old Soak.* There were other important assignments, namely, with Douglas Fairbanks in *Don Q; Old Heidelberg,* with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro; *Emma* with Marie Dressler; *Grand Hotel* with a whole flock of stars.

"*Grand Hotel* came as close to being an all-star production as I have seen in Hollywood," the actor said. "Among others, the cast included Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone. That's a cast, isn't it?"

"Even without Hersholt," I replied.

"Yes, even without Hersholt," he laughed. "As I consider all my plays,

[*Continued on page* 77]

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MEN behind the STARS

WESLEY RUGGLES

Director of "Arizona"

WESLEY RUGGLES took the hard way to become the top flight director he is today. The man who recently gave the fans the super-western *Arizona* started working hard almost 25 years ago and has never slackened pace since.

He was born in Los Angeles on a June 11, the son of a druggist who was anxious to see his son follow in his footsteps. But mixing pills and sodas and dishing out stamps never did appeal to Wesley.

Early in life he was bitten by the stage bug and there was nothing in the U. S. Pharmacopeia that would do him any good.

When he was just a sprout the family moved to San Francisco and even during his grammar school days his heart was in the theater.

As soon as he could manage the connection he became a stock player and played in stock in every major Pacific Coast city. He even at one time during this phase of his career organized "Ruggles Minstrels" and took it on a tour of the Coast until it stranded without funds.

In 1914 he came to the sagebrush clearing that was later to become Hollywood and landed a job with the Mack Sennett Keystone Company, the alma mater of Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Roy Del Ruth, and dozens of other stars and directors of the present day.

For three years he held down every job a studio has to offer: property man, film editor, assistant director, and finally, director.

Came the war and he enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps. There was service in France and two years later he was discharged as a first lieutenant. He returned to Hollywood and landed with the Vitagraph Company as a director for Alice Joyce.

Wesley Ruggles directed *Arizona,* co-starring William Holden, Jean Arthur. It's considered his greatest triumph

WHEN the movies switched from silent to talkie, Wesley came into his own. Now he could capitalize on the years of hard work and study of what makes a good show tick.

He was assigned to direct *Cimarron,* one of the greatest outdoor vehicles ever produced, and so far ahead of its time that even today it is commercially revived every now and then.

Down the years some of the outstanding pictures which he has directed, and in some cases also produced, as he is one of those Hollywood dual personalities, a producer-director, include, *Invitation to Happiness, Sing You Sinners, True Confession, I Met Him in Paris, Are These Our Children, Valiant is the Word for Carrie,* and *College Humor.*

Jack Oakie wears the label "discovered by Wesley Ruggles," and for a long time Oakie was under personal contract to Ruggles.

Wesley is a brother of Charlie Ruggles, comedy favorite, and the two are an outstanding example of fraternal devotion. For years, Charlie Ruggles never acted in pictures which Wesley directed.

Legend has it that Wesley once cast Charlie in a picture with a cantankerous and temperamental female star. Charlie stole the picture, much to the chagrin of Wesley's bosses, who ordered Charlie's cavortings on the cutting-room floor.

After that the brothers went separate ways, neither wanting to take a chance on embarrassing the other, but in more recent years Wesley has directed his brother in pictures.

Wesley Ruggles was married to Marcell Rogez, French concert singer, in August 1940, at Las Vegas, Nevada. Charlie Ruggles, Wesley's brother, and Dave Epstein, his publicity representative, stood up for the bride and groom. Immediately after the ceremony, a dinner was held out on the vast Nevada desert, under a blanket of stars and the silvery moon, attended by newspaper correspondents and prominent business representatives of Las Vegas. When the dinner was finished Ruggles and his bride returned to the beautiful Beverly Hills home which he had furnished for her. Two weeks later, they departed on a South American honeymoon, covering approximately 35,000 miles by plane in a little over two months.

On their return, Ruggles started preparing his next production for Columbia, *The Doctor's Husband.* Since his marriage, Ruggles, thanks to the bride, has taken up horse-back riding.

35 Years as a Picture Star

[*Continued from page 75*]

though, it is *Greed, Men in White* and *The Country Doctor* that I've enjoyed the most. *Men in White* proved an inspiration, and *The Country Doctor* was a turning point. *The Country Doctor* led directly to *Dr. Christian.* If it weren't for the Quins there probably wouldn't be any *Dr. Christian* today. I can thank them for it. They have another picture to make but when it will be filmed is still undecided."

He agreed it was an unusually lucrative contract for the Quins—$500,000 and 10 per cent of the gross receipts.

"That's a lot of money, even in Hollywood. In Canada it amounts to big business. The Quins are among Canada's leading big businesses. It is estimated that considerably more than 1,000,000 persons have motored up to Callander to see them. Think what that means in food and refreshments and hotel accommodations and rooming houses and gasoline and souvenirs."

HERSHOLT said he laid down no special rules for his interpretation of doctors. He seeks only to be as sincere, as understanding, as sympathetic as possible but in all his parts he has sought those qualities save when he was playing villains. He sought to achieve sincerity and understanding with them, too. But he tried at the same time to make them as unsympathetic as possible.

If Jean Hersholt at 53 has achieved the rank of the screen's leading doctor, the screen's most believable doctor, he also can claim uniqueness in his marital relations. He has remained married—and it belongs under the heading of incredible data—to the same woman. In 1939—are you listening, Ripley?—he celebrated his silver wedding anniversary, which means he has been married more than twenty-five years. His wife also is Danish and, like him, she came originally to America to give recitations in her native tongue. Her name then was Via Andersen.

In the best tradition of their own Hans Christian Andersen they have lived happily ever after. They recently saw their 24-year-old son, Allan, married. The junior Hersholt, a Hollywood assistant production manager, took for his bride the young actress Osa Massen, who, appropriately enough, has appeared during her six months in America, in two "honeymoon" pictures.

Jean Hersholt has been an American citizen since December, 1917. In the years since he arrived in America he has been back to his native land but once. With his wife he returned to renew old friendships, visit old familiar scenes. His best friends in America, outside those in the movie colony, are of Danish birth—William S. Knudsen, head of the Defense Commission; Lauritz Melchior, the opera singer.

Occasionally a telephone call comes through from Washington to Hersholt on the studio set at the RKO lot. A messenger cries: "The Defense Commission in Washington calling Mr. Hersholt." The cry invariably brings a sudden hush to the activities, raises Hersholt's esteem among the people on the set to a new importance. The actor hurries to the phone, his friend Bill Knudsen is on the other end, informing him he is about to take off on a flying trip to West Coast airplane factories and "how about dinner tomorrow night." Invariably, it is a Scandinavian dinner at the Hersholts' palatial home in Beverly Hills.

HE LIKES to get away from Hollywood for six or eight weeks' vacation in New York. Usually around New Year's and midsummer. He recently made such a trip.

"New York is the only place in the world where the theater still lives in all its exciting glory," he declares. "I go on a feast of plays—afternoons and nights, save for the one afternoon and night when I'm rehearsing and giving my broadcast."

Pictures and radio occupy most of his time. But there are other activities which press upon him. He is an executive of the Board of Governors of the Screen Actors Guild. There is his work with the M. P. Relief Fund. He is busy in the promotion of boys' welfare. His correspondence is enormous. So is his calling list of friends. In fact, it would seem at times that the world is beating a path to his door, whether in New York or Beverly Hills.

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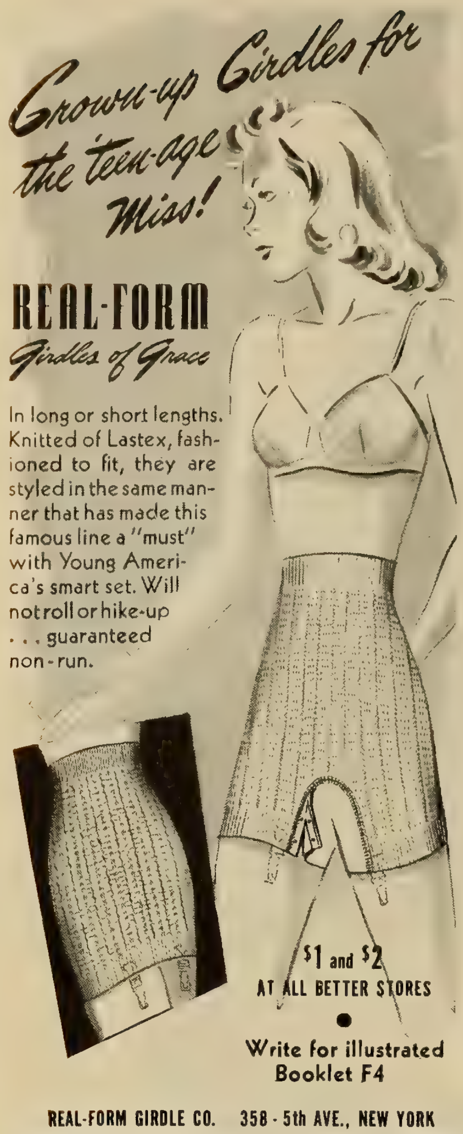
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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

Boulevard, because nobody is more disliked than a has-been in Hollywood) the Boulevard is now a stretch of street where everybody who once failed to see him now hails him with "Hi, Jack," and "Howsa Boy, Jack?" and "Atta Boy, Jack!" from one end to the other.

Many another star, having made the most difficult grade in movies—the comeback trail—would NOW snub those who formerly snubbed him. But Jack's not like that. Instead, he's the same all-around swell guy he ever was, even to those who pour on the syrup only when it suits their own purposes. In Jack's big heart, there's room for everything but bitterness. Room, even, for his one great regret—

"MY only regret is that my mother couldn't have lived to see me now. Nobody would have gotten a bigger kick out of it than she."

And Hollywood remembers that the only person in all Hollywood who did NOT say "Poor Jack; he's all washed up," was Mrs. Offield.

Jack Takes It Big

■ No blushing violet, Jack is taking his renaissance BIG. But BIG!!! Item: he startled the Boulevard the other day by strolling along in a RED slack suit! Even RED SHOES!!! And wisecracks?—well, just the other night, he couldn't attend a regular weekly poker game he and some friends staged. So Jack sent the rest of the gang a wire:

"I can't make it. Will it be all right if I just send you my check for the usual $200?"

BUT—he didn't send the check.

Three Cheers for the R. W. & B.

■ Looks like those Andrews Sisters just can't make up their minds whether to go Spanish or American in a big way.

Spanish influence has gotten them to the extent of renting a Spanish-type house, and hiring a Spanish teacher to show them how to spik Span. That's the result of making *Argentine Nights,* it's said.

But nevertheless, they're flaunting their Americanism in a way that only the Andrews girls could—there being three of 'em. They're stepping about the town wearing sweaters—Patti wears a RED one, Maxene a WHITE one, and LaVerne a BLUE one. And when you see them coming down the Boulevard, you just GOTTA break out into "God Bless America"!

Shirley and Mickey

■ Quietest snicker Hollywood has gotten in years is buried down in Shirley Temple's new contract with M-G-M. . . .

It's NOT the part that specifies that Shirley does NOT get top billing—although, truth to tell, that alone is something to raise an eyebrow or two, after the queening Shirley did all over the 20th-Fox lot.

The part of the contract that DOES give Hollywood a giggle is this: it specifies that Shirley's mother has NOTHING at all to say about the final selection of Shirley's roles . . . ! In the good old days, when Shirley was HOT STUFF instead of just another Hollywood girl in her teens, Mrs. Temple told even Darryl Zanuck where to get off—and when you tell Darryl where to put things, then you're SOMEBODY in Hollywood. But according to the new M-G-M set-up, not only does Shirley have to take co-star billing with Mickey Rooney, but M-G-M and NOT mama has the final say as to her roles, dialogue, make-up, wardrobe, and everything else.

The very fact that Shirley has to share honors with Rooney, of ALL people, is the big tip-off on Shirley's slide from heaven.

Scarlet O'Withers

■ Know what they're calling Jane Withers, over on the lot? They're calling her "Scarlet (with ONE "L," please!) O'-Withers.

Reason is that one of Janie's Christmas gifts was a new convertible coupe, painted the most brilliant *scarlet*—even to the inside of the hood, and the engine block!!

Jane's Sparrow Story

■ Jane has one of the best Hollywood stories of the month. (Somebody ought to compile an annual book of Hollywood's best-told stories.) Janie's is about the tiny little fledgling sparrow who came back to his nest from his very first solo flight into the world—came back naked as a strip-tease gal after the tenth encore. All his li'l pin feathers were gone, and he looked as woebegone and bedraggled as you could imagine.

In horror, Mother Bird cried: "Goodness gracious, Egbert; what in the worrrrrld happened to YOU?"

Sadly moaned the fledgling:

"Mama—I got mixed up in a badminton game!"

Newcomers vs. Biggies

■ Talk of Hollywood—and with certain sensations of dire apprehension on the part of SOME who listen—is the current tendency to play down the old-timers and the big shots, and to replace them, ever more and more, with up-and-coming youngsters.

Never before, in Hollywood's history, it seems, have the old names faded more rapidly into the background, and the new names come to the fore, as they are doing now. Let's, for the sake of kindness, not mention a lot of the biggies who are eating dirt. Let's just contemplate the long list of those who are getting the breaks—names you never even HEARD of, a few months ago.

Look at 'em: Laraine Day, Linda Darnell, Joan Leslie, Ruth Hussey, Maureen O'Hara, Peggy Moran, Gene Tierney. Boys, too—

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like Bob Stack, Arthur Kennedy, Dennis Morgan, John Sutton, *et al.* Many others—undoubtedly you've got your own favorites among the big group of newcomers. Rejoice with them, to your heart's content—but pause to shed a tear, if you will, for the old-timers who are passing. Remember: each new star "find" in Hollywood means the inevitable doom of one who WAS your favorite, only a few months ago . . .!

That's sentiment. To the studios, it's just good, clean bizness. For what they'd have to pay for one big name in a picture, they can hire a dozen Linda Darnells.

Orson Can Kid, Too

■ Say what you want to about that Orson Welles—but DON'T overlook the fact that he can KID HIMSELF (and THAT is something a lot of other Hollywood mugs ought to learn). Most recent example:

To him, while Orson was being casting director among all the other things he is, came a young South American lad. Welles asked him what he did best. Replied the lad:

"I write, I direct, I produce, I compose songs, I dance, I sing, I paint, I stage radio shows, I design sets, I—"

"Stop, stop!" yelled Orson. "What's your name?"

"Fortunio Bonanova," said the lad.

"Hmph," humphed Welles; "that's what YOU think, my lad. But what you REALLY are is 'the Orson Welles of South America!'"

Myrna's Story With the Kids

■ If you have any sneaking suspicion that Myrna Loy's marital blow-up has affected her popularity any, you should have been out at Victorville—a desert town some 100 miles from Hollywood—the other day, when Myrna, out on an auto ride, stopped long enough for a drink at the corner drug store.

It happened that just as Myrna was sipping her drink, a school-bus stopped outside. A kid came in, and despite (or maybe because of) Myrna's freckled puss, he recognized the star. Instantly, he was asking for an autograph. And instantly, it seemed, the whole bus-load of kids were in the store, clambering all over Myrna, and clamoring for her autograph. Even the bus driver stood in line—until he looked at the clock, and ended the rumpus with an agonized scream—

"Omigawsh! I'll lose my job. I can't get youse kids to school NOW lessn' a half hour LATE!"

Polly Thought They Were Crackers

■ If you want to get in wrong with Olympe Bradna, just ask her about the parrot somebody gave her for a gift. It got out of the cage the other day, flew into the breakfast-room which is papered in a design including bunches of grapes—and pecked holes in ALL the walls, trying to get at the grapes.

Ty's Tender Tootsies

■ "Ty's Tender Tootsies" are worrying production executives. Seems young Power just has SO many things happen to his poor li'l feet—and all at the WRONGEST time . . .!

Last year at Sun Valley, he skied himself into a foot accident that laid him up two weeks in the middle of a picture. Before that, he dropped a five-gallon jug on the set and wounded his foot so that the limp kept him off the stage for days. And now Ty is laid up again—on account of he was playing squash and it was his foot that got squashed again, so he had to use a cane for several days while they shot around him.

If this keeps up, they'll write a line into his next contract which specifies that, like Lionel Barrymore, he'll just have to stay in a wheel chair.

And then, I suppose, it'll be just their luck to have him get a big, bad boil on his you-know.

Out—Not In—a Wheel Chair

■ Talking about Lionel and his wheel chair: it's grand news that for the first time in I don't remember how many pictures, he's working OUT of a wheel-chair, instead of IN one. In *Roosty,* Lionel plays a farmer grandpap who manages the undoing of a gang of crooks—and Lionel's health is so improved that, for once, he'll be able to do his mugging and his acting on his FEET instead of his pants.

That John—He's a One

■ As for the other Barrymore—THAT one, you know; that JOHN—he's back in his old form, knocking the town for a row of gasps and shock with a new rapid-fire of his famous but unprintable remarks to people wherever he happens to be.

Your Old Hollywood Snooper wishes that he could tell you what John told the haberdashery clerk to do with the shirts John didn't like!—or what John said to the two nice old ladies who wangled an introduction to him when John didn't want to be introduced. But the postal laws wouldn't let this copy of MOTION PICTURE through the mails if we so much as HINTED at the words John said.

But if you want to, heaven knows we simply can't STOP you from GUESSING what John suggested—about those shirts, I mean.

Morgan Spins One

■ Here's another Hollywood story-of-the-month. Frank Morgan tells this one. It's about the newly-rich guy, showing off his brand-new estate to a friend.

"The house," he bragged, "cost a million. Handsome what? And those are my stables. Cost me half a million. Swell, aren't they? And that lovely oak tree over there—I brought that down from the mountains, just to plant in that spot. It cost me ten thousand dollars. Impressive, eh?—"

"Hmmm," broke in the guest; "I was just thinking what God could do—if He only had a little money."

Tricycle Built for Three

■ Latest Hollywood pain-in-the-neck is Big Boy Williams' gift to Lupe Velez—a specially-built tricycle with a motor, and two little baskets on the handle bars for Lupe's two chihuahua dogs—named Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

P. S.—even if He HAD a little money, God wouldn't think of anything like THAT!

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AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

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Creamy . ☐	Green. . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium. . ☐	Hazel. . . ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy. . . ☐	Brown . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow. . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled . . ☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive. . . . . . . ☐	Light ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark. . . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

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Clicking As a Dumb Cluck

[*Continued from page* 50]

of Vera as the sharp-nosed, skinny old maid aunt—anybody's aunt. To give you a rough idea, Barbara Jo is often mistaken for Kay Francis, which is a compliment to both girls. Her hair is as black as midnight. She wears stunning clothes and you never see her without one outstanding piece of jewelry. Her eyes are blue and twinkly and they are your first clue to Vera Vague.

Her eyes and the corners of her mouth, which turn up, announce that a laugh is just around the corner. She sees the funny side of everything and seems to make people laugh without effort, although she says it is serious business. She's been doing it all her life, as just one side of her full career as an actress.

One would think it would be very confusing to go on, year after year—four years, to be exact—getting daffier with every performance and at the same time filling all the requirements of a glamour girl. How does she manage to keep her two identities separate?

IT IS difficult, she admits, especially on Sunday, when she finishes one program in which she is the young society matron in "One Man's Family" and, with one minute in which to rush to another studio, she steps into the role of Vera. She is a little mixed-up about the whole thing and is the first to admit that she has always been a little bit—quite a bit, really—on the vague side.

She is as absent-minded as your grandfather in search of his spectacles, which are on his nose. When she is Vera the only character costume she assumes is a pair of lorgnettes, which she describes as "a pair of spectacles on a long stem." She buys them in gross lots because she always loses them. If someone doesn't follow her around and pick up what she leaves behind, she would never arrive any place with all her belongings. The big thing, however, is getting her to arrive at all. Always late, she frequently fails to show up because the engagement completely slipped her mind.

Only last week on the cook's day off, Barbara Jo had just dished up a light supper for herself and her young daughter in their cozy hilltop home when the doorbell rang. Barbara Jo adores her little girl, Barbara Joan, and what with the child's school and her own busy life, she sees very little of her. On this evening they had planned a nice, quiet time together. But the bell had rung and Barbara Jo answered it. On the step stood three friends whom she had invited to dinner—a matter which she had completely forgotten.

While her guests removed their wraps, Barbara Jo mixed a drink and while they were engaged with the drink she made a hurried visit via the back door to her nearest neighbor, who helped her out with the main part of the dinner. The icebox and pantry-shelves did the rest. She explained that the cook had a toothache and so far as she knows, her guests are still unaware that they were not expected.

As for her habit of being late, she says she can't help it. "Something always happens," she insists.

OF COURSE the real reason for her tardiness is that her friends love her so much they readily forgive her. She enters a room—the last to arrive—breath-takingly lovely, looks around, glances at her wristwatch, registers astonishment, holds it to her ear with a look that says, "My watch must have stopped." When she hears it ticking away she looks helplessly at her hostess and asks innocently, "Am I late? I'm SO sorry" and immediately everyone in the room feels like a fifth columnist for having arrived so early and thus embarrassing anyone so charming.

Her absent-mindedness is just as apt to express itself in picking up things that belong to others as in leaving her own property behind. One afternoon she left the NBC Studios to go home and as she got into her car she noticed geraniums in the vase on the dashboard. She thought how sweet it was of someone to put flowers in her car.

Arriving home she was told there was an urgent call from the studio. She was to telephone at once. Did she have Irene Rich's car she was asked. She said she did. Long experience has taught her to admit her guilt and investigate later. She returned the car immediately, apologized profusely, was very embarrassed and sent flowers to Irene. But, did that break her of the annoying habit of taking the wrong car? Certainly not! Three times she has repeated the offense.

"You see, our cars are exactly alike," she explained, "but one time it was just terrible because it was Irene's birthday and I made her late to her own party. I wondered what all those packages were doing in my car. When I get home from the studio now I just wait for the telephone to ring and when it does I don't give them a chance to say anything. I tell them I will be right down."

Nevertheless it takes brains to be crazy—that is, as crazy as Vera is, and that may explain why Barbara Jo grasps every opportunity to study. She has been a student at Stanford, at the University of California and also attended the Sorbonne in Paris. It was not Latin declensions or history that kept her nose in a book, however. It was usually the dramatic classes that occupied her time.

POSSESSED of a divine sense of humor and a ready wit, she can keep up with the fastest wisecracker. But she can't call on her ability to extemporize humorously when she is Vera because, she explains, "My ad-libbing might not fit Vera's character. I have to be very careful about that."

Barbara has made determined attempts to correct herself of her vague, forgetful habits and tells of one time in particular when she took herself in hand. She was riding with her family when they passed the Los Angeles Mausoleum, a beautiful structure. She admired it and said to herself: "This is the Los Angeles Mausoleum. I'm going to remember that as long as I live. If I try," she said sternly, "I'll learn to remember."

Her memory lesson worked out differently than she had planned. After that whenever she was called upon to introduce anyone the names would fly from her memory. All she could think of was the Los Angeles Mausoleum.

"One day I was introducing my aunt—my aunt who raised me," she said. "Could I think of her name? I could not. The only name that came to my mind was the Los Angeles Mausoleum."

People invariably ask Barbara Jo two questions: First, how she happened to think up the character of Vera Vague and, second, where she got her unusual name—Barbara Jo.

To answer the second question first, her name came by accident. Christened Marian Joallen, she changed her first name to Barbara when she ran away from home to try to get on the stage. While appearing in vaudeville in a Colorado town, one newspaper made a typographical error, printing her name as Barbara Jo Allen. Her friends thought it a good stage name and advised her to keep it.

The answer to the first question is to be found in her own characteristics and temperament. Her natural tendencies to be a bit preoccupied aroused shrieks of laughter from the time when, as a child, she entertained her family on Sunday afternoons with her droll antics. And as the instigator, author and director of the plays she and the neighbor children enacted, she always chose to be the comic.

"We put on blackouts," she remembered. "Not the kind they're having in Europe, but little one-act plays. I was always the comedy relief."

THE real inspiration for Vera Vague was a woman who made a speech at a club-meeting that Barbara Jo happened to attend. "Honestly," she says now, "when I'm Vera at her vaguest, I'm not exaggerating that woman. Then the aunt of a friend of mine gave me many a funny line for the character. Everyone has an aunt and anybody's aunt is a source of material. The beauty of it is that no one is ever offended because no one can see herself in the character."

Vera was introduced to the public about four years ago when NBC employees in San Francisco put on a trial broadcast. Anyone participating was required to play a character unlike his or her regular role and Barbara Jo was urged to depict Vera, the character her friends found so amusing in private.

When it was time for Barbara Jo to appear before the microphone, however, she refused to perform. "It's too silly," she protested. By the next week they persuaded her to go ahead with it and her sketch was so successful that she was engaged shortly afterwards to appear twice a week on a program called the "Woman's Magazine of the Air." Then she was signed by the producers of the Signal Oil Carnival which, at that time, was a Pacific Coast show only, and Vera attracted no national attention until she appeared on the Chase and Sanborn program with Charlie McCarthy. This proved to be her big opportunity.

She admits that Vera is often a sort of irritating Nemesis; that her men friends endure her with quiet resignation and, despite the fact that she is the big moneymaker in the family, Vera is a source of great embarrassment to Barbara Jo's daughter.

"The kids at school yell 'Yoo! Hoo!' at me," she complains to her mother. And Barbara Jo comforts her and tells her not to mind; that it is only for a little while longer. She has been in the theatrical business long enough to know that Vera is just as apt to lose her great popularity as fast as she gained it, although at the moment it seems people can't get enough of her.

UNTIL recently Barbara Jo has always written all of her own material. Now the demands on her time are so great that it takes a staff of writers to furnish her with her funny scripts.

As most actresses do, Barbara Jo had

[*Continued on page* 94]

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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Just before the camera went into action on set of *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles, producer, director and principal player, gave some last-minute instructions to Actor George Coulouris. Welles has many Mercury Theater buddies in the film

MOST **painful off-the-script** incident came on Paramount's *Doomed Caravan* set . . . It was that scene where Bill Boyd, as *Hopalong Cassidy*, runs out of a saloon, hops on his horse "Topper," and pursues a gang of hard-shooting bandits . . . Everything was going according to the script . . . *Hopalong* and his gang are having a high time at the bar when suddenly the shots of the bandits are heard . . . In best Cassidy style, Bill dashes out of the saloon, jumps into his saddle, and is off . . . And really OFF! . . . Twenty-five aerial feet and a belly-flop later, Bill picks himself out of the dust to find that the assistant director had forgotten to untie Topper! . . . Strain-relieving gag was pulled the other late p. m. by Henry Fonda on Paramount's *The Lady Eve* set . . . All afternoon Hank and Barbara Stanwyck had been working on that sequence of scenes where Fonda falls over everything there is to fall over in a drawing-room . . . And Barbara had laughed at him, per script . . . She giggled when he tripped over a sofa, guffawed when he knocked over a tray of sandwiches, and almost had hysterics when he pulled down the portieres . . . "Okeh," said Director Preston Sturges; "now let's have a close-up of that laugh when he pulls down the drapes." . . . But Barbara just couldn't give . . . They tried four takes but the girl was laughed out . . . The cast was getting more jittery with every take spoiled . . . "Come on, try it again," growled Sturges . . . And this time it happened . . . Stanwyck gave forth with a whoop of laughter such as you never heard . . . For instead of crawling from under the pile of drapes out of camera range to provoke the close-up laugh, Hank Fonda connived with the prop man to lift the drapes off of him and reveal him feigning sleep . . . And he was wearing a *flannel nightgown!*

MICKEY ROONEY **rib-of-the-month** came on the *Men of Boystown* set . . . The Rooney lad had been herding a small group of visitors around, most of the afternoon, explaining the intricacies of movie-making to them, and being a perfect gentleman while doing it . . . "Now tell me," one of the lady visitors piped up; "this Norman Taurog, is he a *good* director?" . . . Mickey couldn't resist it. "Taurog? Sure, he's grand . . . One of the best, I should say . . . But," Mickey explained in a very confidential whisper, "he simply can't read or write! . . . You just watch him when he starts to shoot this scene." . . . Sure enough, just before Taurog went into the next scene, he turned to the script girl and said, "Read me the scene." . . . And the girl—as script girls do in nine cases out of ten—proceeded to read the next scene complete with directions to Norman . . . The visitors left, mumbling something about it not being any wonder there were so many bad pictures when the directors can't even read! . . . Technical problem of the month came up on the set of *A Girl, a Guy and a Gob*. . . . The problem was, where does a sailor put his hat when he dances with his girl? . . . It was that scene where George Murphy, as the gob, takes Lucille Ball into a dime-a-dance palace for some hot steps . . . All went well till they actually started dancing, and George didn't know what to do with his sailor beanie . . . He tried putting it in a pocket, but if you've ever inspected a sailor's pockets you know they just won't hold anything . . . And if any of the girls had ever danced with one they weren't talking . . . So the whole crew sat around while a long distance call was put through to US naval headquarters in San Pedro and a bewildered officer was asked what about it . . . "They put their hats the same place they used to put apples when they were kids—under their middy blouse," was the answer.

MOST **embarrassed man on the set** of *A Date With Destiny* is Basil Rathbone . . . He has always been considered quite a one with the ladies, and the love scenes he has been making with Ellen Drew for the picture are pretty torrid affairs, according to the Hays office . . . Just before making that final love scene, which fairly sizzles, the assistant director called Ellen over to the sidelines . . . "I'm going to take your temperature, Ellen, just to find out how hot this guy Rathbone really is." . . . So Ellen's temperature was taken, with a regulation fever thermometer, before and after her love scene . . . Now Basil doesn't know whether or not it's to his credit that Ellen's temperature was raised only *one* degree Fahrenheit by his lovemaking . . . Reddest faces on this month's record belong to director Raoul Walsh and his assistant Russ Saunders . . . It was during one of those long camera set-up waits on the set of *Strawberry Blonde* that the two got to talking about Rita Hayworth, and they were saying some rather personal and complimentary things about her appearance and acting . . . Just to be sure no one overheard, they talked in Spanish . . . As Rita walked onto the set for her next scene with Jimmy Cagney she turned to Walsh and said, "Muchas gracias, senor . . . I've learned a heck of a lot more from your off-stage remarks than I ever did from your directing." . . . Only then did the director remember that before Rita was a strawberry blonde, her hair was jet black, her parents Spanish and she could rattle that language off before she spoke a word of English!

After Hope Comes Charity

[*Continued from page* 36]

back there a ways, that it illustrates three main ideas about Bob Hope—

1—that he loves to do things for people.
2—that he loves to pull gags.
3—that he loves his wife.

H'mmmmmmm . . .! Somehow, I don't know—I just don't know. Maybe, on second and third thought, that business about the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo doesn't prove the last point at all. Maybe, even, it doesn't prove the first or second point, either. Probably it doesn't prove anything—except, maybe, that when a man has to write a story about Bob Hope, he's likely to pick on any yarn at all to start it with.

Okeh, let's throw out the story about the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo. Let's just forget about it entirely. Like Mrs. Hope's trying to do. Let's just write about Bob Hope, and nuts with the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo. All right, let's.

SO BOB HOPE is a young guy that was born in England and came to America when he was a kid and who insists that he's a better American now than a lot of the rest of us who were born right here. He got the English accent knocked out of him in a street fight while he was selling papers in Cleveland, and the same day sold a paper to a crusty old man who offered him a ten-dollar bill in payment. Bob said, "I can't change it; come around and pay me for the paper tomorrow." The old man shook a bony old finger in Bob's face and quavered, "Never take credit when you can get the cash!"

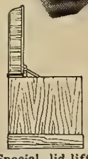
After Bob learned that the old man was John D. Rockefeller, Sr., he thought it was a pretty good precept—and he's been taking the cash ever since. Today, he takes fifteen thousand cash—cold cash!—for working one week in a Chicago theater on personal appearance. Twelve years ago, he worked the same theater a week in a vaudeville act, and got only $35. He thinks that's screwy, too, because he doesn't think he's any better or funnier now than he was then. Anyway, not $14,965 a week funnier.

As a matter of fact, Bob is quite astounded at this sudden rise of his to top box-office ranking in Hollywood and the radio. It leaves him quite amazed—principally, I believe, because he can't ever quite understand why he should get paid so very much for doing exactly the things he likes to do: to entertain and amuse people, and to do things for them. Unlike too many other Hollywood big shots I could mention if and when I feel nasty, Bob Hope is himself 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year.

THE Bob Hope you hear over your radio or see on your neighborhood movie screen is the same Bob Hope that lives so happily with his wife and two adopted kids, and his wife's brother and his wife's brother's wife, out in that nice littlish house and three acres in San Fernando Valley.

His wife and friends and relatives (even the twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope, from El Segundo) get just as many gags and wisecracks free from Bob as you get for your 35 cents at the movies or for free over your radio when Bob Hope is on.

He has eleven gag-writers on hire, but usually, he tops them all with his own gags. One of his intimates insists he gives birth to a gag a minute, and wonders why he keeps



ROOS *Sweetheart* CEDAR CHEST

THE GIFT *that Goes Straight to Her Heart*

No. 4830

Made with the **HEART** *of Genuine Aromatic Red Cedar*

Defense against moths, protection for her furs and woolens, new modern beauty for her room. A gift she'll cherish always. Big 48 inch size, with modern waterfall styling. Exterior of rare matched veneers—Orientalwood, Striped and Crotch Walnut and genuine Marquetry inlays. INCLUDES MOTH INSURANCE.

Special lid-lift prevents damaging walls. No projections when lid is open or closed.

Includes the famous Roos Streamlined Removable UTIL-TRAY
Fits snugly in the lid, rises when lid is raised. Tilts up for easy access to chest or lifts out readily. Full chest length, streamlined design. Lined bottom. Gives extra utility. Included at no extra cost!

GET IT DURING THE ROOS NATION-WIDE *Silver Anniversary Sale* SPECIAL $29.75*

This is one of MANY special values you'll find in leading furniture and department stores now to commemorate our 25 years of defense against moths. Other styles at Silver Anniversary Sale prices as low as $19.75.*
*(Slightly more in west.)

WRITE FOR descriptive folder F70. Shows many modern and period styles. We'll send name of nearest dealer. **ED ROOS CO., Forest Park, Ill.**

ROOS *Sweetheart* CEDAR CHESTS

FREE! Bette Davis Star Doll

THERE is a treat in store for you in the big new issue of SCREEN LIFE! Bette Davis, Queen of the Films, is featured in the big free star doll cut-out in beautiful colors. Five colorful changes of costume—all designs from her recent films—are included in this entertaining novelty.

Don't miss it!

The same issue contains an intimate and amusing word picture of Errol Flynn by his pal "Big Boy" Williams. The whole magazine is packed with glamorous pictures and sparkling stories of your screen favorites.

Get your copy today!

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
The Mark of Better Magazines

SCREEN LIFE

Not just a new STOCKING
...but a new hosiery FABRIC

Here's luxury without extravagance, for FLATTERNIT combines amazing sheerness with unusual sturdiness. Their flat, more flattering texture has *less* snag and run-inviting ribs.. *more* elasticity for flawless fit. See the new shades in your favorite style ..in pure Silk or Nylon..at prices that are budget-kind.

AT BETTER STORES

FLATTERNIT Hosiery BY Huffman
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

HUFFMAN FULL FASHIONED MILLS, INC.
MORGANTON, NORTH CAROLINA

THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE will be thrilled by the tremendous prize contest now running in MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Magazine. More than 100 prizes. Get a copy today. Only 10 cents.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit —so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock snipped from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7721 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn
Name..................................
Address..................................
City.......................*State*..........

the eleven gag-writers on steady salary. Or maybe they're eleven of those twenty-seven dinner guests named Hope from El Segundo. You never can tell.

He tries out his gags on anybody who's handy. His wife or his studio friends or his luncheon companion or Bing Crosby or somebody from El Segundo named Hope or something else, it doesn't matter. It's very likely to be Bing Crosby, though, because Bing is Bob's closest friend in Hollywood. They're always either playing golf together or ribbing each other. Somebody in Hollywood once called Bing and Bob "Ham and Eggs" because they're always together—but we mustn't talk about that too much, because it isn't nice to call anybody in Hollywood "ham," even Crosby or Hope.

They're always swapping gifts, too. Bing gave Bob a dog, and Bob promptly named it after Bing. Not "Bing" but "Crooner," that's the dog's name. Bing asked him why he named the dog "Crooner," and Bob said, "Because he howls all night." So Bing said all right, he'd send Bob a real gift, something that Bob really needed. Next day Bob got in the mail from Bing a Joe Miller Joke Book. So Bob sent Bing a letter of thanks and enclosed a little gift of his own. A ten-cent brochure entitled, "How to Sing and Entertain Your Friends." Life is like that, with Bing and Bob.

What time he can spare from Bing and his work, Bob does devote to his wife and kiddies—the two adopted ones from The Cradle at Evanston, Illinois, where Hollywood stars get all their babies when they don't get them the hard way. There's Tony, who's about nine months old now, and little Linda, pretty close to a year-and-a-half. They took Linda late in 1939, and got Tony last October.

MRS. HOPE is Dolores Reade, to you. That's her professional name. She's a gal who began singing in a limousine instead of a bathtub, as one commentator expressed it. It seems that Dolores was on her way home from a ritzy party with some swank friends when she began singing. The friends told her she ought to start selling it instead of giving it away, so she did—and got a job singing in a night club in New York.

One night Bob heard her sing there and the next thing they knew, they were married. That was while Bob was still so unimportant a member of the *Roberta* musical comedy cast that it wasn't until quite a while after they were married that Dolores found he wasn't a chorus boy.

Their home life is quiet, for the most part. They rarely do the town, but they do like to have lots of friends and relatives in—even twenty-seven named Hope from El Segundo. The Bing Crosbys often drop in and so do the Fred MacMurrays. Next to Bing, Fred is Bob's best friend in Hollywood.

Bob has an office in his home, and mixes his social life with attending to business. You can never tell when one of his gag-writers is liable to pop in, right in the middle of the tomato soup course, maybe, with a gag and try it out on Bob. So Bob listens and he tries it out on the guests. If they like it, he says it's okeh for the next radio program. If they don't, he sends it back to the kitchen with the fish bones.

By this time, Dolores isn't surprised at anything any more. Nothing Bob does is too crazy for her. If he wants to go to a night club and do a rhumba, she goes to the night club and does a rhumba with him. He doesn't particularly like night clubs and neither does she, and neither of them can dance the rhumba. But all the same, the other night Bob wanted to go to a night club and do a rhumba, and so they did it. It was a lousy rhumba. Not even the twenty-seven Hopes from El Segundo would have liked it. But Bob and Dolores did.

Even Dolores' mother is used to Bob now. She's even getting to like him, it seems, which is quite a change from her attitude when Dolores first told her they'd gotten married. Why, just the other day, Mrs. Reade (that's Dolores' mother) stopped to chat with some casual acquaintances after church services.

"See that organ in the church, did you?" asked one of the ladies of Mrs. Reade.

"Yes," said Mrs. Reade.

"Well, Bing Crosby gave us that," said the lady.

"And Ruby Keeler donated our pews," added another.

"And every Sunday, Don Ameche comes here and he gives lots of gifts to the church," remarked a third.

Mrs. Reade couldn't stand it any longer. She whirled and pointed to the stained-glass windows in the church.

"See those bee-OOO-tiful glass windows?" she said. "Know who gave THOSE to the church?—those were given by the Greatest Comedian in the World—my son-in-law—BOB HOPE!"

AS A matter of fact, Bob Hope's munificence—with both his money and his talent—are a source of wonderment to Hollywood, and concern to his business advisers and agents. The latter continually complain to Bob that if he insists on giving away, free, so much of his wares, people will soon either get tired of his stuff, or figure out that they don't need to pay for it because sooner or later they'll get it free. And then, they ask, what'll become of his income and his stained-glass windows and his wife and kids?

So Bob shrugs his shoulders, and goes right on doing his free charity shows and his benefits. Hollywood figures that he does at least one free charity show a week, on the average, and in addition gives away more free gags in Hollywood cafes and meeting-places than he can afford.

Within one single week of the writing of this particular story, Bob Hope gave a free charity show in San Francisco, paying all his own and his troupe's expenses to do it; he took a big party of English refugee children to a desert resort week end near Hollywood, paying for it all; and spent hours with Bing Crosby planning a joint tour they intend to take together, for British War Relief, at their own expense!

I THINK the most concise characterization of Bob's generosity is the line somebody pinned on him recently: His heart is bigger than his chin!

There's only one thing that seems to get under his skin. That is being called English. Not that he is ashamed of it. Far from it. But as he puts it, he's NOT an Englishman—

"I'm an American. I am as Yankee as any of you who were born here in America are. True, I was born in England—but I came here when I was a baby. My father swore allegiance to the flag the minute he set foot in the U. S. A. I always considered myself an American, even before I became naturalized a few years ago."

I don't really know how this story got around to this business about whether he's an Englishman or not, but there it is. Maybe it's because there's so much palaver these days about whether one is an American-American or some other kind. Or maybe it's just because every once in a while you see an item or a quip referring to Bob as an Englishman. Anyway, you've got it straight now. Okeh?

And about those twenty-seven dinner guests—let's forget them, huh?

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 17]

on the market, and she and Williams are readying "Big Boy's" San Fernando Valley ranch for the honeymoon, which Lupe says is to l-a-a-a-a-st forEVER.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ann Miller and Hermes Pan—
She's his, and Pan's Ann's Man!

■

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—It was an interesting coincidence that Jane Wyman's baby arrived on Jane's twenty-seventh birthday . . . but interesting as it was, it was also a bit ahead-of-schedule . . . and so, as this is written, the Wyman-Ronald Reagan daughter lives in an incubator, while Ron passes out the cigars . . . and because they were so sure it was going to be a boy, they didn't think up any girl-names . . . and it took them almost a week to decide, at last, to name her Maureen Elizabeth—after grandmothers . . .

. . . by the time you read this, the Frankie Albertsons will be three . . .

. . . Bob Howard (Mr. Andrea Leeds to you!) has already decided what he wants his new son to be. He wants him to be a movie actor . . .

. . . Linda Darnell's an aunt, now . . . her sister had a baby boy . . .

. . . new babies in town: the George Chandlers'—the Lloyd Nolans'—the Johnny Considines'—the Alan Simpsons' . . .

. . . Dates with Old Doc Stork: the Preston Sturgeses—the Frank Capras—

[*Continued on page* 93]

That talent scouts don't need to look entirely to stage for material is proved by Katharine Rohrer. M-G-M scouts spied her playing first base on local girls' softball team. Here's ball-player dolled up in studio finery, ready for camera

Aladdin SAYS Genie's a Genius . . .

You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch . . . presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

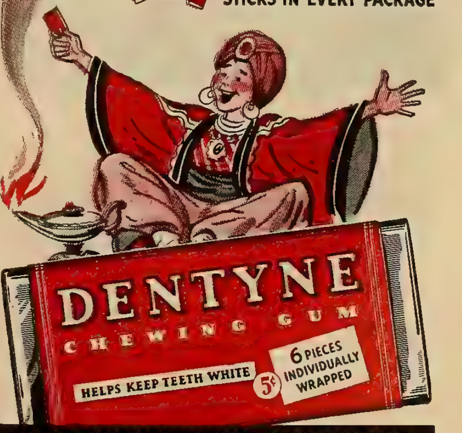
"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth . . . And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package—so easy to share.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE . . . MOUTH HEALTHY

DON'T JUST *"DEADEN"* A ***headache!***

Let this 3-way relief help make you feel like your old self again

• When you have a headache, what you want is not a mere single-acting remedy that only deadens the pain and often leaves you still with a dull, sickish feeling—but something that will help make you feel more like your old self again, ready for fun!

That's why millions today depend on Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headaches. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH. Next time you have a headache*, see how quickly Bromo-Seltzer helps bring you back to "par"! Use as directed on the label.

Listen to Ben Bernie Tuesday nights

BROMO-SELTZER

**For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor*

New 11 Minute Shampoo

Specially Made for Blondes—Helps Keep Light Hair from Darkening—Brightens Faded Blonde Hair

1. Not a liquid! It's a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather.
2. Instantly removes dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old looking.
3. Called *Blondex,* it gives hair attractive lustre and highlights—keeps that "Just Shampooed" look for a whole week.
4. Lightens hair with absolute safety. Fine for children's hair, too. Largest selling blonde hair shampoo in the world.

Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores

The Strange Case of Ginger Rogers

[*Continued from page* 26]

who the Someone Else might be. Ginger wouldn't tell.

The newshawks kept asking her why she had parted with Lew, and she kept answering, "I've said everything that needs to be said." They kept asking when she was going to get a divorce (another way of asking when she was going to marry again), and she kept answering, "There won't be a divorce for a long time."

So she thought she could keep her love-life strictly to herself, did she? Well, they'd prove that she couldn't.

She couldn't go out with a man without reading that it was a romance. Maybe it was true, as Ginger pointed out, that a girl couldn't go out alone; she had to have an escort. But also, maybe, one of the escorts was her secret love. Anyway, the newshawks were taking no chances. They were covering themselves. They were putting themselves in a position to say, "We told you so."

THAT went on for some little time. They rumored her romantic about Howard Hughes, and Cary Grant, and James Stewart, and Robert Taylor (who was then a bachelor), and William Powell (ditto), and Lee Bowman, and designer Bernard Newman, and every other man who went out with her even once—until finally they realized that they were making themselves look pretty silly as reporters. The very diversity of the Rogers escorts refuted any rumor that she was seriously romantic about any one of them.

That was disconcerting. The newshawks and the gossip columnists hated to admit that Ginger had kept them from finding out who had her heart in hock. They were sure someone had it. Ginger was a girl who was meant to love and be loved. She was a Glamour Girl, wasn't she?

She had built her mother and herself a house at the top of Beverly Crest. As time went on, she spent more and more evenings there, less and less at parties and premieres and night clubs. The newshawks resented her seclusion. "What's she trying to do," they asked, "pull a Garbo?" They resented her not giving them a sporting chance to find out which of the boys she was seeing.

Then someone reported that, at one party for which she had forsaken her seclusion, she had bumped into Lew. They had gone off in a corner to talk and then, not satisfied with that limited privacy, had disappeared in his car.

The Press hastily added two and two and arrived at the conclusion that Ginger was still in love with Lew—and *had* been in love with him all along.

How, then, did they ever happen to separate? Well, theorized the Press, it was like this: When they married, he was the more prominent of the two. But in a few short months Ginger had become one of the most popular stars on the screen. Hollywood had started referring to Lew as "Ginger Rogers' husband," thinking of him as an also-ran. This had hurt Ginger as much as it had Lew. To salvage his career, to make Hollywood think of him again in terms of his own possibilities, they had decided to separate. Not permanently. Only until he had proved again that he, too, had what it took to be a star. He had begun his comeback with *Holiday.* Now he was rising fast. Before long, he would be up in the top rank again—and (said the prophets) he and Ginger would be back together again.

THAT theory was blasted to bits when, last March, Ginger got herself an interlocutory decree of divorce.

For lack of substantial evidence to the contrary, the gossips were willing to give her the benefit of the doubt and believe that she hadn't been in love with anyone else when she and Lew had parted. But now that she was actually getting a divorce, after four years of separation, she certainly had ideas of marrying Someone Else. Only—who was the Someone Else?

There were whispers that he was a certain well-known director; that, in a few weeks, he would be getting a divorce himself, to be free to marry Ginger when she was free.

And there were rumors that Howard Hughes—with whom she had been seen again recently—was the man.

When newshawks cornered her outside the courtroom and asked her whom she was going to marry, Ginger said, "It's too soon to tell. A lot can happen in a year, and I won't be free to marry anybody for a year."

The year is almost up. Her decree will be final in a few more days. But, at this writing, no one knows for certain the name of the man she is planning to marry. No one even knows for certain *if* she is planning to marry. Ginger still isn't talking.

The director isn't a possibility as her next husband. He never did get that divorce. To all appearances, he's content to live on with his present wife. Ginger has been going out with Howard Hughes a bit, but she has also been going out with other people, and so has he. They haven't shown the concentration of interest in each other that people about to marry usually manifest. Of course, they might be trying to fool the newshawks. But why should they go to such lengths to be secretive about wedding plans? Ginger has also been going out a bit with James Stewart. But if Jimmy didn't marry Olivia de Havilland after going with her for a year, it doesn't seem likely that he'll marry anyone else after only a few dates.

The past couple of years, Ginger has developed a habit of disappearing between pictures—keeping her vacation plans secret even from her studio. There's the possibility that she has fallen in love with someone outside Hollywood, whom she has been quietly seeing between pictures and will quietly marry between her next two pictures.

There's also the outside chance that she's in love only with her career—and doesn't intend to marry again until she's ready to give up the career.

HER future plans are anybody's guess. She has kept Hollywood completely in the dark about them, confided them to no one.

And Hollywood says, resentfully, "What's the matter with her, anyway? Why won't she talk? It is all an act—or what?" Hollywood is baffled by The Strange Case of Ginger Rogers.

Hollywood remembers her when she wasn't like this.

When she first arrived in movie town, a flip little dancing ingenue from Broadway, she wasn't known for her reticence. She was so eager for publicity that she willingly posed for all kinds of leg art. She went to every party to which she was invited. She didn't mind going out in public with the men she liked in private. Later, when she was asked for interviews, she was only too glad to talk—and talk frankly. When she fell in love with Lew, she didn't try to hide the fact. She willingly told how they had met, and how he had proposed, and what it was like to be in love. When she married, she didn't try to keep it a secret. She had a formal wedding, with all the trimmings—including hundreds of wedding photos.

Her reticence began with her marriage. So did her stardom. And Hollywood has been prone to blame her rise in the world for her reticence.

When it first became apparent that Ginger was dodging questions about herself and her private life, Hollywood said, "She's so popular now that she doesn't think she needs publicity. That's why she won't talk."

That was usually the explanation when people who had become stars became "difficult to interview." Success had made them snobs.

But that explanation doesn't explain Ginger. She is one of the last people on earth ever likely to develop a swelled head over success. The reason why she *is* a success is that she has been everlastingly dissatisfied with herself, everlastingly tried to improve. A person with a make-up that isn't geared to high-hat anybody.

TO FIND the explanation for Ginger, you have to go back beyond her rise to success—way back to her start in show business.

That was the only time in her life when she was ever cocky. (She has said so, herself.) She had won a Charleston contest in Texas, and a chance to appear in vaudeville. She was 15. She thought she had had enough schooling, so she quit school. She was going to be in show business. Her mother, who knew show business, knew that rubbing elbows with people was the best education an actress could have. She knew, too, that Ginger was going to be an actress. So she let Ginger quit school and take that vaudeville offer.

Ginger hoofed in tank-town vaudeville a long time, finally got into some of the big towns. She added a baby-talk act to her repertoire. That helped her get into New York. And Broadway musical comedy. Where the movies found her.

It took a lot of hard work, an endless lot of hard work, for a young Texas kid to bridge the gap between an amateur night in Dallas and an opening night in New York. She didn't mind the work. She ate it up. It was what she wanted to do.

She romanticized the life of show business, and everything about it, including a good-looking young vaudeville actor named Jack Culpepper. She decided she loved him. She lied about her age—she was nowhere near 18—and married him. And learned, in a few short weeks thereafter, that infatuation and love weren't the same thing. When she made that important discovery, which made a deep impression upon her, that was the end of her marriage.

She made up her mind that she wasn't going to marry again for a long time. Not until she was old enough to be sure she knew what love was. She was going to concentrate on making something of herself. Love could wait.

She was 20 when she came to Hollywood. It was an entirely different world from any she had known before. People worked hard—but they found time to play, too. She had never had a chance to play. And she suddenly realized that she was starved for play. She wanted to go to every party she could. She wanted to dance for fun, for a change—and go places at night, like other girls—and have beaux.

Under the spell of the fun she was having, she wondered if she weren't in love with a handsome young director. While she was still wondering, he married someone else.

That was a blow that hurt. It put her on her guard against giving her heart away until she was positive, super-positive, that she had met the one man with whom she could be happy for the rest of her life.

She had been in Hollywood three years when she married Lew Ayres. Time enough for the first spell of the place to wear off. And she had gone with him for months before they married—to time-test her emotions, to make sure, super-sure, that this was love.

She was so sure that she couldn't help telling the whole world that she was in love at last.

NO ONE knows what broke Ginger and Lew apart. But whatever it was, it was something besides a lovers' quarrel —something that convinced her that they could never be happy together.

Put yourself in the place of a girl who had entered into marriage with the belief that she would be happy for life, not with the cynical attitude that, if this man didn't make her happy, she'd get a divorce and look for another. Put yourself in the place of a girl who had been so sure that she was in love for keeps that she had told the whole world about it.

You'd be shaken, too, if your happiness collapsed and your love died a sudden death. You wouldn't want to talk about it. You would try to keep inquisitive strangers from finding out how you felt. You would plunge into work with a desperate intensity, try to lose yourself in your work, try to stop thinking of what had happened to the one thing that had meant more to you than anything else on earth.

And you would wonder what you could do to guard against another shattering experience like that for a long time to come.

You could do one thing. You could demonstrate that you didn't want to marry again for a long time to come—by postponing a divorce indefinitely.

Ginger waited nearly four years to divorce Lew. Meanwhile, she made four or five pictures a year—with two of them strenuous dancing pictures. She worked so hard that she didn't have time for a social life; so hard that she *had* to seek the restful privacy of that house at the top of Beverly Crest to refuel her energy; so hard that several times she was near physical collapse.

Perhaps, when she went to court last March, she wanted to be free to marry Someone Else—after the test-of-love of a year's wait. Or perhaps she had simply recovered in full, lost her distrust of her ability to recognize real love (in case it ever came along), no longer felt the need of protecting herself against falling in love with a man with whom she wouldn't be happy—by reminding herself that she was still married to a man with whom she hadn't been happy. Or perhaps Lew asked for his freedom.

Time will tell, even though Ginger won't.

Meanwhile, you can mull over the convincing performance she gave in *Kitty Foyle* as a girl who found out what it was like to fall in love and not be happy. Life gave Ginger some acting lessons for the role.

Hair all "SET" for Glamour

Soft, natural-looking waves, tiny curls and ringlets that keep their beguiling beauty . . every glamour girl knows they are essential requirements for real loveliness. Nestle Superset will glamourize your hair with curls and waves that are soft and lustrous . . that are so easy to manage . . that stay in place days longer. You'll enjoy using Nestle Superset. It's so simple to apply, dries so rapidly and never, never leaves embarrassing white flakes to mar the beauty of your dark clothes or furs. Nestle Superset comes in two different types. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. Both Supersets have received Good Housekeeping's Seal of Approval.

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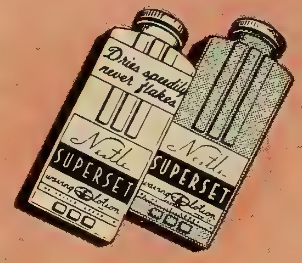
SUPERSET



10¢ at 10¢ stores

What I Know About You Fans

[*Continued from page* 31]

childhood should be school-days and playtime.

"And there was the young lad in Louisville, ten or eleven he was, I think, who came to the theater three times to see me, saying, 'I want to take a look at her while I can' . . . flattered, I thought, *The Alice Blue Gown, the Alice Blue Gown* has caught his eye and his fancy . . . and I asked him, 'Then you liked *Irene*?' and he said, 'I haven't seen it yet but I saw *Nurse Cavell three times*' . . . and after he had, at my invitation, gone to the theater to see *Irene,* I asked him, 'Don't you like it better than *Nurse Cavell*?' and he answered, firmly, 'I certainly DON'T!'

"I LEARNED something about you then, you fans, a lesson I take very much to heart—that little children appreciate the story of the spirit of self-sacrifice, that the understanding of children goes deeper down and far beyond the throwing of custard pies or catchy songs or dare-devil deeds. . . .

"I found out that most of you fans are young, the majority of you are, I believe, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen (correct me if I'm wrong), and quite a few elderly ladies, too . . . and I learned that *you are never wrong.* I think you have developed a sixth sense. A special sense which I would call a *movie sense.* Five seconds before every screen kiss, I noticed, you knew it was coming! And if we put anything mawkish on the screen, *you laugh it off the screen.* You have such healthy, hearty, wholesome laughter for anything that rings true, is sound; astringent, scornful laughter for anything that is false or in poor taste. Invariably, you detect false notes *before we play them,* when and if we do.

"Oh, you are a 'jury of our peers,' all right, and I, for one, am content to abide by your judgment.

"Then there was the little girl in Tulsa, Oklahoma, who threw her arms around me and said, 'I love you' . . . and no one can say more than that, no one in the world, *no one ever has* . . . and the little girl in Memphis, Tennessee, who trudged up the long, winding backstage stairs three times and each time found me sleeping and trudged down again, and waited—waited four hours until I awoke and was told she was there and we met . . . and I apologized to her for the long wait she had had, I should have been awakened and told she was there. . . .

"Which brings me to something special I want to say to all of you. I had been told that you are sometimes impatient, liable to resent us if we do not see you, talk with you, give you time and autographs—and if we push our way through a crowd of you who have come to see us, *you have a right to be offended.* Sometimes it is physically impossible to sign all your autographs or give you all the time we should because we are rushing to get to a theater or to make a train, but I learned that you understand this.

"It's when you are told, by well-meaning but, to my mind, ill-advised press-agents, 'Miss Neagle can't do this' or 'Miss Neagle can't do that,' or 'Miss Neagle will send you her picture later,' or 'Miss Neagle will not forget your autograph,' and Miss Neagle is never told about these matters and so, Miss Neagle does, presumably, 'forget' . . . *I think that is bad.* I think that is wrong. I think that is when, and why, you resent us . . . and why shouldn't you?

"IT ALL comes down, of course, to whether you want your stars to be glamorous and unattainable. Some people believe you do. I don't think you do. But I'll say more about this a little later. . . .

"First I want to speak of all the lovely, little bunches of flowers you gave me, all the little boxes of hand-made cakes and candies. I like to think you knew I would love the flowers, the home-made candies and cookies. They showed me, better than anything else could possibly have done, that you really have affection for us—because those flowers were picked by your own hands in your own gardens and meadows, those cakes and candies were made by your own hands in your kitchens at home. By these gifts, you made me one of you and I believe I know, now, that that is what you most want us to be, not alien creatures from some remote planet, but one of you—am I right?

"The little lad in Cleveland, Ohio, for example, who was so thrilled about seeing *Victoria, the Great,* because his grandmother came from England, too, and had once seen the little, great Queen in person and so he felt there was a bond between us . . . I think you like to feel that there are bonds between us . . . don't you?

"In fact, I found a rather contradictory thing about you—you are all supposed to like glamour, aren't you? You are popularly supposed to want your stars to be extraordinarily beautiful and mysterious and glamorous. Now, no one, seeing me, could think me that conception of a film star. I am not beautiful. I am not glamorous.

"But—you didn't seem to be disappointed. On every hand I heard you say things like, 'Oh, isn't she natural!' or, 'She hasn't got on a mink coat or any orchids!' And the tone of your voices was, I felt, pleased and approving. And you don't know what this meant to me. I had such nervous fear lest you find me too ordinary.

"NO, YOU never made me feel that you were at all disillusioned; you never made me feel that *you* felt any resentment which, I had been told, fans sometimes do feel for the stars who, on the face of it, have so much more than any one individual is entitled to in a troubled world. But I have the feeling that you might have felt some resentment if I had had too much make-up, orchids, limousines and furs. . . .

"I also have the feeling that I can tell you now, between ourselves, that I didn't wear mink or sables because, actually, I

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haven't *got* a mink coat or sables. I have one fur wrap, a rather simple little summer ermine jacket. And one silver fox scarf. I have a few diamonds, more as an investment than anything else and because they make ordinary clothes look fine. I have no passion for clothes. My whole idea in dressing is wearing colors I think suit me. I haven't a maid. I don't live in a Hollywood mansion. Loving to walk, I live in an apartment near enough to the studio so that I can walk to and from work. I don't go out and I don't entertain. I spend most of my evenings reading, writing letters home to England or going to the movies.

"I don't do anything or have anything that movie stars are commonly supposed to have and to do, I'm afraid . . . or I was afraid until I met you, face to face. Besides, there are too many calls on us now for us to indulge in superficial things. The people of England are short of food, suffering from air raids . . . I would feel no pleasure if I were to be seen dolled up in minks and extravagances so that my countrymen and women might, with good reason, ask, 'Why doesn't she send her money home?'

"SO—AND do correct me if I am wrong—the conclusion I have come to is this: I think you like us, your stars, to be one of you, to be your kind of people. I think you like the *Cinderella* story. I mean, I think you like us to be ordinary girls who have worked and got success. I think you like us to be plain, everyday girls who have become stars. I think you like to think that what has happened to us may, conceivably could, happen to you . . . am I right or wrong? Do write and tell me. . . .

"I felt this very strongly when I overheard some of your reactions to certain scenes in *Irene*. Remember the scene where *Irene's* party dress is ruined by her girl friend so that she can't wear it to the Ball? I could hear the 'oohs!', the long-drawn breaths that went up every time that scene was run . . . and I suspect that you wouldn't have felt that way about some society girl whose dress had been ruined, now would you?

"You cared about it happening to *Irene* because it was a personal kind of little tragedy that might have happened to you, that would have been just as disastrous if it had happened to you . . .

"I think you care about the way we look off the screen, don't misunderstand me . . . I *know* you do because when we had personal talks and interviews together the question you asked me most often, was, 'Are the stars as beautiful, or as handsome, off the screen as on?' And you may remember, some of you, that my invariable answer was, 'More beautiful.' I wasn't saying that to be tactful or politic, either. I think they are. Bette Davis, for instance, is much lovelier-looking off the screen than on. I think the camera doesn't flatter her at all, but quite the contrary. Her coloring is so *lovely* . . . I think Ginger Rogers is much prettier off than on. I think Hedy Lamarr is, if possible, more gorgeous in person than in celluloid . . . they all look so much more natural, in person, which appeals to me because I like people to look natural.

"And I definitely think the men are better-looking off than on—Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Victor Mature and the others. The marvelous sun-tans they all have, improve their looks immensely—and their looks, as you already know, are quite fine enough. Oh, yes, I learned that you care about the way we look, of course you do, but not in the way you are popularly supposed to care . . .

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"I mean, I think you want to see together on the screen, two people you find attractive, two people you can believe belong together. I know that Herbert Wilcox, who produces and directs all of my pictures, is going to be even more particular than he has been in the past, about my leading men, about the entire casts of my pictures, for that matter. You have made me realize that when you see a man and a girl together on the screen, you want to believe, not that we *are* in love (you are too wise for that) but that we might reasonably be in love, that it would be a suitable thing if we were in love . . .

"In Indianapolis, I remember, I met eight or ten high-school girls who interviewed me for their school paper. You all know how to write, by the way, I found that out. You all write like professionals, cleverly and, often, brilliantly—and what is more, the best flashlight pictures ever taken of me, were taken by you fans (I am going to ask the editor of MOTION PICTURE Magazine to publish one or two of them) and when you consider that I have been 'snapped' by the best press photographers in the country, you can take this as the sincere compliment I mean it to be.

"But I was saying—the questions you girls asked me most often were: 'Did you fall in love with your leading man?' 'Do you get any kick out of kisses on the screen?' . . . which is what made me feel that the attraction between two players is important to you . . .

"So many of you, too, you girls (and some boys) I met in Scranton, Baltimore, Portland, Wilkes-Barre, Birmingham, Vancouver and Victoria, oh, all over . . . so many of you wanted me to give advice to girls and boys anxious to take up dramatic work . . . so many of you want to get into the theater, want to come to Hollywood I found . . . so many of you have the vitality and intelligence and enterprise to take you wherever you want to go. . . .

"AND I believe that you would rather not read about stars and their divorces; I believe you dislike the gossip, some of it malicious, some of it misinformed, about your stars . . . don't you? I think of the stars you have loved the longest, Ronald Colman, Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Jimmy Cagney, Myrna Loy and others like them, and realize that you never read any round-about stories about them because the lives they lead make such stories impossible. And they are the ones who seem to stay securely in your hearts. Which seems to prove my theory.

"I think I learned that they are loyal hearts, the hearts of you fans, and loving hearts, too, wanting those of the film stars you love to be as you want those close to you to be . . . human, of course, making mistakes, since all human beings make mistakes, but honest of heart and purpose, honorable people, clean-thinking and clean-living . . .

"I learned, too, and I believe I am right about this, that you like pictures like *Irene* and, I hope, *No, No, Nanette.* I must be right because, do you know, my fan mail increased twenty letters to every one after the release of *Irene.* I think you liked *Nurse Cavell* very much, even as my young friend in Louisville. I don't think you cared too much for my *Victoria* pictures and why should you, indeed, especially those of you who are very young? They smacked of school-books to you, didn't they? And if you didn't care very much about seeing your own Lincoln on the screen, why should you care very much about our Victoria?

"Of course you like lightness and music and comedy, gay 'escape' things. Walt Disney discovered this long ago. And when we realize that the comic papers and magazines have, I believe, the largest sale of any printed matter in the world, we don't have to be master-minds to figure it out for ourselves . . .

"I learned how hard-working and ambitious and in earnest you all are, about your jobs, in your personal lives . . . I learned something of the way you work, in your shops and factories and offices, or in your schools and homes and I understand perfectly, why you want color and romance in your lives, when your work is done . . .

"I got a deeper sense of understanding than I had ever had of how much we need each other, you fans, we stars, how fifty-fifty it all is, or should be. At least, we need you, I *know.* You need us, I *hope.*

"A LETTER from a friend of mine in England brought that sense of mutual interdependence very forcibly home to me—when she wrote that she was 'fortunate' because she had seen *Irene* run twice, had just gone into the theater in London when the air-raid warning sounded and the All Clear did not sound *until she had seen it run twice.*

"'It made me forget,' she wrote, 'where I was and what might, at any instant, happen to me. Do,' she ended her letter, 'send us some more happy pictures like *Irene.*'

"It made me feel, that letter, just as you made me feel, you fans, how very important it is that I do my job to the very best of my ability, how important it is that I, that all of us, be honest with you, give you value received for your loyalty and friendship, which is such great value received to us. I did try, you know, not to disappoint you when I made my tour. I gave you a song. I gave you a dance. I wore costume and full stage make-up—my Alice Blue Gown and just the make-up I wore when we made the picture. I tried not to say: 'This is the grandest city I have ever visited' and other *cliches,* because you wouldn't have believed me and I so much wanted you to believe me . . .

"I think I have learned, too, that I should never do a really sophisticated story. I wouldn't want to spend my whole life doing the frivolous, frothy musical comedy things.

"I hope I shall do something of the calibre of *Nurse Cavell* again, some time . . . but never anything sophisticated. I don't feel it is in my line. *Do you?*

"I must tell you just one more thing . . . one funny thing that happened while I was on my tour. I was arriving at my hotel in a taxi one afternoon. Fifty or sixty people, I was enormously flattered to see, gathered around the cab as it stopped, waiting (I *thought*) for me. I got out and almost instantaneously some fifty-nine of the sixty people evaporated. Of the one or two remaining, I inquired, 'Whom did you expect?' and the answer was, 'Ann Sheridan!' That taught me. That taught me that I am only little fish (a well-thought-of little fish, I hope, but a little fish, nevertheless), in a very big pond!

"But everywhere else, from the South to the North, you were so glad to see me, you were so warm and hospitable and friendly.

"Why, did you know that, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, when I went there to open the Osage Theater, I was made a princess of the Osage tribe, the only white woman who has ever been admitted to the tribe!

"That is just another instance, of the many instances, that make me want to thank you, all of you, for the way you took me, a stranger, as one of you . . ."

Keep Your Eyes on Stephenson!

[*Continued from page* 33]

that sub-conscious feeling of 'he is down there, I'm up here.' "

HE PAUSED to snap a silver cigarette case open in that smart manner of aristocratic European officers, and after lighting a cigarette, continued:

"I liked everything about Hollywood, and most of all its fine democratic spirit. But I'm an impatient man, and I was disturbed, worried, when month after month I didn't get a good part, anything which I thought was suitable to me. I had to plug along in B's or was lost in the obscurity of collective billing in the important pictures in which I was cast now and then.

"Of course, nobody ever noticed me. I had come with high hopes, but nobody gave me a break, a chance to show what I could do, I thought, until finally I was given a splendid part in *Dawn Patrol*. As the British officer in command of the patrol. I had a fine uniform made, learned my lines, and was very excited by the possibilities of this role, when the day before shooting started I was taken out of the cast and another actor was called to replace me.

"They said the New York office wanted a name player for that part, and I was unknown. God, I almost wept. It broke my heart. It was the worst disappointment I've suffered in my life. But if there is one thing I've learned in Hollywood it's this: you have to be patient! In our profession patience is indeed a great virtue."

After that ideal role slipped out of his fingers he had to wait for *The Letter* to prove what he could do. And he proved it so well that many critics boldly asserted he stole the picture from the formidable little Bette Davis, who, too, knows a thing or two about acting. And today Stephenson is on his way to becoming a star in his own right. Another socko like that, and the golden gates of the cinematic heaven will be wide open before him.

To be sure, his profile will not be copyrighted. He is handsome, but not a pretty boy. He is past the age of pretty boys, and mature romantic parts will be his meat, if everything goes well. If not, he will settle down to first-rate character parts. At any rate you can be sure he's no flash in the pan. He is here to stay. *Winged Victory*, opposite Geraldine Fitzgerald, is his next. And he will kiss her too, as a psychiatrist.

HOW did he become an actor?

"Well, I did a couple of amateur plays, just for the fun of it. The second play was Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and my part in it was a long and difficult one. I often think how I had the damn nerve to do it. But theatergoers apparently didn't object to me, and I was completely bitten by the bug. The cotton business had gone to pieces, and I said to myself, I might as well do this for a living. I have been most fortunate as an actor. I can't say I've ever gone hungry, ever pawned anything. For a while I had to live in a cheap lodging house on $15 a week, but it could have been worse. I never made much money on the stage, but I lived decently. Even though I received $40 or $50 a week, I always had a job."

Presently he met his future wife. "I was with the Liverpool Repertory Theater, and one night some friends of mine came to see me in a play. They brought along a friend of theirs, a young lady. We dined together that night, and I fell for this young lady right away."

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- Why stammering is actually contagious
- The meaning of the intermittent tendency and the progressive tendency
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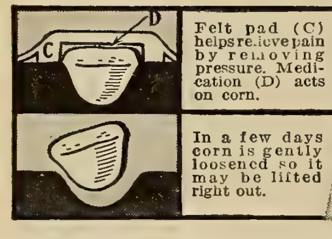

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"Love at first sight, eh?"

"I think so. Well, it seems to me love at first sight is the best and truest kind of love. It's instinctive, explosive, spontaneous, and sets in motion vibrations which a man does well not to ignore. I'm by no means a reckless, imprudent man, but a week after I met her I proposed to her. That was fast work. She took a bit longer to make up her mind."

He lighted another cigarette, took off the gay colorful bandanna around his neck and put it in his coat pocket. "I'm a conscientious objector to ties of all kinds," he explained. "I've adopted the loose, comfortable sport clothes of Hollywood wholeheartedly. But even a bandanna makes me a little nervous.

"Yes, a week later I proposed. But it was six weeks before she came through. We decided to get married on my magnificent salary of $50 a week. Perhaps in another year I might make $55, so why wait? I had been in Liverpool four years. Lorna, my wife, suggested that we go to London and I try my luck there. In fact, she made me go to London. It was an important decision, but I soon learned to depend on her decisions. Yes, I let her make them. I wouldn't be here today if it weren't for her."

The young lady indeed took him in hand, and the ex-officer who had commanded some mighty tough hombres gloatingly submitted. "I had saved 250 pounds. It wasn't much to marry on and try London with, but we did it, thanks to Lorna. We went off to Devonshire for our honeymoon, but had to cut it short when I received an offer from a London theatrical producer to play in *A Storm in a Teacup*. So we went up to London.

"It was the lead that I was offered, and naturally I was elated. Six months later I had my first film part, at the Warner Studio in England, and my salary jumped to $150 a week, which was more than I was receiving on the stage. I liked film work. I wouldn't care to go back to the stage. And frankly, I think I'm a better actor on the screen than I ever was on the stage."

I ASKED him if he would have married if he had earned only $25 a week. "Absolutely," he replied. "You see, Lorna is one of those girls who can be perfectly happy living in a single room, on almost next to nothing. She knows how to manage things, is an excellent housekeeper. Too many fellows wait until they are economically secure before they will risk marriage. No amount of economic security will make a couple happy and contented if love and respect are lacking in their relations.

"My wife has practically made me over. I used to be very intolerant, self-centered, selfish. But she has all the virtues I lacked. She had to re-educate me, make me more human."

"Don't you have a nickname for her?"

"No. I just call her Lorna."

"Does she call you James?"

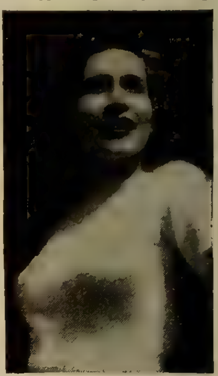
"Oh, she calls me everything. She has a different name for me every week." He blushed.

"For instance," I demanded.

"Well, one week she will call me Kerke, or Albatross," he laughed, "or some other ridiculous made-up name. She has a genius for the ridiculous. The etymologies of her nicknames baffle me. But there is always some sort of foundation to them. We have a seven-month-old child whom we have named Peter, hence Cheetle-Peteh, though I still wonder what the Cheetle means."

THEIR love-nest is at the Huntington Palisades, and they have brought from London most of their furniture. They rent their English-type house, but he feels secure enough now to buy a house, and is looking

[*Continued on page* 96]



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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
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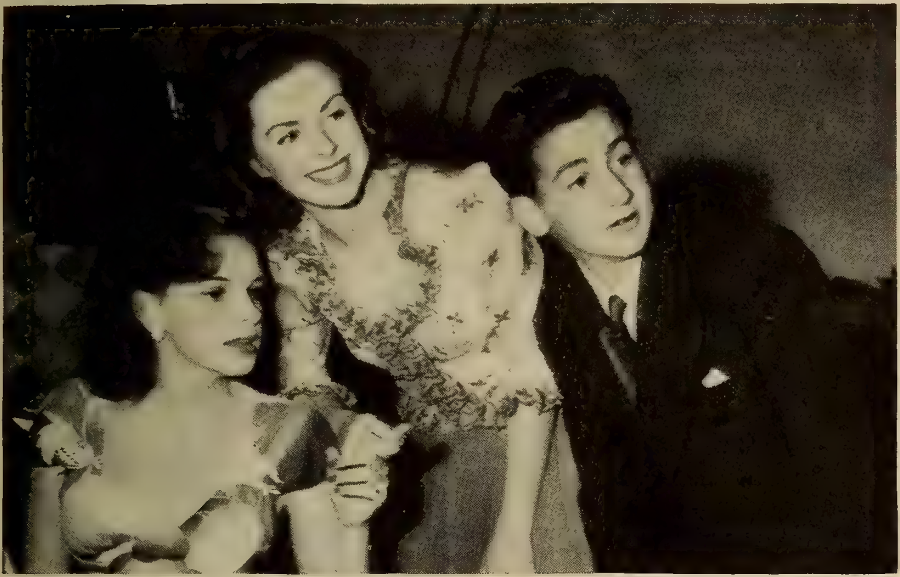
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]



—*Mark Stagg*

When the Screen Mothers gave their annual party at Beverly Hills Hotel the other day they couldn't help notice how their babes are growing up. In threesome are Judy Garland (note new hair-do), Rita Quigley, Bobby Breen in long pants and all

(what is this?—directors' hour in the delivery ward?)—and, of ALL people, the Slapsie Maxie Rosenblooms . . . . !!!!

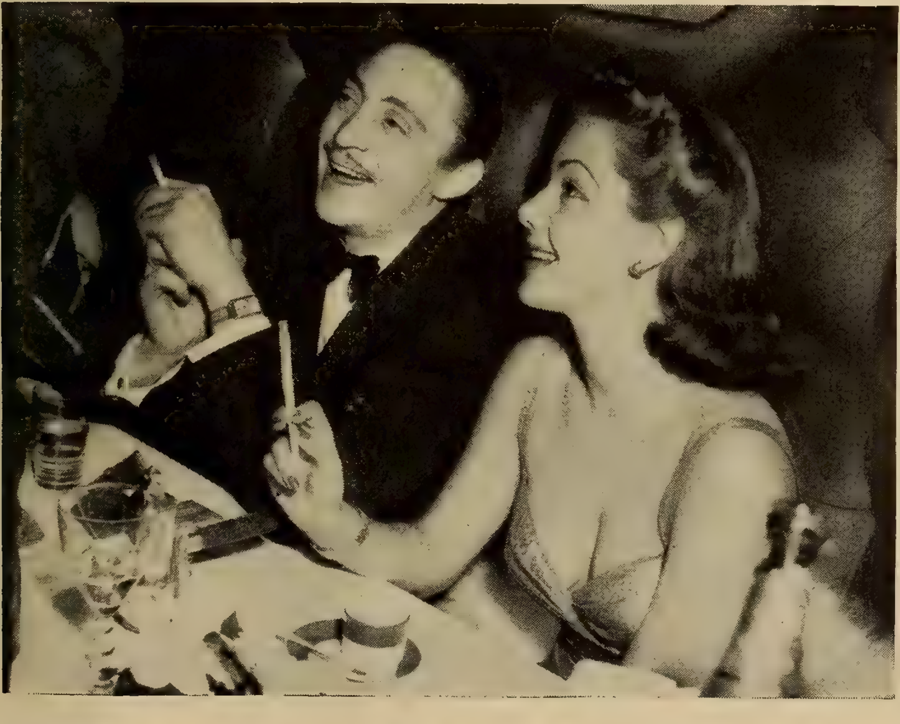
■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Kay Francis and Ivan Goff—
Is it true?—or just a bloff?

THE Desi Arnazes (she USED to be that Lucille Ball girl, you know) are saying things to each other soooooo loud that the chambermaids and bellboys can hear, out in the hall yet!

And if this goes on, the California State Boxing Commission ought to issue the Hollywood wedding licenses!

[*Continued on page* 97]



After marriage of several years the Mischa Auers have called it a day. Mrs. A. won divorce, leaving Mischa free to party new flame, Maria Montez, at spots like Ciro's

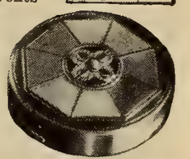
Key up your fascination by changing your "beauty pace"

THREE DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROUGE MAKE YOU THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN

Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat rouge.

"**Variety is the spice of life.**" To keep his interest highly spiced—be one woman today—another tomorrow—still another the next day. Change your "beauty pace"! Varying your shade of rouge does it—amazingly—but you can't perform the miracle successfully with single-tone, flat-color rouges. A strange shade of such rouge would look artificial and out-of-place on you. You CAN do it perfectly with Princess Pat duo-tone rouge—(an undertone and overtone). Any of the shades will so perfectly blend into your skin color as to seem exactly, entirely *yours*! Try this experiment in the interest of brightening your glamour. Get several shades of Princess Pat rouge. See how a change in your "beauty pace" keys up your fascination! You'll be delighted and thrilled beyond words to tell.

The Right Way to Rouge. Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



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. . . use Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone

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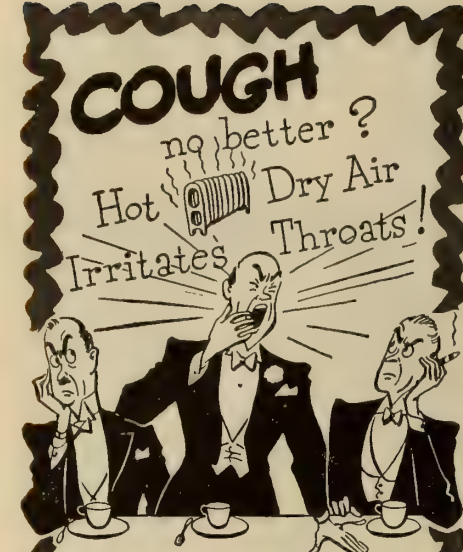
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ANN THOMPSON, Dept. 309-L Jefferson, Iowa.

Clicking As a Dumb Cluck

[*Continued from page* 81]

dreams of being a great star on Broadway and a glamour girl on the screen. She was very popular in Los Angeles and San Francisco stock companies and when she came to Hollywood with "One Man's Family" three years ago it was with high hopes that she would have a chance at a screen career.

There was no particular reason that she didn't get a break in pictures. It was just one of those things that puts her in a class with Clark Gable, George Brent, Mary Martin, Tyrone Power to mention a few actors who didn't get a foothold immediately. She was busy with her radio programs but it wasn't until she gained national attention with Charlie McCarthy that film producers began to make offers.

Her first picture, *A Date With Destiny,* a Paramount picture, turned out to be a date with disappointment for Barbara Jo. According to Tim Whelan, the director, Barbara Jo was so funny that she had to be cut almost entirely out of the picture, which is one of those horror epics in which the comedy is supposed to be only incidental. "At the preview," Mr. Whelan explained, "we discovered that the audience wouldn't stop laughing at Vera Vague and be frightened at the horror scenes that followed."

However, one picture led to another and she appeared recently with Gene Autry in *Melody Ranch* and in another Republic picture, *Melody in Moonlight.* It begins to look as though there is a definite place on the screen for her. She has many offers to play Vera straight but she says, "Vera on the radio is a cartoon. I want to play a slightly balmy girl with one or two more brain cells than Vera on the radio has.

"You know what I mean," she continued, her blue eyes all a-twinkle. "I want to portray a woman who has the best of intentions but her mind is on something else."

Can-didly American

[*Continued from page* 52]

color of these Blue Crabs. A new canned food product was brought to life—and consequently a NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY WAS BORN!

It isn't at all strange that so much time and effort should be spent on one little crab. We are a country of Americans—for America, one and all—and down deep in our hearts there isn't one of us who isn't 100% in favor of developing new American industries and making use of natural American resources. From the start, our Blue American Crabs had that much in their favor. . . . by pledge. But they also had a lot more too. They had tenderness, ease of digestion, and an appealing salty-sweet taste which cannot be duplicated anywhere in nature. And there are many more excellent qualifications to recommend our American Blue Crab.

BASING my opinion from letters which daily pour into my office on this same question, I know there will be some of you who will say to yourselves and friends, "Well, it's all right for Miss Rawley to write about canned seafood, but what about

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IN THE
GREAT LIE

WOULDN'T you enjoy previewing—in the comfort of your own home—this exciting new Bette Davis picture? You can, for just ten cents! And the same ten cents also buys you preview privileges for eight other important coming pictures. These previews, in the form of thrilling full-length stories, generously illustrated with actual scenes from the films, are the favorite entertainment of thousands of discriminating movie fans—the fans who read MOVIE STORY.

On this month's program you'll find, besides "THE GREAT LIE," Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in "THE LADY EVE"; Paulette Goddard and Jimmy Stewart in "POT O' GOLD"; Joan Blondell and Dick Powell in "MODEL WIFE"; John Wayne and Frances Dee in "CITADEL OF CRIME" and many others equally thrilling. MOVIE STORY is on sale at newsstands everywhere. Get your copy today!

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all those things we've heard for years about its being 'tainted'?" I bring this up only because I know it is what many of you will ponder over. Well, don't give it a single troublesome thought, for there's nothing on earth for you to worry about.

Science has worked and reworked about every inch of this business of canning sea-food (and other canned food products) and has developed perfectly amazing linings for tin cans which preserve such food products as crab meat indefinitely. Those of you who recently read the series of articles I wrote on the truth behind canned foods in one of our other magazines will remember this point. To those of you who would like further proof, write to me and I will gladly send you a pamphlet which will give you the truthful "Answers to Questions About Canned Foods."

And so, it is with considerable American PRIDE that I suggest that you make new space on your pantry shelf to house the products of our NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY. American Crab Meat can bring new delicacies to your Lenten and "year 'round" menus PLUS the Vitamins A, B, C, G; Protein; Minerals; and many more good things.

Of course, we can't print the trade name of our new American Crab Meat here. But, if your grocer does not carry it (and be sure that you specify "American" Crab Meat), fill in the coupon below. I shall be happy to send you all the details of where it is manufactured and where you can buy it. It's packed in three forms: Fancy White—ideal for salads, cocktails, and the like; Prepared Deviled Crab Meat (illustrated on page 52) in the cunning crab shells which also may be bought—(and cheaply, I might add); American "Brown Claw" Crab also packed in cans. This last one is excellent when used in soups, gumbos, crab cakes, and is loved by many for its deep, rich crabby flavor.

I hope you will fill in the coupon, for this month I have especially prepared "AMERICAN CRAB COOKERY," a leaflet which will not only give you all the information about American Crab Meat, but tell you about the Deviled Crab Meat and inexpensive sterilized Crab Shells which I have illustrated. In this same leaflet you will find another assortment of real honest-to-goodness favorite crab meat dishes gathered from the deep south. Some of these choice recipes come from New Orleans, others from Maryland and Charleston, South Carolina. You'll like them, I know, so why not fill in your coupon today?

AMERICAN CRAB COOKERY will be mailed to you shortly, but meanwhile here are several grand recipes to bring you cooking pleasure and eating pleasure until AMERICAN CRAB COOKERY comes your way.

LEFITTE'S CRAB GUMBO

½ lb. veal stewing meat
½ lb. raw ham
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 cans brown claw American crab meat
4 small green onions, chopped fine
1 small clove garlic, chopped fine
1½ qts. boiling water
1 lb. okra, cut in small pieces
Salt and pepper
1 can tomato paste or small can of tomatoes

Dice and fry the veal and ham until very brown. Make a mixture of the flour and cooking oil and add to the browned meat. Cook for a few minutes and add crab meat, onion, and garlic. Let this mixture cook until it becomes a good brown. Pour in water slowly, then add the okra, tomato paste, and seasoning, and let it cook slowly, stirring frequently for about an hour. A cover should be kept on the pot. Serve hot with dry cooked rice. If mixture becomes too thick, more water may be added.

CRAB CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 small onion, grated
½ seeded green pepper, chopped
1 small can mushrooms or ½ lb. fresh mushrooms
1 cup chicken stock or milk
1 can fancy white or brown claw American crab meat
2 egg yolks, beaten
2 tablespoons California sherry
Cayenne and salt
2 tablespoons grated cheese

Melt butter, add flour, chopped onion and pepper; cook until a golden brown; add mushrooms and cook 5 minutes. Add chicken stock and crab meat. Remove from heat. Add beaten egg yolks, sherry, and seasonings. Place in ramekins or casserole. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until a golden brown. Serves 4.

GREEN BOAT CRAB SALAD

3 large green peppers
2 cans fancy white American crab meat
3 cupfuls diced boiled potatoes
⅓ cup celery, chopped
Juice of ½ lemon
¾ cup boiled dressing or mayonnaise
Parsley

Cut green peppers in halves lengthwise, remove all seed and white fibrous portions. Immerse in boiling water, and parboil for 5 minutes. Plunge into cold water, and chill until used. Combine crab meat, potatoes, and celery, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Mix with dressing and serve in the cooked pepper shells on a leaf of lettuce. Garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serves 6.

LOUISIANA CRAB CURRY

1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons curry powder
1 cup chicken stock or milk
1 can fancy white or brown claw American crab meat
Salt and red pepper

Cook butter and onion three minutes, add flour mixed with curry powder and chicken stock. When mixture boils add crab meat, salt and red pepper to taste. Serves 4.

FREE

Pauline Rawley
MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me AMERICAN CRAB COOKERY with its many crab meat recipes. I understand it will also give me the trade name and manufacturer of the new American Crab Meat.
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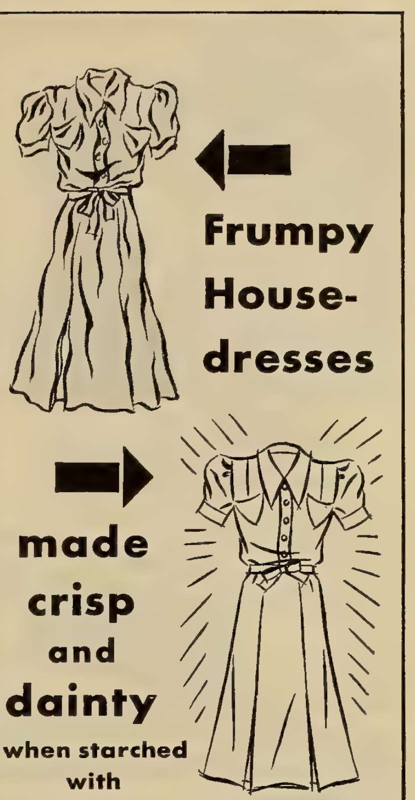

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LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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25¢ for 5 rinses

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PINS 30¢ UP

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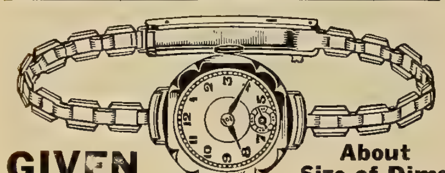

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If you're approaching womanhood or in your early 20's and are troubled by restless, cranky, nervous spells, by cramps, headaches, backache—due to this cause—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE women's medicines made to relieve distress of weak, nervous spells due to functional periodic complaints. Beneficial for *older* women, too, to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

Keep Your Eyes on Stephenson!

[*Continued from page* 92]

for the right one. His hobbies are automobiles and gardening. "Both my wife and I are amateur gardeners. We delight in digging, planting, and watching them grow."

His favorite authors are Shaw, Thackeray and Maugham. In music he goes for Wagner and church music, detests jazz. "My brother Alan is, or was, the organist of the Coventry Cathedral, and I, myself, did quite a bit of singing in churches when I was a boy. I have to my credit three amateur grand operas. Alan is a first-rate musician. German bombs destroyed his house too, but he is safe. My other brother, Norman, who was formerly commissioner of police of the Upper Nile province in the Sudan, is now doing his bit for England as a major."

Stephenson is his real family name. His father is a retired druggist, or chemist, as a druggist is called in England. He explained that the chemists are strictly prescription pharmacists. It's quite a profession in England. James was born in a small manufacturing city in Yorkshire, and had a very happy boyhood, roamed every summer in the surrounding countryside, which is beautiful, he says.

Neither he nor his wife care to play Hollywood's social game, and though they have been to a few night clubs out of curiosity, they prefer to stay at home and entertain a few close friends. One of his close friends in Hollywood was Patric Knowles, a crack pilot, now with the Royal Air Force in Canada.

His wife is his No. 1 critic, and they often rehearse his parts together. He is thinking of buying one of those recording machines that play back, and takes his acting seriously.

THE rise of a new star has always been an exciting event in Hollywood. Especially now, when this town has become practically a closed guild for the oldtimers, a newcomer like James Stephenson who makes the grade is a newsworthy person. The town is fairly buzzing with his name, his professional and social stock have gone up tremendously. All of which is most encouraging to lovers of the screen, to those who expect from Hollywood adult film fare. Five, ten years ago acting didn't mean very much in this business. Extreme youth, exotic novelties, fresh new faces were at a premium, and those who caught the popular or the producers' fancy were quickly discarded when their momentary glamour wore off.

Consider the 1940 box-office champions, according to the authoritative trade magazine, *Motion Picture Herald*. What do these cold, cruel figures show? The biggest moneymakers on the screen today are not the glamorous personalities, but Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Gene Autry, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and Tyrone Power are among the top ten, but they are good actors and have never been overly glamorized. Incidentally, Stephenson nearly won the honor for the best acting of the year in *The Letter*—as voted upon by the New York film critics—Charlie Chaplin finally winning in a photo finish.

That phony glamour of the past has ruined many fine talents and many promising careers. What the public demands today is real men and women in believable situations, actors who can act, or at least, sing. All of which augurs well for a man like James Stephenson.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid $400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia $200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, $2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY $100.00 FOR A DIME!
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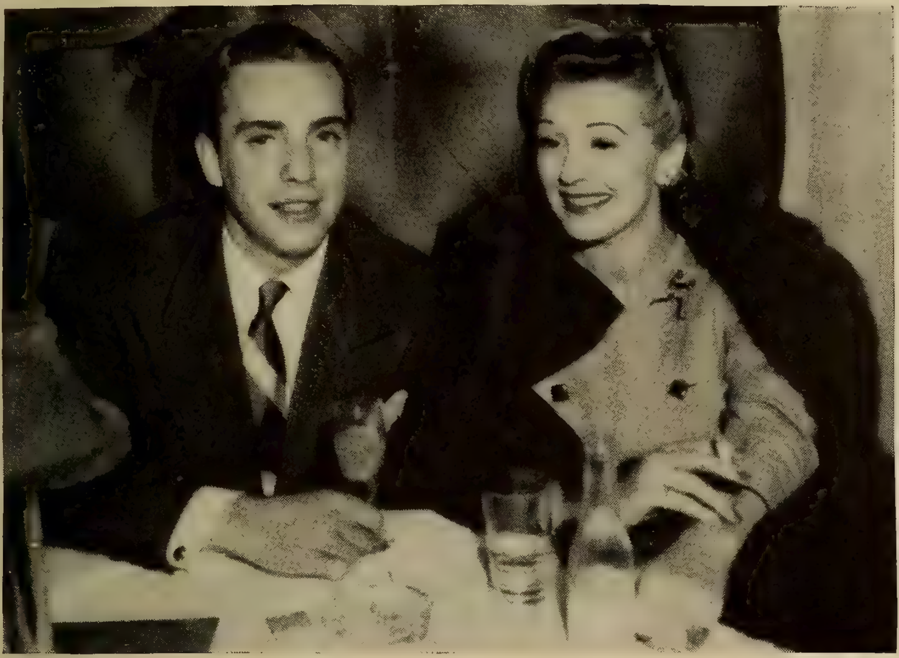
DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS

Dual Bands—Magictenna—Microdial! Fits your pockets or purse—Wt. 6 ozs. Small as cigarette package. **PATENTED POWER RECTIFIER.** Hi-ratio easy tuning "MICRODIAL". M. L. OF ILL. SAYS: "MIDGET RADIO WORKS FINE!" ONE YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE! Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only $2.90 plus postage charges on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. **A MOST UNUSUAL VALUE! FREE! "MAGICTENNA"—ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES! ORDER NOW!**

MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. F-4 Kearney, Nebr.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 93]



—*Chas. Rhodes*

At Ciro's, Nancy Kelly finally has company of Edmund O'Brien who's usually in NY on stage. They're reported engaged

Andrea Leeds, wife of Bob Howard, son of Chas. S. Howard, wealthy turfman, has armful of newborn son, an 8-pounder

WOOSOME TWOSOMES—Eddie Albert and Ruth Robbins, the Phil Harris band singer—Patty McCarthy has induced Willis Hunt to drop that torch labeled Carole Landis—Vic Orsatti and Betty Grable, a-HAH!—transcontinental telephone tolls don't scare Leif Erickson from talking to Lucia Carroll—Irving Cummings, Jr., and Grace Grant helping the Seven Seas keep a tropical temperature—Frankie Thomas raising New York temperatures with George Abbott's daughter, Judy — Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye in step again after a spat—Rosalind Russell gave Freddie Brisson a new auto for Christmas and it won't be long now before she'll be driving it as Missus Freddie—Wendy Barrie and Jeff Steele, who was erroneously reported engaged to Margaret Roach—Bill Burnside and Virginia Gilmore—wonder how soon M-G-M'll let Judy Garland marry

[*Continued on page* 98]

Among those who like to see horses run at Santa Anita are socialite starlet Cobina Wright, Jr., and Geo. Montgomery

WHY

PERC WESTMORE

Famous movie make-up man

USES MURINE IN EYES OF STARS

"Always," says Perc Westmore, famous Warner Bros. make-up man, "when I make up the beautiful actresses with whom I work, I never fail to put two drops of Murine in their eyes. The soothing, cleansing, refreshing action of Murine is just the thing for the discomfort of tired eyes."

Quick, Easy Relief

Murine's amazing effectiveness comes from the action of its seven scientifically blended ingredients. Just use two drops. Right away Murine starts to cleanse, to clear, to soothe discomfort. Murine is economical, too! One bottle contains four times as many applications as a large bottle of most ordinary washes used with eye cups.

Don't wait. Start now to take care of your eyes the way many great movie stars do. Just use two drops of Murine in each eye — in the morning, at night, and whenever your eyes burn or feel tired. Get Murine today and start the sane, cleanly, comforting practice which brings relief to thousands. Use Murine daily.

TRIAL OFFER! Send 10c for generous sample bottle of Murine. Address the Murine Co., Dept. X, Chicago.

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SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

Earn $25 a week

AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

In every community there is definite need for capable practical nurses. Doctors rely on these women for efficient home nursing service . . . patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING is proud to have had a hand in training thousands of practical nurses through its physician-approved, easy-to-understand course.

LEARN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. 42nd year. Men, women, 18 to 60. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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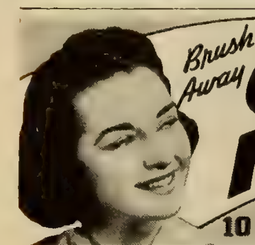
Informal Pompadour

A new and becoming version of the Pompadour. Soft Curls are piled on top and the longer Hair at the back is brushed into a loose roll. All skillfully held in place with

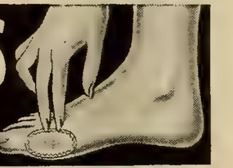
All Bob Pins Are NOT Alike



Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** .. and look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

BUNIONS
ENLARGED OR TENDER JOINTS



Doctor's New Quicker Relief

Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the New *Super-Soft* **Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Feel the world of difference these delightfully soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads make . . . how much they lift shoe pressure off the sensitive spot. New in design. 630% softer than before. Do not come off in bath. ECONOMICAL! Large box costs but a trifle. Sold everywhere.** ***Insist on Dr. Scholl's!***

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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New Perfume!

SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is:—

"Temptation"

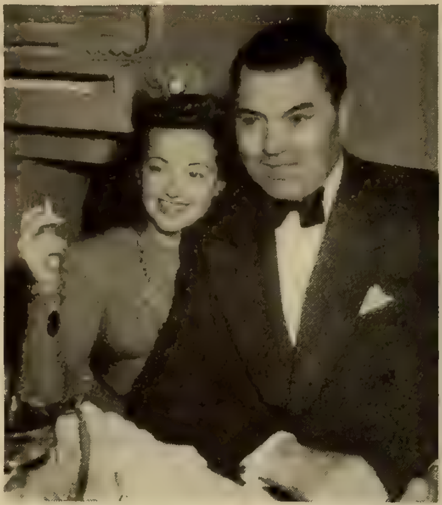
To pay for postage and handling, enclose only 10c silver or 12c stamps. (Est. 1872)

Free Trial Bottle

Paul Rieger, 272 Davis St., San Francisco

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 97*]



—Chas. Rhodes

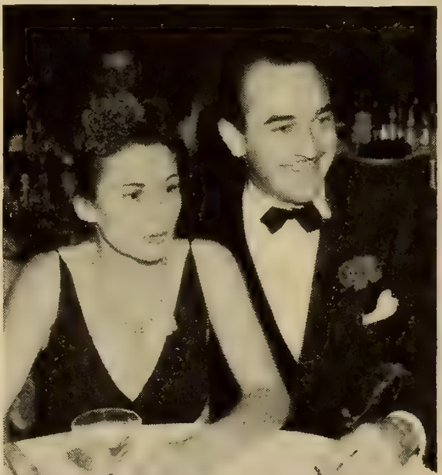
Just because Jack Dempsey partied Arline Judge during recent Hollywood trip, don't take it too seriously. Just pals

Dave Rose?—Linda Hayes should be Mrs. Lew Crosby by the time this is printed—Hedy Lamarr and John Howard have forgotten that quarrel—so now it's Arline Judge and Gene Bryan, huh?—Erik Rhodes gave Sibyl Bowan a jade bracelet—Katharine Aldridge and Johnny Swope—Ricardo Cortez and Eleanor Troy—George Montgomery and Kathrine Stevens—and how soon will Bert Wheeler and Phyllis Ruth say their I-do's?

■

JANIE WITHERS' ma doesn't want her kissing around, yet. And so, when she read the kiss written into the script for Jane and Dick Clayton, Mama sailed into the studio front office. Result: NO kiss!

[*Continued on page 99*]



—Chas. Rhodes

Lee Bowman, who has reputation of showing no favorites among the girls, favors Helene Del Valle. Rumored engaged

THIS NOSE-OPENER IS AN EYE-OPENER

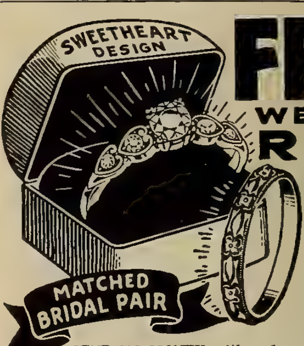
• • • a mighty pleasant surprise. Just sniff a whiff of these cooling, refreshing medicated vapors, and biff those cold-clogged miseries out of the way. You'll feel a lot better as sure as you breathe. Be sure you get the genuine—

25c PENETRO INHALER

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex.** An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Sisstex) from your druggist today. Only **35c.** The guarantee protects you.

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys



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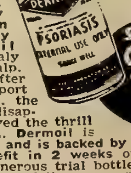

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks** or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. **Write today** for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1801, Detroit, Mich.**

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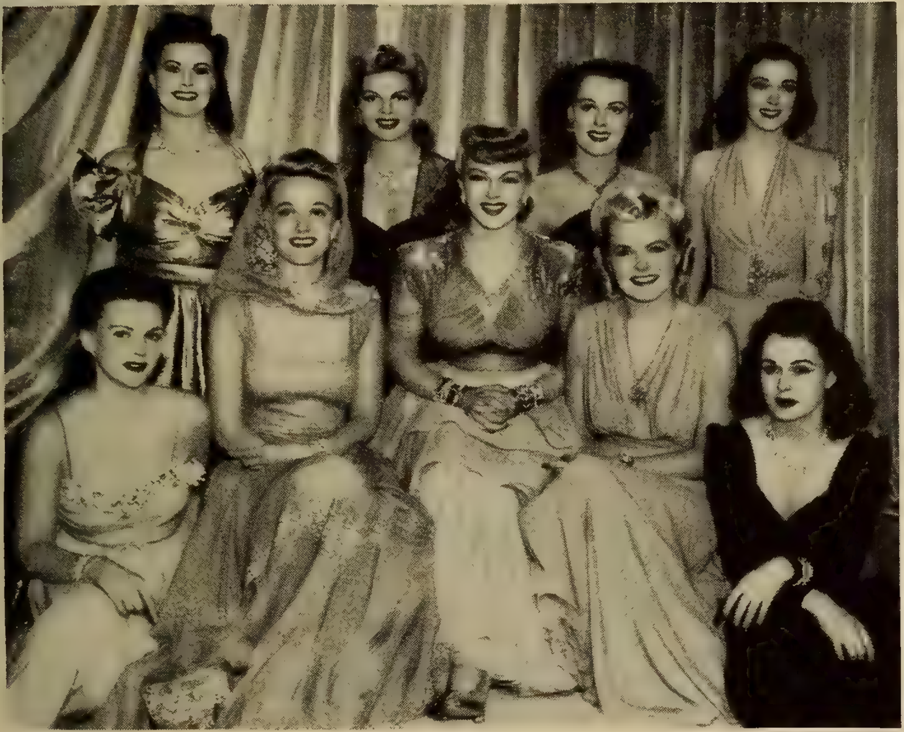
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 98]



Among several glamorous glorified of *Ziegfeld Girl* surrounding Lana Turner in center are, seated, Vivien Mason, Georgia Carroll, Irma Wilson and Patricia Dane. Standing are Frances Gladwin, Anya Tarranda, Alaine Brandeis and Virginia Cruzon

STAN LAUREL must be so balled up in his marriage record now that he could keep a Certified Public Accountant to keep track of who's who.

Now that he's remarried Mrs. Stan Laurel No. 3, thereby making her Mrs. Stan Laurel No. 5, all Hollywood is sitting back and wondering what the next chapter in the funny (very!) man's love-life is going to be.

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Season box holders at Santa Anita are the Fred Astaires. Like rest of top movie set they were there on opening day

■

OH, SO? note: All the time Mickey Rooney has been running about with Linda Darnell, a certain chorus girl in San Francisco has been keeping her eyebrows lifted. Her name is Dolly Thom (remember?—Mickey gave her The Rush last year) and despite the Rooney-Darnell temperature, Dolly's friends say that she (Dolly, I mean) expects to become Mrs. Rooney this Fall.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
M-G-M's Johnny Raiff and Virginia O'Brien—
Up in the clouds, they're simply flien!

■

BRENDA JOYCE and Owen Ward have finally become mrandmrs—and, unless there's a slip-up somewhere, Ilona Massey will soon be Mrs. Alan Curtis. And that's certainly a relief for all Hollywood gossip writers who have been working up to these weddings for so long now. . . .!

But on the other hand, now we'll just have to work up to other things—like squabbles, or babies, or divorces, or anniversaries. Squirrel cage, Mama . . . !!!

A Secret you can tell!

Anne Nagel

Glamorous and wholesomely beautiful is this Universal star who recently increased her growing popularity when she appeared in "Diamond Frontier"

The secret of glamour and feminine charm is a soft, clean skin. It is the foundation of loveliness and every woman should realize it.

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An All-Purpose Face Cream

does a wonderful service in cleansing your skin by removing every particle of old make-up and superficial dirt. At the same time it provides an ideal base for a fresh toilette. Skin roughness caused by chapping disappears and blackheads are reduced by cleansing pore openings. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay comes to you in a handy push-up container—see cut — and is easy to apply. Send for a purse size sample today and give Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay a trial.

ELIZABETH HUSTED, SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY CO.,
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I would like to try Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Please send me the purse size container of this popular face cream. Ten cents (stamps or coin) is enclosed to cover mailing costs.
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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

IF THE reason for embarking on so many re-makes of well-known films and stories is due to economies then I wish the studios would exercise more restraint and not go so all-out on production. Certainly, the studios still have their eyes on big sets. And most directors can still go the limit on their production budget. I don't think studios want to keep the budget down particularly when it comes to stories. But you can't get around the fact that too, too many stories are has-beens of yesterday. And this in spite of the presence in Hollywood of a big assortment of brains.

Oh, we've all heard the argument that the new generation didn't see the original has-beens—that what they see now is absolutely new. On that premise, *Jekyll and Hyde* and others that go way, way back will be shown till the frost is on the pumpkin in the Fall of 2041. Well, take it for granted that the New York theater doesn't furnish too many film plots—(and the biggest hits seem to come from the stage) it still can't be denied that there are a powerful lot of big novels being written—and a goodly share of big brains are functioning in Hollywood. What are they doing? Don't ask me. Maybe the studios have them writing treatments of *Pollyanna, Cinderella, East Lynne, In Old Kentucky*—and other old-timers that your great grandmother's aunt Minnie saw when she yelled at Paul Revere: "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

Been Made Before

PICTURES recently released or about to be released that have been made before include *The Bad Man, Back Street, The Mark of Zorro, Shepherd of the Hills, The Round-Up, The Letter, Blood and Sand, The Trial of Mary Dugan, The Sea Wolf, The Sea Hawk, They Knew What They Wanted, The Thief of Bagdad, The Cisco Kid, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Little Old New York, Beau Geste, The Wizard of Oz, If I Were King, The Chocolate Soldier, Bill of Divorcement, Stella Dallas, Cat and the Canary* and *Holiday*.

There are many others that have been dusted off, with new titles tacked onto them. These new titles show at least some ingenuity and originality. This indicates that the brain-workers are thinking hard. There are three old-timers that are just itching to get going again. You're probably wondering what's holding them back. Yes, you guessed them. *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Madame X,* and *In Old Kentucky.* And something should be done about *Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers.* The stories are there —and the heroes are ready—such hombres as Flynn, Power, Taylor, Cooper, March, McCrea, Hayward, MacMurray, Wayne, Grant, Fairbanks, Gable, Tone, Boyer, Dix, Scott and company.

Fans No Like

I WOULDN'T be bringing this up just now except for a stack of letters from fans who go to movies three and four times (sometimes oftener) a week. And they're doing a deal of complaining. These steady-going fans furnish the lines at the box-office. Even a London fan (and everyone knows London isn't seeing too many films just now) complains. And this is what she says—written from Hodford Road, Golders Green, London. "We are all sick and tired of remakes of well-known films and stories, and I do wish the film companies in America would stop this form of economy till after the War." She adds: "We do not get so many films in London now, but in the provinces shows still go on till fairly late at night. In London it is too dangerous, so many movie theaters have been hit by bombs; mostly people go early or not at all."

And if producers follow through on her suggestions they'd feed not only Britishers but Americans the lightest kind of fare. Americans are fed so much war stuff in the papers—and Britishers are being bombed. This fan says: "We all enjoy the light, bright films like *He Stayed for Breakfast.* So please, America, lay off the uplift and heavy stuff for a while (leave the 'heavy stuff' to the Luftwaffe!) and send us the musicals, costume pictures like the truly delightful *Pride and Prejudice,* and comedy-dramas." She admits that *Gone With the Wind* is still going strong and, in spite of some unfavorable press notices, the great fan public likes it in London and in the provinces, too.

Serving the new generation with re-makes on the premise that they never saw the old-timers the first or second time, kind of dismisses their elders as unimportant in the box-office scheme of things. And some of these re-makes aren't so ancient but what the new generation hasn't seen them, too. When they are re-made three and four times—then I can imagine even the kiddies saying: "Where have I seen that one before!" Even the little tots don't like to be told the same bedtime story over and over. A kid with any spirit and imagination would tell the old lady, "Aw, gee, Grandma, tell the three bears to take their porridge and go jump into the lake! And you jump in with them!"

Solution

MAYBE there has been some dropping off in patronage. For many years the weekly movie attendance has been well-publicized as around 86,000,000. This has been lately disputed, with the figure closer to 65,000,000. Can it be that the drop in attendance (if true) may be due partly to a flood of re-makes? Coupled with too many double-features? If the patron gets a double-dose of two re-makes, which he has seen before—then he's liable to get hopping mad and stay away from movies for a while. The studios would be truly alarmed if he went back to the poolroom for good—and his girl friend found more pleasure staying home with her crochet needles.

Let the studios make the light, bright stories that the Londoner suggests—with just enough patriotic stuff to keep a happy balance—and we'll all be entertained. We don't want a big flood of martial movies. The boys at camp want to be amused, too. So why not feed us more amusement—such as *He Stayed for Breakfast* and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (a domestic comedy of a marital quarrel—which is thin and stretched to the breaking point—but deftly held together and made uncommonly amusing through smart direction, dialogue and playing).

Yes, give us more like this Montgomery-Lombard piece (it packs a passel of belly-laughs, for sure), and *This Thing Called Love,* and *Comrade X,* and *The Philadelphia Story* and *Arise, My Love,* and *Love Thy Neighbor.* And even a bit of excitement now and then like *Night Train.* Give us these and we'll be going to the movies in droves—and not playing bridge or rummy or solitaire or post-office or pool or dialing to Jeanie With the Light-Brown Hair.

NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

Here she is with her favorite toy—*Emilie*, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

Emilie is perhaps the most imaginative and spontaneous Quint. She has a nice sense of design, makes lovely sketches and workmanlike models of houses and gardens. She loves brilliant colors, and plenty of them. She works and writes with her left hand. Of all the Quints, Emilie and "Lady" Cecile are perhaps the two least alike. Watch for Cecile's portrait—it comes next!

Emilie's health is superb, on a par with that of Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile. Tribute must be paid to the careful diet which helps to keep these children happy, buoyantly healthy, energetic.

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Emilie

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But *don't* reserve Karo for table use alone. It's a real flavor boon to cooking. This tempting, rich syrup gives everyday foods new interest, new appeal. Try it on baked ham, apples, bananas, pears. Use it in cakes and pie fillings and frostings. It gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency.

Karo *Waffle* Syrup is a rich new blend! It makes an exciting treat of those old favorites—pancakes, French toast, waffles. Surprise the family with waffles and Karo Waffle Syrup tonight. They'll love the delightful Karo Waffle Syrup flavor—it's *different!* All grocers sell Karo Syrup.

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And for only **$5.00** more you receive these large individual serving pieces to make your service **De Luxe . . .** Pierced Pastry Server . . . Cold Meat Fork . . . Gravy Ladle . . . Berry Spoon and 2-Piece Carving Set.

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They begged for introductions–but no one took her home!

Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone*. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come*. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day... always!

• • •

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M-G-M

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INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. FAWCETT, Jr., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

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Thirtieth Year

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Note to all
BETTE DAVIS FAN CLUBS:
My thanks to every one of you for the wonderful things you have written me about 'The Letter'. I appreciate it deeply.
Bette Davis

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

The Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson) were in NY recently, taking in shows, shops and eating spots. At Stork Club they had French playwright Henri Bernstein as guest

HIT IN LEGIT: Comes the lunch hour at the Algonquin and you wonder there is anyone left on the Coast for boys and girls like Jimmy Fidler and Louella to write about . . . Every current hit has its share of faces familiar to Hollywood's Brown Derby waiters . . . Bogey-man Karloff plays a wack who imagines he is Boris Karloff in the chilling *Arsenic and Old Lace* . . . It is the smash of the season . . . Mrs. Karloff is motoring to the Coast to bring back some of their possessions . . . They don't care for hotel life and have taken an apartment . . . Allyn Joslyn, also in the cast, admits to homesickness . . . In his first stage hit since *Boy Meets Girl*, he discovered, somewhat painfully, that he really *likes* living in Hollywood . . . If that be treason, the Lambs' Club will undoubtedly make the most of it . . . All actors of the Theater are supposed to yearn for the applause, the feel of an audience and the cramped quarters of a midtown hotel . . . The Elmer Rice play *Flight to the West* didn't do nearly as much for Betty Field, as it did for Paul von Heinreid . . . He, it is, who is so splendid in the sensational British sleeper, *Night Train* . . . Von Heinreid is an Austrian refugee . . . You'll be seeing him in many more pictures when the Rice play folds . . . Paramount will give Betty extensive tests for the part of *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* . . . Hemingway and Gary Cooper have their heart set on Ingrid Bergman and will probably have their way . . . Before Laraine Day entered the M-G-M fold, Jo Ann Sayers was their young hopeful . . . She has clicked in *My Sister Eileen* . . . Ginger Rogers will film it . . . Ginger is crazy about the play . . . She is so happy about the tremendous acclaim *Kitty Foyle* is receiving throughout the country. She is humming, *I'll Never Dance Again* . . . She feels she has finally vindicated her stubborn insistence on straight dramatic parts . . . She is so happy that cousin Phyllis Frazer is having a baby . . . Mrs. Bennett Cerf, you know . . . So she decided to make the RKO press boys happy by agreeing to a cocktail party . . . Ginger has been very elusive, and what is known as "difficult" of late . . . Nedda Harrington, Walter Connolly's widow, adds merriment to *Charlie's Aunt* . . . Olga Baclanova and Donald Cook are simply swell in *Claudia* . . . Victor Mature has made the season interesting for the Broadway belles by gracing the divine Gertrude Lawrence's psychoanalytical play, *Lady in the Dark* . . . Moss Hart's friends, who have been twitting him for years because he fancied himself neurotic and spent a fortune being psychoanalyzed, are trying awfully hard to develop neuroses . . . Moss cashed in to the tune of $270,000 for the screen rights alone . . . Virginia Peine adds her beauty to this strange play.

Other partyers at Stork Club in NY recently were Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Gene came on to be with Jeanette who was on singing tour in East

CURTAIN: Just as Katharine Hepburn wept grateful tears during her opening night curtain speech, two years ago at the Shubert Theater, so she ended the run of *The Philadelphia Story* in Philadelphia . . . Admitting frankly that she was considered "through" when she left Hollywood several years back, Katie confided that these two years had been the happiest of her life . . . She walked off stage with the curtain up, as she didn't want a final curtain to fall . . . Several hundred Univ. of Penn. boys sang *Auld Lang Syne* while Katie sniffed and sniffed . . . Only the week before she had indulged in one of her temperamental Hepburnisms. As a visiting star on tour, she was to give out the usual interviews to the radio and newspaper lads in a Virginia City . . . But Katie would have none of it . . . Which brought her a sound panning in an afternoon paper . . . Through the press-agent, she invited her critic and his wife to her dressing-room after the evening performance . . . You can't blame the man for bragging to his pals that he had inadvertently found the key to Katie's heart . . . He presented himself, prepared for a scoop . . . After five chilly minutes, during which time the star just sat and glared at him, not uttering one word, he fled in an agony of embarrassment! And there you have Hepburn, the uninhibited. . . . . Garbo, the Gadabout, is right in the groove these nights . . . She may spend her days drinking spinach-juice and taking vitamin pills, but that's the better to get around at night, my dears . . . Miracle man Hauser is her constant escort, and he's a man who likes to get around . . . Lots of friends and a pursuasive personality . . . They've been everywhere the band plays loudest, and everywhere the crowds are thickest . . . Greta is still camera shy, but seems to have conquered her fear of crowds . . . I discovered the inseparable pair at a Fifth Avenue hair salon . . . Garbo had just been shorn of some of her long bob . . . Looking at herself in the mirror she covered her face with her hands . . . "Please don't

[*Continued on page* 17]

When Hollywood people come on to New York they take in shows and shops and gravitate toward Stork Club. The Robert Youngs take to floor, do a rhumba

1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL . . .
THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

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AMECHE

Carmen
MIRANDA

in

"That Night in Rio"

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"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"
"Boa Noite" (Good Night)
"They Met In Rio"
"The Baron Is In Conference"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

with
S. Z. SAKALL • J. CARROL NAISH
CURT BOIS • LEONID KINSKEY

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Fred Kohlmar. Screen Play by George Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Additional Dialogue by Samuel Hoffenstein. Based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Adapted by Jessie Ernst.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

THE *TIP-OFF* ON A BIG PICTURE

"SIS HOPKINS" is a-comin' to **TOWN!** And who but **JUDY CANOVA**, the beloved **"JENNY LIND** of the Ozarks" **COULD** be the Sis Hopkins of 1941? **IT'LL** be the screamiest thing on **CELLULOID**, since Mabel Normand **DID IT** y'ars ago in the "Silents." **THIS** famous stage classic comes **TO TOWN** rip-roarin' with laughter **AND ZIP** as Judy streamlines it **FOR** you with new fits and fittin's... **BRINGING** joy to your heart and **LAUGHTER** to your ribs will be **BOB CROSBY** and his orchestra

WITH the Bobcats, **CHARLEY** Butterworth **JERRY** Colonna **KATHERINE** Alexander **SUSAN** Haywood. **YOUR** local theatre manager **WILL** let you roll in the aisles **ENTIRELY** unmolested and medical **TREATMENT** will be provided **WITHOUT** charge for patrons **DEVELOPING** uncontrollable **HYSTERIA.** It is your big chance **TO GET** troubles off your mind **AND** giggle-bees in your bonnet. **WATCH** your local paper for **THE OPENING** date of **"SIS HOPKINS"** starring funny **JUDY CANOVA.** It's...

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

PICTURE PARADE

NICE GIRL?

—AAA½—

Nice Girl? Why that's an understatement when you're speaking of Deanna Durbin who plays the title role (*Jane Dana*) in this delightful comedy with music. Note the distinction—comedy with music—because in her latest film Deanna puts her vocal talents in second place—not that they aren't first rate—and relies on her charm and thespian talents to lure us. And she succeeds, too, just as she does with *Don Webb* (Robert Stack), the boy-next-door, *Richard Calvert* (Franchot Tone), a young scientist, and practically all of Stillwater, Conn., where *Prof. Dana* (Robert Benchley) brings up his motherless daughters with the help of *Cora Foster* (Helen Broderick). Then there's *Hector Titus* (Walter Brennan) who delivers the mail after he reads it and makes love to *Cora* after that, and *Jane's* sisters, *Sylvia* (Anne Gwynne) and *Nancy* (Ann Gillis). The *Danas* are the most charming family we've ever met and that's probably due to the fact that there's only one rule in the house—all jokes are funny. After that one, Mr. Benchley was *our* favorite father. But rules or no rules, you'll find *Nice Girl?* one of the grandest comedies of the season.—*Universal.*

THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE

—AAA½—

You may have seen this before under the title of *One Sunday Afternoon* but whether you did or not shouldn't interfere with your enjoyment of this romantic story placed in New York in the '90's. It will have a strong nostalgic appeal for Mother and Dad and even us young ones will enjoy its antique charm. The characterizations are handsomely done by James Cagney (*Biff Grimes*), Olivia de Havilland (*Amy*), Rita Hayworth (title role), Alan Hale (*Grimes, Sr.*), Jack Carson (*Hugo Barnstead*) and George Tobias (*Nicholas Pappalas*). *Biff*, a correspondence course dentist, is detained from his Sunday afternoon stroll with the missus by the expected arrival of *Hugo* for an extraction. *Biff* has been carrying a grudge against *Hugo* for ten years and while thinking of the sweetness of his revenge—an overdose of gas for the unsuspecting *Hugo*—the story flashes back ten years to the time when *Biff* was in love with the Blonde and when *Hugo* cut in and married her leaving him to marry *Amy* on the rebound. On top of that *Hugo* also involved *Biff* in some crooked business leaving him to take the rap. What happens that Sunday afternoon is worth seeing.—*Warners.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Hollywood Parties

ANYTHING at all is an excuse for a party in Hollywood . . . And I mean ANYTHING! . . . Let a director break a leg or an actor get a new set of false teeth and everyone gathers round to celebrate . . . But it took Jack and Venita Oakie to reach a new high in excuses when they invited a group of friends to spend the evening playing gin rummy while they waited for Tillie, Venita's pedigreed Afghan hound, to have pups!! While Gracie Allen, George Burns, Anita Stewart and the John Larkins whiled away the evening with cards and cocktails, Venita made frequent trips to the kennels to report on the progress Tillie was making . . . However, Tillie wasn't in a cooperating mood, and come two a.m. the guests left without having witnessed the blessed event . . . Then four hours later, without an all-star audience, Tillie gave birth to six little Afghans . . . Outdoor party of-the-month —was the all-day bicycle ride Laraine Day hosted for a group of her friends among the younger screen set . . . Starting at Laraine's home in the hills, the party—including Ann Rutherford, John Shelton and the Larry Germaines—rode to Santa Monica beach where they stuffed themselves with hot dogs . . . Out of this party has grown the "Bicycle and Lunch Club" with Laraine as president, and they plan to take all day 'cycling trips twice a month . . . But here's a warning to any of Laraine's friends who want to become Bicyclers-and-Lunchers: You're going to have to take that same ride from Laraine's home to the beach—a distance of 14 miles—before you can join up!

LATEST party game, started by Gilbert Roland, has everyone sitting around trying to think of five words—in five minutes—ending in DOUS . . . Try it. After you've thought up horrendous, stupendous, hazardous and tremendous, your five minutes have gone . . . Most unreportable—and strictly stag!—party of-the-month was the testimonial banquet given by the Masquers in honor of John Barrymore . . . In case you don't know, the Masquers is an organization of stage and screen actors . . . Every so often they give these testimonial shindigs and are sincere in honoring an actor for his particular contribution to the world of acting . . . But from all reports, the Great Profile was honored not for what he had done *for* the stage but for "what he has done TO the American theater!" . . . The toasting and gagging that went on topped even John's most befogged ad-libbing.

GUSTATORY party of-the-month—was hosted by Tony Martin . . . After spending more than a week shooting scenes for the Cuban number in *Ziegfeld Girl*, Tony developed a yen for a real Cuban dinner . . . With the help of Sergio Orta, the Cuban dancer, Tony served his guests Cuban beans with wild rice, summer squash with creole sauce, spiced avocados and vanilla ice cream in fresh pineapple cups . . . After this feast, Sergio taught the guests—Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Dave Rose, Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio—the very latest steps in the rhumba, conga and samba . . . Most embarrassing party tragedy of-the-month befell Mary Livingstone . . . Night-clubbing with Jack Benny and the George Burnses, Mary went to powder her nose and while in the little girls' room, lost her gorgeous diamond bracelet down the drain! . . . "Turnabout" party of-the-month—was the baby shower given to John Hubbard by the William Madsens, the night before Mrs. Hubbard presented him with an heir . . . Among the gag gifts was a set of false fingernails for John to chew while pacing the hospital corridors . . . And if he ran out of chewing, there was a pocket knife and block of wood to whittle.

HAPPIEST guests at any party were the British refugee children that Bob Hope took to the desert for the week end . . . What started out to be just a two-day trip to the B-Bar-H ranch near Palm Springs, grew to a Wild West holiday such as the children had never dreamed of, when Bob's friends got wind of his plans . . . Irene Rich furnished a complete western outfit for each boy and girl; Jerry Colonna and Monty Montana entertained them with a riding and roping contest, and the movie vacation colony at Palm Springs rode over to join the fun . . . Breakfast on the desert and a wild ride in an ancient old stage-coach climaxed the outing . . . A mock hold-up staged by Jackie Cooper and Preston Sturges with the help of the ranch cowboys entertained the movie crowd no end, but made practically no impression on the children . . . As one refugee explained, a six-shooter isn't very exciting when you've seen real guns . . . Welcome-home party of-the-month—was given the Billy Gilberts, when they returned to Hollywood after several months of personal appearance tours . . . When Ella and Billy stepped out of the transcontinental plane, they were greeted by a group of friends singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," accompanied by a brass band! . . . From the airport, friends and brass band followed the Gilberts to their home where a breakfast party was waiting.

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PICTURE PARADE

THE LADY EVE

—AAA½—

And here's another of those written and directed by Preston Sturges efforts. (He did *Christmas in July* and *The Great McGinty*.) In this one Mr. Sturges shows America's womanhood how to make him (the man you're after) fall for you—and he prefers the literal translation. Barbara Stanwyck gets Henry Fonda to do it for her and all we can say is Miss Stanwyck is darn good for if Mr. Fonda falls for her once he does it a hundred times. The first time aboard ship where *Jean* (Barbara Stanwyck) and her dad *"Colonel" Harrington* (Charles Coburn) are looking for a sucker to take over in a game of cards. *Charles* (Henry Fonda) looks like an easy victim as the only snakes he's familiar with are the legless ones which he makes a study of—in fact he's returning home from an expedition. Of course the artful *Jean* has no difficulty in getting a tumble from the vulnerable *Charles* but complications arise when she starts falling for him herself. But we won't become involved in those—we suggest you see for yourself how *The Lady Eve* finally gets her man—as it is lots of fun. There's also Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, Eric Blore and Melville Cooper to amuse you.—*Paramount.*

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING

—AAA—

Hope you haven't lost patience with Hollywood's marital mix-ups for here's another emanating from the cinema city. And like the others this, too, is good for laughs—thanks to Ernst Lubitsch who directed and Donald Ogden Stewart who wrote the screenplay. Also to Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas and Burgess Meredith who form today's triangle. The *Bakers* (Merle and Melvyn) are known to their friends as the *Happy Bakers*—that is until *Jill* is besieged with recurrent attacks of the hiccups. At the suggestion of a friend—Olive Blackeney—*Jill* visits a psychiatrist (Alan Mowbray) who determines that the hiccups are due to the monotony of her marital life. And as though the doctor's analysis hasn't already caused enough damage—planting the seeds of suspicion—his offices offer more trouble in the person of *Alexander Sebastian* (Burgess Meredith) an inhibited pianist. After that things go from bad to worse with *Jill* and *Larry* until divorce seems the only possible solution to their by now most unhappy marriage. But as you probably have guessed the *Bakers* kiss and make up before the reel runs out and the social columns again refer to them as the *Happy Bakers*.—*Lesser-United Artists.*

[*Continued on page* 60]

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME-HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO TAKE A LUX SOAP **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.** PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN
RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL
PAT LIGHTLY TO DRY. SKIN FEELS SOFTER, **SMOOTHER.** AND LOVELY SKIN'S **IMPORTANT!**
LUX TOILET SOAP
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Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are *quick, easy* and they *WORK!*

This lovely Hollywood star shows you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap to guard her priceless complexion. This gentle care removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try Active-Lather Facials for 30 days! See what they can do for *you!*

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Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness

A Hollywood starlet who has both beauty and brains is Ann Rutherford. She keeps her locker filled with tissues, cold cream, cologne

School girls and secretaries, too—Ann's next is *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*—find tissues handy for greasy faces and red noses

Beauty is in the bag if it's one like Ann carries. Note the cellophane case to keep your powder puff clean, and the pad of lip tissues

FACE THE CLASS

By DENISE CAINE

IF YOU HAVE BRAINS YOU CAN HAVE BEAUTY, TOO. JUST STORE AWAY SOME OF THESE BEAUTY AIDS IN YOUR SCHOOL LOCKER

SCHOOL DAYS aren't what they were when I was a girl. And it's just as well, for in those good old golden rule days it wasn't proper to help out that school girl complexion with powder or a rosy lipstick—and as for nail-polish—Tsk, tsk! But today the wise school girl knows that it's just as important to look pretty and sweet all week as to turn up on that Saturday night date, radiant as Cinderella at the ball. After all, you're in school from 9 to 3 every day—six long hours for *Polly Benedict* to dazzle *Andy Hardy,* or for you to make that so-vital impression on the boy from the other side of town whom you'd never see otherwise.

Naturally a school girl wants to look young and rosy cheeked (and I hope slightly dewy about the eyes) not only at the beginning of school, but all through the school day. And that's sometimes hard—especially if you live in the grimy section of Pittsburgh or some other town where they burn soft coal. But it can be done—if you're smart enough to follow Ann Rutherford's lead (she's *Polly Benedict* again in *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*) and stock your locker with these quick beauty aids.

A miniature size cold cream tube, hand lotion in sample bottle, cellophane covered powder puff with lipstick tissue folder, plus a box of cleansing tissues are *Polly's* locker staples. If your school locker doesn't have a mirror on the back of the door, add one of those new ones with a collapsible base which fastens around the shoulders, leaves both hands free for fixing the hair. The cream is handy for a quick clean-up at noon recess, or after school, before a basketball game. It's easily removed with tissues—which come in just as handy when you have a cold . . . *Polly* thinks the lipstick tissues are a neat idea because they prevent [*Continued on page* 58]

STOW AWAY . . .

beauty aids in your own school locker. Write Denise Caine for a list of indispensable items. And ask her about any of your own particular beauty problems at the same time . . . whether you are a school girl or older. Address your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 10]

look at me," she pleaded, "I look so funny . . ." She didn't at all, of course . . . And the way the spinach specialist smiled at her, I knew he didn't think so either. . . .

THE BROADWAY BEAT: Miriam Hopkins and the handsome Bob Allan continued to hold hands even after their show *Battle of the Ages* lost the decision in Boston . . . Miriam decided not to bring it in after a critical lashing that included particularly her Mr. Allan. . . . Orson Welles, calm in the midst of the furore aroused by *Citizen Kane,* was the center of attention at every theater he attended . . . Not alone because Delores Del Rio was so decorative on his arm . . . It was also because Orson Welles likes to be the center of attention and talked loud and annoyingly long after the curtain was up . . . Bob Young cut his vacation short to return to Hollywood when news reached him of the death of his eighty-one year old father . . . A rare couple, the Youngs . . . Jean Gabin is on his way here after attempting for months to leave unoccupied France . . . If you have never seen this really great actor in his native pictures, you will have the opportunity of seeing him in the pictures he will make under Jean Renoir's direction in Hollywood . . . That house Joan Crawford bought in Westchester is the envy of every suburban matron . . . It's been known as "dream house" . . . has a duck-pond, trees, atmosphere and seclusion . . . And Joan will be there to stay, someday, to study opera . . . Lloyd Nolan is in our midst . . . Doug Fairbanks palled with step-dad, Jack Whiting while Mary Lee sunned herself in Palm Beach . . . Doug saw the Gertrude Lawrence play . . . remember when young Doug and Gertie were romancing? . . . they've remained friendly . . . If many struggling actors are eating regularly, it's because Katherine Stevens, Sam Woods' beauteous daughter, is still at heart one of the Walgreen set . . . Before she established herself on the screen in *Kitty Foyle,* Katherine had a couple of discouraging seasons trying to break into the theater . . . She wanted to make good without her director dad's influence . . . After making the rounds she would gather a bunch of hungry would-be thespians in her apartment and give them food and new hope . . . She's missed a lot . . . and is still lending financial assistance to many of the gang . . . Dan Topping is in the army . . . leaving Sonja Henie free for her ice frolics and her next picture, *Sun Valley* . . . Lana Turner and Tony Martin planed in and out, and if nobody seemed to approve, least of all Artie Shaw, Lana's ex, the twosome had a swell time . . . Tony took Lana to the fights, the hockey games and such like, having a sporty turn of mind . . . On Lana's previous visit, she was trying awfully hard to be grown up and serious-minded . . . Now Lana is really grown up . . . much blonder . . . much more mature in appearance . . . and quite the glamour queen . . . I helped comedian Milton Berle choose that diamond heart as a Christmas gift for show girl Joyce Matthews . . . and I know his heart went with it . . . so it's sad to hear that his one serious romance should run into Mama Berle trouble . . . Milton adores his mother . . . and mother thinks a career comes first for her Milton . . . Desi Arnaz' pretty mother had similar ideas before Desi took matters into his own hand and eloped with Lucille Ball . . . now they are a threesome in Miami.

A Magic Wand Of Loveliness for

CINDERELLA HAIR?

Not Magic . . . but Drene! The Shampoo that reveals up to

33% MORE LUSTRE IN HAIR*

than even finest soaps, most liquid shampoos!

● Do you have "Cinderella hair"? You know, the kind that is drab, lustreless and unglamorous even right after it's washed.

Then you're probably using the wrong *kind* of shampoo.

You see, most liquid shampoos and even the finest soap combine with minerals in water to form a "bath-tub ring." In shampooing, an unrinsable film is left, hiding the true loveliness of each strand of hair.

Drene is thrillingly different! Its *patented* cleansing ingredient does not combine with minerals in water, to leave a dulling film. As a result, Drene reveals up to 33% *more lustre* than finest soaps in all colors of hair.

Drene makes highlights dance and sparkle to accent and emphasize your waves . . . brings out the depth and warmth of color . . . reveals the hidden loveliness of your hair. And Drene is economical!

Let Drene be the "magic wand" to transform your Cinderella hair into an alluring crown that men will notice, women envy. You'll be amazed at the difference this sensational shampoo can make! *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Stani Mars

EMINENT HAIRSTYLIST OF HOTEL ST. REGIS SALON, NEW YORK, ***says:***

I shampooed and coiffured the model above—and testify that these photos truthfully illustrate the amazing difference in lustre that Drene Shampoo can make!

OTHER FAMOUS BEAUTY SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:

Rohde's Beauty Salon
Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago

Marc Gartman
Gold Coast, Chicago

Don Martinez
St. Louis

Burton Skiles
Hairstylists, Hollywood

**Lustre-Meter Tests,* carefully made at Procter & Gamble laboratories, prove hair washed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap-washed hair.

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color,* not its *true blonde look,* it may be due to dulling film. Reveal its real glory with Drene.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film leaves brunette hair with a drab, dull look. Drene forms no such film; leaves hair glowing, shining.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair looking dark instead of bringing out its natural, warm reddish tone, try Drene.

GRAY: If lime-soap film leaves an ugly yellowish cast, use Drene. It reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL—For normal or dry hair **REGULAR—For oily hair**

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Brenda Joyce, mad about the boy all the time, weds him. He's no actor. The honeymooners, Owen and Brenda Ward, visit Brown Derby on cook's night out

ANOTHER ONE: June Duprez and Randy Scott— . . . . HOT!!

■

IT ISN'T every bride who can be her mother-in-law's matron of honor at ma's wedding. But Mary Healy (Mrs. Peter Lind Hayes, to you) did it.

When Peter's ma, Grace Hayes, owner of Hollywood's popular Grace Hayes' Lodge, flew in a chartered airplane to Las Vegas and married Newell Chase, the composer, the other passengers in the plane were her son and Mary. Peter did the best-man stuff for his new stepfather, while Mary did the correlative act for her ma-in-law.

■

TATTLER'S TIP: Don't pay too much attention to that ballyhooed "romance" of Glenn Ford and Patti McCarty. They both work for the same studio, and press-agents are like that.

■

CUPID'S UN-couplet:
Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye—
. . . . good-BYE!!

■

HOLLY-WOULD Like to Know—if Madeleine Carroll and that French admirer of hers, Richard de la Roziere, who came all the way from France to Hollywood to visit her, will be married before his visitor's permit expires.

Unless the government extends the permit, the Frenchman will have to leave the United States about the time you're reading this. Madeleine admits she's oooooh about him—even went all the way to Europe to see him, before he came to Hollywood to see her. But as to whether or not they'll marry—mum's the word, from both of them.

■

TATTLER'S TIP: Margaret Hayes (who changed her name from Dana Dale, remember?) may change her name again any day. This time to Mrs. Jeffrey Lynn.

■

QUAINTEST Gift-to-the-Gal-Friend on Hollywood record is Wally Beery's habit of giving new shoes to his honey-of-the-moment.

Wonder if he takes 'em for an auto ride, then?

■

LOOKS like Brenda Marshall isn't going to become Mrs. Bill Holden in June, when her divorce becomes final, after all!

You see, Bill expects to be called into training under the Selective Service Act in July. And in view of that, he and Brenda have decided to once again postpone this most long-awaited of all Hollywood's marriages-to-come.

■

**CUPID'S COUPLET:
Irene Coleman's got Bentley Ryan—
. . . . a-sighin' . . .!**

[*Continued on page* 76]

"I'm another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin"

—*Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.*

Every woman can benefit from Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algonquin, famous New York Hotel.

NOW a great new improvement has made Camay milder than 6 of the other leading beauty soaps. We proved this superior mildness by actual tests. And skin specialists we talked to say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help you to a lovelier skin. Let this milder Camay help you in your search for loveliness.

Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr. were married at St. Marks Episcopal Church, Jackson Heights. Of Camay, Mrs. Smith says: "I'm enthusiastic about Camay. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay's wonderful mildness makes it just right for me."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Why Hollywood let Margaret go back to her native England is something that only Hollywood can answer. It's nice to know that England is still shooting pictures and that La Lockwood is appearing in them. After *Night Train* comes *Girl in the News*

Margaret Lockwood

Dees fiery-y-y, tempestuous-s-s Lupee-e-e, she geeve *Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga.* But eef she geeve only wone leetle lesson (whether eets lofe or la conga) you'd have to admeet you learn' well. For Lupee-e-e is wone gran-n- teacher

Lupe Velez

Ridin' his own black mare, packin' artillery and a lariat—to say nothing of a devilish glint in his eye, Bob plays his first western role as *Billy the Kid*, whose quick trigger-finger made him the ace desperado of the open spaces in 1880

Robert Taylor

THE GAGS OF THE GABLES

Pappy Gable raised some blue-blooded chicks and Mammy, not knowing they were blooded babies, gave them away. Pappy no like at all, so next morning fifty doves flew over—for peace. Mammy tries to out-gag Pappy—and vice-versa

by Gladys Hall

YOU NEVER KNEW SUCH FUN AS GOES ON WITH MAMMY AND PAPPY. YOU WONDER HOW THEY KEEP THEIR MINDS ON THEIR WORK, THINKING UP CRAZY GAGS TO SPRING ON EACH OTHER

THEY are the ones, are Mammy Lombard and Pappy Gable. . . .

That's what they call one another, you know, "Mammy" and "Pappy."

One wonders how they keep their minds on their work, what with thinking up lunacies to spring on each other. Costly lunacies, too, most of them. Ingenious idiocies. No mere hot seats, water-squirters, plate-raisers, rubber mice or such-like kid stuff. Uh-uh. They put Big Production value into their hoddy-doddies, do Mammy and Pappy Gable.

Why, Lombard never knows, when she goes to sleep at night, whether she will awake to behold her lawful, wedded Rhett, or an old gentleman with a long, white beard under the crazy quilt by her side! And stop me if you've heard this one . . . but there was the time when Lombard had poison-ivy, had to wear a medicinal face-mask and Pappy came home one evening to find a gutta-percha fac-simile of Joan Crawford's face on the pillow where Carole's face should have been!

Then there is the wild-cat. Let's start with the wild-cat, why not? Clark, in sportive mood, as always, had a wild-cat imported from the wilds of Arizona as a gift for Carole. So, one bright sunny morning when Mammy went down to the barnyard to feed the rabbits and guinea-pigs and other domestic pets as is her daily wont, there was a wild-cat a'snarling at her!

But Pappy's little jest proved a boomerang this time. Because when he tried to place the creature in a good home, an old zoo or something, no one would take it. After several sleepless nights, during which Pappy had to mount guard over the beast with his old gat; after hawking it around, practically from door to door like a Fuller Brush man, he finally got it quartered, albeit temporarily, on the back lot at M-G-M, along with Leo, the Lion. And is still paying for its board and keep out of income!

IT ALL began, this frenzied funning, on the night Mammy and Pappy had their first date. They went to the Mayfair Ball on this history-making occasion. Clark, at that time, was living at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel. Carole had her home in Brentwood. At the Ball, they had their first fight. Carole went home with friends. Clark, presumably, went home alone. Came the Dawn and Mr. G. was awakened by a loud and furry cooing. He opened his big, still-dreaming eyes and there were seven white doves flying around his room. Carole had sent them—the Doves of Peace!

It is not generally known but I have found out that, ever since that morning, the dove industry in Hollywood and environs has done a thriving business. For let a single disputatious word be spoken by Mammy to Pappy or vice-versa and the next morning a dove appears, an olive-branch clenched between its "teeth."

It was also during the Before Marriage era that a fan sent What-A-Man a 300-pound statue of [*Continued on page* 61]

--LIKE CRAZY

By
ROGER
CARROLL

TALENT FOR HEADLINES

SMART ENOUGH TO CASH IN ON ADVENTUROUS ROLES, ERROL FLYNN'S TALENT FOR HEADLINES HAS BROUGHT HIM TIMELY PUBLICITY. LIKE GARBO, HE KEEPS PEOPLE GUESSING

A CERTAIN Hollywood columnist, who likes to give the impression that he pals around with stars, called up Warner Brothers a while back. "Was Errol Flynn at Ciro's last night—or some other night spot?" he wanted to know. Big-heartedly, he added, "I'd like to give him a line or two."

The Warner press-agent who talked to him said, "I can't tell you where Flynn was last night. I don't know."

"Well, what *has* he been doing lately? Anything to fill a column!"

The press-agent went through the motions of meditating, and finally said, "You wouldn't settle for something about his picture?"

"No—I want something personal."

And that was the end of that particular conversation.

The next morning, the columnist was on the phone again, burned up. "Say, what were you giving me yesterday?" he demanded. "I read in So-and-So's column that Flynn *was* at Ciro's night before last."

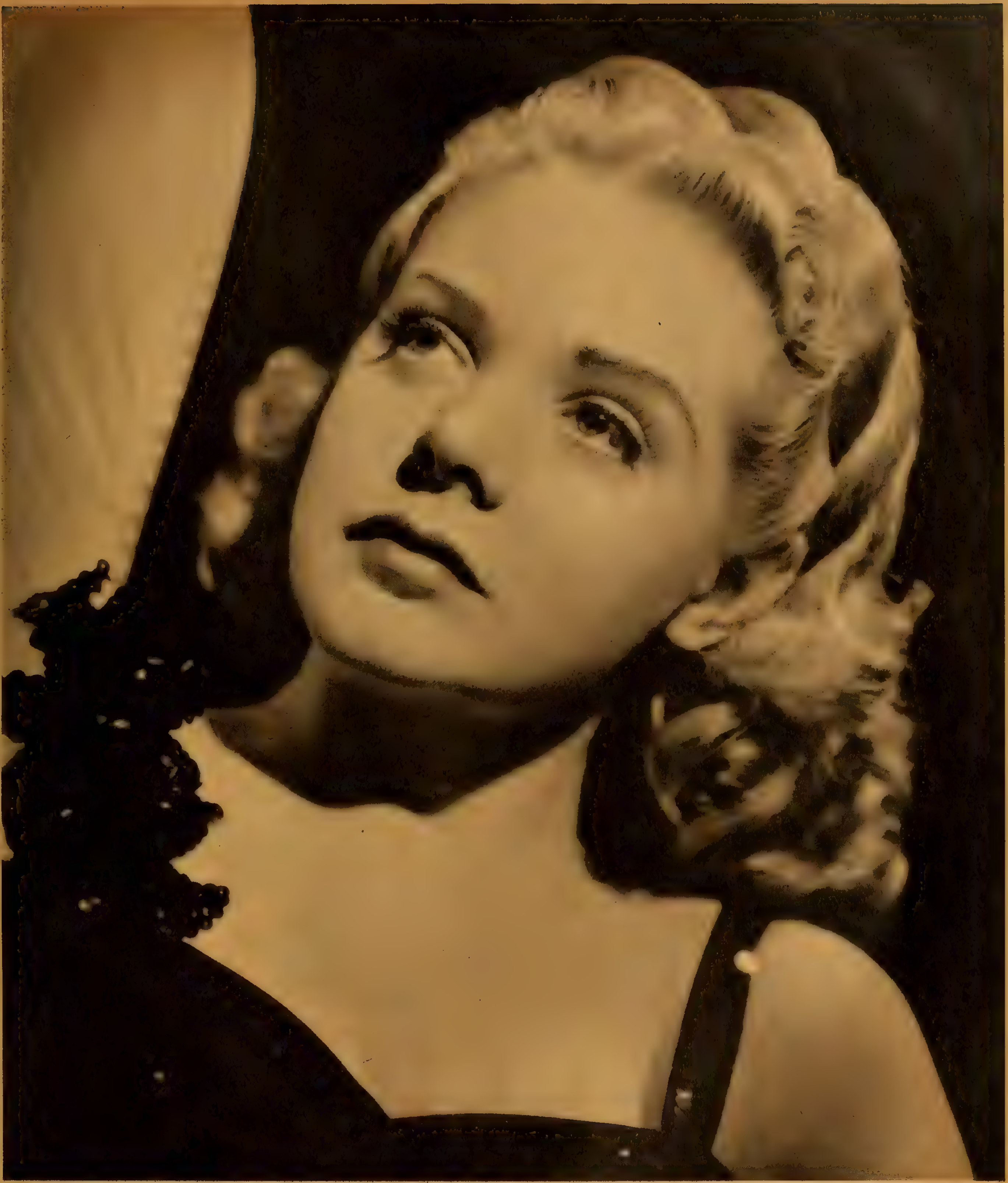
"You weren't any more surprised to read that than I was," said the press-agent.

"You're a helluva press-agent," commented the columnist. "Why don't you keep up with what your own stars are doing?"

Nobody can cast any aspersions at anybody in the Warner publicity department and get away with it. "You don't know Mr. Flynn," said the press-agent. "He doesn't talk about his social life—even when asked."

The columnist refused to believe that. He still believed that the press-agent had been holding out on him.

But the only person who had been holding out on anybody was Mr. Flynn. That may not seem to make sense. You would never get the idea, from some of [*Continued on page* 67]



The newest portrait of Alice finds her with chin up, confidently facing a future that gives her the fullest expression with song. She will make *The Great American Broadcast.* Alice recently gave up *Tin Pan Alley* to spend *That Night in Rio*

Alice Faye

WHY ALL THE MYSTERY MADELEINE?

By JAMES REID

LIEUT. RICHARD DE LA ROZIERE, FRENCH BROKER-AVIATOR IS THE MAIN REASON WHY MADELEINE REMAINS MYSTERIOUS ABOUT HER NEW LOVE-LIFE

AIRLINES, like movie companies, have press-agents. And the press-agents have a tacit agreement with newspapers. They'll tip off the newspapers when somebody worth interviewing is arriving by plane, if the newspapers will mention, in their stories, what airline the celebrity used. That was how reporters and photographers happened to be at Union Air Terminal in Burbank last December 7th, when Madeleine Carroll flew in from New York "via American Airlines."

The tip-off was that the boys could catch not only Madeleine, but the man she secretly loved. The gossip columnists described him as "a young French nobleman." They gave his name as Richard de la Roziere. They said Madeleine was going to marry him. Madeleine, herself, hadn't said anything—yet.

The boys didn't know what the Count (or was he a Marquis?) looked like. But they had an idea that he would be short, sleek and foreign-looking. They also expected that he and Madeleine would be the last passengers out of the plane. (Movie stars always step out last, so that they won't hold up other passengers, posing for photographs and giving interviews.)

The first passenger [*Continued on page* 79]

They don't make skippers any rougher, tougher and saltier than Jack London made 'em. And Eddie Robinson takes up where London left off. His skipper makes *Little Caesar* (he was a bad 'un, too) look like a Cinderella man

The Sea Wolf

When you go down to the sea in a rough ship you're liable to run into a Sea Wolf as well as a storm. But John Garfield comes through. He routs Eddie, wins Ida

Ida Lupino has had choice roles the past year, but none of them come even close to the role she has in *The Sea Wolf*. She ranges easily the whole emotional scale

WHY BETTE MARRIED AGAIN

It was while taking vacation in White Mountains 2 years ago that Bette met Arthur Farnsworth. It was not love at first sight, but mutual respect

BY JACK REESE

HER HUBBY IS NOT ONLY A NEW ENGLANDER BUT ALSO TYPIFIES THE SOLID AND SECURE. THERE SHOULD BE NO TEMPERAMENTAL CLASHES IN THIS PICTURE

BETTE DAVIS' marriage to Arthur Farnsworth may break up a lot sooner than her marriage to Harmon O. Nelson. This scribe is through betting on stars to succeed in matrimony.

But it is more than a willy-nilly hunch that makes me prophesy marital success for the star and her brand-new, aviator husband.

One of Bette's first remarks, when I flew to Death Valley to interview the newlyweds, helped to banish my doubts. She said she was glad to give me all the information I needed for this article, but asked me not to put her on record by quoting her own opinions, concerning any phase of her marriage. That is a rule she is going to follow undeviatingly in the future, because she is determined not to make the same mistakes twice.

Until a year ago, Bette talked as frankly about marriage as anything else. It is her aggressive nature to thresh things out, not retreat into defensive silences.

But people distorted what she said, and occasionally, even quoted her as saying things she would never think, let alone utter. This made her seem like six other people, some of them very silly. Often, these unauthorized quotations were danger-laden, as well. There was that fable about her "separate breakfast" theory, for example.

Suppose home relations of any film couple are strained, and hubby reads that his wife advocates separate breakfasts for married people. Claims husband and wife should not have to look at each other "until the morning grouch has worn off." Whether he believes she said it or not, that one is going to hurt. If she did say it, it's a publicly expressed inference that he is a grouch. [*Continued on page* 71]

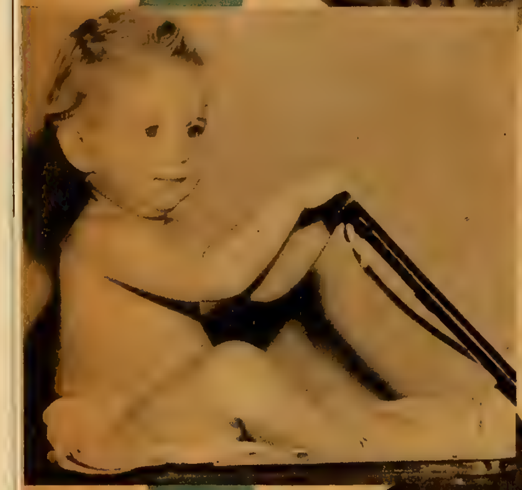
Until *They Knew What They Wanted*, William Gargan was wasted in mediocre roles. Now he co-stars with Martha Scott in *Cheers for Miss Bishop*, which will find you cheering for Bill, too, as the faithful and constant lover of *Miss Bishop*

William Gargan

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

GLORIA JEAN

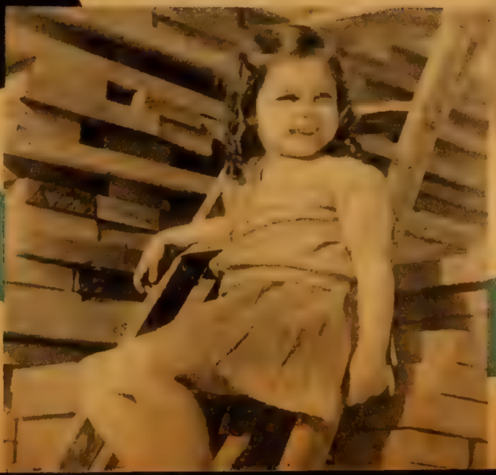
LARRY SIMMS



BABY SANDY

MICKEY ROONEY and protege, DARRYL HICKMAN

JOAN CARROLL



CAROLYN LEE

STASH CLEMENTS

HOLLYWOOD HAS NEVER SEEN THE DAY WHEN ITS BABY BURGLARS CAN'T STEAL THE PICTURE RIGHT AWAY FROM THE GROWN-UPS—AND MAKE 'EM LIKE IT. THESE MITES ARE DYNAMITE. AT LEAST TWO DOZEN OF THEM CAN MAKE HAMS OUT OF BIG BOYS AND GIRLS

Children WHO STEAL THE SHOW

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

MICKEY ROONEY was giving a pretty fair imitation of *Andy Hardy* in a dilemma as he walked away from the brightly lighted *Men of Boystown* set where he had been playing a dramatic scene with nine-year-old Darryl Hickman.

"What's wrong, Mickey?" a man from M-G-M's production-office asked.

Mickey shook his head in perplexity.

"It's that kid," he explained. "A couple more scenes with him and I'll be a dead pigeon. He's the darndest picture-thief I've ever seen. And the way he can spill tears—when I'm the guy that ought to be crying. Gosh," and Mickey began to laugh, "now I know how Spence Tracy and the other fellows felt with me in their hair. This business of playing with a kid is sure tough."

Tough enough—and yet Mickey had been making it still tougher by taking little Darryl into his dressing-room and coaching him on lines. And, according to what Darryl told me, he had been playing every shot to give the youngster a break. Possibly that's because Mickey remembers how the older players helped him—while he was making dead pigeons out of them. Or perhaps it's just because he's that sort of a sport, and figures he ought to be able to take it, as well as dish it out.

Sooner or later, every child star that hurdles the awkward age trips over a youngster several inches shorter and several years younger than himself. And it's tough to realize that youth is making an old man or woman out of you, while you're still in your teens. Old age never fears the ravages of years like Hollywood's gilded kiddies dread it.

Some few, like Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper have successfully negotiated the deadline of puberty—but hundreds (once famous but whose names are now forgotten) fell by the wayside.

Shirley Temple, retired at the age of ten, was not permitted to run the hazards of the awkward age. In spite of her rare talents and her wide training, those managing Shirley's career have also consistently refused to run the risk of having a picture stolen from her by a child younger than herself. Which explains why Shirley is waiting to co-star with Mickey Rooney for M-G-M. He is much older. Everyone in Hollywood agrees that she will retain her old personality, or develop another as attractive.

Meanwhile, little Jane Withers, now fourteen, is being groomed for her appearance as a young lady. In her next picture, *A Very Young Lady*, she is definitely taken out of the child class. Just as Deanna Durbin was guided from girlhood to young womanhood by a sequence of pictures—the one now being written escorting her to the altar—so 20th Century-Fox plans to have Jane "grow up on film."

In *Her First Romance*, singing Edith Fellows of *Little Pepper* fame seems to have gotten past the dangerous age. But to little Sybil Jason, 1940 brought the most tragic Christmas of her life. She spent it alone, on a boat bound for her home in South Africa, because, in spite of how brightly her movie star shone a few years ago, Hollywood no longer wanted her.

ANOTHER youngster stepping into womanhood is Susanna Foster, Paramount's amazing little singer. A distinct hit at fifteen in *The Great Victor Herbert* she was co-featured with Allan Jones in *Magic in Music*. This title, however, was changed to the nickname Susanna had won on the set—*The Hard-Boiled Canary* and as such the picture is being shown.

Paramount's problem has [*Continued on page* 84]

Ilona returns to the screen in *New Wine* to sing the lovely melodies of Franz Schubert. The film is based on a romantic episode in the life of the composer played by Ilona's fiance Alan Curtis. They'll be marching altarward to Mendelssohn soon

Ilona Massey

BY DAN CAMP

UP TO HIS NECK

Welles hopes to marry Dolores Del Rio as soon as she wins final decree from Cedric Gibbons. Having finished *Citizen Kane* they trained to NYC, visited the Stork Club often

EVER SINCE HIS KID DAYS, ORSON WELLES HAS BEEN UP TO HIS NECK IN SOMETHING OR OTHER. HE DOESN'T DO A JOB HALF-WAY, BUT GOES ALL OUT

ORSON WELLES reminds me of the story about the little boy who came running home one day in vast excitement.

"Ma," he yelled, "do you know Johnny Jones' neck?"

"Johnny Jones' NECK?" asked Ma, somewhat confused.

"Yeah, Johnny Jones' NECK!" insisted her son.

"Well, I suppose I do," conceded Mama. "I know little Johnny Jones, so I suppose I know his neck."

"All right," continued her son, "and do you know that big, deep mud-hole down by the tannery?"

"Yes, I know the mud-hole," said Mama; "why?"

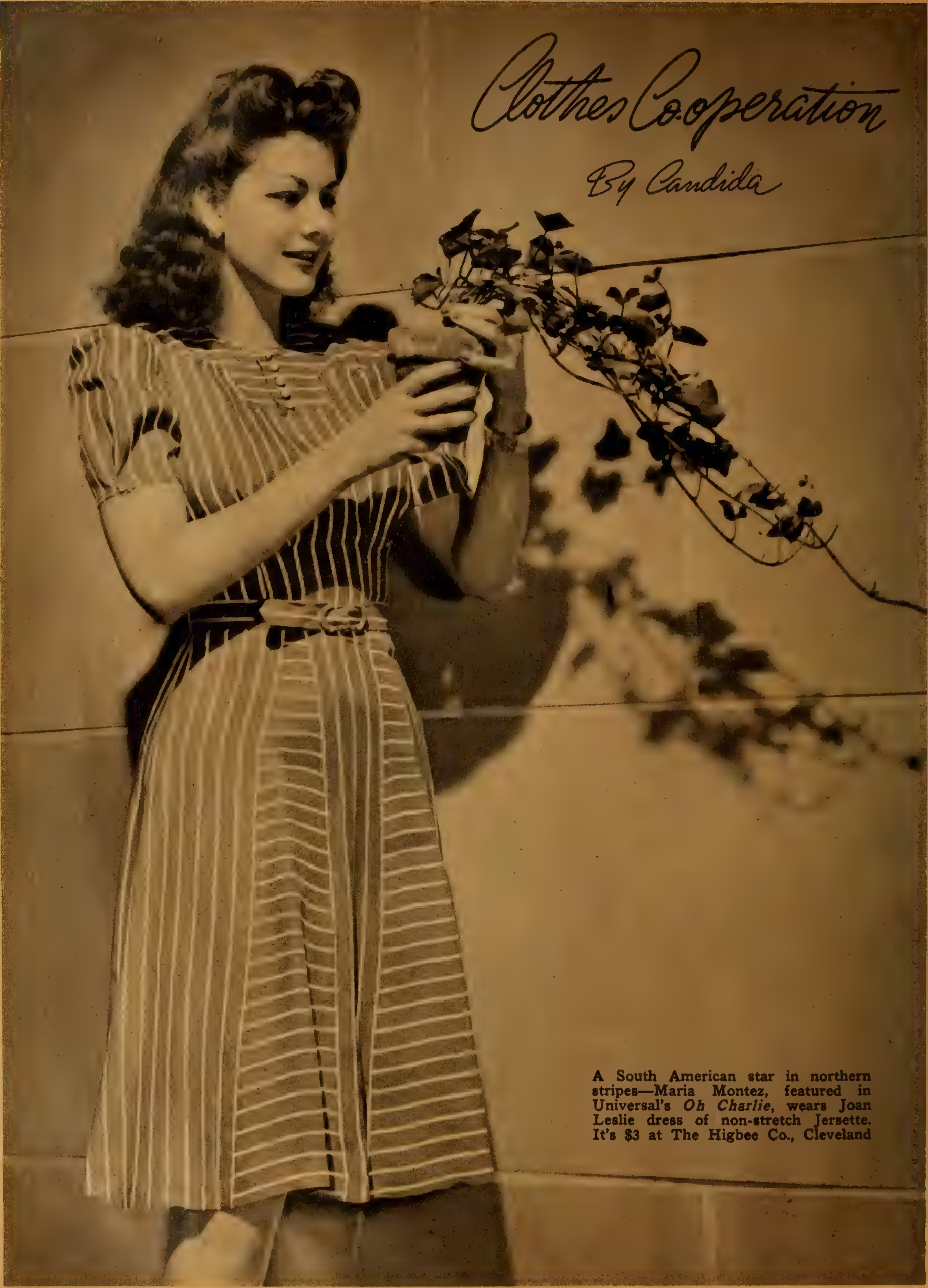
"Well," climaxed her son, "he's UP TO IT IN IT!"

So . . . well, you get the idea, don't you? I mean: You know Orson Welles' neck? Well, he's up to it in something, all the time. With the galloping abandon of a guy who's once been called "genius" and who's never gotten over it, and with the utter lack of reserve that's characteristic of the 26-year-old Orson, he manages to flounder splashingly from one figurative mud-hole to another—usually up to his neck. And strange as it seems, Orson Welles gets more famous with each successive splash. Or should I say notorious?

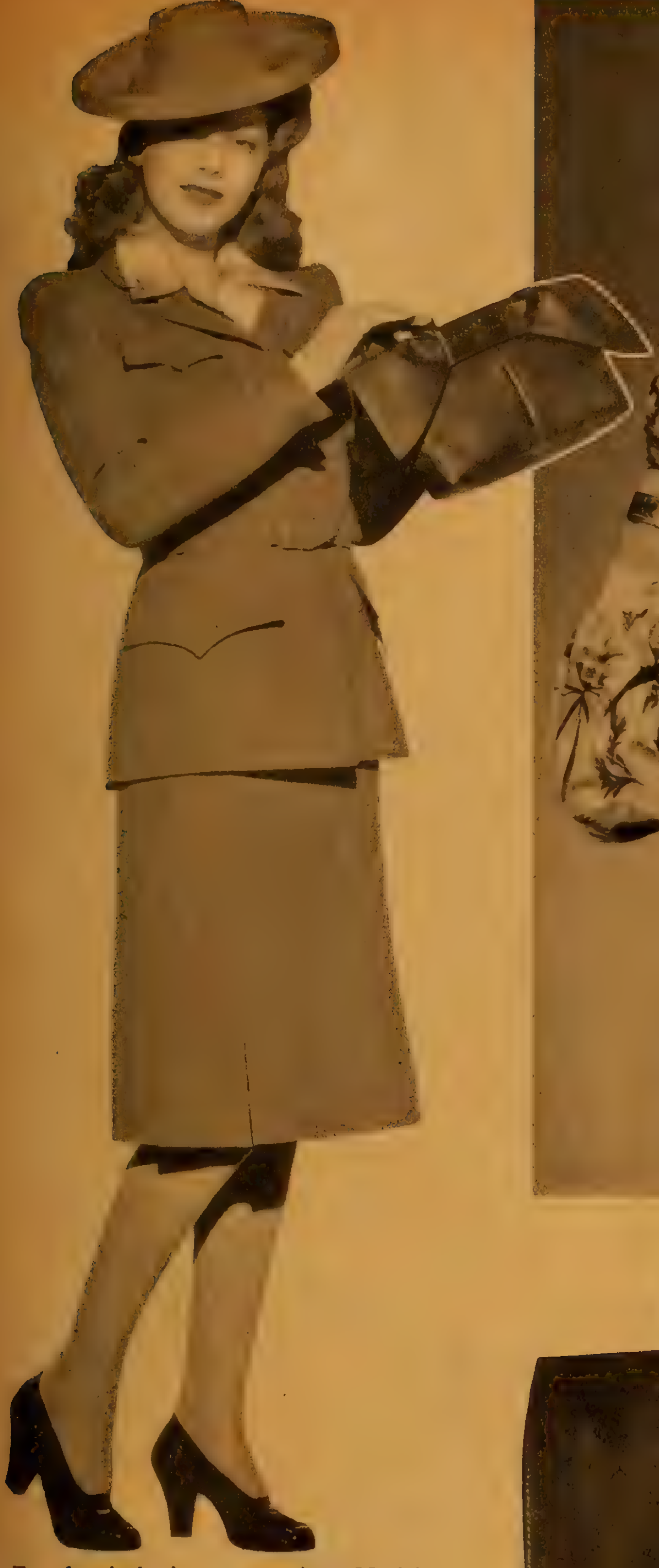
Orson started getting into things up to his neck when he was only a kid. (At which point, a lot of people will rise and shriek: well, what is he NOW?) Anyway, at the ripe age of 9, Orson chose burgeoning sex as a thing to get into up to his neck. He was living at the time with his widowed dad in a place called Grand Detour, [*Continued on page* 73]

Clothes Co-operation

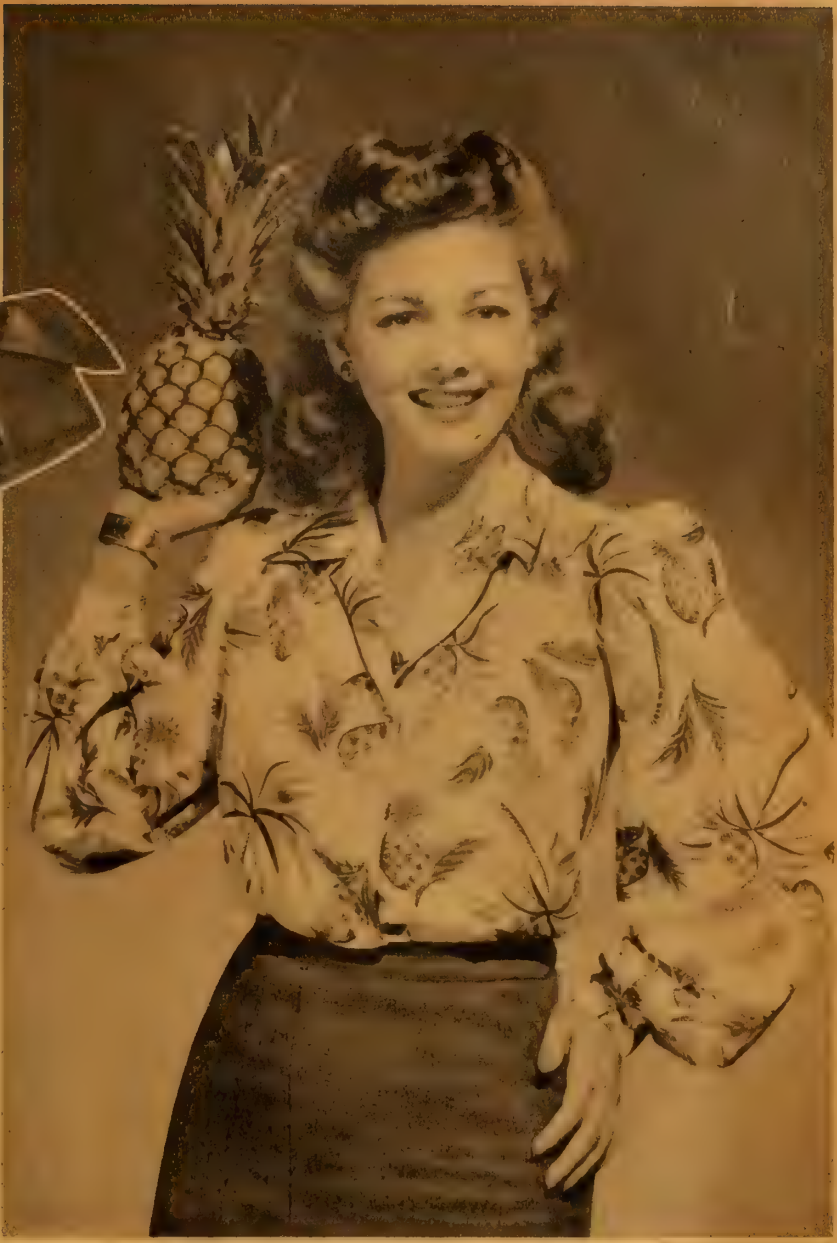
By Candida



A South American star in northern stripes—Maria Montez, featured in Universal's *Oh Charlie*, wears Joan Leslie dress of non-stretch Jersette. It's $3 at The Higbee Co., Cleveland



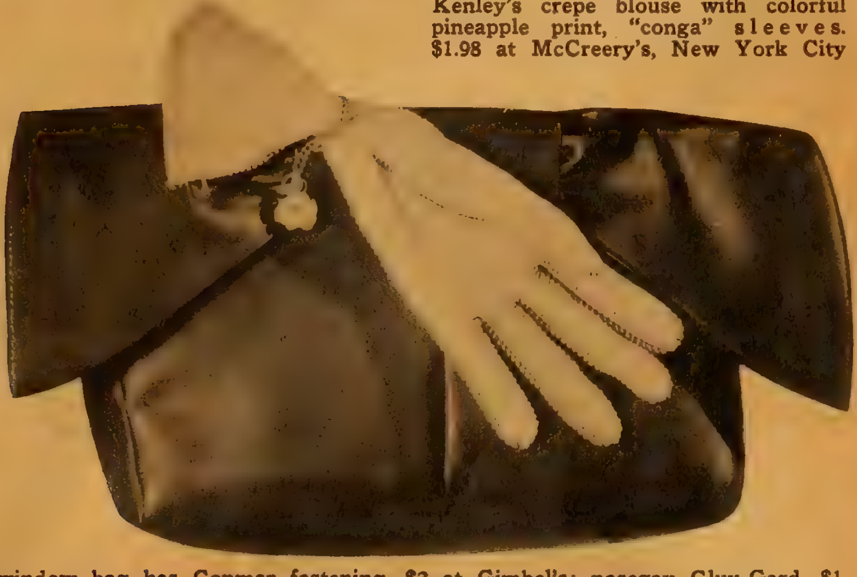
For hemispheric co-operation, Maria's Sportowne suit with fly-closing, under $20 at Beckman Bros., Great Falls, Mont. Sombrero, designed by Jean Allen, $3 at A. W. Cox, Bluefield, W. Va. Patent, gabardine pumps, $3.99 at A. S. Beck stores



With her suit, Maria likes Joan Kenley's crepe blouse with colorful pineapple print, "conga" sleeves. $1.98 at McCreery's, New York City

LOOK IN YOUR STORES

for these clothes, or write Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, for where to buy information. Please state which items interest you.



Showindow bag has Conmar fastening, $2 at Gimbel's; nosegay Gluv-Gard, $1, Macy's; Dawnette fabric gloves with antelope finish, $1, Gimbel's. All in N. Y. C.

THIS TIME IT'S REALLY LOVE

THE SPARKLE THAT YOU SEE IN TONY MARTIN'S EYES HAS BEEN PUT THERE BY LANA TURNER. IT'S LOVE, FOLKS

By Gene Schrott

THE quiet chapel of St. Mary's College was filled with a reverential hush. The late afternoon sunlight streaming in through the stained-glass windows painted the vast interior with a warm, roseate glow. Through the open doors, the singing of the birds filtered into the room and mingled unobtrusively with the air of religious mysticism pervading the hallowed place of worship.

Silently, a young man walked up the aisle. His dark eyes drank in the peace and solitude of his surroundings. They lingered hungrily on the colored windows, on the sacred altar and on the paintings on the wall. His soul seemed to be full of the beauty surrounding him. His strange, dark eyes were no longer sad. They were impressed by everything around him.

But then a puzzled frown crept over his features. Something was lacking.

Music! That's what was needed to complete the setting. Organ music. Yes. That was befitting to the hushed, religious atmosphere. Eagerly, his eyes searched out the organ perched high in the choir loft. He rushed up the narrow stairway and hurried to where the three banks of white and black keys were waiting to be stirred to life.

Tony Martin ran his fingers caressingly over the keys. And under his touch, they pealed out boldly, loudly. They filled the sacred chapel like a peal of sudden thunder. A smile swept over his face. And in a style as hot and swingy as was never heard within those walls, he played *And That's Why Darkies Were Born!*

Immediately, there was a hurried scampering of sandled feet from all parts of the campus. With their long robes flowing behind them, the

[*Continued on page* 64]

When Tony and Lana win final decrees they expect to marry. With Alice, Greg, Artie in a fade-out, Tony says, "It's really love"

M-G-M glorifies Lana by giving her most important role of her career in *Ziegfeld Girl.* Which also stars Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr and Lana's new boy friend, Tony Martin. Lana plays elevator girl who becomes glamorous beauty

Lana Turner

A SECOND TYRONE?

STAR-DISCOVERER HOWARD HUGHES DISCOVERED JACK BUETEL TO PLAY BILLY THE KID IN "THE OUTLAW"

By Dorothy Spensley

A GIRL named Jane and a boy named Jack are the newest toasts of Cinema Center, all because a tall Texan with an exploratory sense and the money to gratify it has decided to make a film out of the life and legends of the West's famous bad boy, Billy the Kid.

Although the tall Texan—Howard Hughes—would blush pink 'way up to his rugged hairline if he knew he was being spotlighted, he rates credit as a star-discoverer *par excellence,* and that's why Jane Russell and Jack Buetel, of *The Outlaw* cast are being watched, speculatively, by major studio moguls. Already feelers have been put out by two studios for loan-outs of the girl.

What the movie moguls sense, and they should, is that Hughes may have unearthed another Jean Harlow in the tall, curvacious girl with the dark hair, the well-chiseled features, the broad expressive mouth. Jean was a Hughes' discovery; the arc that she performed in the cinema solar system was as sensational as it was short-lived. If Hughes has stumbled upon a girl with the magnetism of a Harlow, then the dear, quaint, sheeplike producers want to be in on the deal.

But Hughes has a double-play up his sleeve. He has also unearthed a leading man, at a time when the shortage of such choice commodities is becoming acutely felt. There may be less fanfare to the discovery of Jack Buetel because no one associates the Texas producer-director with the upturning of male prodigies.

Harlow, yes; and a revival of the career of the beautiful Billie Dove; but the men of *Hell's Angels,* the film in which Harlow first flashed upon an appreciative citizenry, were all well-advanced in their careers—Ben Lyon, the late James Hall. Released in 1930, *Hell's Angels* firmly established Hughes as a producer, a position which he maintained until about five years ago when he retired to investigate the mysteries of aviation, 'round-the-world flying, et cetera.

When Hughes bobbed up about a year ago, hiding his aeronautic honors bashfully behind him, he was ready for another fling at films. Knocking about in

ANOTHER HARLOW?

AND JANE RUSSELL TO PLAY LOVE INTEREST. HE HOPES FOR A SECOND POWER, ANOTHER HARLOW

his mind was the first-rate adventure story of the young outlaw, William Bonney, who made New Mexico of his era a right lively place to live—if you lived.

It must be said for Hughes that he has a sense of the fitting. He took one look at the current crop of young cinema gentlemen and turned away. Not one of them, apparently, had the salt that made up a Billy. The Kid was out of a special mold. The Hollywood thespians could never be cut down, nor padded out, to fit the mold. He'd have to find one elsewhere.

Quietly, almost secretively, which is the way Hughes works, the Texan (whose money derives from the giant Hughes Tool company of the Lone Star state; whose uncle is literature's famed Major Rupert Hughes) went looking for a Billy the Kid. He found him in a pile of photographs that came to his desk one bright October day, A. D. 1940. The face that looked up at him had clear gray eyes, a nose that was upturned—a little; very boyish, very much like the classic schnozzola of Tyrone Power.

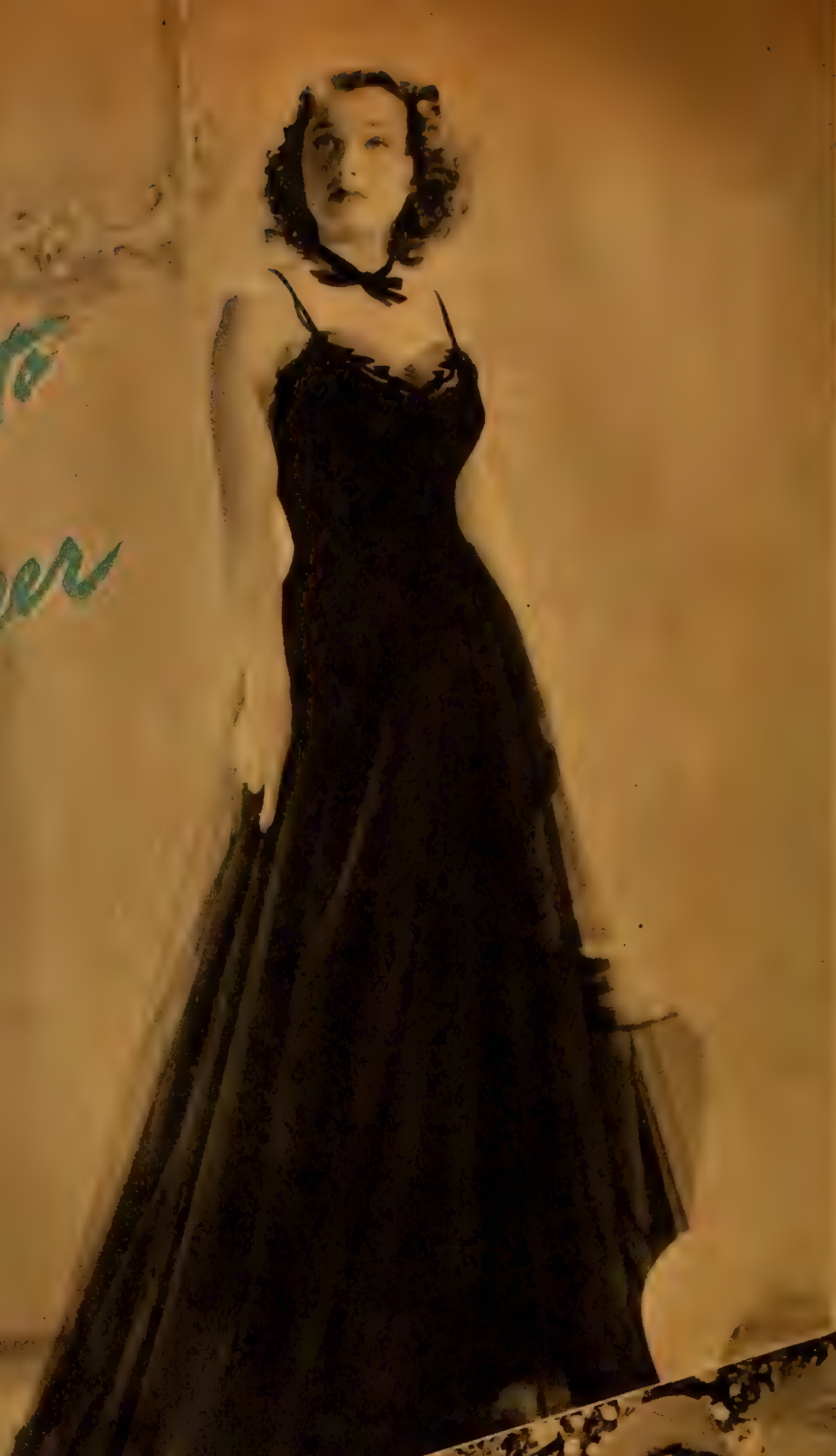
Presumably what got Hughes was the youngster's mouth. The lips were parted in almost exact duplication of the Kid's famous buck-toothed grin . . . the grin that added to the saga of his innocent, youthful appearance, although the famous Billy actually was young, only twenty-one, when he was shot dead at the Maxwell home in Fort Sumner by Sheriff Pat Garrett. Twenty-one, he was, with a record of exactly twenty-one killings.

MR. HUGHES' Billy in addition to being slim, agile, long-legged, with narrow hips, like all descriptions of the Kid, is the exact age of Billy. But he is a slightly bewildered, rather inarticulate twenty-one, tossed into the hodge-podge of Hollywood without any previous film experience; coming from Dallas, Texas. There is nothing "tiger-hearted" about him, and why should there be?

Having a Billy in hand, and a good one, Mr. Hughes then took a deep breath and began to think about getting a heroine for the story's so-called hero. According to all legends, although young in years, the Kid had an adult appreciation of feminine [*Continued on page* 56]

Spring into Summer

By **HOLLY WOOD**



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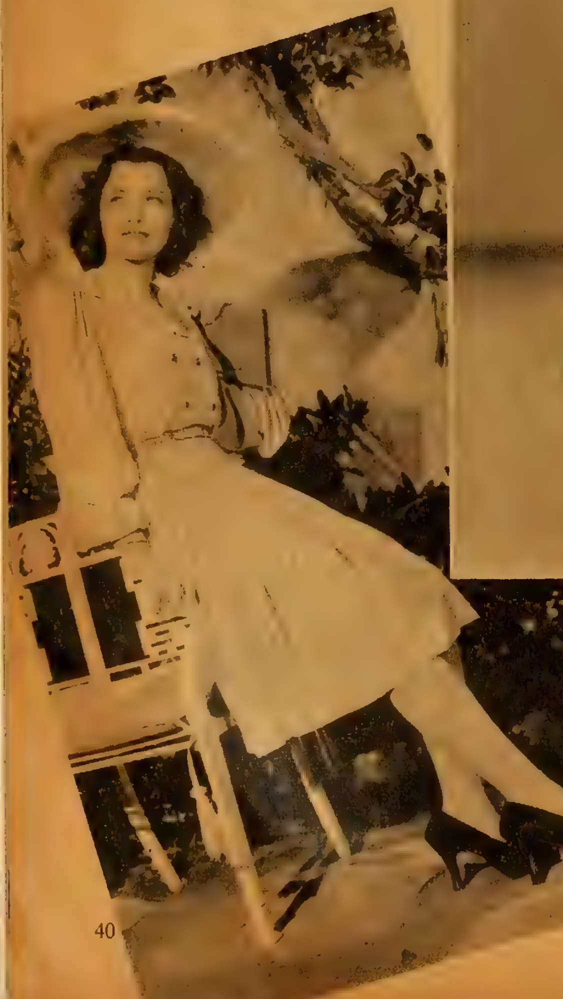

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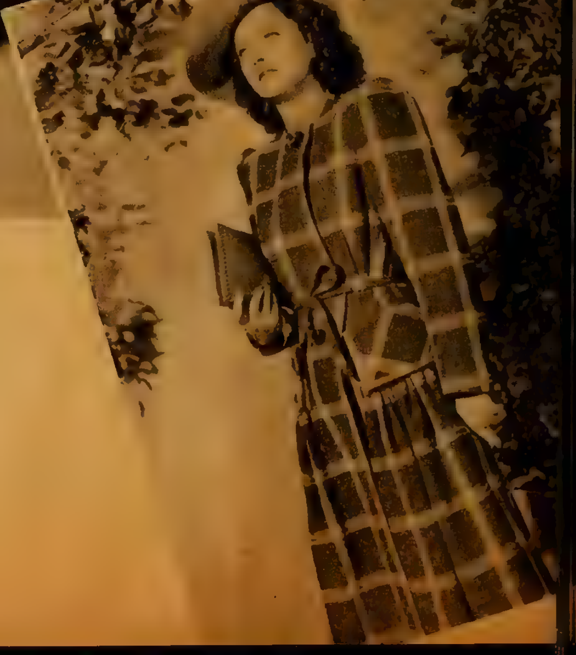


1. A romantic dance frock in midnight blue—crepe top, net bottom—is Ellen Drew's choice for romantic Spring midnights

2. Silk jersey—a perennial favorite—is favored by Ellen in soft sun-beige trimmed with gold buttons and gold kit belt

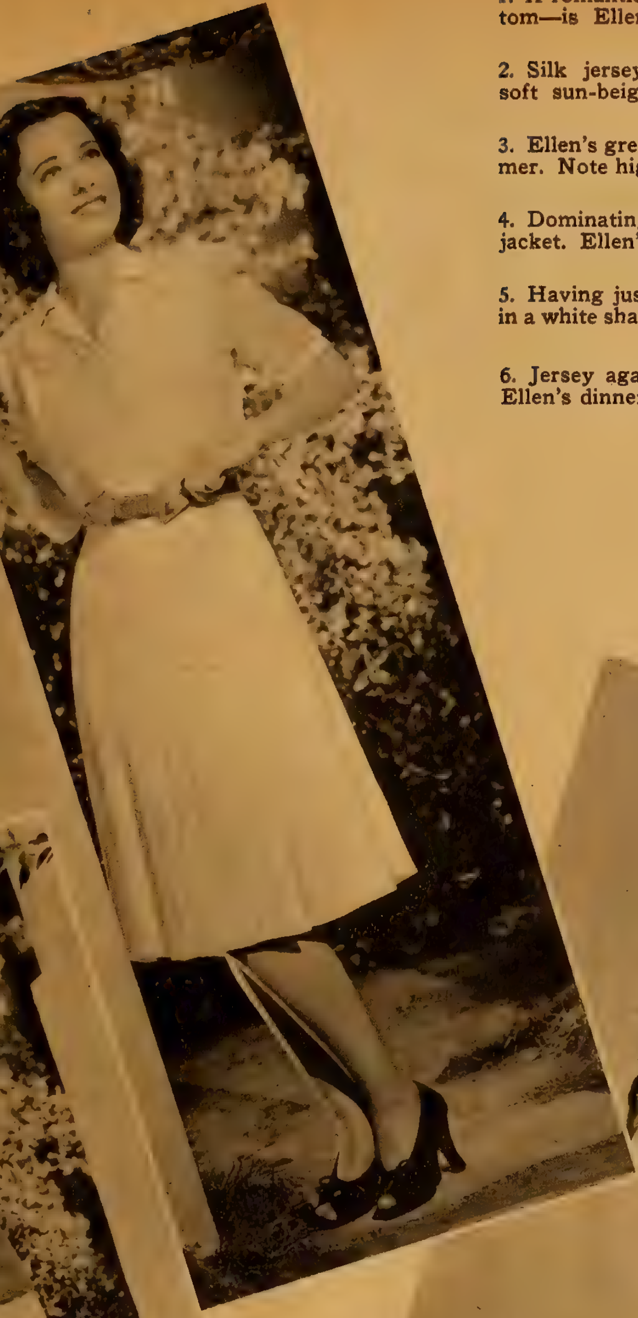
3. Ellen's green plaid coat will see her through Spring into Summer. Note high single-button neck and gathering 'neath pockets

4. Dominating the sports scene this Spring will be the new longer jacket. Ellen's is rust red wool with tailored nipped-in waist

5. Having just finished *Reaching for the Sun*, Ellen basks in it in a white shantung shirtmaker. Fly front conceals zipped closing

6. Jersey again—in deep red rust—tops the full crepe skirt of Ellen's dinner dress. The bold print is green, rust, white, black

5



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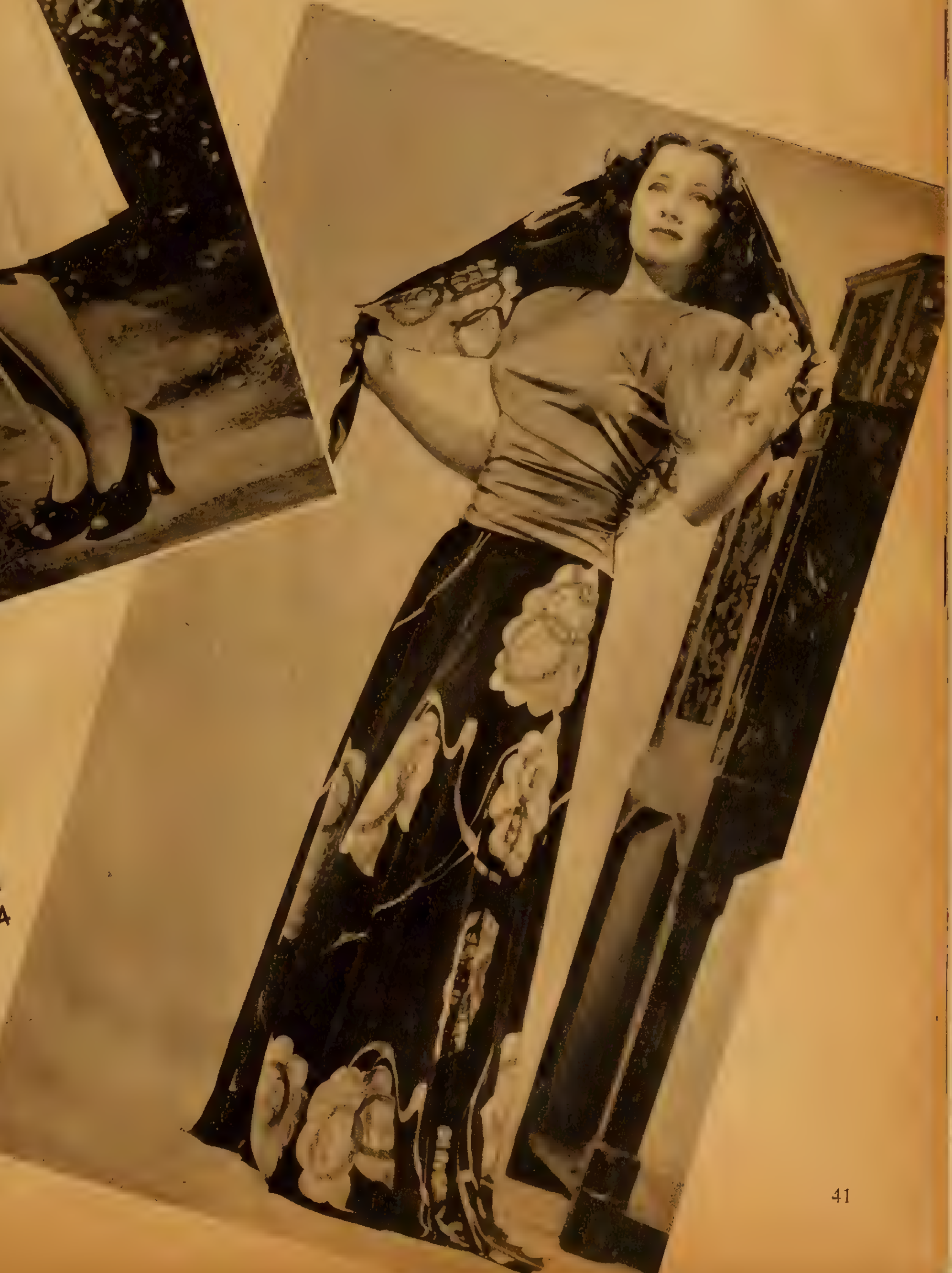

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3

Exclusive Photos by Charles Rhodes

1. John Howard has a date to take Patricia Morison to track at Santa Anita—to play the hosses. He helps her on with her wrap

2. It's 20 miles and more from Pat's home in Beverly Hills to track. To avoid traffic they start early in Mr. H's new convertible. Plenty of time

3. On fringe of Pasadena they feel hungry, stop for a hamburger and refreshments at tricky Drive-In eating spot. Pat has good appetite

4. No mere grandstand seats for John and Pat. He has season tickets in clubhouse—right amongst all the big shots, heavy plungers

JOHN AND PAT PLAY THE HOSSES

(She Makes a Killing, He Takes Losses)

5. When you go to track you must get close-up of the form of the hosses. So our horsey couple go into the paddock to get a real line on the entries. And maybe pick up hot tip

6. Before putting down a bet they visit the board to check result of previous race. The hunch they had, turned out to be something ripe for glue factory

7. Pat and John will shoot the works. And plank down two bucks for show. If the bum comes in third they'll collect. They'll also collect if first or second

8. Our plungers are too excited to take their seats. They become railbirds, hug the fence. But whassa matter with J's nag? Did he run wrong way?

9. Both nags they bet on finished in ruck. So they step to bar for pick-me-up and get tip on big race from barkeep. What? Another Seabiscuit?

10

11

12

10. John and Pat go to paddock to check on barkeep's tip. She tells him her lucky colors are beige and blue. Hopes the jockey riding the barkeep's tip will be wearing them

11. But they want to be on safe side. So they check the barkeep's tip against one given by a tipster who "never loses." John's in a muddle, but Pat strings with tout

12. Pat plays the tip right on the nose—to win. Collects too. She gives John a big smile over her killing. John smiles over her good luck. Has just enough for hot dogs

13. Pat, the plunger, is still hopped up over her killing as she dives into drink and dog. John takes bite just after calling her a lucky So-and-So. Prefers dogs to hosses

14. John illustrates how he went to the cleaners. And Pat who knew nothing about hosses seems to have gotten to first beige (and blue). Be nice, Pat, blow John to dinner

13

14

THERE'S no HOLDEN HIM

By JAMES F. SCHEER

William Holden insists that he and Brenda Marshall are not engaged—that he hasn't even asked her to marry him. But pals? Yes

IN BRINGING WILLIAM HOLDEN UP-TO-DATE, YOU DISCOVER HERE WHAT MAKES HIM TICK

PUT together Carole Landis' body, Betty Grable's legs, Ann Sheridan's sultry eyes, Dorothy Lamour's ex-long hair, and Hedy Lamarr's lovely lips—and what have you got?

I'll tell you. A girl that wouldn't interest William Holden in the least.

"Sure, she might step up my pulse-beat for a while," he says, "but she wouldn't be fascinating for long if she had only that physical attractiveness. What's behind the beauty is the important thing. Has she brains—an alert, active mind?

"Blonde or brunette, it doesn't matter. Blue or brown eyes—that doesn't matter!" Then with a boyish grin— "She can have pink eyes and purple hair and be attractive!"

Talk shifted from general facts about things of beauty and joys forever to particular ones about Brenda Marshall, the living example of William Holden's preference for brunettes.

"You've asked me to name a girl who has everything a man could possibly desire. The person you mean is Brenda Marshall. She's quiet, sincere and not a spotlight-seeker. She has a serious and humorous side. And she's honest!

"By that I don't mean to say that there aren't other *regular* girls in the movie colony. But, speaking of Brenda, she has much more than beauty. *East of the River* proved she can act. She has a fine analytical mind and is a first-rate critic. We have a lot of battles—intellectual ones—about plays we've seen, books we've read, and music we've heard.

"We help one another by criticizing each other's acting. It's our ambition to play in a picture together. When Brenda criticizes you, [*Continued on page* 69]

WHY 8 MEN are FIRST

Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney rate highest in the affections of the womenfolk

IS THE average American man a romantic flop? He must be to some extent, or else our women would not flock to the theaters for the vicarious thrill of seeing a screen hero make love to a heroine whom each woman prefers to imagine is herself.

The numerous books written in recent years on how to influence men and hook a husband have apparently been read and applied with success; for according to the report of the *Motion Picture Herald,* the eight biggest money-making stars of 1940 were men; therefore it is logical to assume that our male population is more satisfied with its real life women than with those make-believe ones on the screen.

Not so the ladies who—though they may have managed to snatch a meal ticket or escort in the form of an unsuspecting man—still long for the romantic technique depicted on the screen by the Gables, the Powers, the Tracys and the Rooneys.

At least this is an angle to be considered when we look statistics in the face and realize that the personalities of Tyrone Power and Bing Crosby lured more people into theaters last year than did the superior histrionic talents of Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson.

The greater part of our motion picture audiences is made up of women—especially so since unemployment has decreased. During the depression men who were unemployed often attended the movies to kill time; but even then, reports show that women outnumbered them in attendance. And women do not go to a movie to kill time.

Almost invariably they go for an emotional outlet. Frequently the man with them, or the one who has paid for the ticket and is at the time toiling for their daily bread, does not exist as they sit and watch a screen hero in action.

There is something about the motion picture screen that enhances a personality beyond anything ever realized in actual life, and woman—mystical creature that she is—is quick to revel in this enchantment.

Unlike man—who likes to criticise the movies for their false reflection of life—she, like the character in Richard Sherman's novel, *To Mary With Love,* wishes and imagines life more like the movies.

Let us look [*Continued on page* 75]

Tyrone Power's charm isn't overlooked

at the BOX-OFFICE

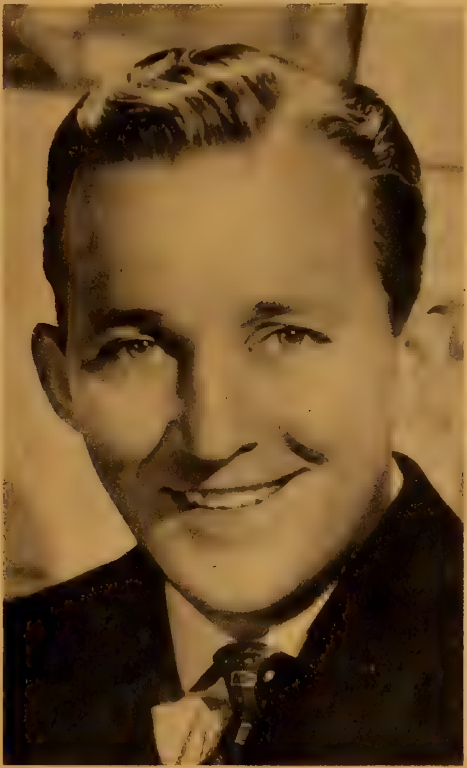
Wallace Beery isn't beautiful but rates

Gene Autry appeals to younger element

By
Virginia Cloud

IF YOUR WIFE OR SWEETHEART ISN'T RESPONDING TO YOUR EMBRACES AND KISSES YOU CAN BE SURE THERE'S ANOTHER MAN AROUND. IT MIGHT BE ROONEY, TRACY, GABLE OR CAGNEY. THEY MAKE LOVE TO AND ARE LOVED IN RETURN BY TWENTY MILLION WOMEN WEEKLY

Jimmy Cagney's sex-appeal is stimulating



Bing Crosby sings his way into their hearts

You can't deny the Gable oomph

Jewel McGowan, national jitterbug champion, shows James Stewart how to cut rug in *Pot o' Gold*. She says Jimmy cuts neat pattern although her toes may think differently

Judy Garland grows up into one of the Glorified. It came about when she won co-starring honors with James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin in *Ziegfeld Girl*. She sings, dances, makes love

Martha Scott, who turned in one of the notable performances of the season in *Cheers for Miss Bishop*, passing from youth to old age, next appears romantically with George Brent in *They Dare Not Love*

Usually girl is in arms and lap of the boy. Ruth Hussey reverses technique with Robert Cummings. They get thata way in romance *Free and Easy*

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Spice With Sugar

■ You can take just so much sugar and no more, and if you don't believe it, consider Jackie Cooper:

The other day, Jackie was unaccountably missing from the *Ziegfeld Girl* set, on which he'd been surrounded by bevies of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, with as much of themselves showing as the law will permit.

It was a mystery. Jackie has never been known to dodge feminine company, especially lovely and undraped feminine company. Yet, after much search, they found him over on the *Men of Boystown* set with Mickey Rooney. Mickey had unlimbered his trap-drum set, and he and Jackie were giving the traps the works.

They kidded the lads. And both Mickey and Jackie chorused:

"Aw, heck; drums are better'n glamour any day!"

(But you'll notice that these jaded old men of the world said any DAY—and didn't mention any NIGHT. Drums may be okeh by daylight, but after dark, let's have glammmmmer . . . !)

A Yawn or Two

■ Joan Crawford is bored again. She's having Bill Haines redecorate her house for the umpteenth time—and that's always a sign that Joan has weltschmerz in some form or other.

Seeing Double?

■ Screwballest Pair in Hollywood, these days, are the Two Johns—John Barrymore, the unpredictable, and John Decker, the artist, who has always been recognized as one of the most delightfully goofy guys of Hollywood.

They've struck up a firm and frequently liquid friendship, and out of it grows a new crop of the silliest legends of cinemaland. Just the other night, John and John were sitting in John's house, quaffing. Barrymore's dachshund, Gus, sat beside him, and Barrymore stroked him fondly and expiated at length on what a fine, loyal, splendid, fine, loyal, splendid, fine, loyal, splendid dog Gus is.

Then Barrymore switched to another subject (women, probably) and Gus wandered over [*Continued on page* 83]

When you talk to boy friend on phone relax like Veronica Lake in *I Wanted Wings*. Makes love talk come easy

Arline Judge, one of the busiest and most photographed stars a few years ago, bobs up where she took off

If you saw Rex Harrison in *Night Train* (he did a clever job), you won't want to miss him as Salvation Army officer in *Major Barbara*

One of the most talked-about starlets is Mary Anderson because of her "feel" for romance in *Cheers for Miss Bishop*

The Boy Who Wouldn't Take A Brush-Off

NEWCOMER GLENN FORD WHOM HOLLYWOOD NOW CALLS A "FIND," HAD ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE GETTING STARTED. HE WAS CONSTANTLY BRUSHED OFF AS NOT THE PICTURE TYPE. NOW ALL STUDIOS WANT HIM

By LOUIS RAYMOND

GLENN FORD will be 25 years old come May Day.

He could easily pass for 20, so youthful is his appearance, so impressionable his outlook on life. Yet, for all his youth and the sudden success that has zoomed him into neon notoriety, he has not acquired any of the ridiculous arrogance that so often irks critics and cops and even co-eds.

But then, Glenn Ford has been pushed around. Any storm-trooper tendencies that he might have developed have long ago been taken out of him by the ruthless overseers of the stage and screen and the deflating chores of the workaday world. He is the fellow who was "discovered" by practically every movie company's talent scout, only to be turned down by swivel-chair executives with the withering blast: "You're not the picture type."

The phrase became a chant up and down Film Row, and young Ford began to believe there was something in it; began, even, to croon it to himself good-naturedly to the tune of *Old Nassau*—"You're not the picture type, my son, you're not the picture type; for stars may come and stars may go, but you're not the picture type." It is well the youth had a sense of humor in his brush-off days. It enabled him to stand the gaff, kept him from the breast-beating heroics of "I'll show 'em, I'll show that Zanuck and Mayer and the Brothers Warner!"

The significant thing about his career is that, without any resolution, he did show 'em. He merely went quietly about his business, played the role opposite Margaret Sullavan in *So Ends Our Night* so convincingly that every studio in Hollywood has been camping on his trail, wanting to [*Continued on page* 54]

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN
How to Become Some Man's Dream Girl—for KEEPS

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—

1

WRONG to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?

RIGHT to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.

2

WRONG to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!

RIGHT to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. **1.** Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. **2.** Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. *Then* wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!

3

WRONG to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!

RIGHT a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*

4

WRONG Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!

RIGHT to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can *trust* to hold powder right through the crisis!

WRONG being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.

WRITE Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVE, Clinton, Conn.

I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name ....

Address ____

This offer good in U. S. only.

You, too, can say "I Baked It Myself"—meaning this Prune-Apricot Upside-Down Cake. You'll find recipe on page 87

Once you've made this Red Devil's Food Cake (recipe on page 87) you'll make it again and again. Your friends and family will ask for it

You can bask in your baking like Fay Holden—*Ma Hardy* to you—if you'll follow her recipe for Golden Angel Cake

I Baked It Myself

By

PAULINE RAWLEY

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK, FOLLOW THE FUNDAMENTAL RULES OF BAKING AND YOU'LL BE PROUD OF YOUR CAKES

"I BAKED it myself," Fay Holden of *Ma Hardy* fame proudly told our inquiring photographer as he snapped the above picture. And, we say, why shouldn't she be proud to show off that luscious "Golden Angel Cake," which is what she has named her pet recipe. It not only *looks* good enough to eat. It *is good*. We've tried her recipe (see page 87) and can vouch for it.

But, Fay Holden agrees, being able to whip up cakes that make you proud to say "Yes, I baked it myself" is not mere luck. Good cakemaking is a science. It's not hard to learn—it just takes practice, perseverance, and concentration on a few of the "golden rules." Like the old adage, so it is with cake baking—If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

As for the "golden rules," they're simple indeed. But just don't forget to:

1—Use only reliable tested recipes
2—Use only first quality ingredients
3—Measure accurately
4—Mix by standard methods
5—Follow oven temperature directions explicitly
6—Handle cake carefully both during and after baking

[*Continued on page* 86]

"With the Magic of all things new!" says Lady Esther

"A BRAND-NEW SKIN

is arriving to thrill you with its Loveliness!"

You are going to get a Brand New Skin!—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.

WILL it have the magic beauty of all things new? Will it emerge younger-looking, fresher-looking—with an opalescent clarity?

Yes, says Lady Esther, it can bring you a promise of new loveliness if—if—if—if only you will take the proper care!

For, right now, as your New-Born Skin is unfolding, your older skin, your present skin is flaking away in tiny invisible particles.

The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of a rough, coarse make-up.

"My Four-Purpose Face Cream," says Lady Esther, "gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly."

Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes on the surface—the impurities, the grime and the dust as well. It helps Nature to refine your pores, and to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther, that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he'll put the seal of approval on every word that Lady Esther says.

So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. *Use no other cream for one whole month.* Use it *at least twice daily.* Leave it on while you work, while you do your household tasks!

And when you wipe your cream off and apply your powder see how much better your powder looks. For with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream you end, for all time, the search for the perfect powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther's 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your *accent on youth.*

Lady Esther

FACE CREAM

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER, (67)
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The Boy Who Wouldn't Take a Brush-Off

[*Continued from page* 50]

"borrow" him from Columbia and from David Loew and Albert Lewin who bought into his Columbia contract for two films a year.

The young actor's real name is Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford. The Gwyllyn comes from his mother's Welsh ancestry. Newton was his father's first name. Santa Monica where he has lived since he was 6 years old—he was graduated from Santa Monica High School in 1934—knows him as Gwyllyn. So do the high-school girls and the stenographers whom he escorts to Hollywood previews. So does Patti McCarty, currently the chief charmer in his life.

"She's a beautiful girl, Patti," says Glenn with a shy smile, "she was Dorothy Lamour's secretary. No, there's no grand passion in my life yet. I have plenty of time. I'm just getting started, you know. I don't know many girls in the movies. Those I do know, like Margaret Sullavan and Rita Hayworth and Irene Rich, are married or are much older. I want to keep up my old school friendships. I don't want the boys and girls with whom I grew up to think I have gone Hollywood. I want to keep my feet on the ground, keep a sense of values."

IT'S a refreshingly-naive viewpoint Glenn Ford reveals. The hard knocks he has received have made him tolerant. Curiously, they have also kept him free from self-conscious sophistication. He doesn't see any justification in his studio's insistence that he be "seen in the right places, with the right people," meaning the smart restaurants and the persons who have definitely arrived.

"Believe it or not, I don't care for night-clubs."

And just as you believe that here is a youth with a strange air of ennui he brings you up short with an eager enthusiasm for ice cream. He can't get enough of ice cream, particularly that favored in Cuba which is scooped up and eaten in a long cone. During his recent visit to New York he made frequent sallies into ice cream shops. He likes all flavors, and he likes them garnished with nuts, cherries and what-have-you. "I'm a connoisseur of ice cream," he exclaims, "have been ever since I slung soda in a Santa Monica drug store some years back."

It was the Fox studio that made him change his name. Gwyllyn, he was told, was impossible. He compromised, said he would take a new first name if he could retain the family name of Ford. He selected Glenn. It happens that Glenford was his father's birthplace in Quebec. His own birthplace was Quebec City. The family moved to Southern California when he was a small boy.

The father, an official of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, decided there were greater opportunities, social, educational and athletic, for a growing boy in Southern California. Friends who had migrated West kept sending on photographs of orange-groves, scenes of sunny outdoor life. They proved irresistible. The Fords packed their household goods and set out for Santa Monica. There they bought a house and settled down, though they continued to remain Canadian subjects.

It was not until 1939 that Glenn Ford became an American citizen. The youth has never been back to Quebec even to enjoy the famed hospitality of the Chateau Frontenac, of which an uncle is one of the managers, or to look over vast paper mills in which his family has long held a controlling interest.

His father died a few years ago and the young actor and his mother share an apartment in Santa Monica. It will suffice, he says, until he gets married, "and that's a long way off. When—and if—I do take the plunge it will be a home girl. I prefer somebody who isn't fussing about a career."

SOMETHING of an old-fashioned boy is Glenn Ford. He doesn't care about driving a car 70 miles an hour, is not particularly interested in football, doesn't play golf, hasn't any liking for the cup that cheers. What are his enthusiasms? Well, he has one modernistic hobby—flying. He has taken numerous flying lessons. He hasn't been an American citizen long enough to get a license as a pilot. His leading sports activity you would never guess. It isn't cricket or lacrosse or that other leading Canadian pastime, hockey.

You may find it hard to believe, but he goes in for fencing in a big way. Indeed, he has won several fencing championships in California, hopes, someday, to get a good fencing role in a picture. He probably will get it, too, when he fills out a little bit more, begins to take on some of the flesh and flash and flush of *D'Artagnan*. Perhaps, who knows, he'll be cutting Errol Flynn to ribbons, and then there'll be an end to a legend.

Right now Glenn is over six feet tall, though his failure to stand erect makes him look less. He says he weighs 160 pounds but the looseness of his clothes makes him look ten pounds lighter. His eyes are gray and what a Schrafft's hostess would call "nice." His mouth is firm, his teeth are white, his smile is wide. He smiles often, if you care to know. He smiles oftenest when he recalls the ups and downs of his cinema career.

He had quite a time emerging from behind the 8-ball. If it hadn't been for Tom Moore—THE Tom Moore of the old silent films—he probably wouldn't have emerged. Tom had faith in him when nobody else did. We'll get to that presently.

Young Mr. Ford is a product of the Little Theater movement. He has been stage-struck since his freshman year in high school. Joining the school's dramatic society it wasn't long before he was playing—what? *Hamlet*, of all things. Melancholy mien, black doublet and hose and all. And intoning with a fine voice, if not a Barrymorish flair, "To be or not to be." Meanwhile, he identified himself with various little theaters—seven of them, to be exact—in and about Hollywood. By the time he finished school he had become a full-fledged actor.

As is customary with these little groups he would be leading man one [illegible]

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[*Continued on page* 86]

Glenn's real name is Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford. Nearly 25, he has lived in Santa Monica since he was six. His favorite femme is Patti McCarty, formerly Dorothy Lamour's secretary. No grand passion, but he does take her partying

mount scout signaled him out for a screen test. Expectant, walking on air, he reported early next morning. A casting man took one look at him and said: "Sorry, young man, you're not pretty enough." However, he had been sent for a test, and a test he would have.

"A 'corrective make-up' was the ordeal assigned for me," Glenn said. "I didn't want it, but they went ahead, subduing the chin, highlighting my nose, indenting my cheeks a bit. Then they turned on the camera. One look, and I was told: 'You're not a picture type. We're looking for leading men. You come under the heading of character juvenile.' I found that the phrase 'character juvenile' was a convenient term for dismissing you from any further consideration.

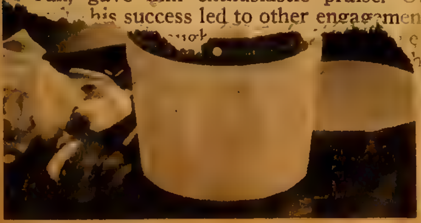
"Even so, I was given a short to do, a thing called *Night in Manhattan*. I was to play the Master of Ceremonies. It was a ridiculous assignment. I was only 18, and I was to act like a man-about-town, cavorting about in a dress-suit. My salary was to be $20 for the role. But I had to pay $25 to rent a dress-suit. Was I the gangling hick! Boy! This job done, I was offered a $25 a week stock contract. I rejected it. It would have meant my finish."

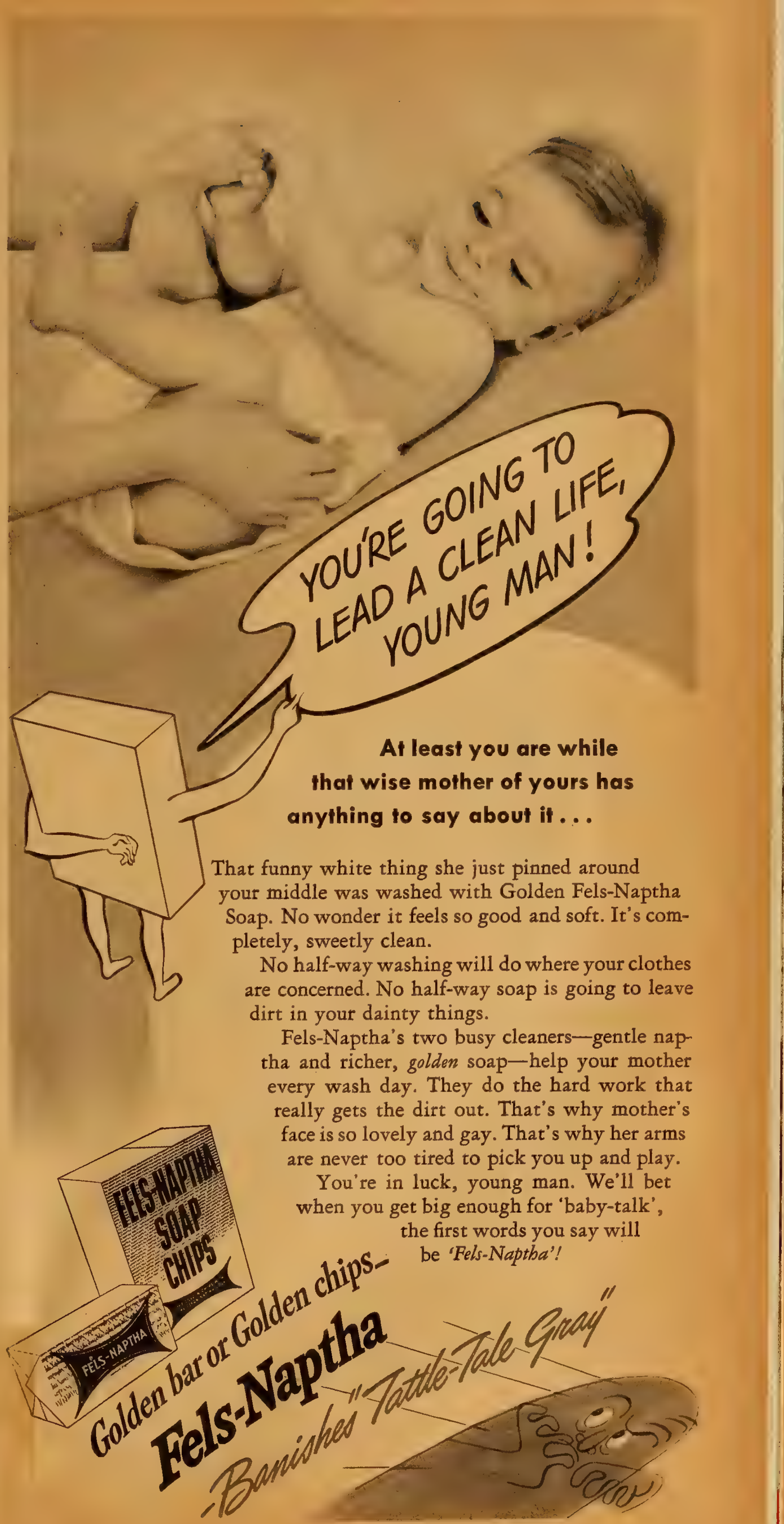
Glenn went back to the Little Theater, where a production of *Parnell* was being readied. He was given the title role. One night Tom Moore came back stage. He was scouting talent for 20th Century-Fox. He shook hands with the young actor hiding behind the whiskers of the Irish leader and said: "I think you've got a lot of talent. I'd like to see you at the studio tomorrow."

Ford reported to Fox bright and early next morning. A casting director looked him up and down and said: "You're just not a picture type. You're too earthy. You look too much like the guy who lives next door." However, he was given a test, a pantomimic silent test—for sound, he learned, cost too much. Again, he was regaled in tails. And again he looked the gangling hick. Darryl Zanuck is reported to have taken one look and said: "No soap!—Why, he wouldn't even do for *The Grapes of Wrath*." As Glenn left the studio Tom Moore shook his hand, said: "Better luck next time. You'll make it yet."

Glenn was still a big shot in the little theater groups. He was welcome there and there he remained for three years, chalked up some 160 different roles. Then he began to get ambitious. He had served his apprenticeship. He wanted to branch out in the theater. He began to haunt the office of Homer Curran, the West Coast theatrical producer. He would spend 80 cents a day in carfare to arrive at Curran's office in the Belasco Theater, Los Angeles, at noon just as the producer would be leaving for lunch in the hope he would be first in line by the time Curran returned. Weeks went by, however, before Curran gave him a tumble. Then one day he called the youth into his office, gave him the part of the Grocery Boy in *The Children's Hour*, at a salary of $40 a week. It was the biggest money the boy had yet earned.

The part had only three lines but it was, nevertheless, an impressive bit, for the import of the play rested upon the effectiveness of its pantomime. Glenn caught its significance, handled it so ably that the critics in San Francisco, where the play had gone for a run, gave him enthusiastic praise. Ob [illegible] his success led to other engagements [illegible]




YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD A CLEAN LIFE, YOUNG MAN!
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA

At least you are while that wise mother of yours has anything to say about it . . .

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naptha and richer, *golden* soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be *'Fels-Naptha'!*

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

A Second Tyrone? Another Harlow?

[*Continued from page* 39]

beauty and he was the dashing *caballero* of many a Western gal's dreams. It was simply a matter of elimination, a condensing of romances by the scenarists.

What evolved was a fiery creature, half-Mexican and half-Scotch, wholly tantalizing, who answered to the name of *Rio McDonald. Rio* is Spanish for "river," and it's a sidelight on the girl who plays it that she calls herself "Riv" for short. Humor is expected of anyone with an impudent, Loyish turn of countenance. And Jane has that Loy-look.

According to press agent legend, Jane Russell was working as a receptionist in a Van Nuys' doctor's office, half-days; getting ten dollars a week for it. To expand the weekly take, and contribute more toward the maintenance of the rambling ranch-house in San Fernando Valley where she, her mother, four younger brothers, and a grandfather lived, Jane was also a photographer's model.

If you are a stern observer of such things and live in the Los Angeles vicinity, you may recall the five-feet seven-inch girl, a striking Junoesque type, in the Nancy Shop ads, and in those of the downtown stores of Robinson and the Broadway. She modelled tweedy things, which gave her a growing appreciation of line and form (she rated "A" in both classifications—figure-atively speaking), and now she will tell you that her favorite type of dress is "English—tweeds; with a good cut." Although she has the chassis for them, she cares little for evening clothes.

As in the instance of Jack Buetel, Jane Russell's photographic likeness bobbed up before Mr. Hughes' searching eyes in a stack of submitted portraits. She was tested; and then she had the job. Now all she had to do was to become a hit in her first film. She probably will.

If she is not an instant success, she is not going to let it disappoint her. "All my life—" she says, and that's nineteen years, "I have had to fight against disappointment, and what it did to me when something didn't come out the way I had wanted it to, or something did not happen.

"It's horrible to be like that; so easily depressed when things don't go right . . . plunged into gloom when a disappointment comes along. I made up my mind when I first heard about this film offer that I was not going to be disappointed if it didn't work out; if I don't have a career, I don't have a career, that's all! Whether I'm going to be able to keep this up—this bright and cheerful philosophy, a regular Pollyanna 'it-happens-for-the-best' philosophy, I don't know. I wish I had the capacity that some people have, of living for the day, and letting yesterday and tomorrow take care of themselves."

JANE, it is very apparent, is of the New School of starlet. In the first place, she has no illusions about the magic qualities of the film business. She was reared too near Hollywood for that stuff. Although born in Minnesota, she spent her childhood in Burbank, adjoining Warner Brothers' studios, and her girlhood a few miles west of Burbank in Van Nuys, which bristles with stars.

"I've known so many people who work in films," she explains, wrinkling her nose in Loy-like fashion, smiling as if she had some inner joke to which she alone was party. "Film cutters, technical workers—you know, people like that. You don't keep illusions about a business that you know from the inside. I know all the difficulties that go to make up that glamorous *facade*.

"So do most of my school friends. We are brought up near the studios and when one of us happens to get into pictures, there isn't a ripple of interest among us. The attitude is 'so what?' It's just like getting a job at Lockheed, the aviation plant in the Valley, or at the dime store. I think where you will find the real-dyed-in-the-wool believers in Hollywood glamour is among the Middle Western school kids. They have a long-range view, and they think Hollywood is terrific."

Jane is not ungrateful for her chance in films. On the contrary she looks upon it as a means toward an end. At Christmas-time she had slipped on her third finger, left hand, a diamond-with-platinum-setting engagement ring. The donor's name is Robert Waterfield, a long-time friend, now attending UCLA. No one needs binoculars to see that Jane feels that while film work is a very pleasant way to earn more money than she would in Dr. Creamer's Van Nuys office (she only worked there five days, anyway, she confesses), a far greater career for any woman is that of successful matrimony. "In about five years I want to marry," she says. "By that time Bob will be through school and well started on his career . . . forestry and football coaching; they go hand-in-hand, you know. And I will know fully about my work."

But Jane is not going to spend the career months of her self-established Five Year Plan dreaming about the Happy Days to Come. She is far too much the realist for that. Instead she will use her film career as a clinic to try out the various dramatic forms taught her by the drama coaches who are responsible for all she knows about art and the dray-mah.

LIKE Buetel, Jane is a dramatic school graduate, and both agree upon one thing: That the training received in good schools of this sort is a fine preparation for a planned theatrical career. "It irons out all self-consciousness," Jane says, and Buetel agrees. Jane matriculated in two schools, as if one was not enough: Max Reinhardt's Workshop and Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya's Studio.

If Jane wants a post-graduate course in dramatic arts, she need not step from the doorsill of her home to get it. Her mother is a graduate of Boston's Emerson College of Oratory, and when she left school became a member of the George Arliss company. As Geraldine Jacobi (Jane is named, in part, for her mother—Ernestine Jane Geraldine Russell) the starlet's mother had a genuine feeling for the theater; when Jane (that part of her name is in honor of Jane Cowl) was born she hoped that her little daughter would have the same emotion. She did.

This maternal understanding of theatrical problems makes it very much easier for Jane to come home from the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood, with its magnified egos and mania for publicity, and toss a trade-paper gossip item onto the table: "See what it says, Mother," Jane remarks. "It says you are so furious over the publishing of those unauthorized and very much exposed views of me in that picture magazine that you are going to take the whole thing up with the Hays' office."

To which Mrs. Russell responds, with a laugh . . . "That's fine, Jane. I'm not going to do it, I would not think of doing it, but—well, it gives them something to talk about. That always is important."

As for Jane, intellectually honest, with great simplicity, she finds that Hollywood's "fake-iness" is what she likes least about Cinema Center. What she likes best about Hollywood? She pulls long fingers through dark curls, surveys you through brown eyes, and says, "I don't know . . . I have no perspective. I have lived here all my life."

JANE was born, by forethought, in the United States. Her parents were living in Edmonton, Canada, where her late father's business took him, although both Roy William Russell and his wife, Americans of Polish, Scotch, German and English descent, had been reared in Grand Forks, North Dakota. Before their first child's birth, the young couple crossed the border so that Jane would be born at their summer home at Bemidji, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Discoverers of Jane like to find traces of Polish ancestry in her dark beauty. It's all right with Jane. She'd rather think about plans for the house she is to build when she is Mrs. Robert Waterfield. She has the plans already formulated—"seven or eight rooms in 18th Century English; I hate the 19th Century English—too rococo, full of curly-cues, that was the French influence, wasn't it?"

It is needless to say, that architecture, its study, its history, is Jane's hobby. "I received subscriptions to two home magazines at Christmas," she tells. "They were my favorite gifts, except for my ring." There will be a nursery in this house of Jane's, for eventual filling; and she has her thoughts on decoration well in hand. That's why when you ask her if she has any fears, a sense of impending doom, as she steps into the ghostly shoes of Jean Harlow, she shrugs off the question. Jane . . . Jean . . . even the letters are the same. She is too busy with the very real things of life to tamper with the shadowy supernatural . . . "I had thought a little about it, but not much. It's just coincidence, isn't it?" she replies.

It is doubtful if Buetel at 21, and his gang ever sit around and discuss the state of the universe. Boys mature more slowly than girls; and then *femmes*, like as not, stop functioning intellectually at a time when most men are getting into their mature mental stride. It's all very sad.

Jack Buetel (in Amarillo, Texas, where live his father, mother and sister Betty, eighteen, the family name is spelled "Beutel" but the trick vowel combination proved confusing to local authorities and the adjustment was made) . . . Jack Buetel's gang probably sits around and discusses the wonders of Hollywood and the grand feeling of getting paid regularly. Jack is that rare fellow who has always wanted to be a film star. And now he practically is one.

He's naive and self-contained; there is much of the strong, silent Gary Cooper about him; and he's leery of the strange menaces that lurk in Hollywood shadows. Not women. He's not afraid of the predatory Hollywomen. He's afraid of bad parts, audience reaction.

Physically, Buetel is taller by four inches than the famous Kid, and his hair is dark and tumbled, where the Kid's was fair, but these are minor details. The major matter is the ineffable something about his stance, his smile, his steady gray eyes; they add up to the quintessence of The Kid.

Jack's life was routine, for a Texan.

[*Continued on page* 88]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

TO BE RIGHT up there in the front line of smartness and chic this season, you'd better take a good look at yourself in the mirror and decide which of the three current trends in fashion best suits your type . . . There's the military mode, with all the smartness and dash of an officer's uniform . . . There's the droopy romantic femininity of lace and ruffles . . . Or you can throw discretion to the winds and go ultra-gay with clothes and colors in the South American way . . . Don't be misled by that "military mode" business and think you have to go in for drab colors and look like a picture of a 1918 ambulance driver . . . What Hollywood means by the military trend is best shown in the costume Mary Astor wore while shopping, the other after-lunch-time . . . Mary's two-piece suit—a slim skirt topped by a hip-length jacket—was of navy twill. A gold emblem on the left breast pocket and gold buttons fastening the front of the jacket added the martial note . . . Over this she wore an officer's cape of matching navy twill lined with brilliant pursuit red . . . Her tiny navy straw beret was trimmed with a gold eagle and chevrons . . . It's those little touches—chevrons and gold emblems—that make Mary's outfit definitely of this season . . . If you look hard enough you'll probably find a store that sells these gold emblems, which you could sew onto your last season's suit . . . It strikes me that the navy-blue reefer you got last summer to wear with your light-colored sports dresses would perk right up with the addition of gold buttons and a chevron on the sleeve . . . That cape business is grand for tall gals like you, hon', and until you've worn one you don't know what you're missing . . . You can do *such* elegant swishing in them! . . . But that short gal friend of yours better be careful; she's apt to look like a second cousin to a mushroom.

CONSTANCE MOORE, another shopper along the Boulevard that afternoon, told me that she is having a complete wardrobe designed along the lines of the United States Air Force uniforms . . . She has just finished making *I Wanted Wings* and liked the uniforms so much that she is having some of them adapted to her "All American" wardrobe . . . Her favorite is a white crepe slack suit which looks for all the world like the white coveralls worn by the Air Force mechanics . . . Connie's outfit that day featured one of those new waistcoat capes . . . Of cinnamon brown rabbit's-hair wool, the top part looks like a sleeveless jacket in front, with a cape falling from the shoulders . . . The neckline of the citron-colored blouse was clipped with a bright enamel-and-diamond replica of Walt Disney's ostrich ballet dancer . . . You'll fall in love with these clips and pins of the animals from *Fantasia* and you'll be wearing them just as much as you did *Pinocchio* and the *Seven Dwarfs* . . . That guy Disney has more influence on feminine fashions than some of the dress designers themselves! . . . The patriotic influence is felt in after-dark clothes, as well as in street and play togs . . . Barbara Allen was dancing at the Mocambo the other night time in a colorful gown of red, white and blue . . . Her long pencil-slim skirt was of electric blue crepe and was worn with a white crepe blouse . . . A long-sleeved bolero of red crepe, trimmed with gold star buttons, completed her outfit . . . This South American bolero is the most popular jacket of the moment, particularly for evening.

CONNIE MOORE—that gal *does* get around in the best-looking clothes!—was another dancer whose dress featured the little short jacket . . . Of pale blue cotton lace, the tight bodice broke into a full skirt of dozens of frothy ruffles . . . Her bolero, of black velvet, was trimmed with a ruching of the lace down the front . . . It was the most feminine copy of a rhumba dancer's costume I've seen . . . A beige crepe bolero edged in gold embroidery and worn with a coffee-colored crepe dinner gown was Betty Grable's outfit for the evening . . . A wide crimson sash—a direct steal from south of the border—added a note of color . . . If you've decided you're the feminine type, you couldn't possibly look more the part than Madeleine Carroll did in a white crepe dinner dress . . . The long, slim skirt was notched up the side, for ease in walking, and was topped with a tunic in the same material . . . The edge of the tunic and the low square neckline were trimmed with gold eyelet embroidery . . . Madeleine, whose thoughts will always be with her people in England, carried a small gold compact with a map of the British Isles on the cover.

Mlle. Chic

"Hey! Know any tricks to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."

"Hold on—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."

"Gleeps! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."

"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Face the Class

[*Continued from page* 16]

smeared hankies—and that clean powder puff in its sanitary case is an essential for all young girls in school or out. For young skins are temperamental skins, and it's mighty important to keep them clean, to prevent any infection from soiled puffs or towels, and to use only the purest cosmetics. For acne may get you if you don't watch out!

Acne is a nasty word, but it's worse on your skin. In good old grammar school language, it means pimples—recurring ones that keep popping out on your chin, cheeks or forehead, or your back, wherever the oil glands are thickest. They seem to thrive on oily skin (which most teen age skin happens to be), during those important years when boys and girls first notice each other.

Naturally any young thing victimized by acne is pretty self-conscious about it, and eager to do anything, but anything, to get rid of the stigma. Please, I want to say right here and now, there's no *social* stigma connected with it. Those pimples are a sign that you're growing up, and they're due pretty much to the fact that your body is undergoing a basic change. Your glands are learning to do a new job—is it any wonder that some of them, the oil-secreting ones of the face and back especially, get out of kilter?

Just because acne is a sign that you're growing up doesn't mean that you'll necessarily grow out of it—if you neglect it. It is a serious skin disease, and it's likely to get worse before it gets better! It may even scar the skin permanently if left to run its course, so I advise each and every one of you to see your doctor if those unpleasant blemishes don't react to normal treatment.

WHAT is normal treatment? Well first of all, you should be sure to keep your skin absolutely clean. Scrub it several times a day with soap, warm water, and a clean wash cloth. Don't use the family towel either, because you're apt to spread the infection—and I'm sure you wouldn't wish this blight on anyone! What's more, don't use the same towel or wash cloth twice yourself—that re-infects your skin. Smartest idea of all is to use soft disposable cotton when washing your face, more cotton or surgical gauze when you dry it.

Always treat your skin like a baby, and never, never pinch it! Not even if you have ugly blackheads. They'll become infected, unless you're careful, and you'll just have a bruise or a blemish for your pains . . . If you feel you *must* get rid of them, scrub your face thoroughly, hold it over steaming hot water (to soften the skin, expand the pores, and loosen the blackhead somewhat), then touch the spot with alcohol, and press gently with tissue or cotton-covered fingers. Disinfect with alcohol again.

Because the blemished skin has an oversupply of oil already, you should not use greasy creams on it, nor should you go in for overly-fatty foods. We're pretty much what we eat, and if you indulge frequently in peanut chocolate sundaes, roast stuffed pork, and thick gravies you'll find your skin oozing more than ever. Have a double orange juice when the gang stops at the soda fountain; eat lots and lots of fresh vegetables, lean meats, clear soups and fruits. That will give your skin the minerals and vitamins you need and cut down on the oil output. And one point more—keep your hair and scalp clean! Acne often starts with an infected, dandruff condition. That calls for frequent shampoos—and even more frequent hairbrushing if you want the clear facial skin that means popularity.

The other day I had a chat with a famous dermatologist who is very much concerned with this problem of young skin care. And she told me about a special school girl presentation of four of her preparations. First there is a fine liquid complexion soap, especially made so that it contains no fats, oils or grease that might clog the pores or hasten the formation of pimples. Use it with your cotton, fresh washcloth, or even with a flexible complexion brush, working up an antiseptic lather that washes away all germs and dirt . . . At night, follow this cleaning with an application of the antiseptic overnight ointment 'specially made for young skins. It does wonders toward clearing up bumps and pimples, let me tell you!

In the daytime, you should use the protective lotion instead of the ointment. This safeguards the skin from the elements, kills germs, and at the same time helps to dry up and heal the hickies you already have. It's tinted a soft peachy-tan, to hide blossoms and can be used alone (even the boy friend could wear this to conceal his pimples), or as a base for the lightest film of powder, applied with a clean puff. To give you extra fine value for your money, there's a small jar of greaseless lubricant, designed particularly to soften and soothe skin that is dry and sensitive from local application of antiseptics. But it does not make the skin the least bit oily. The whole kit is priced at only $1.50—just about the best bargain in beauty and popularity I've come across in a long while. I hope that all of you girls, and boys, too, will write me for further information about it. And please pass on the good news to any of your friends you think need help . . . You might like to know, too, that the skin specialist is making an extra special offer of a 3-inch bottle of the liquid soap for a dime. I'll tell you how to get that.

Ann's locker also holds a bottle of hand lotion to help her with her hand rightin'. Chemistry students will do well to copy

Did you notice that bottle of cologne in *Polly*-Ann's locker? That's a necessary addition to your routine now that spring is here. There's no better way to make yourself feel really fresh and lovely than to dab on some exciting perfume or toilet water. And there's surely nothing more spring-like than a floral cologne or perfume. One of my favorites should be the pet of many of the younger set. It's a delicate, delightful lilac fragrance. It comes in dusting powder or talc as well as the cologne, but I do recommend cologne for your locker at school, or in your desk drawer at the office. Pat it on your hair when you comb it before lunch (especially if you're meeting HIM in the school cafeteria); dab a bit on a piece of cotton and slip that into your bra—and slap some on your arms and neck after washing. There are scads of other luscious scents that you might like to choose from too, all from the same manufacturer—evening carnation, lily of the valley, violet, southern gardenia, Yanky Clover and a floral bouquet. They're all reasonably priced at a dollar.

Most of us would as soon be without lipstick as without the tissues needed to blot it off, to remove cold cream, or to blow our dainty little noses on. But all too often we forget about buying them—until we're caught red nosed and greasy faced! I hope you won't think of getting along without them if you have one of those problem skins, and I want to tell you about a jumbo box that means fewer trips to the drug store to replenish your supply. It holds 500 tissues (you can buy smaller sizes if you want to)—and keeps them always fresh and clean because of a special new fingertip opening. It releases a single tissue at a time, so you won't have a string of them trailing from your locker when you pull one in a hurry! The tissues themselves are of the best grade, guaranteed not to leave lint on your face or up your nostrils—and so soft they can't irritate the most sensitive skin.

Last but not least in my product line-up is a fine old hand lotion that is even more effective in keeping hands soft and white and smooth than it was in Grandma's day. This manufacturer isn't one to rest on his laurels and think what was good enough in 1860 is good enough today. No siree! He has one of the finest laboratories I've seen in a long while, and he keeps his chemists always at it, striving to find new ingredients that might be added to the lotion to make it finer and purer and faster-acting . . . So when I tell you that it smoothes the hands quick as a jiffy, keeps them young and lovely (if you use it always after washing, as you must any hand lotion or cream)—and does its job without being the least bit sticky, you'll know the manufacturer can back me up. Honestly though, it *is* nice, and you should have the dime size in your locker. Even young hands can get rough and ugly looking, because there aren't many oil glands in this part of your anatomy. And if you're taking chemistry this year, and have your hands in a mess of stuff half the time, you need this lotion before that date!

Write me before May 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage, please), for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

COLOR NEWS
Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Pink Lady
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The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!

Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of **Dura-Gloss**, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! **Dura-Gloss** costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy **Dura-Gloss** today!

Put on **Dura-Gloss**
GONE are the bumps and ridges
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PICTURE PARADE

ADAM HAD FOUR SONS —AAA—

We took care of *Eve*, now lets get around to *Adam*. This is the story of *Adam Stoddard* (Warner Baxter) and his four sons—the legacy his wife *Molly* (Fay Wray) left him early in the film and early in the century—1907 to be exact. That year was a hard one for most people but particularly so for *Adam* who not only lost his wife but his fortune as well which in turn meant the loss of *Emilie* (Ingrid Bergman), the lovely young French governess. But the war years came—1914-1918—and with it prosperity and although *Adam's* sons are now grown and off to war, he remembers his promise to *Emilie* that some day she would come back. She does and what a dramatic day it turns out to be for *David* brings home his bride, *Hester* (Susan Hayward), and wise old *Cousin Philippa* (Helen Westley) departs—but not before she warns *Emilie* about *Hester*. And how right she was. Here's where the drama starts building as *Emilie*, in love with *Adam*, spares him from the truth and takes the blame for *Hester's* indiscretions. But truth will always tell—as it does when *David* returns.—*Columbia.*

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY—AAA—

Yes, sir, that *Andy Hardy* sure is some fellow. Here he is not out of high-school yet—not until the picture's over and then he just barely makes it—and already with a private secretary. And let it be said that *Andy* knows how to pick 'em, for Kathryn Grayson, who has the honor, is one of the most promising newcomers on the screen. She's not a remarkable beauty but she has a remarkable voice and her dramatic talents make a very good showing for a beginner. Another beginner who shows promise here is young Todd Karns—Roscoe's son—who plays brother to Kathryn. Of course Mickey Rooney is swell as usual in the title role and in addition to the regulars—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford and Sara Haden—you'll find Ian Hunter and Gene Reynolds offering fine support. Also as usual for a *Hardy* film you'll find comedy, drama and music. These visits to the *Hardy's* always are a pleasure, for you're always sure of an evening—or afternoon—of all 'round entertainment.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Gags of the Gables—Like Crazy

[*Continued from page* 22]

himself as *Christian* in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. A day or so later, Carole awoke one morning to find 300 pounds of stone Gable on her front lawn, a garland of forget-me-nots twined around its throat, a red rose behind each ear. Mammy got on the hot wire and, an hour later, five men and a truck appeared to tote Pappy's effigy to the City Dump Heap.

Not that marriage has sobered this Jack Pudding and his spouse. For not long ago, when the twain took a trip to Mexico, in their station-wagon (equipped for light housekeeping against heavy odds), Clark had a birthday. In the midst of a driving rainstorm, with silt and wind and pieces of 'dobe sloshing around the car, Carole insisted upon baking her pappy a cake. Furthermore, she insisted upon his eating it. Pappy ate it. And returned to town. And went through a series of fluoroscopes and X-rays. Chickens can eat gravel, as Pappy, not unreasonably, pointed out, but men . . .

And just after they were married, just as they were crossing the State-line on their return from the parson, a patrolman stopped them at the border, as per routine. He inquired, "Any fruits in there?" Carole looked thoughtfully at her Mister. Then, sweetly reassuring, she turned to the officer and said, "No, sir, just hams."

ON THEIR first wedding anniversary, Pappy was booming it up in *Boom Town* with Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy. Mammy came over to lunch with her one-year bridegroom in his portable dressing-room. She fixed his dressing-room all pretty, with yards and yards of white satin ribbon, tulle and flowers. In one corner she arranged a huge nest. In the center of the nest she deposited one enormous egg with the word "PARNELL" painted across it, in big, red letters.

Out at the farm, Gable proudly and by hand, raised some special, blue-blooded chicks in the hopes of winning a Blue Ribbon at the Pomona Fair. Every husband has a right to keep a few chickens to himself, so Pappy didn't tell Mammy about his blooded babies.

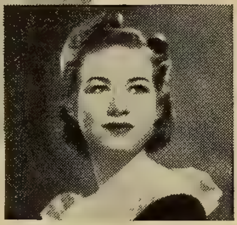
One fine day, Pappy went off to work with his lunch-pail and Mammy was left alone with Satan finding mischief for her idle hands to do. She fixed up the house a little, then wandered out to the chicken-runs where it was borne in upon her sense of thrift that they were getting an awful lot of chicks. Too many chicks, she decided, for one family, with a world in need.

So, in a sunburst of humanitarianism, radiant with Sweet Charity, Girl-Scout Lombard called the substitute hired-man, who was temporarily replacing the regular Fred, who would have Known Better, told him to kill "the bunch in the little, separate pen," fix up some boxes and deliver them for a radius of twenty miles among the poor children in the valley.

When Pappy came home that night, he found a few feathers where his White Hopes had been. Mammy told him, shining-eyed, of her Good Deed for the day. Pappy was extraordinarily apathetic. The next morning, there were FIFTY doves circling the Gable-Lombard ranch!

When Carole was in the hospital, following her appendectomy, Clark went over to pay her his noon-day visit. He walked into her room, bent lover-like over the bed, only to behold a strange woman,

Jean Bjorn, popular Arthur Murray teacher at the British Colonial in Nassau—leads the La Conga Chain.



Miss Bjorn holds *all* partners entranced by her vivacity and daintiness!

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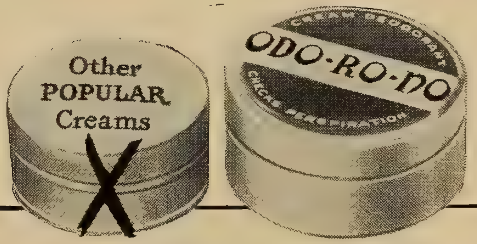

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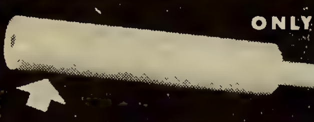

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with dilated brown eyes, signs of blood-pressure mounting dangerously, staring up at him! Her expression was that of one who believes she has died and, all undeservedly, gone to Heaven! Clark scuttled, went to the desk and asked where the hell his wife had gone. A few seconds later a floor-nurse came along, laughing fit to kill, and explained that the brown-eyed woman's husband had waylaid her in the hall, white-faced and shaking . . . "Nurse" he gasped, "Nurse, my wife is delirious—guess what? When I went in there a minute ago, she told me 'I just saw *Clark Gable!* He was standing right over my bed and—and *he almost kissed me!*' "

When Carole was tracked down, in the room right next to that of the woman with the brown eyes, she had nothing to say concerning the matter except that the nurses must have made a mistake and wheeled the wrong patients into the wrong rooms. Hospital efficiency being what it is, no such error had ever occurred before, as the Superintendent carefully explained. Pappy didn't express his thoughts. After all, you have to be quiet in a hospital!

WHEN Carole started to work in RKO's *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* the company used the studio in Culver City for several days work. A Little Bird apprised Pappy of this fact. A Little Bird has to apprise Pappy of what Mammy is doing in the movies, and vice versa, on account of how the Gableses have stuck to their pre-matrimonial resolve never to talk "shop" at home. They never do. Mammy didn't even know that Pappy had signed his new M-G-M contract until she read about it in the papers. Pappy swears he doesn't know whether Mammy has got a contract or not.

Be that as it may, on the day Carole arrived in Culver City for her first day's work there, she was greeted, as she crossed the city line, by a huge sound-truck, the sides and top and back of which were pasted over with twenty-four sheets announcing, "CULVER CITY WELCOMES MRS. RHETT BUTLER!" Mounted on the sound-truck, dressed in cutaway coat, tall silk hat, Smith Bros. beard, a cauliflower in his button-hole, as "Mayor" of Culver City, sat Lew Smith, Clark's stand-in and good friend. As Carole's car started to cross the city line, the "Mayor" halted her car and, with a flourishing bow, presented her with a huge bouquet of onions, leeks, parsley, with a very old artichoke as the corsage's centerpiece. Carole took one good look at the "Mayor," yanked off his beard and said, "You've got more ham in you than Pappy!"

I don't know what went on in the mind of *Mr. Smith* (Bob Montgomery) during the making of this picture but I can vouch for it that *Mrs. Smith* was not exactly concentrating on her work. She was overheard muttering lines not in the script, such as "You tell my old man I'll pay him off for this!" and "Pappy, you'll rue the day!"

In due course of time, she worked out a beautiful, balmy plan. She would charter a plane to fly over the *Comrade X* company when it was working on M-G-M's back lot. The pilot would be equipped with thousands of leaflets upon which would be printed the words "REMEMBER PARNELL!" The leaflets would snow down upon the set and upon Pappy and, in spite of the fact that Hedy was kissing him, a kiss per every foot of film, would his face be red!

But Mammy was stopped in her "tricksy" tracks this time. For the Bureau of Air Commerce forbade the dropping of pamphlets as against regulations. Brooding, because she had already had the leaflets printed, but unbowed because she thought she saw a way, Mammy gave employment to dozens of unemployed urchins by hiring them to stand at the front entrance of the studio and pass the "REMEMBER PARNELL" pamphlets to all who came in and went out. That tied it.

At this writing, Mr. G. is trying to have Mrs. G. arrested for causing pamphlets to be distributed without a Chamber of Commerce permit! But you know men . . . when it comes to beautiful, willowy Lombardy blondes . . . Mammy is still at large. And now it's Pappy who is talking to himself.

On Carole's last birthday, Gable had a mammoth cake made for her. On the top was iced the words, "TO MAMMY ON HER 75th BIRTHDAY!" At the bottom of the cake was a record which, when the cake was cut, was released and began to play. Here is what it played:

Woman's Voice (very chi-chi, parody of Lombard's voice): "Will you sing Happy Birthday to me, Pappy?"

Gable's Voice: "I can't. I'm in a tank with Lamarr. I have to think of my vitality . . ."

Woman's Voice: "Won't you *please* play and sing just a little something?"

Gable's Voice: "I can't, I tell you. If the studio should hear me, they would give me Nelson Eddy's roles."

Woman's Voice: "You could do worse—remember PARNELL!"

Gable sang.

Out at the old homestead of Mammy and Pappy Gable, there is a newly re-decorated room. It is Carole's creation. She turned the guestroom (they never have guests) into a picture gallery. Over the lintel hangs a sign which reads "WORLD'S WORST PHOTOGRAPHS!" You enter and there is a collection the like of which no living mad man has ever visualized. They were ALL made by Gable, with his little Speed Graphic of which he is fond, like crazy. Carole, always a one to encourage hubby's hobbies, took them all, had them enlarged, framed and hung them.

The collection contains, among others, a picture of Carole with half her head off; the Gable-Lombard living room, so underexposed it looks like the concentration camp in *Escape*. Clark explains that these were his first films and that he was merely "experimenting."

IT'S something of an experiment, come to think of it, for a guest to raise the knocker at the Gableses. Like recently, Mammy and Pappy got sore because they didn't have a "jive" orchestra like Mickey Rooney's and Jackie Cooper's and some of the other kids. So one night they had a party. The guests were met at the front door by their host and hostess and each was given a musical instrument. Before the end of the evening, if there was any music in the souls of the guests gathered there, it came out. If there wasn't, it came out anyway. It was a sight, folks, to see Pappy at the drums, Mammy playing a "hot" trumpet, Spence Tracy tangled up in a bass fiddle, Bob Taylor bold as brass among the brasses, Fred MacMurray copping the honors with a "sweet" saxophone, et cetera.

As you know, no doubt, Carole is the Little Woman out in the duck marshes, out in the veldt with her lord, as well as in the chicken-runs at home. She always accompanies her Bring-em-back-alive when he goes a'hunting. When she was first married, a honeymoon being a honeymoon among the Hottentots as well as in Hollywood or Honolulu, Bride Gable got herself a slick, modish abercrombieandfitchish hunting-outfit. The like of which would have sent Osa Johnson back to Kansas for keeps. Pappy didn't bat an eyelash.

But one Autumn day as they were setting out for the wilds of Idaho or somewhere, Carole came down to find a Mack truck at the door, dolled up with all the accoutrements for a jungle safari, including two Negro boys with rings in their noses and ears, javelins in their hands and elephant tusks slung over their shoulders. They greeted Mammy as "Memsahib." "They are," announced Pappy, gravely, "our runners." On the Mack truck was printed, in mammoth letters, "LOMBARD SAFARI, LTD.!"

ONE of Clark's monomanias is buying gadgets for his car. He has every super-extra ever invented, super-bumpers, fog lights, chrome searchlights that you can operate inside the car, chrome cigarette-holders, radio, television, everything but hot and cold running-water. Carole always maintained that it was a lot of nonsense, that she would have no part in such gadgeteering.

But one day, when the last super-super had been superimposed, Pappy lured Mammy into the driveway as they were both starting off for work, showed her his handiwork and said, "Well, Baby, how do you like it?" Baby gave it a thorough once-over, glints in her eyes. "I like it fine," she said, "I think I'll drive it to the studio this morning." That was the last Pappy saw of his motor from Mars for many a long day. He had to go out and buy himself a little, old Ford.

But it's a poor gag that has no turning. After a certain length of time, the routine settled down like this: whoever got up first, got the big car to drive to work. One day Mammy drew the small job. Which, she might have known, had gone the way of all Clark's cars. For it was dolled up with spotlight, special rims, no running-board, pants on the back fenders, collegiate, like crazy. And—there was also a cut-out in back! Somewhere near Hollywood and Vine, a policeman stopped Mrs. G. "The City Ordinances," he said sternly, "forbid cut-outs." Mammy rolled those big, blue eyes at the officer and said, "Don't blame me, Officer, it's my old man!"

Clark's first anniversary gift to his bride, or one of many gifts, was a beautiful gown which he had Adrian design especially for her. Although the material was rich and sheer and shimmering, the design was all done in newspaper headlines . . . such headlines as: "PARSONS PANS LOMBARD!" "LOMBARD FLOPS AGAIN!" "LOMBARD LIMITED—AND HOW!" "CRITICS CAUTERIZE CAROLE!" et cetera. But she got back at her Pappy for this one, did Mammy . . . for when her old pal, Fieldsie, now Mrs. Walter Lang, gave a swank anniversary party for the Gableses, Mrs. G. wore the gown to the party!

That's life with Mammy and Pappy Gable for you . . . could you take it?

THIS CRAZY HOLLYWOOD

THE script-writer was reading his story of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police to the producer. When he came to the part where a savage Malamute dog leaps into the cabin window and frightens a mother and child, the producer called a halt in the proceedings.

"What's that, a dog you got there? There's not enough menace to a dog. Here, you change that and make it a fierce Bengal tiger."

"But, Boss, we can't use a Bengal tiger. There aren't any tigers up in the Canadian woods."

"I didn't say there was, did I? But you got one out on the back lot in the zoo, ain't you?"

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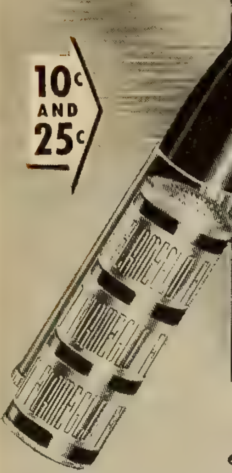

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ALSO ROUGE TO MATCH

WHY DOES HE HAVE ANY FRIENDS?

JIMMY STEWART is one of the most popular stars in Hollywood, but it beats all how he keeps his friends. Once he dashed off in his girl friend's car, abandoning her to the mercy of a howling mob of autograph fiends. Another time he went soaring off in an airplane, leaving a pal stranded and fuming in the midwest. The life of Jimmy Stewart's friends is hard, but the story of their trials and tribulations is amusing. Don't miss this hilarious slant on the private life of your favorite movie actor in the May issue of SCREEN LIFE.

And for the real inside dope on what kind of a guy this Mickey Rooney is, you can't do better than read Ann Rutherford's SCREEN LIFE'S story of her public and personal relationship with Andy Hardy.

In addition, the big, new SCREEN LIFE offers you a beautiful cut-out doll of Cary Grant, with five colorful changes of costume. Look for Cary on the cover, and get your copy of this lively film magazine today!

The Mark of Better Magazines

SCREEN LIFE

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This Time It's Really Love

[*Continued from page* 36]

Brothers made a bee-line for their sacred sanctum. Jazz music in their chapel! It was a sin. It was sacrilege. Never before had it been so desecrated!

To most people, that sounds like the end of Tony Martin's career. But it was really the beginning. The beginning of a life that was full of ups and downs but which is finally levelling off.

When Tony barged into the room there was a strange light shining in his eyes. And you didn't have to be psychic to tell that only one thing could have put that light there. Love.

He had just come from the set of *Ziegfeld Girl*. But that wasn't the only thing. Lana Turner was down on that set. And you didn't have to be a philosopher or a mind-reader to understand why Tony was acting so gay. They say people in love always do.

"This time," he told me, without mincing words or resorting to unspoken inferences, "it's really love!"

And since Tony looks and acts every bit the gentleman, we took his word for it. But still there was a wavering doubt. Decisions here in Hollywood often change too quickly—and without notice. In most cases, you can't blame the man for the sudden change. Because, unorthodox as it may sound, men are at a premium in Hollywood. And even the glamour girls around town spend many a lonely night sitting beside their telephones waiting for them to ring.

Maybe Lana Turner knows this better than the others. Maybe this was the reason for her hasty marriage to Artie Shaw and her just-as-hasty divorce. A girl's got to grab her man before another woman sees him. That's why marriage in the film colony is such a grab-bag proposition. That's why it wouldn't be Tony's fault if anything should happen to the current romance between him and Lana. For Tony's intentions

When Tony and Alice Faye were married she was a star and he was struggling to make good. This didn't do his pride any good. They remain good friends. There's no sign the divorce will be called off

are strictly honorable and his thoughts are definitely altar-bound.

"If," he explained, "by the time Lana and I receive our final decrees, we still feel the same way about each other as we do right now, we will definitely be married!"

And when a man makes such a statement, it should definitely eliminate all doubts. But here in Hollywood, with so many new situations constantly arising in the lives of the stars, there is no such thing as finality.

EVERY man and woman in love will swear by everything holy that the current love is the real thing. But when you glimpse a list of the divorce records, it changes the entire outlook. Love has a funny little way of changing just as suddenly as the weather. And when you recall that just a short while ago, Lana was seen almost nightly at Ciro's with Victor Mature and later with Sidney Guilaroff, the hair stylist, and with several of the other Hollywood playboys before tying her affections definitely to Tony Martin, you begin having doubts about the very meaning of love.

The sages of Ciro's still insist that Tony's love for Lana was hastened by his separation from Alice Faye. That Lana is getting Tony on the rebound. And that up until now, he was merely another young man wandering about town with his heart on his sleeve . . . They don't take into consideration a couple of other angles. They don't understand that when Tony and Alice were married, he was a mere youngster who was blinded by the glamour around him. Alice Faye, at the time, was definitely on the rise. Tony was still struggling to make good in pictures. But the marriage on which these two people had based all their hopes proved disappointing.

"It looks as though I'm allergic to cycles," Tony said. "Remember when musicals started to come in? Well, that's when I first started in pictures. But it didn't last very long. I must have come in near the end of a cycle. Then, for a while, I returned to my music. I barnstormed the entire country. I played one-night stands. And sometimes, I played in the most god-awful places. In dilapidated meeting-halls, drafty theaters where the rain leaked in through the roof, and even in a shack behind a filling-station.

"In Joliet, I was booed and hissed because it was a prison-town. They preferred having strip-teases to music. They were starved for the sight of a young girl and when they saw a male singer, they made no bones about their disappointment. I played and sang in every sort of town—in fishing towns, lumbering towns, oil towns and industrial centers. I practically covered the whole country and finally wound up in Florida.

"There, Louis B. Mayer saw me singing in one of the clubs. And when I was through, he asked me to get in touch with him as soon as I returned to Hollywood. But remembering the two unsuccessful tests I had at M-G-M before, I didn't want to go through the same experience all over again. When I finally got back to town and wandered into Ciro's one night with my agent, Mr. Mayer was there. He asked me why I hadn't gotten in touch with him. And when my agent heard this, he bawled me out for having ignored the opportunity. However, my third test did the trick. The part I got in *Ziegfeld Girl* was much bigger than I expected. And now, I'm getting ready to do *Lady Be Good*, with Ann Sothern. And with musicals back in the running, it looks like the beginning of another cycle."

There was something in Tony's words that carried another meaning. Cycles may have affected his career. But, what he failed to mention, was that they also affected his love-life.

"When first I came to Hollywood," he

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There's a very good reason why Pepsodent makes your teeth feel so wonderfully smooth, look so sparkling bright. For only Pepsodent contains a wonder-working combination that *cleans* and *polishes* teeth to a new high brilliance.

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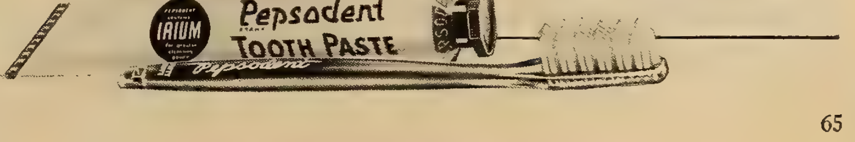

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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went on, "I was a youngster. The sudden boom in salary from sixty to two-hundred-and-fifty went to my head. I stopped at a swanky hotel. Bought myself a car. Like hundreds of other players, I fell in with the habits of Hollywood. I thought success was everlasting. But I discovered it was one of those bubbles that break at the psychological moment."

The inference this time was clear enough. Not only did Tony's career take a nasty nose-dive, but his marriage to Alice Faye went to pieces, too. It was a case where she was the successful member of the family. Where Tony's pride wouldn't endure failure on his part while his wife was creating a sensation.

And when the prospect of the tour through the country came along, the last remaining bond was severed.

There is no hard feeling, no ill-wind on the part of either Tony or Alice, these days. Theirs is not the only marriage between players that was dissolved for that reason. And though they often meet at Ciro's or Victor Hugo's, there is no indication that the divorce will be called off.

But now with the resumption of his career in films, romance has popped up once again. The cycle is definitely on the upward incline in more respects than one. Tony Martin is the gay young man once more. His heart is no longer on his sleeve.

Simultaneously with his break in *Ziegfeld Girl,* came the one thing Tony had been working for, for a long time. All his life, he wanted to be successful with his music. And since the best sort of recognition in this field is the radio, Tony was hankering for just such a spot. It's true that he's been on the Burns and Allen program and later sang with Andre Kostelanetz, but he never had a program of his own.

But when he made his personal appearance tour through the country, the people of America had their chance of seeing him in flesh. And they liked him. They kept asking for him more and more insistently. The National Broadcasting Company made these requests known to their sponsors. And when the Woodbury Company discovered the popularity of Tony, they lost no time in signing him up to star on his own program.

Now, every Wednesday night, Tony peddles his romance over the air waves and a million women listen in breathless rapture. And when Metro discovered that the very sound of his voice could build up a loyal and faithful audience, they discovered something else about him. Suddenly, they realized that he was a handsome young man—and they were looking high and low for handsome young men. Suddenly, they realized he had the sad, dreamy eyes that women love. And when they saw his work in *Ziegfeld Girl,* they were convinced that he packed a good, strong romantic wallop. And afraid of losing out on a good thing, they hastily signed him up to do *Lady Be Good.*

IT'S a question now whether *Ziegfeld Girl* will be the turning point, not only in Tony Martin's career but in the romance between him and Lana as well.

There's no doubt that Tony's reputation as an actor is now firmly established. Until now, he admits that his work in his earlier films lacked the experience that he has since gained. He knows he was a trifle stiff and wooden. But he worked hard to overcome the former lack of training. The Tony Martin in *Ziegfeld Girl* is a guy whom the ladies immediately label as "exciting."

But now that his success is assured and his popularity even greater than before, will Lana have a tough time holding on to him until their divorce decrees are final? Or will she, as most of Hollywood thinks, lose out to someone more glamorous than she? Will Tony's sudden spurt back into the spotlight shove her into the background to be slowly forgotten or will their romance endure until next September when her decree becomes final? These are the questions on the tongues of all Hollywood these days.

A few days after I talked with Tony, he flew to New York. And coincidentally, Lana and her mother went East at the same time. All the gossips immediately started putting two and two together. Some said Tony went there to keep a watch on Lana. Others insisted Lana went to New York to make sure that no one else snatches Tony away from her.

There are still others who have another theory. For it happens that Vic Mature, Lana's ex-boy friend is appearing on Broadway at this time. There is talk that she might have gone to see him. And the fourth conjecture is that Artie Shaw being in the East, there is still another possibility that Lana may have gone there because of him. But all these are mere possibilities.

As yet, there is nothing to substantiate them. And though there are still six months to go until Lana is free, it's a long time here in Hollywood. And in six months, a great many things may happen.

THIS much is certain. From now on, Tony won't have to worry about a repetition of those lean, barnstorming days. All that is over. Although he does quite a bit of singing in *Ziegfeld Girl,* M-G-M is carefully grooming him for a dramatic career. And should the time again come when the public is fed up with musicals, Tony will be able to step into straight roles.

It took *Ziegfeld Girl* to convince his studio bosses that Tony Martin was more than a singer of romantic ballads. They're convinced now that he has as much of the necessary fire and oomph to make him a romantic screen personality as any other actor in the film colony. But whether it took Lana Turner's love to bring this out into the open is something that has yet to be seen. Her appearance opposite him in the picture may have something to do with it.

And that's why everyone is now eagerly waiting to see how he fares in *Lady Be Good* when he will be playing opposite Ann Sothern. If he repeats his success, then Tony Martin will go down in the annals of Hollywood as another romantic screen lover.

Now that he is back on top again, there is no more reckless squandering of his salary. He has a business agent who sees to it that he lives within a set budget. He has a comfortable seven-room house in Beverly Hills where he lives with his secretary. He has no desire to emulate the stars of the lush, bygone era but prefers to live sensibly and modestly. That's because he remembers too vividly what can happen when the spotlight is suddenly turned in some other direction. He has seen everything go tumbling to the ground, his career, his hopes and even his marriage and Tony doesn't want that to happen again.

"I can still remember the tough time I had when I was a youngster," he recalls. "That, too, is something I don't want to experience again. I know I'm not the only one who's had some tough luck. There are still plenty of worth-while actors here in Hollywood who are still waiting around for the breaks. And I certainly can't complain. I've got everything in the world a guy could want right now, but at the same time I realize that there's such a thing as tomorrow."

It will be interesting to see just what tomorrow will bring for Tony. But with all the odds definitely in his favor—with a voice like his, with his looks, and with contracts both in films and radio—and last, but not least, with Lana Turner as the number one girl in his life how can he miss?

Talent for Headlines

[*Continued from page* 24]

Errol's exploits, that he's publicity-shy. He isn't. He knows the value of publicity. But—he's particular about how he gets it. He's smart about how he gets it.

Most people have the impression that Errol is a playboy with a dramatic imagination and a natural talent for getting in headlines; that he doesn't give much thought to the serious things of life. They don't suspect that, behind that devil-may-care pan of his, there lurks a one-man brain-trust, who is thinking every second. Particularly about the serious business of how to stand out in the public's consciousness.

He wasn't born with a talent for headlines. He was born the son of a university professor. He was brought up in a quiet, intellectual atmosphere. Or, to put it another way, he was brought up with the habit of thinking. Of concentrating.

If he had followed in his father's footsteps (which he once planned to do), he would have concentrated on how to acquire a reputation in *that* field—as his father did. Flynn Sr., wasn't content to be just another teacher of biology. He figured out how to become famous as a biologist. He made research trips to places in the South Seas that other biologists did not have the gumption to visit.

Errol went along with him. That was how Errol happened to be in the South Seas when an English film company arrived to make location scenes for a picture about the mutiny on the *Bounty*. The film company drafted him for a bit part.

THAT was the first acting he ever did—if it could have been called acting. It might also have been the last, if he hadn't become fed up temporarily with roving around the south Pacific and given in to a touch of homesickness.

Back in England, he had a little difficulty finding a job. Finally, as a last resort, he went around to the film company and asked if they couldn't use him in some more bit parts. They decided they could—and did. In one murder mystery, for example, they used him as the *corpus delicti*.

It's still a mystery to Errol how Irving Asher, then head of Warner Brothers' English studio, ever spotted him in one of those bits—and saw possibilities in him. Asher shipped him off to Hollywood, to let Jack Warner have a look at him.

Errol, who had no hallucinations that he was a great actor, didn't take his movie career seriously until he was cast in the title role of *Captain Blood*. Then he started concentrating. And he has been concentrating ever since.

He had a chance at stardom. The problem was: How to make the most of it?

He was smart enough to realize that he couldn't hope to stand out if he depended on acting alone. He was a novice, and Hollywood was full of experts. He realized that, to stand out, he would have to make people think of him as something besides an actor. Just as his father, before him, had had to be something besides a classroom lecturer to win attention as a biologist.

He was new to show business—but a little concentrated thinking told him one thing about audiences. They liked to believe that screen heroes were exciting men in real life. And most of them weren't. They lived prosaic, predictable lives.

He was smart enough to foresee that when audiences saw him as *Captain Blood*, they would want to believe that he was an adventurous guy in real life, too. He foresaw

I wish my Daughter would

"I wish my daughter would avoid extremes in make-up! But her friends all go for fire-engine lipstick. So what can I do?"

Well, don't take it too seriously, because it's not worth an argument . . . and she'll outgrow it! Use a little tact . . . teach her tricks in matched make-up (and moderation).

"I wish my daughter would tell me things!"

This is important! Tell *her* things . . . and a sense of comradeship will bloom. Advise her about "difficult days," for instance. The difference a really *comfortable* napkin makes. Explain that Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky and naturally less apt to rub and chafe.

Tell her, too, that she need *never* feel self-conscious with Kotex. Because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show . . . never give away her secret. Be a real help to *her*, and she'll confide in *you!*

I wish my Mother would

"I wish my mother would wear smarter clothes!"

You've got something there, young lady . . . you want to be proud of her. So talk up shorter skirts, to begin with. Go shopping with mother . . . your fitting room "oohs" and "ahs" will do the rest. Make her *feel* smarter and she'll dress to match!

"I wish my mother would stop evading questions!"

Maybe that's *your* fault . . . maybe you resent her criticism about slang, make-up or dancing. Don't blame mother, then, if she shies away from giving you more intimate advice . . . such as telling you how Kotex helps make your "difficult days" *less* difficult.

But give her half a chance and she'll explain that the new safety-shield in Kotex gives added absorbency . . . extra confidence. That Junior, Regular and Super Kotex give you a right size for each day's needs.

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree . . . with Kotex*

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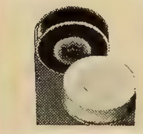

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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what might happen if he helped them to believe it.

He might stand out as one actor who did exciting things *off* the screen.

For a beginning, he told some tall tales about adventures he had had in the South Seas. And, sure enough, people ate them up. They wanted to hear more—whether the tales were true or not. They were that eager to believe that a movie adventurer could be a real-life adventurer.

But Errol was smart enough to realize that if he confined himself to talking about what he *had* done, without doing anything new to encourage the illusion, the cynics would blow him down.

SO MR. FLYNN started making it clear that he didn't live either prosaically or predictably.

He disappeared between pictures—and turned up in surprising places. He was married, but nobody ever knew definitely the status of his marriage. He and Lili Damita had more battles and more reconciliations, and did more things separately, than any other married couple on earth. He went in for hazardous sports like polo, and flying, and surfboard-riding, and hunting wild boar with a bow-and-arrow.

He was forever trading punches with somebody who thought he *couldn't.* He vacationed once by rushing over to Spain for a close-up of the civil war—and he got close enough to be hit by debris from a bomb. When he went to South America on a personal appearance tour last year, he challenged a Nazi editor in Buenos Aires, who made some belittling remarks about him, to a duel. (The editor did not accept.)

In short, he has made it a policy to keep people guessing about what he might do next, off the screen. And it has paid dividends. He hasn't come close to being nominated for an Academy Award, but he's right up there in the top row.

As part of his policy of keeping people guessing, he has kept his social life to himself. Not only because his social life might sound like any other actor's—but because he doesn't believe in getting his name in the papers *too* often.

Most actors don't think it's possible to get their names in the papers too often. If they could arrange it, they would have their names in every Hollywood column, every day of the week. But not Errol. He thinks that there's such a thing as making people tired of seeing your name in print. He'd rather get in the news columns, instead of the Hollywood columns.

He gives the impression that he doesn't know, himself, what he's going to do next. But don't let appearances fool you. He knows, every minute, what he's going to do next. He just believes in keeping his plans to himself—until the psychological moment. He places a high value on surprise. If you're a movie star, and you do something people aren't expecting you to do, that's news. And it pays off in headlines.

He would rather get three headlines a year, than three hundred and sixty-five mentions in anybody's column. Those three headlines do more to enhance the public impression that he does exciting things in real life.

He usually manages to get more than three headlines a year. Because he doesn't limit himself to strategy of not revealing any plans in advance. He capitalizes on situations that come up.

Like that blast that the newspaper, *El Pampero,* gave him on his arrival last year in Buenos Aires—the only sour note in a paean of welcome. Any other actor would have been annoyed at such a blast, but would have shrugged it off as the opinion of a prejudiced minority. Errol was burned up. *El Pampero* was a Nazi sheet, and the editor took the opportunity to belittle the British by belittling him.

Perhaps Errol had a shrewd suspicion that the editor would never expose himself to a duel—or perhaps not. Anyway, his challenge was authentic. Shrewd Mr. Flynn made it authentic by calling in a reporter from a press association, writing the challenge in the reporter's presence, and having the reporter guarantee its delivery.

If he had sent off the challenge, then called in the reporter and told him what he had done, he would have been the recipient of derisive disbelief—not headlines.

He wasn't so burned up that he didn't think ahead. To those headlines.

He started 1941 by unexpectedly embarking on the New Zealand Clipper, New Year's Eve, for Hawaii—carrying a case of champagne, which made him the host of the first New Year's Eve party 12,000 feet in the air.

As he boarded the plane, a reporter asked him why he was going to Hawaii. "Oh, just for my health," said Errol airily—which left the reporter to guess the real reason.

Errol didn't seize the occasion to reveal that he was going over to buy a 50,000-acre ranch that he had spotted when he was there last year. His departure was enough for one headline. The purchase of the ranch would be good for another headline—later.

He had some other plans that he didn't reveal. He was trying to get permission to go on to the Burma Road, for a close-up of the trouble brewing. And if he had been able to get that permission, the world would have read that Errol Flynn had gone a long distance again to look for trouble. Which wouldn't have hurt his reputation a bit.

But carefully though he makes his plans, they don't always work out. That was one that didn't. And so was his plan to save the announcement that he and Lili were going to have a baby, until some time after he returned from Hawaii.

Columnist Louella O. Parsons got an inkling of the coming event from a friend of Lili's, called Lili at Palm Springs, and asked her point-blank if she were having a baby. Lili had to admit it, and tell when the event would happen. Namely, in May.

So Errol, who had planned to make the announcement as dramatic as possible, by postponing it until as near May as possible, and had had visions of having it break simultaneously in all the newspapers, saw it break prematurely—and as a scoop by one Hollywood columnist.

He was fit to be tied. It wouldn't have been so bad, if he hadn't thought ahead—if he hadn't figured out a better plan.

BY THIS time, maybe you're getting the idea that Errol *isn't* what he's popularly supposed to be: a handsome Happy Hooligan. He's handsome, all right; but he's the opposite of a hooligan, a mental jitterbug.

If you need any further confirmation of that, give a thought to the size of that ranch he bought in Hawaii. Fifty thousand acres. And land isn't cheap in Hawaii. He did a little thinking ahead to store up that kind of kale. And you can be sure he didn't shoot his whole bankroll on that ranch.

Because—he's thinking ahead to when his starring days are over. You won't catch Errol Flynn playing subsidiary parts when he's no longer a star. He'll be living somewhere besides Hollywood. Comfortably. And probably quietly. And people will say he made his money as an actor and reminisce about what a playboy he used to be. Overlooking the fact that a playboy who really has his heart in playing always ends up poor.

And overlooking that other fact that if Errol Flynn hadn't done more thinking than anybody gave him credit for doing, he wouldn't have become one of the top movie stars of his time.

There's No Holden Him

[*Continued from page* 45]

she doesn't spare the horses. She's not a back-slapper. If you do an especially good scene, she tells you. If not—" Holden covered his face with his hands.

These lines of dialogue straight from Bill would naturally lead the hearer to believe that a marriage is in the offing; the Hollywood grapevine has it that one and one makes two—that one Holden and one Marshall equal two happily engaged people. Oh, they are happy enough, but—

"There are rumors about Brenda's and my engagement. Columnists said we announced it at the preview of *The Sea Hawk*. Some of them went so far as to describe the ring." Holden's grey eyes blazed. "That was neither the time, the place—nor the TRUTH! Both Brenda and I were very unhappy about the incident. A preview is no place to announce an engagement. That would detract any personal feeling from it.

"I know that publicity men are sometimes not aware of the discomfort they cause people or they would stick more closely to accuracy. Brenda and I were upset. My mother read the item and was hurt that I hadn't confided in her. Actually I have not told a soul about it because we are *not* engaged. We're the best of friends. We have a lot in common, but I haven't asked Brenda to marry me."

Holden sat back, breathless from fast talk. He was silent. His glance focused on some distant point.

Although Bill won't put it into so many words, the light in his eyes says that the brunette beauty of Warners may soon be given an important question to answer—and it won't be asked by Professor Quiz!

RECENTLY, however, Holden has been so upset over his motion picture career that he hasn't been thinking too much about marriage. He admits frankly having faced a crisis that almost meant the end of his film career—that almost meant we would be seeing him on the screen for the last time in Paramount's *I Wanted Wings*.

Hollywoodians have been calling him Battlin' Bill because a few months ago he reared up and asked a raise in salary from Paramount and Columbia, his home studios. When they held out, he issued this ultimatum: "Raise or I quit!" (He refused to do *Texas* for Columbia and was suspended.)

Various communiques from the battlefront—well obscured by smoke-screen—said Holden was dissatisfied with roles; Holden objected to certain directors at both studios; Holden this and Holden that, but Bill had his own dispatch to issue, and here it is, uncensored at point of origin:

"Before *I Wanted Wings* was scheduled, I asked for a raise. It didn't come. Finally I threatened to walk out on the picture unless . . . That didn't seem the sportsmanlike thing to do; so I said I would go through with it because everything was lined up and ready. We were to talk salary after the film was finished."

Unofficial reports say that Bill was pulling down any amount between $450 to $750 per week. But a look at his income tax returns will convince you that the combined salary he received from both studios was $250 a week plus $100 bonuses over a forty-week period. It amounted to roughly $350 per.

"I wasn't sore at anybody," Holden continued. "It was purely a business proposition. I wanted my salary boosted. Both studios had always treated me well in other respects. I never kicked about directors at either

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Address..............................

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studio. Anything you may have heard to the contrary was just rumor. Wesley Ruggles, who directed *Arizona,* is one of the finest. And that also goes for Mitchell Leisen, who megaphoned *I Wanted Wings.*

"Nobody could have asked for better roles than I've had from both Paramount and Columbia. Salary was my only objection. There was talk that I had said I could make as much money in my father's business—that's chemistry—as I could in Hollywood. Believe me, I never made such a statement. It would be silly to say such a thing, because it isn't true. You and I know that." The red pencil in Holden's fingers scratched against a sheet of paper as he doodled and talked.

"It may sound as if I were ungrateful to ask for a larger salary when so many people in other lines of work do their jobs for much less. I'm aware of this. And it's my opinion that most actors are overpaid—that is, in comparison with workers in other fields. But this was my protest about my income. There were many players as new and newer in this business than I who were earning twice as much. I was tired of being one of the lowest-paid actors in town.

"Since I am under five-year contract, there would have been nothing to do but retire from pictures if the studios hadn't met my request. I love to work. And there was no one in Hollywood happier than I when I started in *Texas* for Columbia. That meant we had come to terms," said Holden, "and I was taken off suspension."

THIS is the Holden angle of the story. It's the one we know best. But there certainly is another angle—that of the studios. Trying to determine who was right and who was wrong would send even a Solomon in search of the aspirins. It is sufficient to say that the tale had a happy ending for both sides. Holden got a bonus-raise—three times the old salary—and Paramount and Columbia got Holden's services again.

You, Bill Holden, the studios, and I are glad that he didn't have to unravel the progress of those two hard years of film work and go back to the chemistry "lab."

In 1939 when he was plucked from the Pasadena Playhouse stage to do *Golden Boy* at Columbia, he lacked confidence in his ability. He admitted he was no Muni and said—

"If audiences don't like my characterization of *Golden Boy,* I'll go back to choir singing on Sunday, the chemistry 'lab,' and little theaters. I won't earn much, but it will be a lot of fun."

And now—

"I wouldn't want to go back any more. I've changed my design for living."

That's two years of experience speaking. That's a smooth new Holden who has had his rough edges of acting sanded down. He's lived and learned from the film colony. But don't get the impression that he's "Gone Hollywood." 'Tain't so!

His head hasn't swelled like a kid's nickel balloon. He hasn't said, "So nice to have known you," to his old friends. He hasn't gone in for a warehouse full of suits. He hasn't traded in his car for a low and slinky foreign-make.

No, he's still a regular guy. His wardrobe has three good suits in it, and they aren't any more expensive than the $60 to $70 suits he used to buy in the days Before Career. An evening's entertainment for himself and Brenda costs him little more than it does for non-professional citizens of Cinema-City—usually $10 or less per evening for dinner at the Beachcombers, perhaps a show, and miscellaneous entertainment.

True, he used to live with his parents in Pasadena. Now he has an apartment—a modest three-roomer—in North Hollywood because that's nearer the studios.

Yes, his design for living has changed in some ways.

"When I hadn't the least notion I would be discovered, I wanted more than anything else in the world to be a chemist," he admits. "Income? Oh, nothing too much. I wanted to live an average sort of life. A bachelor's life! That was because I wanted to travel.

"I still would like to travel but not as much as I desired doing it then. Sports were my meat. I liked sailing, aqua-planing, motor-cycling, hiking. I still do but to a lesser degree.

"I never had time for girls, what with school, 'lab' work, choir, and little theaters. Sure, I knew they existed but that was all. Living alone appealed to me—that is, not being married. I thought there was no such thing as freedom to do what I wanted to do when I wanted to do it without any 'Whys' about it," Holden explained.

So it seems, from the trend of the conversation, that Battlin' Bill is thinking more and more of less and less personal freedom. At least the formation of a marital axis is not out of the question.

Asked how the girls of Hollywood differ from those in other parts of the country, Bill answered—

"I've lived most of my life in Pasadena, which is right next door to Hollywood. So I don't really know. It may be true that Hollywood girls are somewhat more career-minded than the others—that they are willing to sacrifice many things for a stage or film career. But I'm not an authority on this subject. The first girl I've actually gone with is Brenda. And she certainly is not what you would call the typical Hollywood girl. She was born in the Philippine Islands and made them her home until a few years ago. I really can't answer that question fairly."

Saturday night in Hollywood is the big going-out eve of the week, as you would imagine, because there are no next morning calls for work. But Bill, who is not conventional, goes to bed early.

"Dancing, bowling, or the theater are out on Saturday nights. You see, Brenda and I have a standing date to go to the Gun Club early Sunday for target practice."

Brenda and Bill are not exactly what you would call every-nighters at Ciro's, Mocambo, Chasen's, or the Cocoanut Grove. Neither of them cares for this routine. They've gone to Ciro's twice—the first time to see what it was like and the second time to celebrate Brenda's birthday.

If you're lucky enough to be invited to the Holden quarters, you're likely to hear Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, Verdi and Mozart coming from the speaker of Bill's radio-phonograph. Or, possibly, Russ Morgan's version of *Wabash Blues* or Andre Kostelanetz' album, *Tea for Two.*

MUSIC is an essential part of his life. Yet he wouldn't care to do a musical picture because, as a vocalist, he feels he's too do-re-mediocre to solo.

He probably won't be conscripted for more than a year but feels it's a man's patriotic duty to go when called. He thinks anyone who marries for anything but love is foolish. He likes to laze around in sloppy clothing. He has been accused of being good-looking, but he claims "anybody who says that is prejudiced." He doesn't own tux or tails and won't buy them. He hates formal affairs and tight shirt collars.

"About the only thing I don't like to do in pictures is make love," he says with a smile. "Love scenes are usually very important and must be done to perfection. I've never gone through such tedious ordeals."

This from the young fellow who has had the privilege of kissing and caressing Barbara Stanwyck, Bonita Granville, Martha Scott, and Jean Arthur, among others, is about all a human being can stand.

Why Bette Married Again

[*Continued from page* 28]

If she didn't say it, people will point the finger at him, anyway!

That "separate breakfast" gag was once pinned on Bette. It didn't sound like her, but just to be sure, I asked her. "I never made such a statement, or anything like it," she said. "Some fool wrote that when I was married to Ham."

Reluctantly, as a result of all this, Bette has decided not to talk any more on the marriage subject. That decision alone gives her new match a better chance, but it is only one of the many things experience has taught her.

I HAD to make the Death Valley hop because Bette had gone there on location with Jimmy Cagney and others, to film *The Bride Came C. O. D.* She knew I wanted to get better acquainted with Farnsworth, so I could give MOTION PICTURE's readers a good idea of the man she had married, but he wasn't there when I landed.

"Farnie's planing in from Los Angeles this evening, too," the star explained when greetings were over. "Robert is with him. In fact, here they come."

A plane that had been a speck over the Panamints when I had circled the field, sidled down to a neat, fast landing. Out climbed Robert Pelgram, Bette's brother-in-law, and Farnsworth. To the newlyweds, for a few moments, there wasn't anybody in Death Valley but themselves. Then Farnsworth strode forward to shake hands with me. He called me by name with no hesitation, and mentioned the two occasions on which we had met, very casually, before. . . . It is thoroughly like him to remember a name, a face and a meeting.

You like Arthur Farnsworth, immediately and without reservation. He is a powerfully-built six-footer with a strong, frank handshake. Smile wrinkles at the corners make his level-staring blue eyes seem friendly, and a quiet, lurking grin gives a kindly effect to a firm jaw. His voice is a pleasant but definitely man-sized baritone, and despite having lived in Boston, he doesn't use that Beacon Street accent.

His manner is assured, and not so reserved as that of many New Englanders. Extensive travel, and knocking around the country as a stunt flier and charter pilot have modified any down-East Yankee traits he may have had. He is not a Bostonian by birth, nor did he meet Bette during their childhood, as printed accounts have claimed.

Farnsworth was born 34 years ago in Rutland, Vermont. His parents still live there. His brother, Dan, and sister, Barbara, became cellist and singer respectively, and in his own education in Rutland schools, and boys' school at Hoosick Falls, New York, the emphasis was on music. He learned violin, and played it in school and professionally, but soon turned to aviation as a career. Flying has been his profession ever since.

During the six months preceding his marriage to Bette, he undertook intensive training in New York, getting aeronautical ratings which will qualify him for posts in the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Now, he expects to go into the aviation business in California.

He met Bette two years ago, at Robert Peckett's Lodge in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Combining a vacation with helping his friends, the Pecketts, he was there by sheerest co-incidence when Bette arrived.

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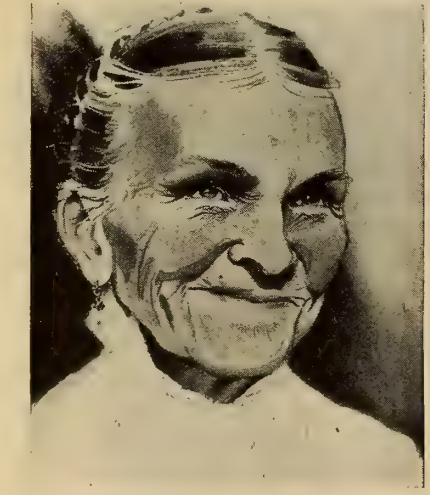

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It was not a case of "love at first sight." Both Farnsworth and Bette are mentally and emotionally too mature for that. But they found a common meeting ground in their love of the surrounding country, and of outdoor sports. They played tennis, rode horseback and swam together.

When Bette came back to Hollywood, full of enthusiasm about Franconia, Littleton, Sugar Hill, the farm she had purchased, the Pecketts, "and other people there," the rose-colored glasses she wore were tinted with love. Her enthusiasm was Farnsworth, well-disguised.

In the same way, when he came to Hollywood, met all of us strange denizens, and found out what sort of place Bette worked and lived in, he wore rose-colored glasses, too. His sudden interest in California aviation was Bette. She knew that this visit of Farnsworth's to Hollywood was important.

The symptoms of their feeling toward each other had gradually become apparent, but the star was not the sort to admit it was love, even to herself, until Farnsworth had seen her at work and play in the wilds of Hollywood. She was not unaware that an actress vacationing in New England, and the same actress at work in the mad-house of movieland might seem to him like two different persons.

No sailing under vacation colors for Bette! It seemed essential to her forthright nature that the man she might marry should know the Hollywood side of her life.

Even if Farnsworth was astonished at Hollywood's effusive fuss-making over Bette, and annoyed by its caste system, its false fronts, its hectic, simulated enthusiasms, he stood the test.

In fact, it was undoubtedly during this period that he was revealed to great advantage before Bette's eyes. She had had a good many years of association with handsome film heroes and other movie men cast in the same movie mould. And in time, constant over-dramatization of the commonplace gets boring.

Your typical film hero dramatizes his flying lessons, for example; doesn't hesitate to praise himself for rare courage in braving the sky's deadly perils. Farnsworth, on the contrary, underplays his real-life exploits. His attitude is that flying upside down near the ground, and other spectacular stunts constitute a slightly silly way of making a living. Something to be excused on the ground that it pays expenses, while a man is preparing himself for more useful work in the aviation field.

SO BETTE'S future husband came, saw and conquered. It was inevitable that their parting, when Farnsworth left for New York, would be followed by another meeting in New Hampshire during Bette's next vacation.

They had a blissful time together back there, but parted again without cut-and-dried plans. Letters, wires and long-distance telephone calls remedied that, however. The rest of their romance is recent history, except how it was kept so quiet, and how the surprise wedding was slipped over.

Of course, no woman keeps such news to herself for months. It has been claimed that Bette told no one until her station-wagon was well on its way to her New Year's Eve rendezvous with Farnsworth in Arizona. Actually, she had had confidants for some time. Bette doesn't confide in people until she is sure she can trust them. Then she trusts implicity. And few have ever broken faith with her.

Only the right people were in on her plans, so what seemed a miracle to Hollywood—a genuine surprise romance and marriage—was consummated.

Certain general precautions were used in arranging for the wedding. The license was secured under the star's legal name in Prescott, Arizona, which is not one of the Gretna Greens where license clerks, ministers and justices-of-the-peace may be news tipsters. The minister, Dr. Robert Price, came from the little town of Clarksdale.

And the big, rambling Spanish house on Jane Bryan Dart's Rimrock Ranch, surrounded by its 15,000 acres of range land, was an ideal spot for a secret marriage. The simple, old-fashioned ceremony occurred in the living room, with only Bette's relatives and some close friends present.

DESPITE Farnsworth's interest in California aviation and Bette's film career, they intend to make the Sugar Hill farm their home. That plan, or rather ideal, stems from Bette. She has always profoundly mistrusted the stability, even the reality, of Hollywood fame and fortune, which is perhaps one secret of her greatness. Many stars soon begin thinking that their Hollywood existence is the only reality, and that it is the outside world which is mythical!

"Those tree-clad acres and that old home on Sugar Hill represent security to me," she told me last summer. "I am not saying that just for effect. I mean it."

In much the same manner, Farnsworth represents the solid and secure to Bette, contrasting not only to the Hollywood type of man, but to the so-called artistic, career-crazed man everywhere. In this marriage there should be no clashes of temperament. Two real people, each with a background of experience favorable to their venture, have joined to challenge the movie marriage jinx.

Almost the last thing Bette said to me, when they came down to see me off, was that she hadn't been up with Farnie yet, but was crazy about flying. In fact, she'd buy a plane of her own and learn to pilot it.

It wasn't until I had my old crate up and pointed toward Los Angeles that I suddenly remembered how Bette has always hated flying in the past, and refused to have any part of it. That must be another evidence of the stability Farnie represents to her. He makes even the air seem safe.

Or maybe it's love!

THIS CRAZY HOLLYWOOD

THE new financial man had just come out to the quickie studio from New York and was telling the scenario writer what's wrong with the movies.

"Under this new system of economy I am going to put in," he announced, "you are to add ten per-cent more words to the conversation in every scene you write. That will make every scene take longer on the screen, and you'll have a lot less scenes to make for the film. Less scenes, less cost. Simple, isn't it?"

The writer was shocked. "But who'll go to see a picture made like that?" he complained. "Never mind," said the new expert. "I'm reducing the budget. You do as I say."

And so they made the picture. It cost more than the financial genius figured because the dialogue was so bad they had to make a lot of re-takes. And the folks in the audiences thought it was pretty stinko . . . Moral: The road back from Hollywood is paved with good intentions.

Up To His Neck

[*Continued from page* 33]

Ill. (Grand Detour is a swell name for a place in any way connected with this Orson Welles, isn't it?)

To go on: at Grand Detour and the age of 9, he high-pressured a young Grand Detour lady of the same age to elope with him . . .! He had it all figured out; they'd live on what he collected by doing sleight-of-hand tricks on street corners. They got as far as the main downtown Grand Detour street corner when they were caught. The resultant publicity far outweighed the resultant punishment, in young Orson Welles' estimation, and ever since, he's been following the precept that the more you get yourself talked about, the better.

YOU all know about the Men From Mars episode. That was one episode in which Welles got into it almost OVER his neck.

And the Dolores Del Rio-Cedric Gibbons bust-up. Hollywood holds a few observers who fancy that Orson was in that too—if not up to his neck, then at least part way. For justification of their belief, they point to Orson's own frank admission, now that Dolores is divorced (interlocutorily, you know) from Cedric, that he certainly hopes to marry her when she gets her final, early next year. He adds: "She's a wonderful girl. I've seen as much of her as she'd permit." From a Welles, that statement is not as simple as it sounds. Or maybe it is.

Right now, Welles is well up to his neck in his most talked-about publicity since the Men From Mars. It's the *Citizen Kane* affair—and if you don't know the details, then you're hopelessly unaware of what's going on in Hollywood. Welles, you know, has just finished a picture called *Citizen Kane* for RKO. It has cost about $800,000 and if RKO doesn't release it, RKO loses $800,000 and Orson doesn't get a cent, because that's the way Orson's contract is. So, you ask, what's to prevent its being released?

The answer is what all Hollywood is talking about—and the latest up-to-his-neck performance of Welles. *Citizen Kane*, according to Welles, is plotted around the life of an American character that is entirely fictitious. *Citizen Kane*, according to William Randolph Hearst, is a parody on his life. As this is written, there's been no settlement of the matter—but it looks very much as though *Citizen Kane* will never be released in its present form. Hollywood says Orson is raising Cain.

Welles is quite unperturbed about it. With the bland assurance of 26 years and a conviction that he really IS the genius some people have called him, Orson goes about wise-cracking over the sitchyashun he's gotten not only himself but also RKO into—up to their necks.

By the time you read this, the *Citizen Kane* affair will probably have been adjusted some way. But it's a cinch that Orson, by that time, will be up to his neck again—God knows in what, but in SOMETHING. He won't be happy unless he is.

Let this be said for Welles: the majority of those who know him believe in his utter sincerity. Some there are, to be sure, who hold that all this turmoil he gets into is merely shrewdly calculated chicanery, designed to get him talked about. But the majority know that whatever else he may be, he is utterly and completely sold on himself. He believes in himself with the same fervor and inclusiveness with which an evangelist believes in his God.

It is on that basis—his pre-conviction that anything he may do, no matter what, must be RIGHT—that Welles goes ahead doing things that nobody else would dare do. Maybe some day, he'll stop it. But first, he'll have to be slapped down awfully, awfully hard—and that's something that's never happened to him yet.

His egotism—call it that, frankly—makes him one of Hollywood's most amazing inmates. Not that egotism is a rarity in Hollywood. But most of Hollywood's egotists surround their egotism with a disarming air of modesty, which is phony but effective. For Welles, none of that! He airs his self-adulation frankly and unashamedly, and gets himself disliked, mostly by people who have never met him directly.

When one does meet him, face to face, and talks with him and gets talked at by him, one tempers one's reaction and the outcome is that one goes away rather liking the guy. A lot of interviewers, who went to him with dislike in their breasts and came away with a certain sort of grudging admiration in its place, admit that. They admit,

Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

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too, that they're bewildered by it—because, viewing the man objectively and impersonally, he still behaves like a pinchbeck genius.

For producers, he has utter disdain. He says so out loud, which is a rare thing in Hollywood. His dislike is born of his resentment for anyone who can exercise control over his own creative effort. He insists that a man who is neither an actor nor a director has no right to say to an actor or a director: "Throw that out" or "Put this in." So he goes around, tearing into producers. So far, he has gotten away with it. One reason is that he doesn't give two toots in a gale about money. In HOLLYWOOD, nobody who cares about money may dare cross a producer.

To Welles, money means absolutely nothing. He lives only to have a good time, and to him, having a good time means working—and getting talked about.

CONTRARY to popular belief, he doesn't even want to be an actor. He prefers to be a director. He acts only because he believes that he can't find anybody as good as himself for the part he wants portrayed! The other day, they were shooting some still pictures of him. He fussed and complained when told to mug this way and that way. Exasperated, the photographer shouted:

"You wanted to be an actor, didn't you? Well, then, ACT!"

Welles leaped up livid with petulance.

"I NEVER wanted to be an actor!" he almost screamed. "I only want to be a director—but they won't let me!"

In his egotism, Welles has worked out a very neat device to talk about himself without appearing to be using the perpendicular pronoun all the time. He rarely says "I" about himself. He prefers to talk about himself and his doings as "the Mercury Theater." That's his generic term for the permanent organization that consists of Welles, his agent, Welles, his business-manager, Welles, his press-agent, Welles, and two other actors he brought from New York to Hollywood, named Richard Wilson and William Alland. Of course, Orson is the mainspring and the life and the soul and the very being of "the Mercury Theater." It's his life, as well.

He doesn't care about social life—certainly not the Hollywood kind. Not that he didn't TRY it! When he first came to Hollywood, he cocked a canny eye at the situation and decided that whether he liked it or not, maybe it'd be a good idea to go in for the Hollywood manner in a Big Way. So he moved into one of the most palatial mansions in Hollywood, complete with swimming-pool, chauffeur, valet, nurse for the baby, and a flock of other servants.

He strutted about like the lord of the manor. He stalked grandly about his grounds and expanded: "This is great—wonderful—being rich, and all!" And then he got fed up with it, and when he found out that it didn't get him talked about, because everybody else in Hollywood does more or less the same thing, he chucked it. Now he lives in a small apartment in Beverly Hills, rarely goes to night clubs, and spends most of his time telling Dolores Del Rio how much he thinks of her and what a lousy painter she is.

He and she spend a lot of their spare time painting together. She does water colors which he thinks have an odor. He does modern stuff, violently, which Dolores doesn't comment on, as far as is publicly known in Hollywood. But if she doesn't, it indicates that she has remarkable self-restraint, or really loves the man.

Hollywood disappoints him. Like a kid (yes, yes; I know he IS a kid) he had the idea that when the studio doors closed at 5:30 every evening, the orgying began. It seemed like a nice idea to him. When he discovered that instead, Hollywood was a very dull town where people went home tired at 5:30, Hollywood fell in his estimation, and he's never thought very much of it since.

His office is a hodge-podge. It's like no office you've ever seen, or even imagined. Its walls are plastered with old theater-posters—horrendously outstanding being lurid ones about *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Orson has owned them for years, and wherever he goes, he sticks them up.

On a bookshelf, there is a colossal china cup. It's not a prop. He uses it. He drinks tea out of it—gallons of tea, daily. Cluttering the shelves and desk drawers are countless catalogues from magic-supply houses. Welles, among his innumerable other hobbies, includes sleight-of-hand. He loves to show off his parlor tricks.

In one corner of his office is a bean-bag game. He and the rest of "the Mercury Theater" and Dolores Del Rio play bean bag in the office, most of the time. Dolores beats them all, and that makes "the Mercury Theater" mad. Del Rio gave him the bean-bag game. She also gave him an electric train for Christmas.

In another corner of the office is his puppet stage. Orson has been playing with a puppet theater ever since he was a little child. He still plays with it.

He loves to eat. Next to working, and getting talked about, eating is his major delight in life. Every day, he stows away a stupendous dinner. To Orson Welles, a steak is a piece of meat, at least four inches thick. Anything thinner is an object of Wellesian derision. His only light meal is lunch—usually because he's too busy working to want to take time out for eating then. Breakfast displays a remarkable lack of imagination for an Orson Welles. He never varies breakfast—it's always fried eggs and bacon. So if you wake up some morning and find him in bed alongside you, you know what to feed him before you sweep him out.

Music? He likes it. He has a huge collection of classic music in his phonographic record cabinet. But he rarely plays them. Instead, he slaps on a platter of the wildest swing he can find—the wilder, the better he likes it. On the set, he keeps a radio. He always has it tuned in on a certain station that broadcasts boogie-woogie all night long. During shooting of *Citizen Kane,* the station changed its policy, and began broadcasting sweet and classical stuff. Orson flew into a temper. Then he gave orders—

The whole crew of the picture abandoned movie-making and got on different telephones. They called up the radio station, and began protesting violently over the change from swing to sweet. They disrupted the entire broadcasting outfit—not to mention what they did to production on *Citizen Kane.* But Welles got his swing back on the air.

RIGHT now, Hollywood is sitting back with a smug grin on its collective face, waiting to see what Welles will do next. They know he'll do SOMEthing. They want to see what will be the outcome of the *Citizen Kane* business; they want to see whether his love for Dolores Del Rio will last the many months before she gets her final decree of divorce; they want to see whether he'll marry her then—and anyway, even if he doesn't marry her, whether he'll give her a part in his next movie, as he has promised. They want to see, too, whether there ever will BE a "next movie" for Welles, after his current imbroglio.

Above all, they're watching his neck. To see what he'll get into up to it, next—or to see if, having stuck it out, it's going to feel the axe.

Maybe Welles will fool them. Maybe he'll just grow another beard. Then they won't be able to SEE his neck.

Why 8 Men Are First at the Box-Office

[*Continued from page* 46]

now at these, the ten biggest box-office attractions of 1940, and try to analyze psychologically, and from a woman's point of view, the reasons for their popularity. We shall discount everything personal. Some of these men may not be so hot in real life, and become mere puppets in the hands of clever writers, directors, publicity men and press-agents. But the important thing in this discussion is not the real man, but rather the type he portrays on the screen.

To begin at the top with the biggest money-maker—for his studio—in 1940, we have the inimitable Mickey Rooney. What does Mickey have, besides good stories, that made him our best box-office attraction through the most hectic year of our lives? If we remember ourselves at seventeen, then perhaps we can understand a little better. Nor must we forget that this is the age of accent on youth.

Never before in the history of the world has youth had so great a hand in the shaping of our ideas as it has today. Mickey Rooney is one of our leading exponents of this trend. His type portrays the American boy as we want him to be, not too frivolous, not too serious, but possessing an awareness that shows promise of development into worthy citizenship.

To the girls in their teens, the wild-haired Rooney means romance with a capital R. He is full of fun, clever, accomplished, confident—yet capable of feeling, and a kind of tenderness which boys of that age are inclined to suppress.

SECOND on the list is Spencer Tracy, which is the least difficult of all to understand; for the lovable Spence is popular with both men and women. But to a woman he represents the kind, the tender, the understanding man, and the type who would not fail her in a crisis. Every woman wants security, and there is about the Tracy personality that which promises complete loyalty and unwavering devotion as well as a bulwark of protection.

Clark Gable is always there at the finish. This time he came in third. Every year since 1934 he has been "in the money"—i. e., taken first, second or third place, except in 1939 when Spencer Tracy nosed him into fourth position. Can any red-blooded woman with an honest mind deny the Gable oomph?

When a woman declares that she sees nothing in Gable, we believe she is either a liar or has a deficiency of female hormones. And we can place a safe bet that many a staid spinster and prosaic housewife thrilled with deniable rapture to the Scarlett-being-carried-up-the-stairs scene in *Gone With the Wind*, and chiefly because the he-man Gable did the carrying. Not many girls want to marry the Gable type. They prefer security instead, but there is no question about Clark appealing to the Eve in most of us.

Gene Autry is the first real cowboy star ever to be honored among the first ten. Will Rogers and Gary Cooper have been at the top, but neither of them could be classed as typical "cowboy." Gene's place here is definitely the result of his popularity with the small boy. Every kid who has ever thrilled to a hard-riding Western saga, sees in Gene the personification of all his dreams.

The mellow-voiced Mr. Autry has been clever, too, in upholding Western tradition by staying in character off screen. He even

[*Continued on page* 77]

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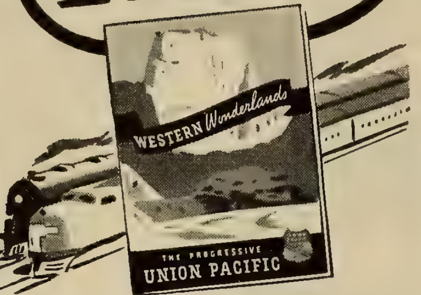

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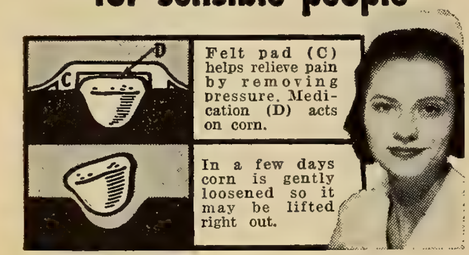

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 18]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Turfman Alfred G. Vanderbilt, in Hollywood for Santa Anita races, enjoys dance with Virginia Field at costume ball

BILL ORR thought he got square with lovely Brenda Joyce for that quickie marriage of hers to Owen Ward, which ended the rivalry between Orr and Ward that has kept all Hollywood amused for weeks and weeks and weeks.

Anyway, hardly had Owen and Brenda done their "I-do" act than Bill sent her a long telegram of congratulation—but he sent it COLLECT!!

However, his glee was short-lived. Within an hour, he got her reply. It was a 400-word telegram. And it cost him $6.40. Because Brenda sent it collect, too.

■

TATTLER'S TIP: Don't be surprised if it turns out that handsome young actor Ken Duncan has been secretly married for quite some time to a gal named Pat Winters, a non-professional.

■

MOST gigglesome romantic-antic of the month was pulled on Milton Berle. It happened on the set of the picture where Mary Beth Hughes has been working—and where Milton, all a-dither about the lovely Mary Beth has been spending so much of his spare time.

Anyway, the other day, Director Herb Leeds rushed over to the sidelines, where Milton was waiting for Mary Beth, and cried:

"Milton, look!—I've arranged for you to get screen credit on this production!"

Surprised, Milton said: "Me? Screen credit for me on THIS picture?"

"Yeah," grinned Leeds; "along with acknowledgments of the music-by-so-and-so, and the costumes by whoozis, and sets by what's-his-name, there'll be a line saying: 'Loitering by Milton Berle.' "

■

THIS-IS-HOLLYWOOD Note: Even though they're divorced, Mischa Auer still rushes up to Norma Auer when he meets her at a party, flings his arms about her, and cries: "Hello, Momma!"

■

WHAT the Hollywould gals are wondering about is whether or not matrimony will rob them of the attentions of Hollywood's Number-One Hand-Kisser, tall, *distingue* Ivan Lebedeff . . .!

Ivan, who for so many years held out against all of Cupid's snares, but merrily went his way kissing every feminine hand within reaching distance, has finally fallen. The other day, he found himself in Ensenada, Mexico, getting married to Wera Engels, the European actress, whose hand he had kissed many times along with others.

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Clark Gable and Carole Lombard flew to Baltimore recently, Clark to get physical check-up at Johns Hopkins Hospital

Why 8 Men Are First at the Box-Office

[*Continued from page* 75]

dresses the part in every day life, and his personal life is above reproach. Women are not responsible for his having made fourth place in this poll, but it is interesting to observe that they always stay to see a film of his even when they have come purposely to see "the other feature."

When he was appearing in person at the Rodeo held in Madison Square Garden in New York last fall, just as many girls as boys waited at the stage door to greet him.

This fan is somewhat prejudiced in favor of Gene, because she, too, was born and reared on the plains of Texas, and gets a great kick out of seeing another Texan up there near the top. There is something about a Western man, which may be said without sounding too biased, that makes a woman feel that she is on that well-known pedestal once again. They have a gift for making a woman feel like a saint. The small boy may have put Gene where he is today, but no girl is going to mind his being there—not by a long shot

Fifth from the top is Tyrone Power, the gallant and handsome young knight in shining armor. Tyrone has captured the fancy of those fans who once worshiped at the shrine of Robert Taylor. Which is unfortunate, because Bob has talent, but suffered under the strain of a premature build-up. With good stories, and a little more experience, there is no reason why Robert Taylor should not recapture his one-time box-office appeal.

Tyrone Power, nevertheless, possesses that intangible something we call charm. He has the graciousness of manner and poise that we associate with nobility. He is definitely "to the manor born," with that touch of elegance which a world gone mad has dire need of at present.

James Cagney, of whom it has been said has more sex appeal than any other man in pictures, is sixth in line. Certainly he has an unquenchable vitality that can hold an audience on its seat's edge more effectively than any other of the hard-boiled type. There is about Cagney the same vibrant life that is New York City.

If you happen to be one of those who love Manhattan, you will love Cagney, too; for his personality reflects every characteristic of the city that gave him to the world. On the surface both are tough, hard, cynical, even ruthless, but scratch that veneer and there you will find a heart as great and kind as can be found anywhere.

His is the type that knows all about life's seamier side, but who would defend a decent girl with all he had. To a woman he is a kind of combined Tracy and Gable.

BING CROSBY must have sung his way into seventh place; for there's little else that he has—as far as this writer can see. However, he does have an endearing quality about him that has a certain charm. He is gentle and easy-going and unpretentious, but hardly one to appeal to the imagination, except through song. That soothing voice of his might inspire a woman to say, "Sing, damn you, sing!" Nor can few deny that therein lies his power the savage female breast to calm.

There comes a time in the life of every human being—man and woman—when he or she tires of pretense, of playing a part; a time when we long for the simple, the unspoiled, the genuine. Wallace Beery—box-office winner—eighth—is the man on the screen best qualified to answer this need. To women satiated with sophistication and over-exposed to glamour, this kind of man is like manna in the wilderness.

There is about his very homeliness and unkempt appearance, such supreme safety. He is the only person on the screen today who comes close to taking the place of the beloved Marie Dressler. May Wally always stay there among the big ten! He has earned that place through years of loyalty to us.

IT IS interesting to note that each of these men is American born, which is significant. Yes, the Charles Boyers and the Laurence Oliviers may have large followings in the more sophisticated cities and communities, but the girls from Kansas City and Kalamazoo and Keokuk prefer their actors with a U. S. A. trademark upon them.

Only once in the past eight years has a non-American man been named in this poll, and that was the dashing Errol Flynn. These Irishmen do have a way with the ladies! And Flynn is still a popular favorite among them, but alas, men resent him as much as we women resent Hedy Lamarr.

It is a wise Hollywood, indeed, that keeps its fingers upon the pulse of its feminine fans, because no better barometer exists.

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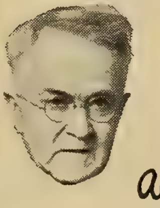

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 76]

Joe E. Browns celebrate 25th wedding anniversary by getting remarried in church surrounded by children. 25 years ago they were married in NYC, took trip on subway

Susan Hayward, Titian-haired lov-a-dovely of Paramount lot, was borrowed by Republic to decorate *Sis Hopkins*—the comedy which stars Judy Canova

Maybe this hand-kissing act of Ivan's is a giggle to some folks. But after all, there's something nostalgically Old-World in the way Ivan did his stuff. After all, he is a member of a family that was once close to the Czar Nicholas of Russia—and when Ivan, meeting a new gal, stood straight as a colonel and clicked his heels and then jackknifed from the waist to brush the fair one's dainty paw with his moustached lip—well, the gals dam' near swooned . . .!

■

VIC ORSATTI, who's learned about Hollywood Women from THEM, has learned one basic truth, it seems. That is: Don't Go Out With The Same Gal Too Steadily! Result—Vic has turned into one of the town's most many-girled escorts. Recent datees include Betty Grable, Marjorie Weaver and even that Cletus Caldwell, who was supposed to be Ken Murray's central heating system.

■

TATTLER'S TIP: Hollywood isn't at all sure, any more, that Harry Ritz and Mary Heath really ever will get married.

■

CAROLE LANDIS, who takes no second place to Mae West when it comes to that, is a gal who doesn't

[*Continued on page* 82]

Why All the Mystery, Madeleine?

[Continued from page 26]

out of the plane was a tall, rugged, American-looking man, with an overcoat over his arm, who walked hurriedly toward the nearest airport exit, like somebody late for an appointment. The boys ignored him.

The stewardess of the plane, forgetting her Emily Post, pointed after him. "That's Mr. Carlett," she told them.

"Who's *he*?" they wanted to know.

"Miss Carroll's friend," said the stewardess.

A couple of the photographers raced after the tall young man. But they didn't get his picture. He saw them coming, draped his overcoat over his head, and dashed to a waiting limousine, which whisked him away.

The rest of the boys, sticking to their post at the bottom of the passenger steps, didn't see anybody who looked like a movie version of a French Count precede Madeleine out of the plane.

When she finally appeared in the doorway, the last passenger to emerge, they demanded, "Was Mr. de la Roziere traveling as 'Mr. Carlett?' "

She smiled, and said, "Yes."

"Is he your fiance?"

She countered, "He is a very dear friend."

"How did he happen to be on the same plane with you, and not under his own name, if he's only a friend?"

She said, "There's nothing significant in that. He has business interests all over the country—including Los Angeles. And he doesn't want publicity."

"Then it isn't a romance?" the boys asked, skeptically.

She said, "I'm in mourning for my sister, who was killed recently in an air raid on London. I'm not even thinking, let alone talking, about romance."

THAT was months ago. Ever since, Mr. de la Roziere—in spite of his "business interests all over the country"—has remained in Los Angeles. He and Madeleine have been together constantly. People who have seen them together are positive that they are in love. They are completely absorbed with each other. And her friends say she has told them that she is in love.

But, officially, her emotions are still a secret. She hasn't given out statements. She has politely, but positively, refused to be interviewed on the subject of love.

Hollywood wants to know: "Why all the mystery, Madeleine?"

It isn't any mystery. It's just Madeleine. She may be an actress, but she's an old-fashioned girl. She has the quaint notion that people with good taste don't discuss their private emotions in public. She has the even quainter notion that a girl in love would cheapen her love, talking about it to strangers just to get her name in print.

She hasn't suddenly acquired such notions. She had them long before Lieut. de la Roziere ever entered her life.

The first time she came to Hollywood, everybody knew that she was in love and everybody knew the name of the man she loved. His name was Capt. Philip Astley; he was one of the English upper-crust; and she had been married to him since 1931. But then, as now, she refused to talk about love for publication.

Hollywood never suspected that a blonde could be an old-fashioned girl, an idealist. Hollywood thought that she was keeping quiet for the sake of her career. Trying to make people forget that she was married.

IN JUNE, 1939, the news that she was getting a divorce caught everyone by surprise.

If she had kept silent before, only to keep from stressing the fact that she was a married woman, she would have talked then. She would have seized the opportunity to give out sob-stories about her emotions—to make millions of people aware that now she *really* was an eligible bachelor girl.

But she didn't talk, even then.

And she was in love with Richard de la Roziere a year before the first romance rumor leaked out—in spite of the fact that romance rumors are supposed to be good for a Glamour Girl's career. The only reason why the rumor leaked out when it finally did was that a New York friend of Madeleine's tipped off a newspaper pal. Madeleine, herself, didn't burst out with the news. She still hasn't officially confirmed it.

Hollywood, which thought it understood her silence before, doesn't understand her silence now. Hollywood still hasn't grasped

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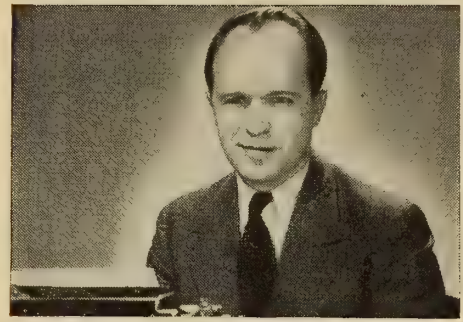

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the fact that here is one actress who simply doesn't have what it takes to discuss private emotions in public . . . Hollywood wonders if maybe "the Count" was the cause of her divorce; if maybe that explains the "mystery" of her silence.

The answer is No. The answer doesn't come from Madeleine. But it comes from people so close to her that they know the whole story.

According to them, it was Captain Astley who asked for the divorce, although it was Madeleine who obtained it. For some time, they had been husband and wife in name only, but Madeleine had never contemplated divorce. Her religion expressly forbade it. According to these friends, it took months to persuade her to seek a special dispensation from the Church.

Then, before she filed suit, she had to discuss a property settlement with Captain Astley. She made a trip abroad for that purpose. That was in the Spring of 1939. After a few days in London, she went on to Paris—her favorite vacation spot. Over a long period of years, dating from her college days at the Sorbonne, she had made countless friends there. And she had a 300-year-old chateau in the suburbs, twenty-five miles out.

IT WAS on that trip that she met Richard de la Roziere, young Paris broker. And it was love practically at first meeting. It was strange that they never met before. They had many mutual friends—not only in Paris and London, but the United States, which he had visited many times. One of his closest American friends was the Paramount producer, Y. Frank Freeman.

Her divorce suit was filed in June.

In August, she rushed abroad again, in the face of war threats. Monsieur de la Roziere was the reason. Madeleine knew that, as a reserve lieutenant in the air corps, he was subject to immediate mobilization. Also, in case of war and the bombing of Paris, she wanted to arrange for the 200 orphans of The Sisters of the Poor—her pet charity—to occupy her chateau.

Returning to Hollywood, she stopped briefly in London. She saw Captain Astley, who had just rejoined his regiment. A reporter asked her if she had decided not to go through with her divorce now. She made a typical Carroll answer. She said, "I'd rather not talk about that." The reporter jumped to conclusions. He sent out a dispatch that Madeleine was dropping all plans for a divorce.

In New York, ship news reporters asked her about that. She said that it wasn't true. But she didn't tell why.

She received her divorce in December.

Late in January, 1940, she went to Europe again. But all that the newspapers found out was that she was taking over seven trunkloads of knitted garments for the 200 orphans at her chateau—and was hoping to bring back her parents, who lived near Croydon Airdrome on the outskirts of London.

She came back to make *North West Mounted Police,* full of stories about the orphans, and Paris, and London, and her parents and younger sister, Marguerite, who refused to leave England. But not a hint did she give that most of her thoughts were with a young lieutenant in a single-seat fighting plane somewhere over France.

Then, after *North West Mounted Police,* she flew to Europe again. That was last June. The Germans had invaded France, were advancing upon Paris. She said she was frantic about her orphans. And so she was. But she was even more frantic about Lieut. de la Roziere, whose existence gossip columnists still hadn't

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suspected. Her divorce had just become quietly final. She was free to marry him—if she could reach him in time.

There was another dramatic situation, which she refused to dramatize. She turned down another golden opportunity to focus attention on Madeleine Carroll, a very romantic person.

IF SHE hadn't confided to a friend at the last minute, just before she boarded the Clipper, "I'm going over to marry the man I love," the newspapers wouldn't have found out for months that she was in love with a young Frenchman.

That trip was tragic. In Lisbon, she stepped from the Clipper into a car that rushed her across Portugal and Spain to the French border. And the day that she reached the French border, the Germans swarmed into Paris. She was too late to reach her orphans. She hoped she wasn't too late to reach the man she loved. She tried frantically to find out where he was—if he was still alive. She couldn't find out a thing. She couldn't get to the headquarters of the retreating French government, to enlist the aid of high officials whom she knew. There were no cars available, no drivers for hire, for such a mission. She sent wire after wire and waited, waited, waited for an answer—meanwhile doing what she could to help the terrified refugees who were pouring into Biarritz. No answer ever came.

She waited until the day before France surrendered, then crossed back into Spain. British citizens in France would be interned, if the Germans caught them. From Madrid she sent more frantic wires and was answered only by silence. Six weeks passed. She had to return to America to make *Virginia,* without knowing what had happened to Lieut. de la Roziere.

She was back in America several days before she finally learned his whereabouts. Then, on the heels of word that her parents had moved away from Croydon and that her orphans, too, were safe, she received a cable from her lieutenant, from North Africa. He had flown there when France surrendered and was being demobilized.

It was a complete surprise when he arrived in New York last December. They would have been married then and there—if a tragic thing hadn't happened in the meantime. Her sister had been killed by a bomb. She couldn't marry so soon after such a tragedy.

Lieut. de la Roziere is in the United States on a visitor's permit, which is good for only six months. That means that next May he will have to leave the country and can't return until he has a quota number. Where will he go? Madeleine's friends say that he may go to Canada, or to some French possession in the West Indies, or to South America—some place within fairly easy flying distance of Hollywood.

He speaks English fluently—as fluently as Madeleine speaks French. (She once taught French in an English girls' school.) When they are together, and want to talk privately, they both speak French.

Physically, the lieutenant is a little on the order of Fred MacMurray. He's six-feet-two and built in proportion, with short-cut, very black hair. He isn't the handsome type—but he's not hard to look at. He has no acting ambitions.

If France rejoins the Allies, he'll be back in the fight.

Some people are baffled by Madeleine's falling in love with a Frenchman. There's no mystery about that. She's half-French, herself. Her father is Irish (her real name is O'Carroll), and her mother is French, born Helene de Rosiere.

There's no mystery whatsoever about Madeleine. She isn't trying to hide the fact that she's in love. She just happens to be an old-fashioned girl. She doesn't believe in discussing her private emotions in public.

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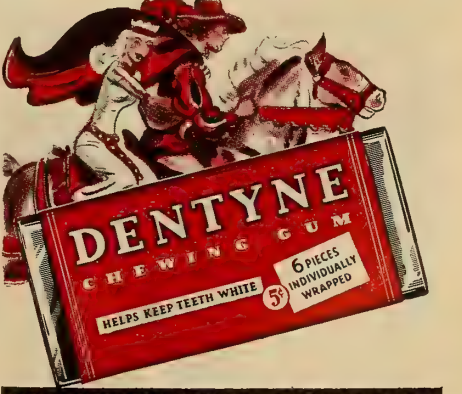

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 78]

Who wouldn't leave cares of running Defense Production to dance with Deanna? William S. Knudsen did just that at the President's Birthday Ball in Washington

mind being seen out with the boys and talked about—but she DOES mind when they say she's gonna marry one of them . . .!

That's why she broadcast out loud, the other day, that she has no intention at all of becoming Mrs. Franchot Tone. Carole, diplomatic enough, didn't make her denial sound like a brush-off for Franchot, with whom she'd been outstepping numerously. Instead, she suavely pointed out that she won't have her final decree of divorce from Willis Hunt until next November, and so how the heck could she think of marrying anyone else—even Franchot—now?

Anyway, since then, Franchot has faded out of the Landis picture, and in his place looms Cedric Gibbons, who isn't Mr. Dolores Del Rio any more. Carole and Cedric have discovered each other, as Hollywood quaintly puts it. You ought to see them turning on their stuff, at such niteries, for instance, as the Scheherazade and Mocambo and Ciro's and the Rhum-Boogie.

But don't get the idea that Cedric is EVERYthing, in Carole's life. He may be Number One—but don't overlook Eddie Norris and Phil (rich New Yorker) Ammidon. Don't overlook them; Carole certainly doesn't.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gwen Kenyon and Joie Ray—
. . . . THAT WAY!

■

LINDA DARNELL'S a lovely gal—but Garson Kanin has no intention of letting her get between him and Katharine Hepburn at all, at all, at all, at all . . .

And so, when a columnist printed, the other day, that Garson had been out at Ciro's the night before with Linda, Kanin hit the telephone ten minutes after he'd seen the paper, and was explaining to Katharine that it wasn't one of those in-the-corner twosomes at all; that Johnny Hyde was along; and that there's nobody in the Kanin life at all besides Katie herself.

And how'd you like to bet that Katharine won't be Mrs. K. before 1942's here?

■

MEANTIME, Garson or no Garson, Linda's doing pretty well for herself. What with Mickey Rooney and Robert Stack and Ted North and Bob Shaw, Linda doesn't lack for escorts to the Hollywood nite-spots. But to Linda, they're only NITE-spots, and NOT LATE-spots. Because Linda is a good gal, and she obeys the Hollywood curfew that insists that li'l tots like her must be home and in beddy-beddy in plenty of time.

In Hollywood, Mickey Rooney seems to be No. 1 laddie in Linda's plans. But don't forget that the real heart-interest for her (if any) still seems to be that 25-year-old Mexico City Latin named Jaime (pronounce that Hy-may) Jorba.

And wouldn't "Linda Jorba" be a euphonious name?

For role in *I Wanted Wings*, Constance Moore was inducted into The Women Flyers of America at Rockaway Airport, L. I. First Hollywood star so honored

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

and sat at Decker's feet and Decker began stroking him.

Suddenly, Barrymore's eyes focused, surprisingly and surprisedly, on the dog at Decker's feet.

"John," declaimed Barrymore, in the best eyebrow-twitching Barrymore tradition; "John, what a magnificent dog you have there. I didn't know that you had a dachshund. What's his name?"

"Why—ah—his name's Gus," said Decker.

"My GOD!" screamed Barrymore. "I, too, have a dachshund named Gus. WHAT a coincidence; what a COINCIDENCE!!!"

Then John went to sleep. And so did John.

Camera Charms

■ Hottest battle of Hollywood right now is the recurrent "sexy-art" fight.

Always, the Hays office has frowned on too much "schmoo" in still pictures of Hollywood gals, for publication. The Hays office even has a list of specific rules about those certain areas of epidermis that must NOT be shown in any pictures released for publication.

But lately, the cameramen have been stepping not only close to the edge of what's forbidden, but now and then, they slip over. Legs have been shown on all sides, even though the Hays office says the INside of the leg mustn't be photographed. And aside from legs—h'mmmmm! have you noticed the new crop of pictures revealing the chesty charms of some of the more maewestian mammas of Hollywood?

Funny angle is Carole Landis' recent scream that she won't pose for any more leg art. Sequel to that is the amusing fact that in her next movie, you'll see her in seven different bathing suits, all showing so much that there's absolutely no mystery left about Carole!

If this keeps up, pretty soon everybody'll know just where that certain top star has a cute mole.

Spotting the Thief

■ Don't try ever to steal John Hubbard's hat, or you'll be insulted by him via remote control. He has a label stitched inside all his toppers, reading:

"Put it back, damn you; it ain't yours!"

Kibbee Kissed

■ Best laugh of the month is on Guy Kibbee—and he asked for it . . .!

He was at a friend's house for dinner. They had fried chicken. Kibbee, who loves few things more than eating, stuffed himself into heaven on the fried chicken, and finally orated:

"I'd love to KISS the cook who did this."

The hostess, twinkling, called the cook. In stepped a gargantuan black mammy, blacker than the soul of a dictator.

Kibbee was a sport.

He kissed her.

Gene Rescues the Mutts

■ To Gene Raymond, a low brow. The other day, he was visiting the public pound. Three kids were standing there, crying their little hearts out. Gene Raymond inquired why—and five minutes later, he had planked out the license fees for the three mutts that had belonged to the kids, but that had been taken up by the dog-catcher and were to have been exterminated because the kids couldn't afford the fees.

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Children Who Steal the Show

[*Continued from page* 31]

not been the training of Susanna's remarkable voice—but the harnessing of the deviltry that's in her. A dynamic rogue with a bag of tricks that spills a practical joke a minute, this girl has been the terror of the studio for the past year. To turn one's back to her on the set is to invite disaster. So she'd have to be whittled down.

But, like Mickey Rooney, Susie could "take it," and beamed under the combined efforts of the crew members and the cast to lay on enough gags and practical jokes to teach her a lesson.

She was born and christened Susanna Larson in Chicago, got her grade schooling and "knack for singing" in Minneapolis and her break in *The Great Victor Herbert* in Hollywood, where she was renamed Susanna Foster—"because Stephen Foster, who wrote *Oh Susanna,* is some sort of a relative of mine, if you go back far enough."

NECESSITY has made some of the screen youngsters wise far beyond their years. Consider the present sensation of the 20th Century-Fox lot, for example. Stanley Clements, the fourteen-year-old you'll see in *Tall, Dark and Handsome,* is a dynamic mite. Raised on as colorful a street as Brooklyn boasts, living in his step-father's home where money was as scarce as Sunday-school picnics, Stash (the name Stanley invited trouble in his neighborhood) was on his own at the age of nine.

As an attempt to sell papers only meant a cuffing by the older boys who claimed "paper rights" to every street in the district, and as he couldn't average a half-a-dollar a day shining shoes, Stash Clements had to look elsewhere for his coffee and sinkers. He found that in the subways, singing. Stash, his three-year-older brother, Walter, and his pal, Bennie Merino, spent all day and most of the night riding subway trains and singing.

But Stash's voice, which is both a tenor and baritone, demanded larger fields. So the boys formed the habit of going up to amateur contests in Connecticut. Stash won first, Walter second, and Bennie third prize at this amateur competition until theater managers, band leaders and others who held the contests got wise to them. Then they were barred, and told to enter Major Bowes' contests, where they'd find things a little different. So Stash went to Major Bowes' try-outs, sang a song as a tenor, took a drink of water, and did it over again as a baritone. A half-dozen more people were brought in to listen and Stanley was asked to repeat.

"Then," says Stash, "I do it all over again—and somebody tells me I'm going to be on Major Bowes' program. I think that's swell, and go on the air and cop first prize."

Stash traveled the country with a Bowes' unit for more than a year, then returned to Brooklyn and his first love, singing in the subway. But by now pictures had heard of him, and he got a call from the New York office of 20th Century-Fox. He rehearsed his songs, oiled up his tenor and baritone, and was ready to show the movies something new in singing. However, they didn't want him for singing, only for acting. Stash had never acted in his life, but when he discovered they wanted him to do a scene in competition with a dozen other boys, he tightened his belt and went to it. The tests were sent to Hollywood and Stash got the part in *Tall, Dark and Handsome.* Most of those who've seen and heard him claim he's probably the most amazing of Hollywood's unpredictable importations. He has one weakness—he

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can't cry. No matter how hard he tries, he just can't. Seriously he says: "I suppose that'll ruin me in this racket, but Jeez, I can't, I'm too tough."

But little Darryl Hickman over at M-G-M can take care of that department for both of them. He's the all-time champion crier of Hollywood. He can turn on the faucet at the snap of a finger, and never mean a drop of it. "There are two ways Uncle Norman (that's how he refers to director Taurog on *Men of Boystown*) set me off. I just go off in the corner and work up a cry, or he tells me something sad. It doesn't matter what, just so long as it's sad."

Darryl is nine, has played in dozens of movies, but he is most easily remembered as the little fellow with the big derby with the dancing newsboys in *The Starmaker*. Darryl has a very important part in *Men of Boystown*. He is Mickey Rooney's protege in the picture, just as he now is in real life. Mickey thinks the boy has a great future—and so do director Norman Taurog and M-G-M.

In movie circles in Hollywood the subject of crying doesn't come up without mentioning Joan Carroll. Because when it comes to shedding tears it's always a toss-up whether Joan or the director will "give." Falling back on woman's prerogative, Joan has two minds on the matter of crying. Maybe she will, and maybe she won't. And nobody ever knows which "maybe" will turn up. Joan was only four when she played the little girl in 20th Century-Fox's *One Mile From Heaven* and tied production up for half-a-day because she didn't feel like crying in a heartrending scene.

But crying doesn't especially appeal to Joan Carroll. She'd rather be tough. And if you happened to see her as Ginger Rogers' "meanie" sister in *Primrose Path*, and heard her sing *Don't Swat Your Mother, Boys*, you'll know what she means.

Coming after eight tiny bit parts in pictures where she was whisked in and out like the proverbial oyster in the stew, *Primrose Path* gave Joan something in which to sink her teeth. She was only seven when she played in that picture, but it brought her a long-term contract with RKO and tempting offers from Broadway producers. Among them, a part in DeSylva's *Panama Hattie*.

Joan's success in that stage play, and her excellent performance in *Laddie*, in which she was co-featured, has marked her as one of the most brilliant and promising of Hollywood's mighty mites. And when her stage contract expires in June, RKO will have a starring picture ready for her.

SPEAKING of mites brings to mind the smallest star Hollywood has ever known—Baby Sandy, the boy who turned out to be a girl. All Sandy's life she has been a problem. First, because she made her film debut as a baby boy in *East Side of Heaven* with Bing Crosby. Second, because after her terrific hit as a boy in *Unexpected Father*, nature took a hand and she started to develop strong feminine characteristics. Third, because as a baby who was going to be starred in her next picture, actors shied away from playing with her.

Now Sandy presents a problem to both Universal and her mother, Mrs. Roy Henville. With the completion of *Sandy Gets Her Man* (which takes her well past the age that sent Baby LeRoy to oblivion), the studio wonders whether it should continue to star her while her appearance is changing almost monthly, or whether it should retire her from the screen temporarily, give her a thorough training in drama and dancing, and then bring her out again as a child wonder at the age of five or six.

Her mother's problem is this: should she take Sandy out of pictures and let her lead the private life of a normal child, now that she has enough cash to take care of Sandy's reasonable needs for life, or should she push her career?

No such problems face Mrs. Forman R. Schoonover or Universal in the case of Gloria Jean.

Starring in her first picture, Gloria has three films to her credit: *The Underpup*, *If I Had My Way* and *A Little Bit of Heaven*. When Gloria starts her next picture she'll be the age Deanna Durbin was when she started working in *Three Smart Girls*. With such a start, who can predict how far this youngster will go?

Each year a score of kid-packed pictures are shot—many of them employing more than a hundred children a day. At least three hundred are being used in a single scene in *Men of Boystown*.

THESE background groups naturally do not include youngsters such as Larry Nunn, the thirteen-year-old member of Irene Rich's radio program, who made such a hit in *Strike Up the Band*; or Jimmy Lydon of Tom Brown's *School-Days* and who scored as the misfit boy in *Little Men*; or Richard Nichols who appeared in that same picture, and whose work in *Kitty Foyle* has received so much comment. Or that precious pair "Butch and Buddy" (ten-year-old Billy Lanhart and eight-year-old Kenneth Brown) at Universal; or six-year-old Larry Simms of the *Blondie* series—who, believe it or not, was made mayor of Venice, Calif., and co-operated with Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles in sending out the invitations to the National Mayors' Conference.

Youngsters who are very "hot" with Hollywood directors and producers because of recent excellent performances are Richard Nichols, Carolyn Lee, Gene Reynolds and Virginia Weidler. . . . Virginia is the veteran of the group, having played in over thirty pictures. Starting at the age of two in *Moby Dick* with John Barrymore, she has left a trail of successful performances behind her—highlighted by fine work in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *Out West With the Hardys*, *The Great Man Votes* (also with John Barrymore) and *The Philadelphia Story*.

Gene Reynolds' performance in *Santa Fe Trail* has put him in demand in almost every studio in town. Like Virginia, Gene is under contract to M-G-M. Also like her, he gets around. Gene, at the age of sixteen, has quite a professional background behind him.

At ten he played in *Babes in Toyland*—and from then on appeared in many pictures. He is especially remembered for his performances in *In Old Chicago* and *Of Human Hearts* with James Stewart and Walter Huston. His portrayal of the crippled boy in that film won him a long-term M-G-M contract, and parts in *The Crowd Roars*, *Love Finds Andy Hardy* and *Boystown*.

Richard Nichols is only five, but he has appeared in *Little Men*, *Kitty Foyle* and other pictures—and his work in *All This, and Heaven Too* (he played the part of Charles Boyer's son) made a "marked man" of him.

Tiny Carolyn Lee at Paramount is the novice of the group. Her first assignment, in *Honeymoon in Bali*, was at the age of four. She was five when she went into *Virginia*. Hollywood vows that besides her natural charm and dramatic ability she has great comedy possibilities—a claim her marvelous performance in *Virginia* seems to justify. . . . Her real name is Carolyn Copp; she was born in Columbus, Ohio; she is forty inches tall and weighs 42 pounds.

Many a Hollywood actor wishes these Baby Burglars of the movies were playing "atmosphere," as youngsters are the greatest scene-stealers in pictures.

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I Baked It Myself

[*Continued from page* 52]

The ingredients you use in making a cake are very important. For example:

Flour: Either cake or pastry flour, or all-purpose (bread) flour may be used. However, cake flour produces a far lighter, whiter, and more tender cake.

Shortening: The flavor and tenderness of a cake are largely dependent upon the shortening you use. Remember this when selecting a shortening for cakemaking. Butter or margarine may be used interchangeably. But when substituting unsalted shortening, be sure to double the amount of salt the recipe calls for.

Sugar: Use fine granulated sugar unless the recipe specifies another kind. If you want a light, velvety cake, do not use coarse sugar. Be sure also that you measure the sugar accurately. Use a standard measuring cup and level off the top with a knife or spatula. Too much sugar will make the cake coarse and crumbly, and may cause it to fall.

Eggs: Select medium size eggs. For best results, remove eggs from the refrigerator several hours before using. Egg whites beat up more lightly and quickly when at room temperature.

Liquids: Fresh milk is most commonly used, although evaporated milk, milk powders, sour milk, buttermilk, water, and fruit juices may be used. But, whatever the liquid, measure it accurately. Too much liquid causes sogginess or heavy streaks in the bottom of the cake; too little makes a cake dry.

Leavening: Use only a good standard baking powder. The recipes included in this article have been developed with a double-action baking powder. The usual proportions are 1 teaspoon of baking powder to 1 cup of flour. If you use another type of baking powder, adjust the proportions as recommended on the label by the manufacturer.

There are various ways of knowing when a cake is done, but these four are probably the most commonly used.

A—A clean straw, toothpick, or cake tester inserted in the center should come out clean and dry.

B—When gently pressed with finger, the cake will spring back without showing fingerprint.

C—Cake will shrink slightly from the sides of the pan.

D—When completely baked, cake should have finished rising and have a delicate brown crust.

As we've already mentioned, careful handling of a cake after it has been removed from the oven, plus proper cooling (see below), will assure your having a cake about which you'll be proud to say "Yes, I baked it myself." Bear this in mind.

After you remove it from the oven, place the cake (still in the pan) on a cake rack for about 5 minutes, then loosen it from the sides with a spatula and turn it out on a rack. Turn it right side up to finish cooling. The cake rack will allow air to circulate around the cake, preventing steaming which may cause sogginess. This method is not used, however, for sponge cakes. They should be left in their pan until cool. The pan, by the way, should be inverted.

IN ANSWER to hundreds of requests from you readers, we've tried to give you a few of the fundamentals of good cake-baking. Naturally, it has been impossible to cover all the good and bad points that will help you to make cakes you'll be proud of, but, at least, we hope that from among these pointers you will find a few that will answer

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your own particular problem. If we can help you further, please do not hesitate to let us know.

Below you will find Fay Holden's own favorite Sunshine Cake—the one she calls her "Golden Angel Cake." I hope you will enjoy baking it as well as making the other cake recipes which are "favorites from *our* favorite file." The Prune-Apricot Upside-Down Cake is a dandy. That's the one you saw illustrated on page 52. And, by the way, the batter for the Surprise Cake from which the Prune-Apricot Upside-Down Cake is made may be prepared and stored in the refrigerator for several days if you like. And later in the week, if you wish, you may use it for Spice Walnut Cup Cakes or Favorite Jelly Squares (for recipes see coupon below). If you make the whole recipe for Surprise Cake, but use only a portion of it, and wish to store the rest in the refrigerator, place a damp cloth over the bowl, cover that with waxed paper, and tie securely. It will keep nicely. Good luck, and good baking.

FAY HOLDEN'S "GOLDEN ANGEL CAKE"

2¾ cups sifted cake flour
2¾ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter
1¼ cups sugar
8 egg yolks
¾ cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Beat egg yolks thoroughly with rotary egg beater until light colored and thick enough to fall from beater in heavy continuous stream. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. When all flour is added, beat well again. Add lemon extract. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes.

Seven Minute Frosting

8 egg whites (remaining from above cake recipe)
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons water
1½ teaspoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine all ingredients except vanilla in upper part of double boiler. Beat constantly over boiling water for 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks and is the consistency to spread. Blend in vanilla.

PRUNE-APRICOT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

4 tablespoons margarine
½ cup brown sugar
12 soft prunes, halved
20 soft apricots
Surprise Cake batter

Melt margarine in an 8x8x2 inch pan over low heat. Add sugar, stir until melted. On this arrange apricots and prunes which have been soaked in cold water until soft. Drain and dry. Place cut side up. Pour about ⅓ of Surprise Cake batter over contents of pan. Bake at once in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 minutes, or until done. Loosen cake from sides and bottom of pan with spatula. Serve upside down on dish with fruit on top. Serve plain or garnished with whipped cream. This cake may be served hot or cold.

Surprise Cake Batter

1 cup margarine
2 cups sugar
4 eggs, well beaten
4¾ cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream margarine thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs a little at a time, mixing well after each addition. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Beat well. Divide batter into pan for storing in refrigerator and bake as Prune-Apricot Upside-Down Cake, Favorite Jelly Squares, and Spice Walnut Cup Cakes. (These last two recipes will be found in the free leaflet "Better Baking." See coupon below).

RED DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

½ cup margarine
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
4 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon red liquid vegetable coloring
2 tablespoons hot coffee
2 cups cake flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream margarine, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Blend in well beaten eggs. Mix cocoa, red coloring, and hot coffee together to form a smooth paste. Blend it into the creamed mixture immediately (cocoa mixture tends to stiffen upon standing). Sift flour once, measure, add salt and soda, and sift again. Add to creamed mixture alternately with sour milk or buttermilk. Blend in vanilla. Pour into well greased tube pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 55 to 60 minutes. When cool spread with boiled icing, and arrange walnut halves on top and sides.

NOTE: If you prefer a spice variation, use 2 tablespoons cocoa and 1 teaspoon cinnamon in place of 4 tablespoons cocoa.

If you have enjoyed these choice cake recipes and would like to enrich your files with several other favorites, fill in the coupon below and send today for your FREE copy of *"Better Baking."* Pauline Rawley will be happy to send you such delightful recipes as "One-Egg Cake," "Plantation Marble Cake," "Spice Walnut Cup Cakes," and "Favorite Jelly Squares." (The last two are the ones made from the Surprise Cake batter.) Be sure to send for your copy of *"Better Baking"* today.

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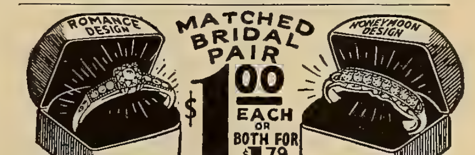

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A Second Tyrone? Another Harlow?

[*Continued from page* 56]

He learned about horses as he learned his verbs; summers he spent on ranches. "Sometimes a bunch of us fellows would go away for a couple of weeks, hunting and fishing, eating what we caught," he says, giving free rein to his broad Texas drawl. "Once we went da-own to Corpus Christi in an old truck and we dressed only in shorts, and soon we were as tanned as Indians.

"One morning we swam across one of the lagoons and went over to an island that was covered only with sand and snakes. Pretty soon a Coast Guard came by and said 'You fellows better get back to mainland right quick. A big storm's coming up and it'll catch you.' So we raced back across the lagoon and made the land just in time. The next morning, after the blow, our truck which we had left high above the water line, was partly submerged, and we had to dry it a-out before we could start it."

Given this freedom it was not unusual for Jack's family to allow him to make a couple of trips to the Coast, once driving a new car and towing another; each time with hopes of becoming a film player. "I always wanted to be an actor," he says, seriously. "Even when I was a little kid. I couldn't think of anything else that I wanted to be." To this moment his dreams do not stretch beyond the focus of the camera. He doesn't even nurse growing desires to become a director.

Returning the second time from an unsuccessful tilt with Hollywood, Jack realized, as most present-day fame-seekers do, that he should have some preparation for film work. He enlisted in Charles Meredith's Dallas Little Theater Dramatic School, and spent two years with it, appearing in everything from *Call It a Day* to *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.* His daytime hours were filled with the horrors of a routine job in a Dallas insurance office. "I sure don't like routine," he admits. But routine work was adding to his small savings. When he won $150 in a theater bank night, he set out for Hollywood—the third time. That he successfully competed for his first full-length feature film role has been told.

WITH a seven-year contract tucked in his jeans, Buetel is well on the road to what he considers the finest personal success, but the attention that it focuses on him causes him to be extremely wary. Take, for instance, his secret hopes . . . His idea of vacation bliss is a little boat that will cruise to Tahiti or down the coast of Mexico.

"But I don't think it sa-ounds good to talk about it, do you?" he asks.

Strong men and press agents stare at him, open-mouthed, when he says this. It's so un-Flynn-like; so unusual. But the lad's special requirements for feminine perfection are standard: "Oh, I like a girl who's little . . . and fair . . ." he says, "Ab-a-out five feet two, and blond. No, I'm not particularly interested in anyone like that right n-aow, either in Hollywood or Texas. Haven't had much money to spend, recently; and I have been working hard—haven't had time for any social life since I started this film."

He is flanked, in *The Outlaw,* by two doughty warriors of the grease-paint, Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell; and both men are giving Jane and Jack, today's Cinderella and Cinderello, advice plucked from long years in the theater. It will be Hollywood history if these youngsters *don't* make good. Everything is in their favor.

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The Boy Who Wouldn't Take a Brush-Off

[*Continued from page* 55]

"Come, Miss O'Dare," he would yell, "it's time to strip." It was quite a shift from soliloquizing in *Hamlet*. But it was experience. Glenn Ford was passing up no chances to learn the theater up and down. He had no regrets at finding himself running errands in a burleycue house. He got a kick out of it. "It isn't everybody who gets a chance to call a strip-tease artist to duty," he smiled.

BETWEEN stage chores he filled odd jobs in and about Santa Monica. He drove trucks, sold fireworks, modelled for photographers, did some radio announcing, managed a paint store. Santa Monica business men began to look upon him as somewhat irresponsible. He would be no sooner settled in a job, it seemed, than he would quit to take another whirl at the theater. One of these whirls was a small role in a play called *Soliloquy*, which John Beal was putting on. He was also to understudy Beal. The play made quite a hit on the Coast, and Beal brought it East for a Broadway presentation. It opened at the Empire Theater late in December, 1938, and lasted, alas, two whole performances.

And Glenn Ford found himself stranded —not in Oscaloosa, not in Medicine Hat, nor Kokomo, nor Walla Walla, but in New York City. He quickly moved out of the St. Moritz Hotel to conserve his diminishing bank-roll, took a room in a walk-up apartment in the West Fifties, began the weary round of managers' offices.

"I was certainly up against it," he smiled. "Every day I would be told 'Nothing doing this week, come in a week from tomorrow.' A week from tomorrow it would be the same thing over again. I did a little photograph modelling on the side. It brought me in enough to pay the rent. I remember my Christmas dinner consisted of pumpkin pie and ice cream at the Automat. I thought at one time I would get a part with Tallulah Bankhead, but it didn't materialize. I decided to get back to the Coast. I was sure Homer Curran would have something for me. I was right. Curran was putting on *A Broom for the Bride*, by Jacques Deval, and he signed me to co-star with Irene Rich. It was the first time my name had been given billing."

Tom Moore sought the youth out again, persuaded him to have another test at the Fox lot. Ford demurred. "What's the use?" he said. "I'll be told I'm not the picture type."

"But this is a character juvenile part we're testing for," Moore replied.

"All right," agreed Ford, "I'll come but there'll be none of this 'corrective' make-up stuff. I'll come just as I am."

Glenn lived up to his promise. Unshaven, needing a haircut, wearing a leather jacket, he reported to Moore the next day. The latter, aware that the name "Glenn Ford" had no promise in the Fox files, identified the young actor by a different name. Glenn was to do a scene with a girl named Betty Leboe, who was later to become famous as Brenda Joyce. Because he was indifferent about the outcome, he played without restraint. He was entirely natural. A short sequence of a film called *Heaven With a Barbed-Wire Fence* was shot. The results were astoundingly successful. The studio heads greeted the two young aspirants as a couple of finds, made a place in the studio library for the tests as models of what all tests should be.

Ford, of course, was signed to a run-of-picture contract. The film failed to click, however, and the actor was looking for a stage role that eventually would take him to San Francisco. Zeppo Marx happened to hear of his plans, asked him to stay around Hollywood for ten days. He thought he had something extremely promising in view for the actor.

Within ten days he had obtained a Columbia contract for Glenn. It was a very welcome contract. It stipulated that Ford was to play only leading roles. Thus began in earnest his picture career. So far he has made eight pictures, all of them of the grade B variety until the filming of *Lady in Question*, in which he appeared with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne. Albert Lewin and David Loew, releasing through United Artists, borrowed him for their production of *So Ends Our Night*, adapted from Erich Remarque's story, *Flotsam*. As in his other pictures Ford wears no make-up. It is a provision he had inserted into his contract.

His next for Lewin and Loew will be *Landfall*, a story of a Canadian aviator in the R. A. F. Meanwhile, Fox would like to borrow him for *So Green Was My Valley*, Metro had wanted him for *Ziegfeld Girl* and Warner Bros. for a picture or two. Evidently, they have decided, emphatically, that he is the picture type, just as the Group Theater of New York has decided he is the stage type. When he was stranded in New York a couple of years ago he camped on the doorstep of the Group Theater seeking a job, any job, any part. To no avail. After word of his performance in *So Ends Our Night* reached the Group Theater an emissary of the organization made a flying trip to the Coast to sign Ford for a leading role in Irwin Shaw's *Retreat to Pleasure*. The Group crowd was too late.

GLENN was among Hollywood's delegation to the President's Birthday Ball in Washington last January. He enjoyed himself hugely at the White House where, with others, he had dinner with President and Mrs. Roosevelt. He wanted to tell F. D. R. of his own Dutch ancestry, but he didn't get a chance. "So many people talking, you know, so many people having something special to tell the President."

Glenn Ford traces his Dutch ancestry back to a pretty important figure in American history—Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the United States, no less. He is also a nephew of Sir John MacDonald, former Prime Minister of Canada. That accounts for some Scotch blood. The Welsh we know about. His father was English. Glenn admits an Indian strain, too. An Iroquois chief figures in the lineage. Maybe, it is this mixture that keeps the fellow so level-headed, so democratic, so determined to maintain his old friendships despite the pleas of studio press-agents.

Not long ago he exasperated his advisers by attending the preview of *Arizona* in Hollywood with an old high-school girl friend. "They won't take your picture for the magazines unless you come with somebody important," they told him.

"Well, then I'll have to get along without the picture," he smiled back at them. His smile is disarming. I imagine the studio advisers accepted the situation without anger.

His last visit to New York was done in style. A suite at the Warwick, seats down front at the big stage hits, visits to noted restaurants. The night lights still dazzle him as they did when he first saw them. His own name won't take up much room in the lights when the boys get around to adjusting them.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

LIKE the Navy naming its battleships after States, the movies are getting around to the same idea. On top of the sagas built around *Virginia, Wyoming,* and *Arizona,* they'll soon be putting *Texas* on the screen. And if they follow through on the size of the State they'll have an epic that'll out-epic them all in capturing the great outdoors. Having started this State series I wonder if they'll take as long building them as it does the Navy in building the battleships. They'd better not skip a single State else they'll be hearing from the governors.

Every State sings a saga—some more than others. Some are rich in Revolutionary lore; all are rich in Empire-building. Some of the Rocky Mountain States would be based on the same outlines—fighting Indians and digging for the metals. The New England States would go all out on the Revolution—and the old clipper-whaler days if Vermont and New Hampshire were excluded. New York would pack about everything—from the days when the Indians sold Manhattan for peanut money—to the settling of the Dutch and the taking over by the British. And could wind up with the romantic leads waking up from their long dream, spending their honeymoon in Niagara Falls.

These ideas built around the States could occupy the Hollywood brains for some time to come. The thinker-uppers wouldn't have to repeat the same old gags such as "bring some hot water quick!"—which indicates the babe a-borning. Or the mortgage a-burning when the hoss down Kentucky way saves the old homestead and Honeybelle from that evil man. Or the occasion when mother says: "Our little girl has growed up, Pa." For Pa could not get it thru his thick skull that daughter was a child no longer and had the right to live her own life, "the same as you and me."

Yessam, we might have some new ideas. One thing about the story-plotters and dialogists, they have become more subtle and sophisticated. Even such tried-and-true situations as the above have been "smarted up" so you can't notice them. Can you imagine how even *The Philadelphia Story* and *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* would have been laughed off the screen if treated with the crude technique of say, five or six years ago?

But it isn't the dialogue that has been brightened so much as it is the characters—these days. Most of the Grade A films are peopled with characters who are recognizably real. The plotters may not be thinking up new plots, but let's give them credit for dishing out enjoyable dialogue and characters as real as the people around you. They'll soon be turning their attention to those best-sellers.

Looking Ahead

IN FACT they've already started on a few of them. And I imagine there'll be an Oscar lurking in the offing a year or two hence when *Mr. Skeffington, How Green Was My Valley, For Whom the Bell Tolls, Out of the Night, Hold Back the Dawn, Johnny Got His Gun, In This Our Life,* and *Lady in the Dark* have passed from printed page and stage to screen. The first four are having tremendous reader response—with Hemingway's novel being just about tops in all parts of the country.

There's a bit of agitation afoot concerning *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to stir up some excitement on the style of *GWTW*. But we already know that Gary Cooper is cast for the role of *Roberto*—he being a pal of Hemingway. And the author would like Ingrid Bergman as *Roberto's* light o' love, *Maria.* Still at this writing there is talk of casting this actress or that one—of testing this one or that one—including Betty Field, who never turns in anything but a fine performance. Hemingway's heroine is tall, and somewhat on the fair side. Which is where Ingrid Bergman approaches the character.

Of course these characters don't grip you like Margaret Mitchell's *Rhett, Scarlett, Melanie, Ashley, O'Hara* and company. After all these were our own people. Nevertheless the Hemingway story is gripping and has some of the most beautiful passages ever penned in its romantic interludes. Hemingway has said, in advising writers, never to forget the terrain. This goes for producers, too. Once they pick the locale, they can construct a small bridge, corral some horses, find or build a cave—not too discernible from a plane—and instruct the prop department to make a large sleeping bag. Or better still—thinking of the censors and the kiddies—two sleeping bags, one inside the cave for *Maria,* the other out beneath the stars for *Roberto.*

No writer living can equal Hemingway in phrasing romantic passages. Which means that no director alive today can possibly interpret the way of Hemingway in his romantic moods. If he even approaches the author he'll be doing a swell job. He, at least, can approach him with the physical side of the story—the terrain, the types, the atmosphere, background, bridge, guerilla warfare, dynamiting, horsemanship, action and suspense—and the human and spiritual values.

Dream De Luxe

LADY in the Dark has cost Paramount $285,000, said to be the largest figure ever paid for a play. This is one of the biggest hits of the year—and has made star Gertrude Lawrence a dynamic figure on the stage. She plays a successful editor of a woman's magazine, frustrated and inhibited. Her tormenting dreams lead her to seek a psychoanalyst—to be "psyched"—and find peace and happiness of mind. (The screen has sent two of its stars—Merle Oberon and Ellen Drew—to the analysts recently. Merle suffering from hiccups went to be "psyched" for *That Uncertain Feeling,* and Ellen had her subconscious probed by *The Mad Doctor.)*

This is the old dream situation enacted on the stage with imagination and depth of feeling and fine understanding, where the least miscue would have ruined it.

The screen is noted for its dream situations. When a plotter is caught in his story and can't extricate himself he invariably relies on the dream situation to bring order out of chaos. Because it is a tried-and-true story prop it is usually used without any imagination. The character simply goes to sleep, and awakens to find everything rosy-posy. Well, the Lawrence play must have the same feeling, the same approach if it is to prove as exceptional on the screen. It can't be done with mirrors. Or utilizing the old-fashioned dream situation of the nickelodeon era.

And when they get around to casting *Lady in the Dark* we wonder if they'll think of Irene Dunne for the part. It's been said that she was offered the role in the original production but that the deal, which included the stipulation that the picture part goes with it, fell through because of previous commitments. But we hope it isn't too late for Irene to get the role in the movie version for she looks like Hollywood's best bet for *Lady in the Dark.*

If producers are up on their toes, 1941-1942 should be a great year. Certainly they have a great opportunity to surpass their productions of the past year. If they do right by the four stories mentioned, the lesser stories will take care of themselves.

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"THE WOMEN I HATE" BY JOAN CRAWFORD

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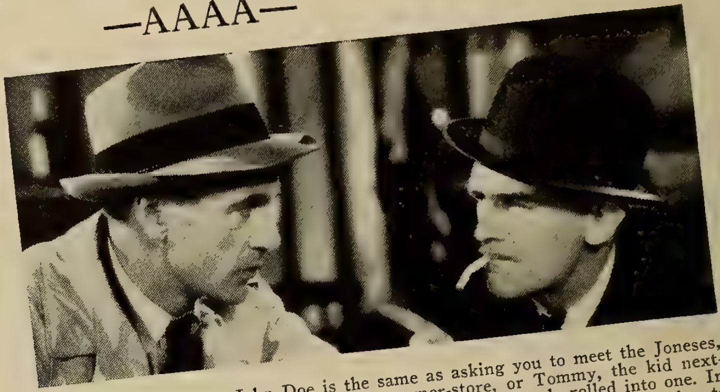
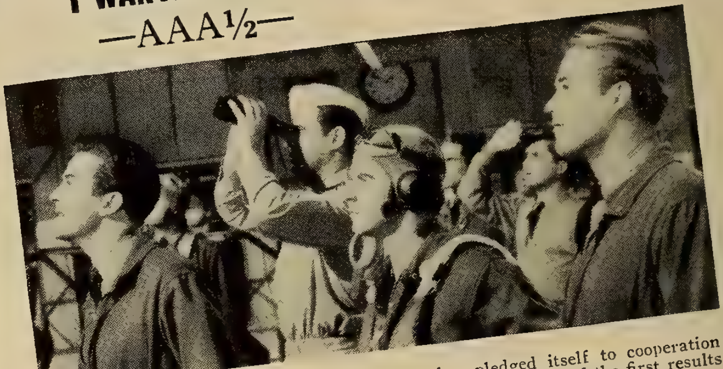


Asking you to meet John Doe is the same as asking you to meet the Joneses, your neighbors, or Smith who runs the corner-store, or Tommy, the kid next-door who grew up with you, for John Doe is all these people rolled into one. In other words, he's Mr. Average American Man and that's why you're going to find this one of the most striking and stirring pictures of all times. Perhaps you think it doesn't sound very exciting—seeing a picture about ordinary people like the Joneses and the Smiths but you'll find out how wrong you are when you *Meet John Doe*. You'll find out, too, how wonderful and how great it is to be an average American. And how important, too, for if it weren't for us plain folks Mr. Sinclair Lewis would have to eat his words "It (another word for Fascism) Can't Happen Here." Gary Cooper as *John Doe* is the composite averageman, Barbara Stanwyck as *Ann Mitchell* is the scapegoat and Edward Arnold as *D. B. Norton* is symbolic of the element that might seriously threaten our democratic way of life if it weren't for the John Does. All three are superb, ditto Walter Brennan, James Gleason, Spring Byington.—*Warner Bros.*

I WANTED WINGS

—AAA½—



As you know the motion picture industry has pledged itself to cooperation with the Government for defense and *I Wanted Wings* is one of the first results of that pledge. A handsome one it is, too, for it not only has gotten the best the industry can offer but also the best the Army can offer. For in addition to an expensive production and an extravagant cast—Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy, Constance Moore and Veronica Lake—the Army supplied Randolph and Kelly Fields and hundreds of planes, bombers and cadets which lend considerable importance to the film and to the role movies are playing in the "emergency." But if this is propaganda to encourage enrollment in the air service we'll eat our hat for after seeing *I Wanted Wings* it's the last thing in the world we'd want. And unless you want things the hard way you'll agree with us. But aside from this *I Wanted Wings* is a dramatic air spectacle with bombings, black-outs and crashes and with a melodramatic love story within the story. That's where *Caroline* (Constance Moore) and *Sally* (Veronica Lake) fit in.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 10]

She's Famous—Adored— she has a Beauty Tip for YOU

MEN ADORE LOVELINESS, SO SMOOTH SKIN'S **IMPORTANT.** I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**
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9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 6]

One of many new oomphlets on the Warner lot is Marguerite Chapman who, as professional model in NYC, attracted talent scouts. Now in cast of *Affectionately Yours*

may have. The contract, as rewritten before Carole would sign, says that she may marry whomsoever she please, and what's more, she can go places with anybody she wants to, without the studio having a word to say about it. Explains Carole:

"Love is something between two people, and business shouldn't enter into it."—H'mmmmm—vot a kvaint idea in Hollywood, Mama!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Myrna Dell and Johnny Shelton—
Temperature: melton!

■

WELL, anyway, you gotta say this for the Jerry Hoppers (she's Marsha Hunt, to you): they at least learn by the experiences of others. Dear friends of Jerry and Marsha are the Richard Carlsons. And the Carlsons are the couple who built themselves such a cute, cozy honeymoon home—and then discovered, after Ol' Doc Stork had stuck his presence into the picture, that they hadn't been foresighted enough to include a nursery in the plans, and they had to add a baby-room to honeymoon heaven.

So the Hoppers have taken the tip—and even though both of them are insisting loudly and vehemently that they haven't any little Hopper on the way (not for now, anyway), they're, nevertheless, including a complete nursery in the plans for their new house. After all, even in Hollywood those things happen.

■

NOW that George Montgomery has gotten around to calling Cobina Wright "Cubby," wonder if she'll get around to calling him HUBBY?

HOLLYWOOD, cynical beyond redemption, is making bets on how long "Minnie and Arthur" will stay reconciled. . . . "Minnie," just in case you don't know, is Myrna Loy's nickname among her friends. And Arthur, of course, is Hubby Hornblow, who managed to talk Myrna into a reconciliation after they had definitely separated.

He was plenty persistent about it—took icy-wifie Loy dancing and nite-clubbing night after night, just like a guy on the make for a new blonde, and finally they went together to see the preview of his latest picture, *I Wanted Wings.* Maybe Minnie was swept away by the picture's emotionalism—but anyway, right afterward came the announcement that they'd called off their spat or whatever it was, and have moved together again under the same roofie-woofe . . . BUT—Hollywood is nevertheless making bets. Hollywood is like that.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Glenn Ford and Esther Heaton—
Two hearts in jig-time beaton!

■

THE will-they-or-won't-they? romance that keeps Hollywood guessing, these days, is the Eleanor Powell-Merrill Pye business. Both insist that despite Hollywood's skepticism, they definitely intend to do their mrandmrs act—when the proper time comes along.

Eleanor says that the only thing that's kept her from becoming Mrs. Pye (how COULD she?—imagine!—MISSUS PYE, of ALL names!) this long is that "I don't

[*Continued on page* 14]

It's Lieut. Colonel Darryl Zanuck now. Production boss of 20th Century-Fox is reserve officer in Signal Corps, US Army

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

COLOR NEWS
Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Gay Time
Dura-Gloss Hot Tip
Dura-Gloss Cheerio

The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!

Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura-Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails **10¢**

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its *brilliance.* Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustrously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color, sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss — select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!

MAKE UP YOUR
MIND TO

Be Yourself..
Be Natural!

TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL ... the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL ... see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.

TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name__________
(Please Print)
Street __________
City__________State__________ F61

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

Katharine Stevens is daughter of Director Sam Wood. Is determined to carve a film career without any assistance from Dad. Lately in *Kitty Foyle, Pioneer Woman*

want to be married while I'm making a picture, because for a honeymoon I want plenty of time off—three or four months, anyway."

■

IT'S Texas oil millionaire Charlie Wrightson who, daily, sends Alice Faye two dozen red roses with one single white gardenia among 'em ... BUT—it's Eddie Norris with whom Alice goes dancing.

■

DOROTHY LAMOUR is wearing a diamond ring, and, what's more, Greg Bautzer gave it to her ... BUT—both of them deny it's an engagement ring. It's just a family heirloom which belonged to Greg's mother, they insist, and it's just a gift and not a betrothal ... Sooooooooo?

RIGHT now, as this is written, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita are fighting again!—which makes everything normal. Cause of the current battle is merely that Errol wants it to be a boy, while Lili'd rather have a girl. And all their friends are advising them to compromise on TWINS. Anyway, by the time you read this, you'll know which of 'em won.

For one of the first times in his married life, Errol is really taking things seriously, though. No kidding—he's as excited over imminent fatherhood as though he weren't at all the world-weary-wise sophisticate he's set up to be.

Significant is his purchase of a far-flung ranch in Hawaii, because he thinks "it'll be a great place for Lili and the baby." First thing he told her when he got back from his recent trip was that he wants to take her and the

[*Continued on page* 17]

Hollywood Parties

WESTERN party-of-the-month—was hosted by socialite Bob Oliver, and began at his *Wagon Wheel Ranch* in the Valley . . . When Bob's guests—including Anne Shirley, John Payne, Sheila Ryan and John Shelton—arrived, they found saddle horses all ready to take them for an afternoon ride over the valley bridle trails . . . After a barbecue dinner at the ranch, they carried on to the Hitching Post Theater in Hollywood, where they spent the evening watching the horse operas (westerns to you!) that are shown there . . . Most decorative party-of-the-month—was the dinner given by the Bill Koenigs to celebrate their second wedding anniversary . . . Each dinner table—of which there were several to accommodate the many guests—featured a bridal centerpiece . . . Tiny likenesses of Bill and his wife in wedding attire, complete to bride's bouquet of lilies of the valley, centered the tables . . . Each woman guest's place was marked by a tiny red velvet heart and a gold clip with her name engraved on it . . . Remote-control party-of-the month—was Arline Judge's birthday party . . . All their lives, young Wesley Ruggles, Jr., and little Dan Topping, Jr., had never been away from their mother, Arline, on her birthday . . . So when the day rolled around this year and mama was in New York doing personal appearances, while the boys were in Hollywood, young Wesley decided something should be done about it . . . So he robbed his and Dan's piggy banks—$3.12 in all—wrapped up a pair of pajamas for each of them, and started hiking to the airport to catch a plane for New York! . . . Three miles later, while they were resting, the Chinese house-boy caught up with them . . . After an exchange of numerous telegrams with Arline, the governess and house-boy arranged a party with cake and trimmings . . . The boys ate the cake and Arline called them long-distance so they could wish her Happy Birthday.

NEWEST "for fun" club formed by a group of Hollywood night-lifers holds forth every so often at the Pirates' Den . . . They call it the "JUMBA-RHUMBA-PHOBIA Club"—if you know what that means . . . Stag party-of-the-month—was the "hanging" party at the home of Harry Rapf . . . Guests were Leon Schlesinger, Sid and Al Rogell and Ed Blackburn, all rabid fishermen . . . The "hanging" consisted in ceremoniously unveiling, toasting, and placing on the wall the stuffed carcass of a steelhead that Harry had caught on a fishing trip . . . It only took ten minutes to hang the fish, but it took until dawn to finish the games of gin rummy and poker . . . Production party-of-the-month—was hosted by George Tobias on his San Fernando Valley ranch . . . George, that swell character actor, had been making two pictures simultaneously: *Affectionately Yours,* and *The Bride Came C.O.D.* So the casts of both pictures were invited . . . The invitations, good from 6 a.m. till midnight were worded: "Wanted: Good herd-riders, bulldoggers, and branding-iron wranglers. Refreshments available at all times" Bette Davis, Merle Oberon, Jimmy Cagney, Ralph Bellamy and scores of others watched the amateur rodeo, while munching on barbecued sandwiches . And if you don't think George had a lot of takers for those bulldogger jobs, you don't know how these Hollywood actors like to break down and play . . . And act.

ALL-DAY birthday celebration this month had Cesar Romero as its guest of honor . . . Or victim . . . It all began about 10:30 on the set of *The Great American Broadcast* when Director Archie Mayo presented Cesar with the usual birthday cake . . . Which was swell . . . But by the time late afternoon had rolled around, Cesar had received—and with the help of the cast—eaten, not one, but SIX, birthday cakes! . . . "I always knew Hollywood's good old custom of giving cakes would stub its toe some day," said Cesar, "but I never thought I'd be the fall guy." . . . To top it all off, George and Julie Murphy gave a dinner party for Cesar that evening and the *piece-de-resistance* was a huge, COLLOSSAL, six-tiered ice-cream cake, sent by Alice Faye . . . The party had its highlight, however, when Cesar was gifted with a gold key for his new home and numerous other house gifts . . . But not even after all that cake-stuffing was Cesar's morale so low that they could get him to admit there will soon be a Mrs. Romero to share that Brentwood home with him . . . Most impromptu party-of-the-month—was whipped together by Joe E. Brown and wife Kathryn, after a day at the Santa Anita races. . . . Joe E. and Kathryn had planned to go from the races to the pilots' training school where young Don Brown was graduating from his first course . . . On the spur of the moment they gathered up Peggy Diggins, Ann Miller, Linda Darnell and Virginia Dale and took them along to watch the aerial circus put on by the young cadets . . . If the gals were thrilled at the air maneuvers, young Don's classmates were speechless when the whole party remained for a buffet-dinner and dance that the school had arranged in celebration of graduation.

Even a Mask can't disguise the Girl who needs Mum!

Guard underarms against telltale odor. Use Mum every day—before every date!

JUNE isn't fooling *anyone!* Behind that mask there are tears—under the masquerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she's at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

QUICK! A dab under each arm—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM FOR YOU!

WHAT DEODORANT DO NURSES PREFER FOR SANITARY NAPKINS, HELEN?
THE SAME ONE AS FOR UNDERARMS! MUM! IT'S GENTLE AND SAFE, AND SO DEPENDABLE!
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

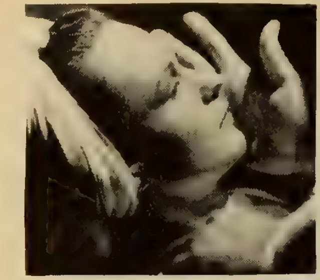
TRICKS OF THE TRADE

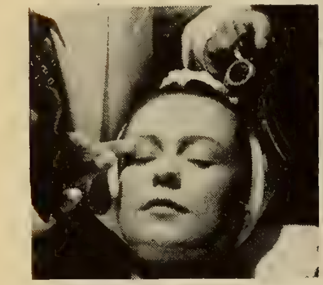
GERALDINE FITZGERALD SHOWS YOU HOW BEAUTY IS ACHIEVED IN HOLLYWOOD

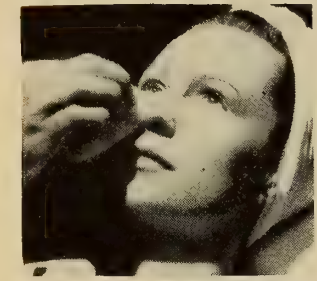
By Denise Caine

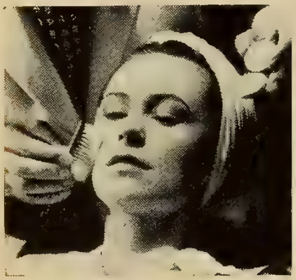
"THERE are many tricks to the beauty trade, but the main trick lies in knowing how." It's Geraldine Fitzgerald speaking out (over tea and toast) in the Irish manner. And she went on to explain that all the beauty achieved in Hollywood studios is not done with mirrors—or with flattering lights and shadows either. It begins way back in the make-up department—and it involves about nine simple steps by means of which all stars are glamorized—steps so simple that you and you *and you* can follow them in applying your everyday make-up for office or date wear. To simplify the explanations, I spread over this page these exclusive pictures of Geraldine undergoing a fresh and complete make-up at the hands of her studio's artist.

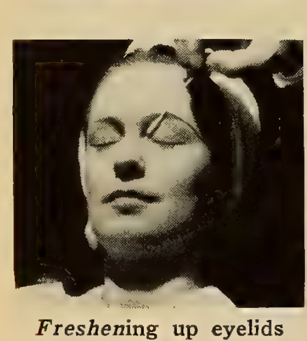
But before you even start to follow these steps, I want to make one point about which Geraldine was most particular. "Make-up," she said, "should only be applied on a clean face, because it never 'sets' smoothly over stale dust, dirt, and old powder. Successive layers of powder give the face a dingy look—spoil any chance of glamour in the making." So if you want to emerge from your chrysalis looking as lovely as she does in that finished picture, tie back your hair, and cleanse your face—with a mild soap and lots of warm water, or with great slathers of cold cream, [*Continued on page 70*]


Applying foundation cream

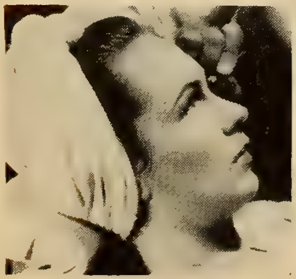

Smoothing on eyeshadow

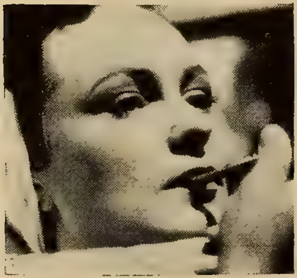

Dusting on face powder

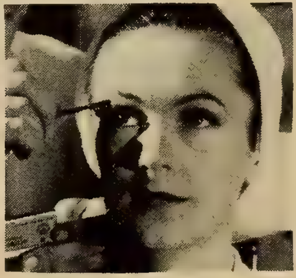

Brushing on dry rouge


*Freshen*ing up eyelids

The final result is *Shining Victory*—Geraldine's latest pix


Using eyebrow pencil


Sculpturing lip edges


Applying mascara sparingly

MAKE THE PRETTINESS PROCESS...

part of your stock in trade . . . Use it for all occasions. Send to Denise Caine for hints on a satisfactory system. Or ask about your special make-up, figure, hair, skin and manicure problems. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter. Address it to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 14]

baby to Hawaii just as soon as she's able to travel . . . Errol insists that if the baby is a boy, he's going to name it "Exemption Flynn." Income Tax or Draft, Errol?

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET: Add to Hollywood's hottest romances: Ivan Goff and lovely Kay Francis.

◆

QUERULOUS QUATRAIN:

Dear Olivia:
Shall we livia
And Franchot Tone
All alone?

◆

ISN'T it wunnaful, Mama, how a Hollywood Honey can stay married a half-year, and come out with the Positive Rules for Marital Success? Like Martha Scott, for instance. Only last Fall, Martha married radio producer Carl Alsop, y'remember? So now the other day, Martha ups and tells the world that to stay married in Hollywood is EASY (despite all the Hollywood bust-ups) if you only follow thirteen simple little rules that are just as good in Kankakee or Glunk Falls as they are in Hollywood. Here they are:

1—Stay attractive. Hubby has to look at SOMEthing, and why shouldn't it be you?

2—Don't nag. Let hubby get all the nagging in his life from his boss.

3—Keep your business within business hours. Hubby likes other things better.

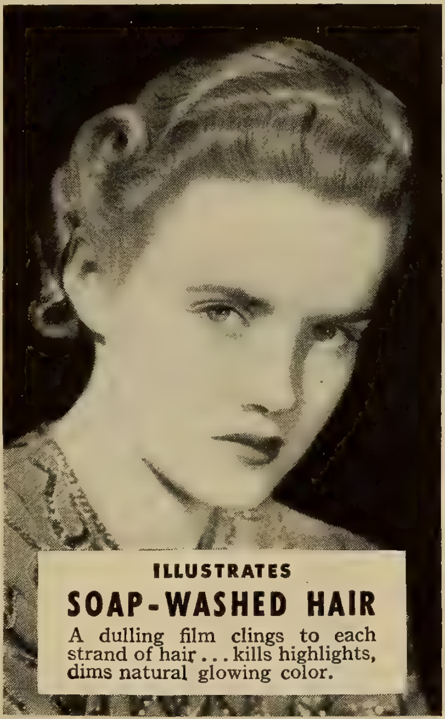
4—Learn how to cook if you don't know already.

[*Continued on page* 82]

While on Honolulu vacation, Mickey Rooney was greeted like all visitors from mainland—with leis and pineapple juice. An old Hawaiian custom as boats arrive

There's Moonlight Romance in the

DANCING HIGHLIGHTS OF YOUR HAIR



ILLUSTRATES

SOAP-WASHED HAIR

A dulling film clings to each strand of hair . . . kills highlights, dims natural glowing color.

ILLUSTRATES

DRENE-WASHED HAIR

No dulling film . . . highlights sparkle . . . more color brilliance brings warmth and liveliness.

Bring out Hidden Loveliness . . . Reveal up to

33% MORE LUSTRE IN YOUR HAIR

than you get after washing with any soap . . . most liquid shampoos.

YOU invite romance when you emphasize your own natural loveliness. The radiance of your complexion, the sparkle of your eyes—*all* of your beauty is set off by dancing, twinkling highlights in your hair!

So, if you want to look your best, don't let your hair stay dull, drab and uninteresting. Bring out its hidden loveliness with Drene Shampoo—so men will notice, women envy. Drene gives you results you can't get with any soap or most liquid shampoos. Here's why:

Even the finest soap reacts with minerals in water to form "bath-tub ring"—a dulling film that hides the true loveliness of your hair.

Because Drene forms none of this dulling film, it reveals up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance in hair than is possible with finest soaps! (This has been scientifically proved in Procter & Gamble laboratories.)

Try Drene . . . and discover how lustrous and lovely your hair can be!

Does Shampooing Do This To Your Hair?

BLONDE: If your hair has a *canary color* instead of its *true blonde look*, it may be due to dulling film. See what a difference Drene makes.

BRUNETTE: Lime-soap film can make brunette hair look *drab, dull.* Drene leaves no such film.

RED: If dulling film leaves your hair *dark* instead of bringing out its *reddish warmth*, try Drene!

GRAY: Use Drene to avoid the ugly *yellowish cast* often caused by lime-soap film. Drene reveals the natural dignity and allure of gray hair.

SPECIAL . . . for normal or dry hair

REGULAR . . . for oily hair

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRENE NOT ONLY BRINGS OUT EXTRA HIGHLIGHTS... BUT LEAVES HAIR SILKY

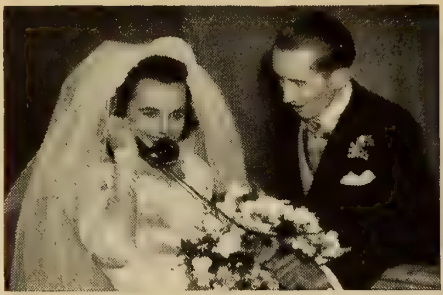
—says **CONDOS,** Chicago hairstylist who coiffured model above.

OTHER FAMOUS SALONS USING DRENE INCLUDE:

Stani Mars
St. Regis Hotel, New York

Charmode Salons
Palmer House, Chicago

Burton Skiles Hairstylists
Hollywood



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."

Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely —and the mildness of Camay helped!"

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.

Photographs by David Berns

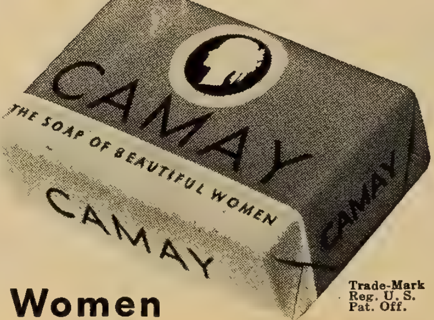
Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

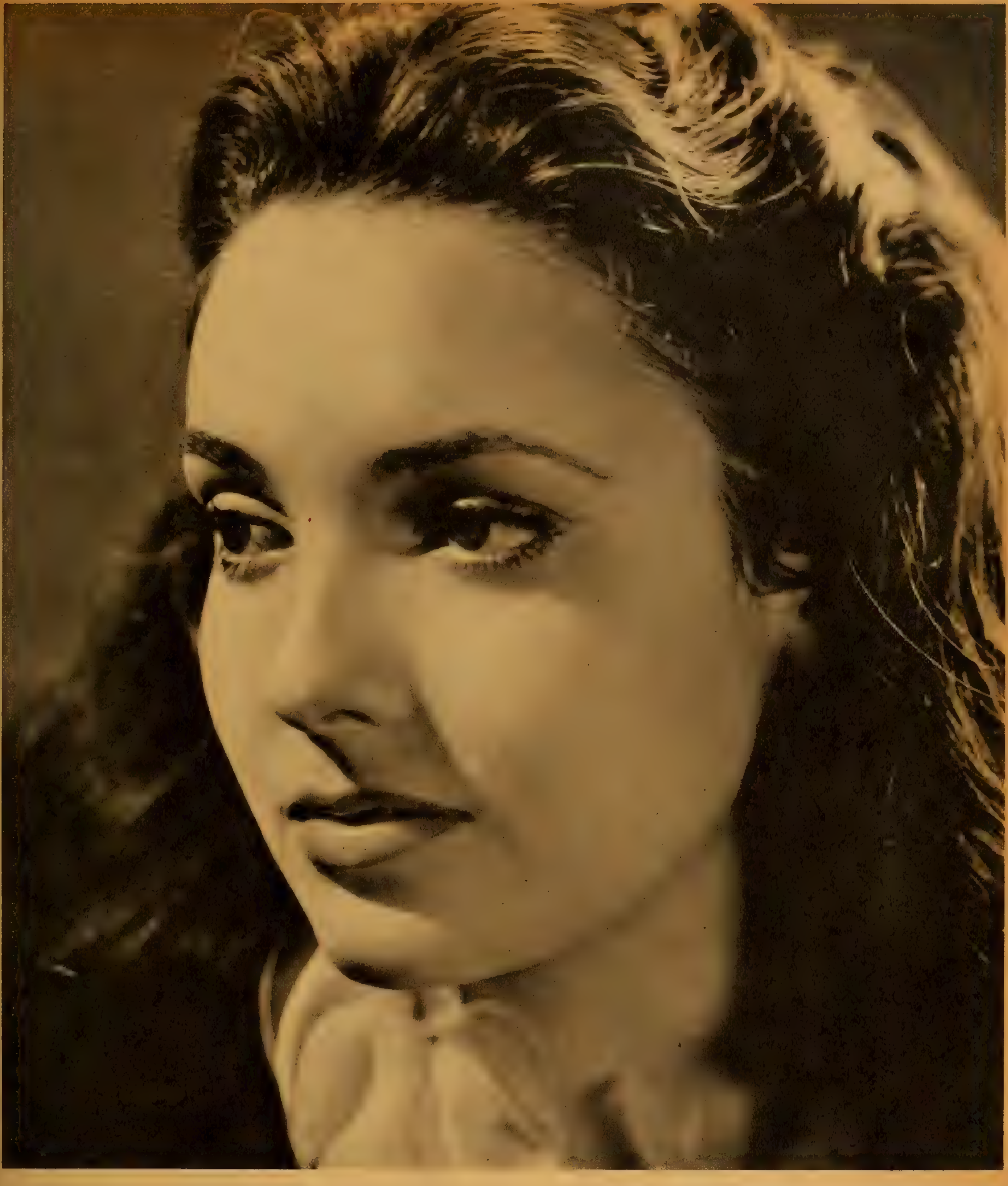
Darlin'—

THAT GAL, CLEOPATRA, is in the fashion news again . . . Probably by this time, she doesn't care much about clothes or beauty, but every so often, one of the tricks she used when she did care crops up to start a new fad . . . This time it's a hair-do worn by Hedy Lamarr, and she calls it the CLEO CUT! . . . Tired of the long, slightly-curled bob she had worn for months, Hedy cut herself some bangs—and heavy ones!—right across her forehead . . . Her back hair hangs loose, almost shoulder-length, and it is *not* curled under, but rather cut with stubby ends in the old Egyptian style . . . But before you rush for the scissors, just remember that neither Cleopatra nor Hedy have ever been considered tomboys . . . So you, my gal, better stick to your softly-curled gamin hair-do, and leave the glamour styles for your more sophisticated sisters . . . The South American influence I told you about last month, is still with us. . . . Quite the newest style to be borrowed from our neighbors is the "Guayavera" or tie-on jacket that Edith Head has adapted from the Mexican . . . Starting out in life as a shirt worn by a little Mexican boy, the "Guayavera" has been glamourized to such an extent by the Paramount designer that the Hollywood gals are clamoring for them . . . Once you've worn one of these loose-sleeved, short-waisted jackets that tie in a knot across your front, you'll know why they have become the most popular style of the season . . . You can wear them as evening wraps or as part of your sports costume. . . . In the sports field, Edith Head has designed an outfit for Margaret Hayes combining a white pleated skirt with a hand-knitted royal blue slip-over which is topped with a "Guayavera" of the same material as the skirt . . . The *long* tight sleeves of the slip-on show beneath the not quite wrist-length sleeves of the jacket.

REMEMBER THAT *LONG* SLEEVES business, because according to Adrian—and most of the other Hollywood designers—you're going to wear long sleeves for morning, afternoon and evening. . . . I did a bit of supper-club sleuthing to find out for myself about this sleeve-length business and found that the Hollywood fashion-wise were going modest in a big way, with covered shoulders, covered arms and not a bare midriff in the place. . . . The black dinner dress worn by Binnie Barnes, the other dance-time at the Grove, featured the pencil-slim skirt that is so popular right now . . . The bodice and long sleeves of Binnie's gown were of black open embroidery . . . And that's another new idea right there: a plain, slim skirt with all the dressy detail concentrated above the waist-line . . . Barbara Allen's slim white satin skirt was topped with a blouse of shadowy brown lace featuring full umbrella sleeves, the blouse and skirt joined by a sash of crisp brown taffeta . . . Hope you're not overlooking the possibilities in these blouse-and-skirt combinations for evening . . . A gal with an imagination like yours and a few old gowns to cut up should be able to scrape up a wardrobe to rival the best . . . The last place in the world you'd expect to see long sleeves is at Palm Springs . . . (There I go again!) But two of the newest-looking outfits I saw soaking up the desert sun featured them . . . Alice Faye was at the Tennis Club wearing a one-piece sunsuit of white wash silk . . . The square neck was cut low in back and front, the sleeves were long with turn-back cuffs, and around her waist she knotted a belt of purple, yellow, blue and gray striped silk . . . A loose, boxy, knee-length coat of the same stripe went with the outfit . . . Irene Dunne, who believes that the desert definitely calls for at least one western type of outfit, was all decked out in cowgirl garb . . . The divided skirt and bolero, fringed in true western style, were of a dusty chartreuse shade . . . (Watch for that color—you'll probably be seeing it as "cactus green"). . . . Irene's long-sleeved shirt was of lime-colored silk, her buckskin boots and felt hat of a cream color.

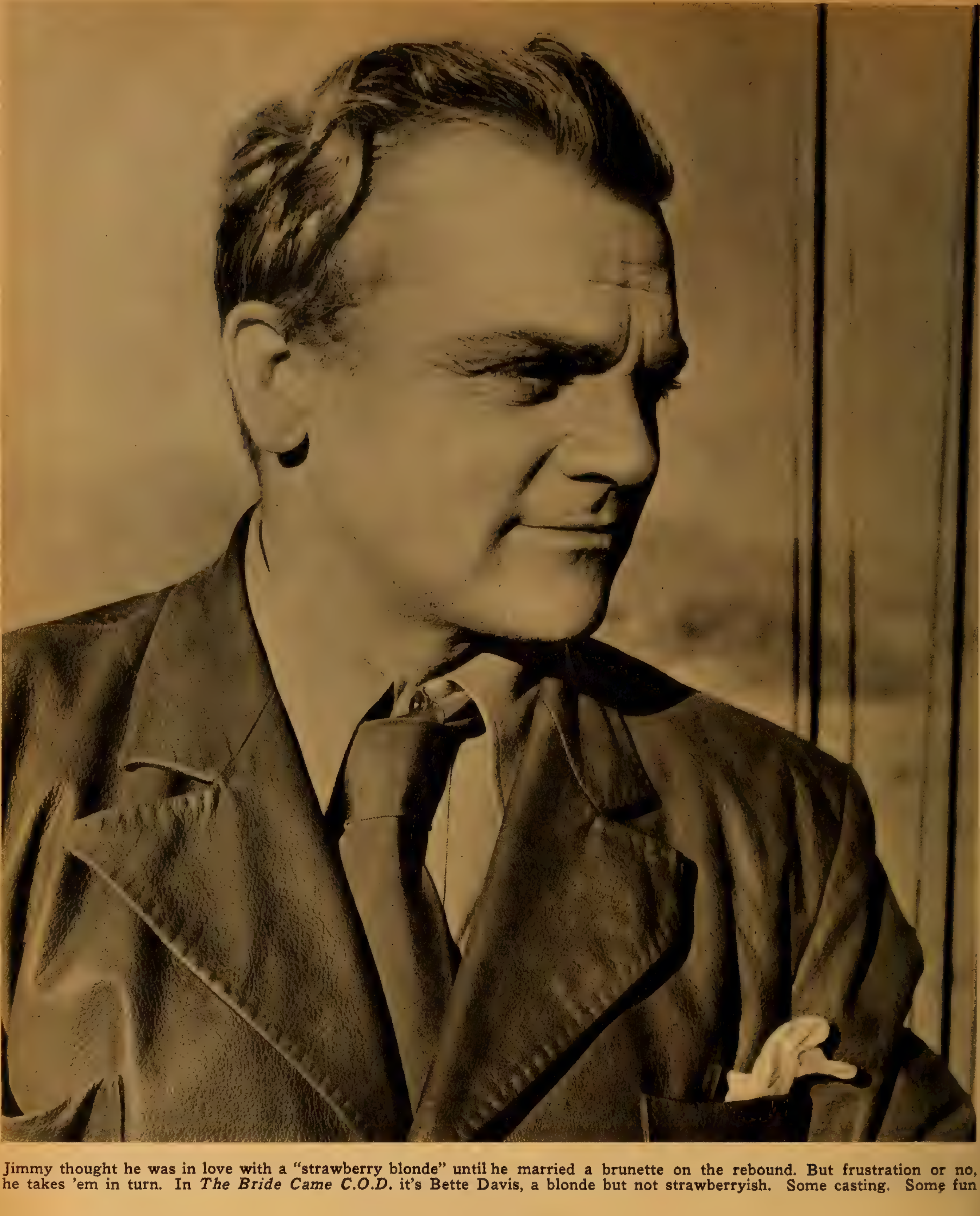
CONSTANCE MOORE IS another desert vacationer who goes for the western clothes . . . Connie's outfit is a little more practical because the gal generally spends her morning actually riding a horse . . . Chocolate brown frontier pants and cowboy's boots are worn with a long-sleeevd coarse linen blouse . . . Her concession to the current South American trend is found in this linen shirt, which is hand embroidered with small red flowers, much in the same manner as a man's Guatemalan shirt.

Mlle. Chic



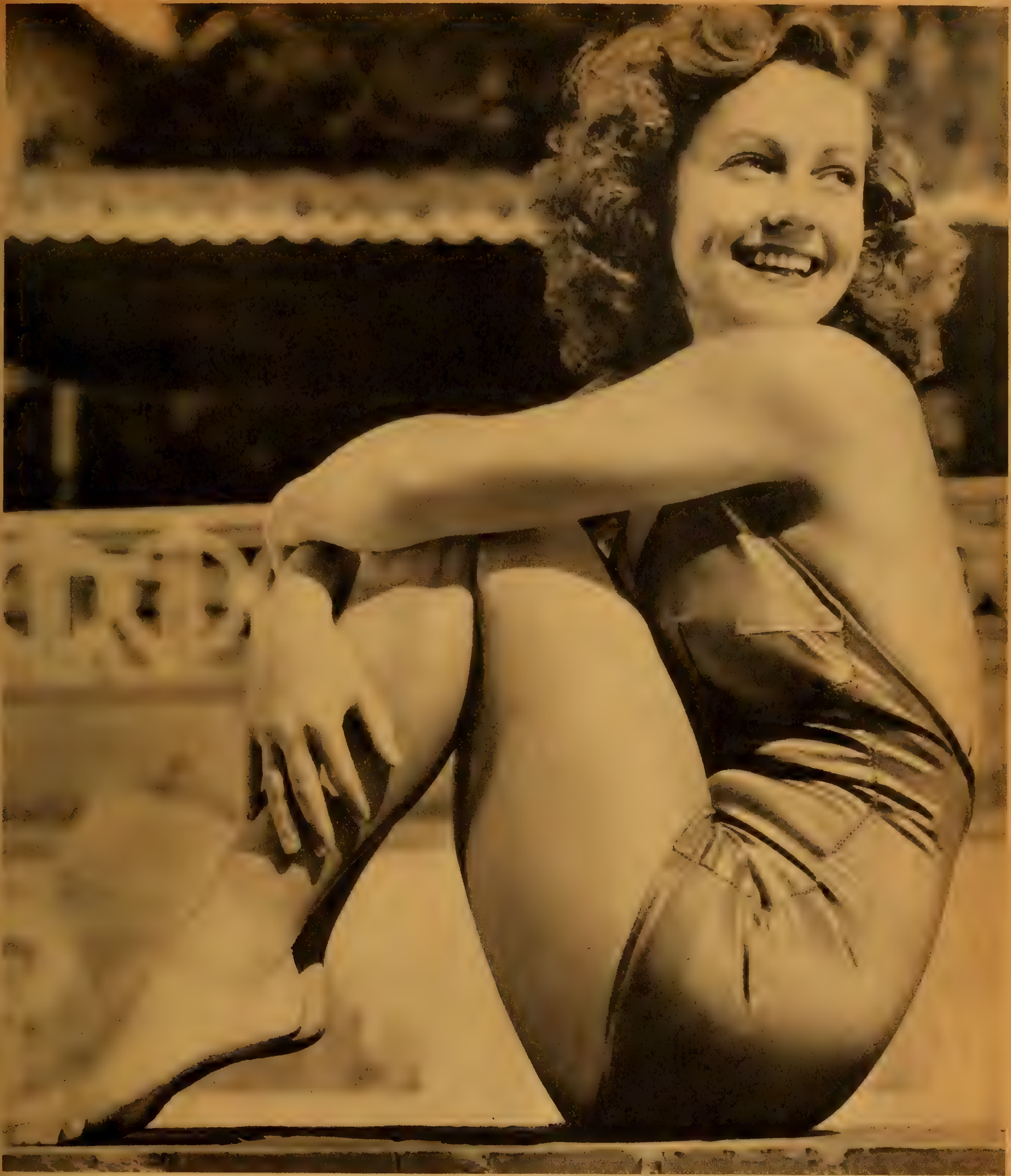
In *Blood and Sand*, originally made by Valentino, comes Ty Power with Linda Darnell as his light o' love. After *Chad Hanna* and *The Mark of Zorro* it comes as her greatest triumph. Her dark eyes, hair and coloring make her an ideal choice

Linda Darnell



Jimmy thought he was in love with a "strawberry blonde" until he married a brunette on the rebound. But frustration or no, he takes 'em in turn. In *The Bride Came C.O.D.* it's Bette Davis, a blonde but not strawberryish. Some casting. Some fun

James Cagney



With the bathing season just around the corner, Diana parks at a swim-pool to take the sun in easy stages before it goes on a midsummer mad and burns her up. The sun is no respecter of persons or bodies—not even snug bodies like Miss L's

Diana Lewis

"THE WOMEN

Joan has *the* dramatic role of career in *A Woman's Face*—with Melvyn Douglas as plastic surgeon who restores her beauty — makes her proud of her womanhood

I HATE!"---Joan Crawford

YOU CAN'T FOOL JOAN CONCERNING HER OWN SEX. SHE PITCHES INTO HER PET HATES, NO HOLDS BARRED

"JUST five more stitches, George, and I'll be right with you." Joan speaking. "George" is Director George Cukor. The "five more stitches" were stitches on a dark brown sock Joan was knitting between scenes for *A Woman's Face,* a production directed by Cukor, starring Miss C., with a cast which includes Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt and other fame-names. All that Director Cukor wanted Joan to do was make a scene for the picture—the five stitches, I submit to you, came first. . . .

It was this small but very Crawford-revealing incident that started us off on the subject of women, honest and dishonest, worth-while and those not worth the powder they use on their faces.

Joan finished the last of the five stitches. . . "Excuse me," she said, "I'll go and do this scene. It's a short one. I just kick over a few toys in a child's nursery. I'll be right back. We'll have tea, and talk. . . ."

While she was gone, a friend of Joan's sat in Joan's portable dressing-room which is as cosy as a housewife's nook, with a framed picture of small Christina Crawford crawling upon a laughing Mama Crawford, flat on her back, dominating the dressing-table; with Joan's knitting-box, a mammoth matter, spilling out wools and patterns, and talked with me.

She is one of Joan's nine close women friends. For she has nine. And later, Joan listed them for me. Proudly. Mal Milland (Mrs. Ray), Bertha Case, wife of Frank (Algonquin Hotel) Case, Sally (Mrs. Norman) Foster, Olive Howard (executive secretary to a Hollywood agent), Happy Healey (a debutante), Jeanie Chester (whose father owns General Foods), Jean Dixon (actress), Helen Hayes and Lynn Fontanne, who need no specifying. Wasn't it Emerson who said that he, who can count his friends on the fingers of one hand, is an uncommon fortunate person. . . ?

Said Joan's friend, who prefers to be anonymous (guess which?) "Joan is one of the few women I know, especially among beautiful and successful women, who really has women friends. And for why? Well, chiefly because, I think, of the kind of thing that just happened, the stitches before the scene, the kind of thing Joan always does, thus proving she is a woman before she is anything else, even before she is an actress. *She's one of us—and we know it.*

"Then, she has never, through all the years I've known her, which are all the years she has been in Hollywood, played anyone a dirty trick. She has never double-crossed anyone she knows, something you can say of fairly few women. Many women, let's face it, make promises and then, if something better turns up, brush them off. If Joan makes you a promise—well, rest assured it's kept. In addition, I really think that Joan is genuinely sweet . . . an overworked word but it fits Joan like a custom-made tailored suit—not a drooly, syrupy sweet, but a sound and salty sweetness.

"And she has humor . . . about herself, which *is* humor. I remember one hectic day in New York when Joan was last there—in her hotel suite, it was. There were fitters from Hattie Carnegie, there were fur coats piled up like all of Hudson's Bay for her to select from, there were hat-boxes up to her eyebrows . . . all of John-Fredericks was there, *in*cluding Mr. John and Mr. Fred. Phones were ringing like completely crazy, local calls, long-distance calls. Messenger boys were coming and going, florists' boys were coming and going—the place smelled like a funeral parlor. Scripts were coming and going. Stowaway fans were emerging from under beds and rugs. She was being the Movie Star all over the place.

"If you'd seen the scene on the stage, you'd have sworn it was feverishly exaggerated. In the midst of the melee a minister's wife from upstate arrived to teach Joan a needlepoint stitch. Now, Joan didn't see how funny it

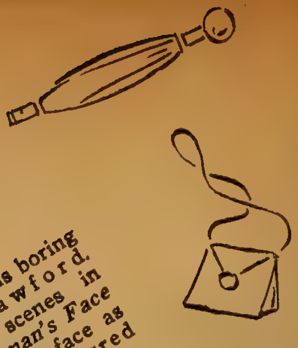
[*Continued on page 76*]

By
Gladys
Hall

Several of the most emotional scenes in *A Woman's Face* are played by Joan and the grand character actor Conrad Veidt

Ginger Rogers, who seldom gets mussed, took down her hair, looked oomphless in *Primrose Path*. Has many *plain* scenes in *Kitty Foyle* even to wearing pigtails

Glamour is boring to Crawford. Many scenes in *A Woman's Face* show her face as horribly scarred



GLAMOUR DOES A PRATT

by Jack Holland

Touted as ace glamour girl, Carole Lombard went drab and plain for *Vigil in the Night* and *They Knew What They Wanted*. The change didn't hurt her, made her a better actress

Ann Sothern had plenty to do with giving glamour the gate. She was getting nowhere fast until she gave up the sultry stuff and went in for earthy appeal in *Maisie* and *Dulcy*

GLAMOUR SEEMS ON ITS WAY OUT. TAKE IT FROM HOLLYWOOD, THE GIRLS GETTING THE BREAKS TODAY ARE THOSE WHO ARE NOT AFRAID OF PRATT FALLS AND MESSING UP THEIR BEAUTY

THE days of the languorous, drooping eyelids, the fluttering chiffons, and the call of the open boudoirs seem to have gone down the drain in Hollywood.

Something's mixed up. Glamour is definitely doing a pratt fall both literally and figuratively.

One by one the glamour girls have been knocking themselves from under their bases. They're forsaking sunken cheeks, wan expressions, and asthmatic love scenes for the rough-and-tumble era, the business of giving and taking with a gusto that actually indicates that blood runs through their veins—and not grease-paint.

While this return to the robust life may not have begun with Ann Sothern, she had plenty to do with it. Now there, my friends, is a girl who practically glamored herself right out of existence. Remember when she was at RKO essaying lovely romance with Gene Raymond? Remember those slinky gowns she wore and her continual avowals of "Win your man with oomph?" Well, now look at her.

Ann was getting no place fast in those days. She had gone about as far as an Italian would in a Greek restaurant. Sure she was a lovely number to look at. But even a young lady with Ann's appeal couldn't continue playing side-kick in innocuous romances to an equally romantic young man. One day she gets mad at herself. She looks in the mirror and what does she see? Nothing but an expressionless mask hiding a face that was aching to come out from under the drapings and be itself. Too much is sufficient, she thought. So Annie disappeared from the screen.

While she went into this voluntary retirement, she completely underwent a process of deglamorization. One day, she was called to M-G-M and asked to test for a character whose name was to be *Maisie*. Not much hopes were held out for the part or for the "B" picture that it obviously was. But Annie was a daring soul. Here was very likely the chance she had been waiting for, the opportunity to wow audiences with realism instead of lulling them to sleep with a mellow oomph.

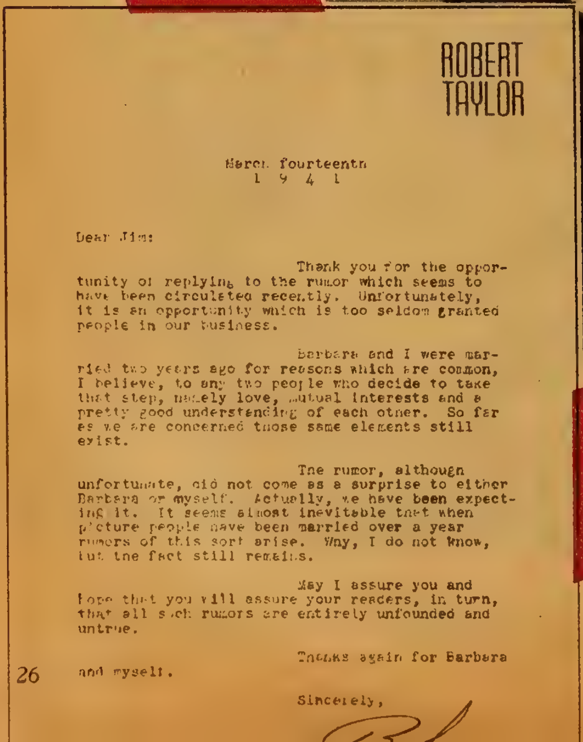
You all know what happened to Annie after *Maisie*. And if you think she's still glamorous, take a squint at that outfit she sports. Nothing's been too much for her since. Happily, she fell on her face in a mud-puddle for *Gold Rush Maisie*. She let herself get all dirtied up for *Dulcy*. And what's more—she loves it all. Give her a mud-puddle or a greasy face any time to flowing gowns and squeaky niceties that are the initial build-up of glamour.

Then there's [*Continued on page* 80]

Dietrich was sexy in ***The Garden of Allah.*** Nobody cared. In ***Destry Rides Again, Seven Sinners,*** everybody cared. In ***The Flame of New Orleans,*** Marlene still goes in for rowdy stuff

Ida Lupino's career began in the oomph field. To escape from it and get somewhere as an actress she went all out as ugly duckling in ***They Drive by Night*** and ***The Sea Wolf***

THE ANSWER TO THOSE



ROBERT
TAYLOR

March fourteenth
1 9 4 1

Dear Jim:

Thank you for the opportunity of replying to the rumor which seems to have been circulated recently. Unfortunately, it is an opportunity which is too seldom granted people in our business.

Barbara and I were married two years ago for reasons which are common, I believe, to any two people who decide to take that step, namely love, mutual interests and a pretty good understanding of each other. So far as we are concerned those same elements still exist.

The rumor, although unfortunate, did not come as a surprise to either Barbara or myself. Actually, we have been expecting it. It seems almost inevitable that when picture people have been married over a year rumors of this sort arise. Why, I do not know, but the fact still remains.

May I assure you and hope that you will assure your readers, in turn, that all such rumors are entirely unfounded and untrue.

Thanks again for Barbara and myself.

Sincerely,

Rumors first started during *Meet John Doe* when Barbara was too busy to join Bob at Palm Springs

No one can doubt the sincerity of Bob's love for Barbara after reading his letter, left, to Jim Reid

TAYLOR-STANWYCK RUMORS

By JAMES E. REID

VICIOUS GOSSIP HAS KILLED MANY A HAPPY MARRIAGE IN HOLLYWOOD BUT BARBARA AND BOB AREN'T GOING TO LET IT KILL THEIRS. THEY BRING THE DIVORCE RUMORS RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN AND FUMIGATE THEM

The happiest man at the *Meet John Doe* premiere was Bob Taylor. He was that proud of Barbara's splendid performance

"IF YOU'RE an actress, and you marry an actor," said Barbara (Mrs. Robert Taylor) Stanwyck, "they give you about eight months to a year—then they start the divorce rumors. It always happens. Bob and I expected it to happen to us sooner than it did. They started divorce rumors about Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, who were married after we were, and Tyrone Power and Annabella, and they left *us* alone. We couldn't understand it. 'Why have *we* been spared?' we wondered."

Barbara treated herself to an ironic smile. "But we didn't have to wonder long," she said.

In other words, she and Bob weren't "amazed" or "dumbfounded" when the rumors started. They both had been around Hollywood too long to hope for permanent immunity.

"There's a strange urge, in Hollywood," Barbara continued, "to be the first to say: 'I told you so.' That's what starts most of the rumors. People constantly jump the gun, trying to beat each other to predictions. And even though they may be wrong ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they get a strange satisfaction out of guessing right that one other time. I don't understand why—but that's the way it is. And you have to be philosophical about it. Up to a certain point," she added. "Beyond that point, you do something about it"—as she was doing now. "You bring all the rumors out in the open and fumigate them.

"We knew, when we married, that it would be only a matter of time until there were rumors that we were parting. And we knew they weren't very far away when we heard 'that people were talking'—after reading some of the rumors that *had* reached print."

Barbara took a deep breath and plunged. "Those rumors, for example, that I was trying to run Bob's career, and that he was trying to make me give up mine, and that I had made him shave off his mustache, and that I was trying to make him give up flying, and that I was in such poor health that I wasn't much of a companion, and that Bob was taking more and more trips without me . . . The only thing that dismayed us, when the avalanche finally hit us, was that it happened so fantastically."

This was how it happened: A Hollywood columnist called Barbara one night and said, "I've heard that you and Bob have separated, and that you've engaged a Palm Springs attorney to handle your divorce. Is it true?" Barbara's first reaction was to laugh. That business about the Palm Springs lawyer was pretty silly. If she did want a divorce, why should she hire a Palm Springs lawyer, when she already knew a good one in Los Angeles? "It just doesn't make sense," she said. "Who could have started such a story?" She wasn't furious. Just curious.

All that she could find [*Continued on page* 54]

SHE

The nine women who have made up such a character-forming and inspirational background in Irene Dunne's life are Jane Addams, Madame Curie, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Anderson, Katharine Cornell, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Georgia Coleman, Edna Ferber—and Irene's mother

Madame Curie

Vand

Katharine Cornell

BEHIND EVERY WOMAN'S THOUGHTS AND AMBITIONS, THERE IS ALMOST SURE TO BE SOMEONE WHO HAS INFLUENCED THEM. IRENE DUNNE OWES MUCH OF HER CHARACTER AND MOST OF HER SUCCESS TO NINE WOMEN . . . . THEY'VE TRULY INSPIRED HER

By Hollis Court

OUT of the heralded pages of fame and of reality and into the heart and soul of Irene Dunne have stepped nine women who have mirrored their greatness and humanity in the qualities and ideals that are symbolic of the gracious star of Hollywood.

The world has long admired the charm and talent of Irene Dunne, but what of those silent women who remain in the background but who are so much of a part of her life? It is with them and their importance to Irene that this story is concerned.

In her lovely garden, sheltered by a towering cypress hedge and decorated with a gorgeous intermingling of colorful flowers, Irene and I sat talking one tropical afternoon. She was dressed in a yellow sports dress and looked particularly cool and comfortable.

"No woman can honestly say that she is self-made," Irene began intently, the reddish cast of her hair dancing in the bright sunshine. "Behind every woman's thoughts and ambitions, there is almost certain to be someone who has influenced them. I owe a great deal to those nine women who have been my inspiration."

She began talking of a woman many have considered lonely. But a woman whose life was so full, every moment was crowded. Jane Addams!

"About a year ago," Irene continued, "when there was talk of my making a picture based on the life of Jane Addams, I received a letter from a woman who had been her secretary. She said she was very happy that I was to portray Miss Addams on the screen. Even though the plans for the picture were temporarily postponed, I suddenly became very curious about this woman who has been such a symbol of humanity.

"The more I read about her accomplishments, the more I realized how great was her service. Nothing could deter her from her ambition or her purpose. Alone, except for a burning ideal, she fought bigotry and prejudice from the time she bought Hull House in Chicago to the day when she sat back in her room alone and knew that she had been of service to those in the world who needed help. I've often wondered what she thought in those last years of her life as she saw her work become more and more important. I wonder if she ever missed giving up her natural womanly rights to devote herself to the comfort of others. I'm sure she didn't, for Jane Addams was the personification of woman's three great qualities—sacrifice, courage, and devotion to an ideal.

"She not only made me acutely conscious of the growth and importance of her greatest work, the creation of day-nurseries, but she also brought me face to face with the marvelous charitable work being done all over the [*Continued on page* 58]

OWES IT ALL TO THEM

Irene's mother

Edna Ferber

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Geraldine Farrar

As Ziegfeld might have glorified her, the photographer captures sleek, lithe beauty of Anya Taranda, former model and show-girl

THE GLORIFIED!

DURING THE THEATRICAL REIGN OF ZIEGFELD HE WAS KNOWN AS THE PRINCE OF PULCHRITUDE. HE HAD A DISCERNING EYE FOR FEMININE BEAUTY. HIS GIRLS HAD TO MEASURE UP TO THE HIGHEST QUALIFICATIONS TO BECOME GLORIFIED. THE SCREEN NOW CARRIES ON WHERE ZIEGFELD LEFT OFF. THESE PULCHRITUDINOUS PEACHES ARE A FEW OF THE GLORIFIED OF "ZIEGFELD GIRL"

Typical Ziegfeldian beauty is Virginia Cruzon, posing as Spanish senorita

Super-glorified in chinchilla for *Ziegfeld Girl* is Alaine Brandeis of Chicago

With typical Ziegfeld zip comes Georgia Carroll, famed Powers model in gay dance decor

NORDIC - - BUT NICE

AFTER MAKING ALL THE HURDLES, INCLUDING HER ENGLISH, INGRID BERGMAN COMES INTO RICH REWARDS. HERE'S AN UP-TO-DATE SLANT ON THE SWEDISH STAR

By IDA ZEITLIN

WHEN Garbo laughs, it's a wonder. When Ingrid Bergman, her compatriot, laughs, it's a pleasure. She does it more naturally. You don't have to gape, applaud or genuflect. You just laugh with her.

As when she tells you why she worries about her English. It doesn't keep her awake nights, but she worries. She's anxious not to give Pia, her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, a bum steer.

Pia, sixteen months on arrival, has done her talking almost exclusively in these United States. She has Swedish parents and a Swedish nurse, but she plays in a California park with American children, and remains deaf and dumb to her native tongue. "Sked," says her mother, holding the object up. "Spoon," says Pia placidly. Only to God, in her nightly prayer, will she talk Swedish.

She owns a toy farm, stocked with toy creatures. Her mother's hand moves not too surely among them. "This is a rooster, Pia—no, no, it's a cow—I have all the trouble keeping up," Miss Bergman explains, "so she will not learn from me all the wrong words. Think how confusing—if she grew to believe a thing which gives milk is a rooster while a thing which marries a hen is a cow."

This represents her current linguistic hurdle. The earlier one—that of making herself intelligible to American audiences—lies safely behind her. In *Intermezzo* she made herself not only intelligible, but beloved. It was quite a stunt. A dark-haired unknown, she left the print of her own freshness and grace on an otherwise so-so picture, and left it so indelibly that it remains undimmed by a year's absence from our screen. She returns to be starred with Warner Baxter in Columbia's *Adam Had Four Sons,* with Bob Montgomery in Metro's *Rage in Heaven,* with Spencer Tracy in the same [*Continued on page* 64]

OLD ENOUGH

You may not realize Judy's a big girl now, playing a Glorified lead in *Ziegfeld Girl*. She's old enough to be convincing as someone who would have caught the eye of Ziegfeld himself. Photo at left shows her in kiddie stage, in *Broadway Melody of 1938*

TO KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS

DON'T CLASS JUDY GARLAND AMONG THE KIDDIES ANY LONGER. A BIG GIRL—GOING ON 19—SHE'S THE SAME AGE AS DEANNA, AND OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS. LIKE GETTING MARRIED

By CAROL CRAIG

WE KNOW people who are horrified to read in the gossip columns that Judy Garland may be a bride before the year's over. The trouble is, they still think of Judy as a little girl in a pinafore and pigtails, singing "Over the Rainbow." They can't realize that she's a big girl now. Though there's a chance that they can after they see her *latest* picture.

She doesn't play a glorified schoolgirl. She plays a glorified showgirl. The title of the picture is *Ziegfeld Girl*—a title that refers to Judy just as much as it refers to Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner, who are also present.

In other words, she's old enough to be convincing as someone who would have caught the eye of the late great Florenz Ziegfeld, a connoisseur in alluring young womanhood. So she must be old enough to get married.

According to her birth certificate, Judy is 18. (An age at which many girls become brides. As Anne Shirley, for example, did.) On June 10th, Judy will be 19. (The age of Deanna Durbin, who, by the time you read this, will be a bride.)

If it seems like only yesterday that Judy was a child, that's because it was less than two years ago that she made *The Wizard of Oz,* in which she sang "Over the Rainbow." But she was 16 even then. She looked 12 only because the M-G-M make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe departments made her over for the role of *Dorothy*.

The make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe departments all contributed to Judy's appearance in *Ziegfeld Girl.* But they didn't have to make her over.

We found that out, first thing, when we went out to her house the other day—to check up on those rumored marriage plans and/or whatever else was new in her life.

A year ago, Judy would have rushed into a room, betraying nervous excitement at the prospect of an interview. She would have been wearing a sweater-and-skirt outfit and sports shoes. Her hair would have looked wind-blown. She would have given the general impression that she was fresh from a high-school hockey match.

Now there was a vast difference. She walked into the room. Calmly, gracefully. She was wearing a smartly simple one-piece dress—all-black except for some gold embroidery near the neckline. Toeless pumps adorned her feet. Her reddish-blond hair, loosely waved in a long bob, had a freshly-combed look. The general effect suggested a well-groomed college girl. Someone interested in being considered adult, though young.

The effect wasn't that of a child in grown-up garb. She didn't wobble on her high heels. And her dress fitted snugly enough to reveal that she had trim curves—which un-grown-ups don't have.

Yet the effect wasn't that of A Glamour Girl At Home, either. She didn't glitter. That has always been one of the refreshing things about Judy—she has never looked so much like a movie star as like a normal young girl. Even *on* the screen. (That's probably one of the secrets of her success.)

THE last time we talked with her, a year or so ago, we had asked her how it felt to be half-way through the terrible teens—and she had been eloquent on the subject. So now, hopefully, we asked her how it felt to be grown-up.

She gestured vaguely. "I don't feel grown-up," she said, "and I don't feel *not* grown-up. I don't know how to express it. I don't feel so much as if *I've* changed. It's more a sensation that things around me have changed.

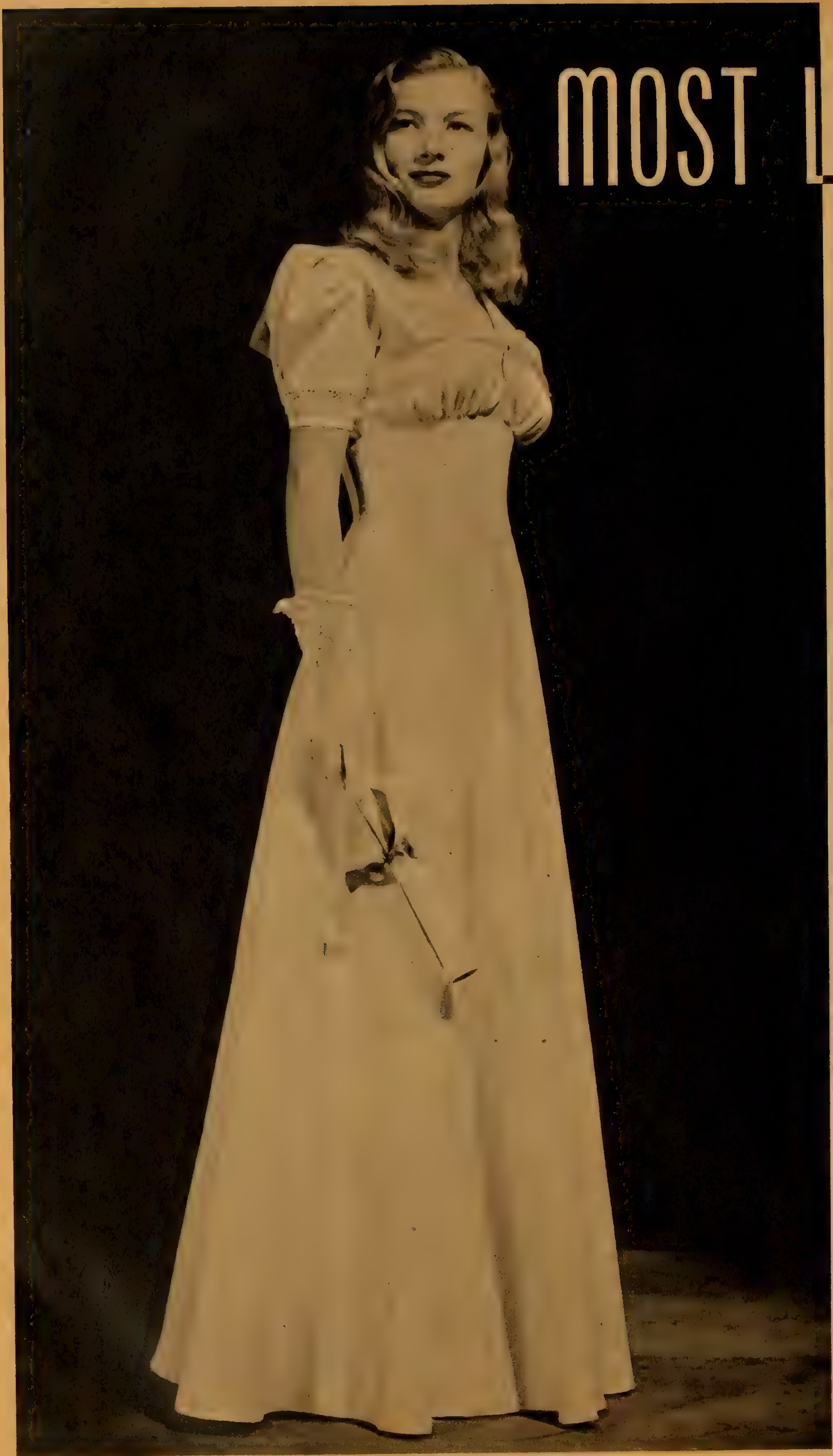
"A year ago, [*Continued on page* 56]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Judy's only male interest is Dave Rose. About rumored marriage plans, there's nothing definite yet. But don't be too, too surprised

MOST LIKELY

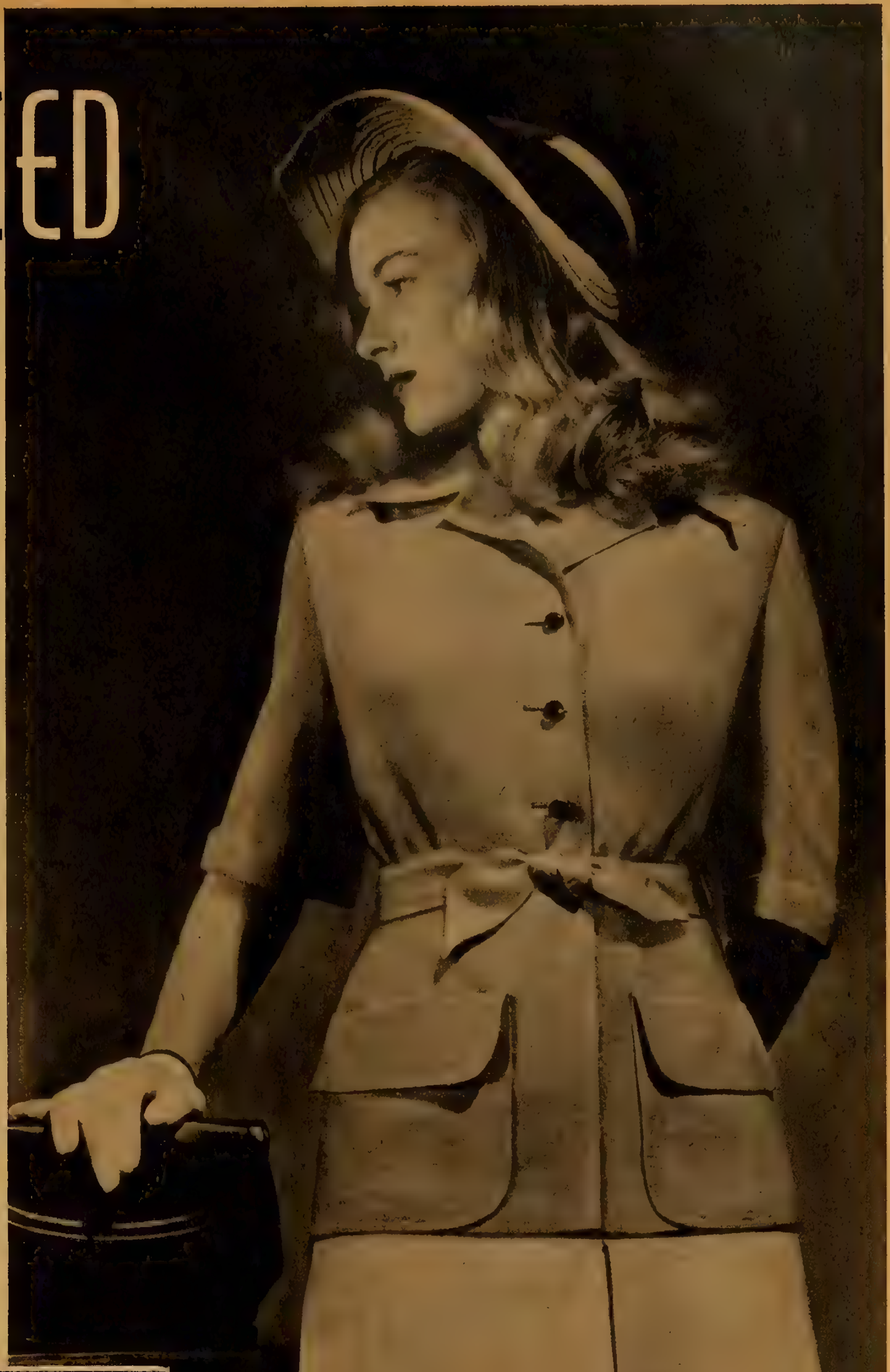
BY CANDIDA



. . . At graduation exercises, a white pique Sanforized Shrunk dress with Irish lace trim. It doubles all summer as a dance frock. Designed by Maureene, it's $8 at McCreery's, New York. The Smart Set Gloves, of milanese rayon, have crochet panel to match frock. $1 at Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham, Ala. Veronica Lake is in *I Wanted Wings*

TO SUCCEED

. . . When looking for a job—this Swansdown suit of spun rayon. It's lined, so you can wear a blouse or not. $11, Oppenheim, Collins, New York and Buffalo. Wear it with the perky bonnet by Touster, only $2.98. Shown in inset below are Veronica's Daniel Hays gloves, at all leading stores, and triple-pocketed Campus Turnabout bag, in Marshall Field's Basement, Chicago. They're $1 each



LOOK FOR THESE CLOTHES

in your local shops, or send a post card to Candida, Fashion Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, for the names of stores carrying them. Be sure to state which items interest you most, please.

DON'T GET COBINA WRIGHT (JR.) WRONG

BY
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY

COBINA COMES FROM RIGHT SIDE OF THE TRACKS. INTERESTED IN A MOVIE CAREER FOR ART'S SAKE, SHE FINDS IT A MEAL-TICKET, TOO

COBINA WRIGHT, JR., tall, slim, beautiful refugee from the Social Register, has one thing in common with the professional cowboys of the rodeos. She discovered it, to her vast astonishment, last year when she became an *aficionada* or fan (excuse us, Mr. Hemingway) of the poor man's horse-show. Both she and the cowboys work for a living.

Before this vital fact struck home the lovely and blond Miss Wright had an idea that rodeos were held by Western riding artists in sheer exuberance and for love of the equestrian art, but not for profit. Last year, which was devoted largely to attending the better rodeos—Pendleton, et cetera—convinced her that she had misread the signs.

Rodeo performers risk their lives riding Brahma steers, roping calves, for exactly the same reason that she lifted her voice in song with hotel orchestras from the age of fourteen, in night clubs when she reached her majority, [*Continued on page 72*]

As a matador in *Blood and Sand* Ty will throw the bull, but if he follows in the footsteps of Rudolph Valentino who starred in the silent version he will also throw the girls—for a loop. How do you like him with ceegar and patent-leather hair?

Tyrone Power

AT HOME

Apparently Louis Hayward wears the pants at home. Ida prefers skirts —even in a playsuit. Of plum red seersucker with lighter front panel

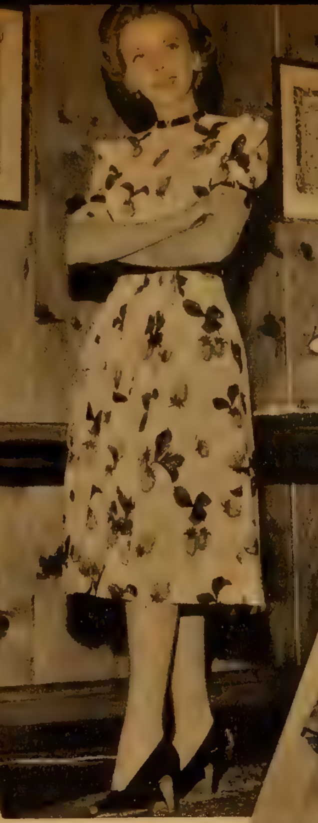
For romping around with her pet Shepherd, Ida chooses an all-over cotton print. The yellow quilted top is bound in red

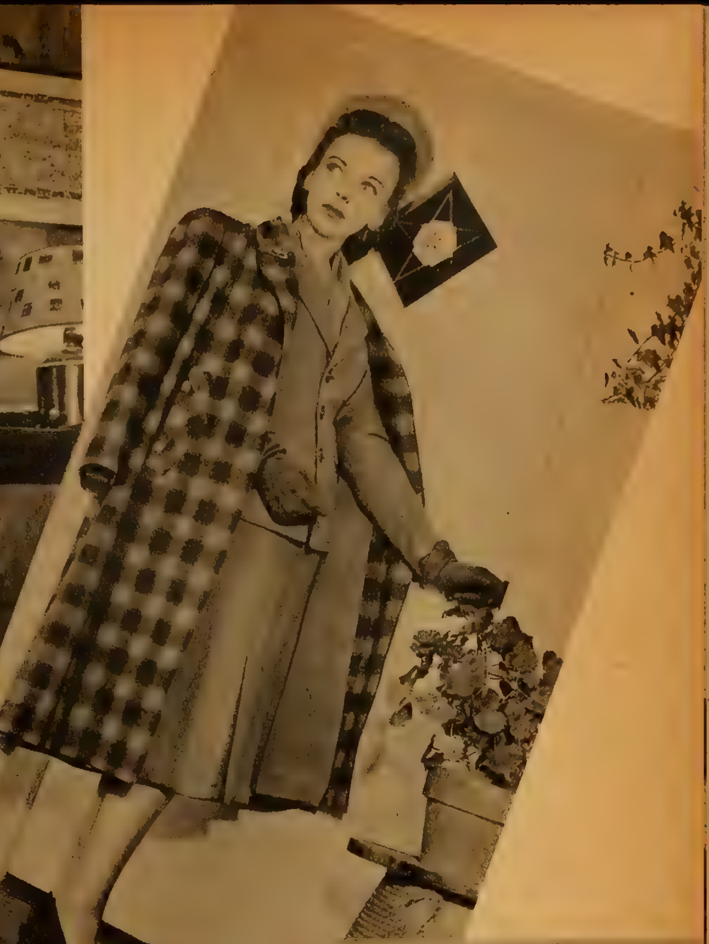
White and Kelly green stripes are Ida's choice for crepe pajamas. The star earned stripes for role in *The Sea Wolf*

Large prints are big this summer—particularly for evenings. Ida's blue and white formal is draped at shoulders and bosom

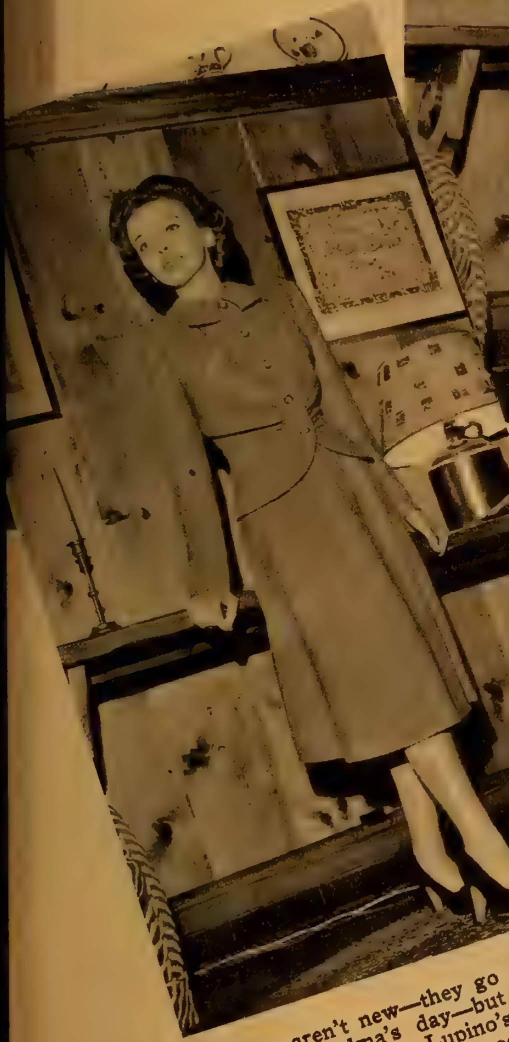
Ideal for entertaining at home are Ida's hostess pajamas in white and honey-colored heavy crepe. Gold birds ornament belt

Ida not only picks cotton but berries as well for gay print afternoon frock. Black velvet trims neck, sleeves, belt

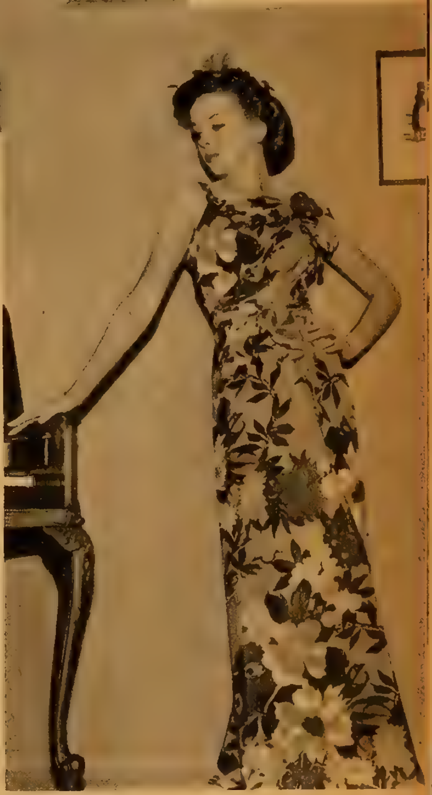




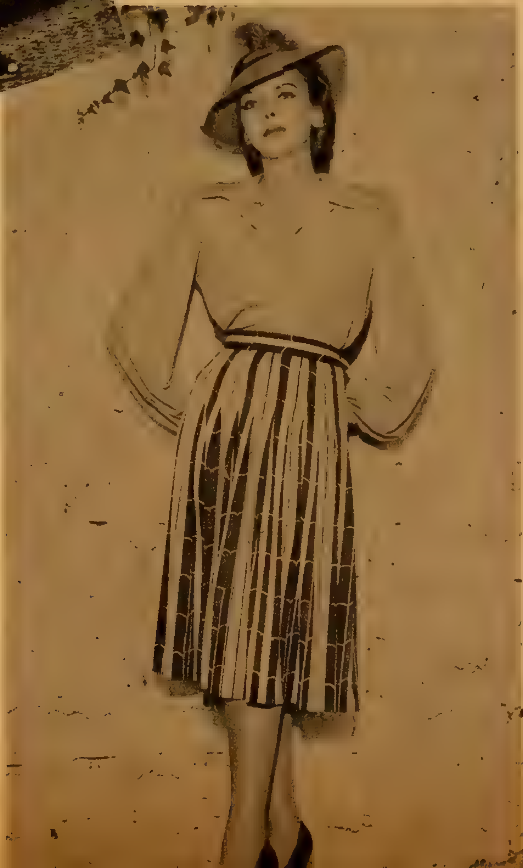
Imported powder blue cashmere suits Ida perfectly for going abroad. Her topcoat is of blue and brown plaid, turban blue



Peplums aren't new—they go back to grandma's day—but they are NEWS. La Lupino's lightweight blue wool (good all year round) sports one



White, green and blue flowers are splashed on Ida's lipstick red formal. Bodice is draped and caught in loop at shoulder



Your wardrobe isn't complete unless you have a shirtwaist dress. Ida's is yellow jersey with a pleated, striped skirt

AND ABROAD

By HOLLY WOOD

By
Louis
Raymond

GOOD BAD GIRL

ONA MUNSON WHO CREATED BELLE WATLING IN GWTW DOES ANOTHER SEDUCTIVE CHORE IN DIXIE

ONA MUNSON is getting further and further South. Or, to be exact, South by West. No sooner has she shed the crinolines of Atlanta's *Belle Watling* (remember *Belle?*)—at least they cost *Rhett Butler* a pretty Confederate penny—than she looms up in the gaudy hip-swish of *The Lady From New Orleans.* There's just no stopping a determined Yankee who has an unsavory, yet seductive, chore to do in Dixie.

Atlanta and New Orleans might not take kindly to the make-believe come-hither of their own girls, no matter how convincing the performances. Hollywood takes no chances. It sends for little Miss Munson (of Oregon), commissions her to let her eyes go roving and her hips toss ever so lightly in the breeze.

And little Miss Munson, being an accomplished actress, is so persuasive in the business that the Southland becomes alarmed, draws within its porticoed parlors, raises its collective nose and eyebrows, and will have nothing to do with the hussy.

Curiously, Ona Munson looks less like a hussy, less like a scarlet woman than anyone you can imagine this side of Hawthorne or Hemingway. In fact, she could not win her A in any realistic novelist's track-or-turf meet. Yet, when David Selznick and Victor Fleming were tearing their hair trying to find *Belle Watling* (good old *Belle*) for their production of *Gone With the Wind,* it was Ona who happened in at the psychological moment.

The red wig which she had to don for the test was practically worn out from handling. But when she rustled into the Selznick office, properly padded to suggest the buxom baby, the producer called the director and announced: "Here's your *Belle*

[*Continued on page* 88]

If Bill looks natural and at ease in khaki—and in a plane—it's because he's been living the life of a flying cadet at Kelly Field while making *I Wanted Wings*. Should the army call Bill for selective service they won't get a raw recruit

William Holden

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN—VIRGINIA STYLE

By Dan Camp

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE, YOU'LL FIND A CHAP WITH WHOM YOU CAN ENJOY LONG SILENCES. ONCE YOU FIND HIM YOU'VE GOT A PAL. THEY ARE VERY SCARCE. RANDY SCOTT'S ONE OF THEM

NOW undoubtedly, Mistuh Randolph Scott, suh, of Vuhginyuh, suh, an' Hollywood, suh, has been called many, many things. . . .

Beyond even an infinitesimal shadow of a doubt, he has been called, again and again, The Answer To A Maiden's Prayer. Maidens are supposed to pray for such divine offerings as Mistuh Scott typifies, aren't they? And equally undoubtedly, Mistuh Scott must also have been called, time and again, The Biggest Stuffed-Shirt In Hollywood. Because nobody can go Vuhginyuhing around Hollywood with his nose up and his aristocratic arrogance buckled on like a suit of tinplate, and escape being called that.

And besides those extremes, he's been called a lot of other things, many of them most lavishly complimentary, and others of them unprintably otherwise. Hollywood is like that, and you'd get to the point where you believe that, by now, Mistuh Randolph Scott couldn't possibly be surprised, any more, at ANYTHING he might be called.

BUT—I'll lay you an ancient herring to a big date with Hedy Lamarr, or your own pick, that Randolph Scott is going to be surprised, no end, when he reads here what one of Hollywood's most charming, most traveled, most cultured and most sophisticated girls called him, while she was telling me all about her years-long acquaintance with him.

She called him—of ALL things!—a CHINESE HOUSE. . . . ! ! !

"Er," burped I, letting my Hollywoodishly masculine jealousy get the best of me, "did you have a slip-o'-th'-tongue—that is, didn't you mean—uh—LOUSE?"

"No," smiled the lady; "I said house—aitch-oh-you-ess-ee—and I MEANT house."

So I said yeah, all right, Randy Scott is a Chinese house then, and so what did that make me. And she said, I having left myself wide open for it, that that made me an ignorant oaf, and she went on to explain—

"A Chinese house," said she (who'd been in China a number of years, and maybe that'll tip you off as to who she is), "is constructed on a principle the direct opposite of the houses we know over here.

[Continued on page 62]

GIN-RUMMY Takes Hollywood Over

IT'S NOT BRIDGE, NOR POKER, NOR PINOCHLE, NOR HEARTS, NOR CASSINO, NOR RUSSIAN BANK—BUT GIN-RUMMY THAT HAS HOLLYWOOD DIZZY. WHEREVER TWO STARS GET TOGETHER THEY ARE PICKING UP CARDS AND PUTTING THEM DOWN

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(1) Gin-Rummy caught on so well, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville play in swim-suits at Palm Springs

(2) When eats are over at Brown Derby, Mary Martin and Hubby, Dick Halliday, aid digestion with G-R

(3) Greg Bautzer and Dot Lamour like to hold hands. But love aside, they like to hold G-R hands too

(4) While awaiting radio cue, Poet Ogden Nash passes up poetry to take on Singer Connie Boswell

(5) Gin-Rummy is played in every imaginable spot. They even play it on stairs when there are no chairs—like Bob Stack and Sheila Ryan

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Tee-Hee

■ You don't HAVE to laugh if you don't want to—but anyway, the name of Joan Crawford's new chauffeur is ROBERT TAYLOR!

Laraine's Prize-Fighter

■ Most bewildered girl in Hollywood, the other day, was Laraine Day, when her maid came running upstairs after answering the front door, and announced:

"Miss Day, there's a *boxer* downstairs for you."

"A WHAT?" screamed Laraine.

"A boxer," insisted the maid.

Laraine was not only bewildered, she was darn near scared stiff.

"But I don't KNOW any prize-fighters!" she protested.

But then the maid explained that she didn't mean a pugilist, but a Boxer dog—a puppy, in fact. And Laraine has never been so relieved in her life.

The pooch had come in a crate, a gift from Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, to whom, a few nights before, Laraine had confided that she loved boxer dogs, and would love to have one of her own.

Bump from Hedy

■ When Rand Brooks collided with another person, at the entrance to a Hollywood candy shop the other day, he didn't waste any time with formal stilted apologies. Instead, he spoke the truth.

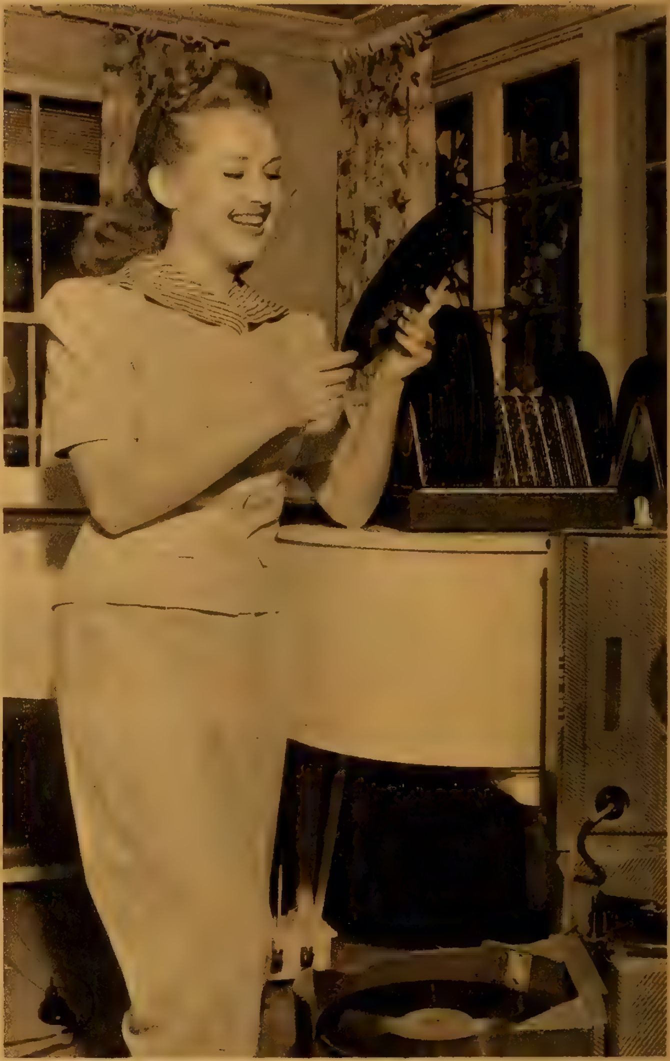
You see, it happened to be Hedy Lamarr he ran into—with a bump that wrapped him completely around her. Hedy, polite, gasped, "Oh, I'm so sorry. . . !"

"Sorry," snorted Rand; "not ME—I'm soooo GLAD!"

Mash Notes

■ Maybe it doesn't signify anything at all, and on the other hand, maybe it does—but the most mash notes from married women come to Walter Pidgeon. And Irene Dunne gets the most ardent fan-letters from married men.

Yoo hoo, Dr. Griffin—!



Betty Grable takes a look at the record, finds that she has done okay since NY stage visit. In the Spring record is *Miami*

Not since day of *Mr. Deeds* has Gary Cooper had such chances to go to town as in *Meet John Doe* and *Sergeant York*

Jimmy Stewart flies own plane, hopes to fly for army, now that number is up. He hopes army planes have bigger doors

Jane Wyatt, who chucked it all for the stage and marriage a season or two ago, makes comeback in *Kisses for Breakfast*

Paulette Goddard wears exotic costumes in *Pot o' Gold.* Does new rhumba-like dance

Marjorie Woodworth, Hal Roach new discovery in *Broadway Limited,* was drum majorette at USC

Gene Tierney goes earthy after *Tobacco Road,* digs up desert flowers at Palm Springs

From Tree to Fire-Plug

■ Nat Pendleton isn't sure whether that Great Dane of his—named "Sandow"—would ever be any good as a watchdog or a guardian or a bodyguard. Nat has always suspected that a burglar could come and steal everything in the house, and kidnap Nat too, without "Sandow" getting worked up about it very much. . . .

But though that may be true, something really did get "Sandow" into a huff, the other day. A gang of city workmen came along, preparing the street for widening operations. In front of Nat's house, they set about removing a tree.

At that, "Sandow" went into action. They could take the house or the car or Nat, but they couldn't take that tree. To "Sandow," that tree was very important. To "Sandow," it was about the only tree in the block that he considered worth while, from a dog's viewpoint. And so forthwith, "Sandow" went into action. . . He took a piece out of the foreman of the road-gang.

Now Nat's trying to square it up without a suit on his hands. And he's going to buy "Sandow" a fire-plug, all his own. . . !

Strikes Pay Dirt

■ For a year-and-a-half, Linda Darnell was one of Hollywood's top stars, as you know. Yet, believe it or not, in all that time she didn't own a home of her own, a car of her own—or even a fur coat! And the reason was that she couldn't afford it!

Linda was under one of those contracts where she got only beginner's pay, despite her sudden surge to stardom. When she signed up, her salary was $75 a week—and a movie star can't buy fur coats and fifteen-room houses on that.

But now for Linda, it's different. The other day, she went into court and had her new contract approved. Now she gets $750 a week. And by the time you read this, she'll have a fur coat, a car of her own—and probably a house!

But she can't spend it all. The court decreed that of her new income, at least [*Continued on page* 69]

Marlene's legs take her on erotic adventure in *Flame of New Orleans.* As dizzy dame she enflames river pirate Cabot

As *The Lady From Cheyenne,* Loretta wins the vote for women's suffrage. She'll also win your vote of approval for her role of the schoolmarm in this political satire. If Loretta had campaigned in reality the girls would have had an easy victory

Loretta Young

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—*says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer*

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.

MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

Give YOUR *skin* THEIR *Beauty Care*

A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after *1 full minute.* You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has *taken off* countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.

See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.

SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name____________________
Address____________________ (Offer good in U. S. only)

COFFEE FACTS

Flavor
Aroma
Color
Thrift
Sociability

When you're having coffee and—make it Coffee Quick Bread. Recipe on page 79

America's favorite beverage favored by the John Paynes (Anne Shirley)

By
PAULINE RAWLEY

Coffee makes delicious sauces—for ice cream, cake or pudding. Turn to page 79 for recipe

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT COFFEE—AMERICA'S FAVORITE BEVERAGE

FROM New York to Hollywood, from Chicago to New Orleans, coffee daily soothes throngs of enthusiastic Americans. It's "America's Favorite Beverage," and its history is as romantic as the Latin American countries from which it comes.

One of the first persons to serve coffee as a beverage was the celebrated charmer of ancient times, the Queen of Sheba. And history also tells us that the Mohammedan Monks over a thousand years ago, were no exceptions—they too had their "k'hawah" which means "the stimulating, the invigorating." In fact, our national beverage has its own special name in every country in the world. To the Chinese, it's "kia-fey"; to the Mongols—"teoutse"; and to the Austrians—"kaffe." The logical French call it "cafe" and named their restaurants after it many years ago. But, coffee under *any name* would be popular with Americans. And so it has been since Pilgrim days.

The ancestor of *all* American coffee houses was established in Boston as far back as 1634. And we find that early Philadelphia Quakers were willing for William Penn to introduce it into their social life at $4.68 a pound. Fortunately for us "moderns," coffee is no longer a luxury. It's one of the thriftiest items on our weekly grocery lists, and certainly one of the most versatile. Add to that, [*Continued on page* 78]

It clings to you and Flatters you...
THRU ALL THESE 4 EXCITING HOURS!

AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.

AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.

AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS OF 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness—and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look *younger*... look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring ... is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you... giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

LADY ESTHER POWDER

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY______________STATE________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

The Answer to Those Taylor-Stanwyck Rumors

[*Continued from page 27*]

out was that it had come "from several different sources." People were actually taking it seriously. So, as seriously as she could, and as emphatically as she could, Barbara said that Bob and she were *not* separated, they were *not* getting a divorce, and their marriage was doing all right . . . She explained that Bob was in Palm Springs, getting in some flying practice; that the only reason why she wasn't with him was that she was working; that he flew up to Hollywood week-ends so that they could be together; and that if her word weren't enough, *he* could be reached at a certain Palm Springs telephone number.

They both thought that was the end of *that*. But—it was only the beginning.

Out came a story that, though they denied them, there *were* rumors that the Robert Taylors were divorcing. It didn't reveal the preposterous details of the rumors. That was bad enough. But the real blow was the line in the story that other couples had recently denied any trouble, just before announcing divorce plans—which left people to wonder if their denials meant anything. That hurt. Both Bob and Barbara, as long as they had been in Hollywood, had made a point of being truthful with the Press.

"People who didn't know us, and made no effort to find out the facts, took that one line as a signal to start making predictions. The lid was off. Rumors popped all over the place, in a sort of spontaneous combustion." (One prophet went so far as to say that when Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck made up their minds, their decision would crowd the war off the front pages—which was *really* piling it on.) "There wasn't any way to stop the guesses. Except to outlive them." She tilted her chin. "Which, I think, we stand a good chance of doing."

BARBARA never dreaded going to work, as she did the morning that first story appeared. She knew that everyone at the studio would have seen the paper. She had visions of what would happen when she stepped on the set. An embarrassed hush . . . curious stares . . . whispers—with everybody wondering if the rumors were true. And what could she do to convince everybody that they weren't? She couldn't very well step out on the center of the stage and make an announcement. She would just have to sit there, in an agony of self-consciousness, and bear it.

"But just the opposite happened. People were swell. They behaved the same as always, except that they found ways to tell me that *they* knew any divorce rumors were ridiculous. That helped—a lot."

It was significant that the people who knew Barbara, even if they didn't know Bob, were convinced that the marriage was doing all right. You don't have to be around a person very long to be able to tell whether that person is happy or not. . . . And it was also significant that the people who knew Bob, even if they didn't know Barbara, were equally convinced that the marriage was doing all right. But nobody rushed into print with *that* news. It wasn't sensational. It wasn't what people were palpitating to hear.

"I know it's human nature to believe the worst," Barbara commented, "but it's strange, in spite of that, that people haven't been willing to believe that we might have a pretty solid foundation for a happy marriage. We didn't elope after a three weeks' acquaintance. We went together for three years, which gave us plenty of time to discover each other's faults, and understand each other, and find out just how companionable we were and just how durable our love was. Also, during that time, Bob went to London for four months—which was a pretty good test.

"We have arguments, but what married couple *doesn't* have arguments? We had one last night. I said that Claudette Colbert ski-jumped, and Bob said she didn't. We argued back and forth. Finally he said, 'I'll bet you ten dollars.' I said, 'I'll take that bet.' This morning, I couldn't wait to ask Claudette if she didn't ski-jump. She said, 'No.' It seems that she slaloms—which isn't easy to do, either. So when Bob called at 9:30, I had to tell him that I owed him ten dollars. Most of our arguments aren't any more serious than that. Which makes any rumors of a serious misunderstanding as fantastic as that one about my hiring a Palm Springs lawyer."

THIS CRAZY HOLLYWOOD

RECENTLY in one of the major studios, they built a massive set which practically filled up a sound-stage. For special shots they had borrowed a high camera crane from another studio at so much a day . . . After the crane was set up in the middle of the stage, they decided to add another wing to the set. Everything was swell till they started to return the crane and they couldn't get it out.

They didn't dare strike the set until the picture was finished, and as days ran into weeks, the owners of the fancy camera crane merrily charged up the rent every day until they accumulated a tidy little bill of nine thousand dollars. The studio cynic who passed along the bad news to the accounting department said, "You know, that's pretty near as dumb as the fellow who started to paint the kitchen floor and painted himself right into a corner."

HAD she ever found out how that particular tale started?

"I'd like to believe that it was an accident—that A told B that Bob was in Palm Springs without me, and that B, who had an unfortunate habit of getting his facts twisted, told C that *I* was there without Bob, and C, who knew that Bob was on vacation, told D that I must be planning a divorce, and D told E that I was in Palm Springs to see a lawyer about a divorce. But that wasn't the way it happened. I've tracked down the story as far as possible. The trail seems to end with a certain person, who has been saying with strange persistence, 'That marriage won't last much longer.' Only why would anyone start such a story?"

Wishful thinking, maybe. The person might have wished that Bob weren't so happily married. Or she might have wished that Barbara would stop having such enviable breaks. The story started when Barbara started *The Lady Eve*—which, coming on the heels of *Meet John Doe*, made her a candidate for the envy of feminine Hollywood.

"All I know," said Barbara, "is that when that divorce rumor hit print, people went out of their way to find anything that would make it seem plausible. They said, for example, 'After all, Bob *is* in Palm Springs, and Barbara is in Hollywood'—now there they really had something!

"Only they didn't. I was working sixteen hours a day, except on week-ends. Bob had just finished *Flight Command*, and had a few weeks' vacation before he started *Billy the Kid*. It was an ideal chance to add to his flying time. And Palm Springs was the ideal place to do it, and he was free to use the private airport at the Odlum ranch. So he took his instructor, Max Constant, down to Palm Springs with the idea of getting some intensive flying practice—and flew back to Hollywood week-ends so that we could be together.

"He's finishing *Billy the Kid* in a few days, and we've tried to give the columnists fair warning that he's going away again. 'Maybe I shouldn't go,' Bob said, 'after the rumors last time.' He was thinking of me—of how I'd be here alone to face them, if any broke. 'Don't worry about me,' I told him. The important thing is his getting away. He has been working on this one picture since December first. He's tired. He needs a good rest and a complete change. And he's going to have it, no matter what."

Lately, Bob has been looking over travel folders for Alaska. Don't be surprised if he goes up there next August on a fishing trip, if he gets a vacation then. And don't be surprised if Barbara doesn't go with him, even if she's on vacation. She doesn't like fishing. But she's not going to deprive *him* of the pleasure of fishing, on that account. . . . That brings us right up to the rumor that she tried to make him give up flying.

"THAT one really made me mad. Nobody knows better than I do how much he enjoys flying, and nobody is prouder of his ability to fly than I am. It must be something to have nerves that steady. I wish I had them. I quake at the thought of leaving terra-firma. But that doesn't keep me from flying. I don't like to travel any other way—because when I'm going somewhere, I want to get there as fast as possible. The only reason why I haven't gone up with Bob yet is that, until he gets his license, he isn't permitted to take up any passengers."

Bob tracked down that particular rumor. It started at the airport where he keeps his plane. He told somebody that as soon as he could, he wanted to sell his present plane and get a faster one. All that somebody else heard was that Robert Taylor's plane was for sale—and decided his wife must be making him give up flying. . . . But the plane wasn't for sale until he was equipped to handle a faster one. Which won't be for about another six months, Max Constant says.

"Those rumors that I've tried to make Bob do this, or do that, floor me completely. I couldn't *make* Bob do anything. I'd even hate to try."

As for that rumor that Barbara "made" him shave off his mustache because she didn't like it—she was the one who told him for three years that he would look good with one. He finally had to grow one for *Waterloo Bridge*, because English officers in the last war wore mustaches. He liked it, the studio liked it, and, if it matters, Barbara liked it. He had a mustache in *Escape*. The only reason why he shaved it off was that his role in *Flight Command* called for him to be clean-shaven, and he had to keep it shaved off for *Billy the Kid*. But he'll be growing it again on this vacation.

"THAT tired old story that I've influenced his career is ridiculous, on the face of it. I figure I have enough trouble, managing my own career, without taking on anybody else's. He knew his way around and was a success before I ever met him. He is a very intelligent young gentleman who has got along so far by himself, and done all right. I wish I'd done half as well."

It's equally ridiculous that Bob ever has tried, or ever would try, to make Barbara give up acting—which is practically her lifeblood. That rumor generated from the fact that she didn't work for several months between *Remember the Night* and *Meet John Doe*. "The only reason why I didn't work was that I was looking for a script I liked," said Barbara.

And there's nothing to the rumors that Barbara Stanwyck is in ill health. "I lost quite a bit of weight, making *Meet John Doe*, and I haven't gained it all back—but I've never felt better in my life. Those ill health rumors crop up every so often, when somebody remembers that I once fell off a horse and injured my back. It's amazing that people can remember that, and forget that right now I ride horseback—we go out to Bob's ranch practically every week-end to ride—and I swim and play golf and tennis and badminton."

The silliest rumor of them all is the one that she's about to take a year's vacation. She's at the peak of her career. She has just made two big hits, and she's now making *A Great Man's Lady*, which should boost her acting stock still more. In the course of the picture, she ages from sixteen to an even hundred, against a dramatic background. Every studio in Hollywood is deluging her with scripts.

AND what about that rumor that she's going to have a baby? "If I were going to have a baby," said Barbara, "I'd be the first to announce it. No columnist could beat me to it."

That much-rumored year's vacation was allegedly going to be spent in New York (a continent away from Bob). Did she have any New York ideas whatsoever?

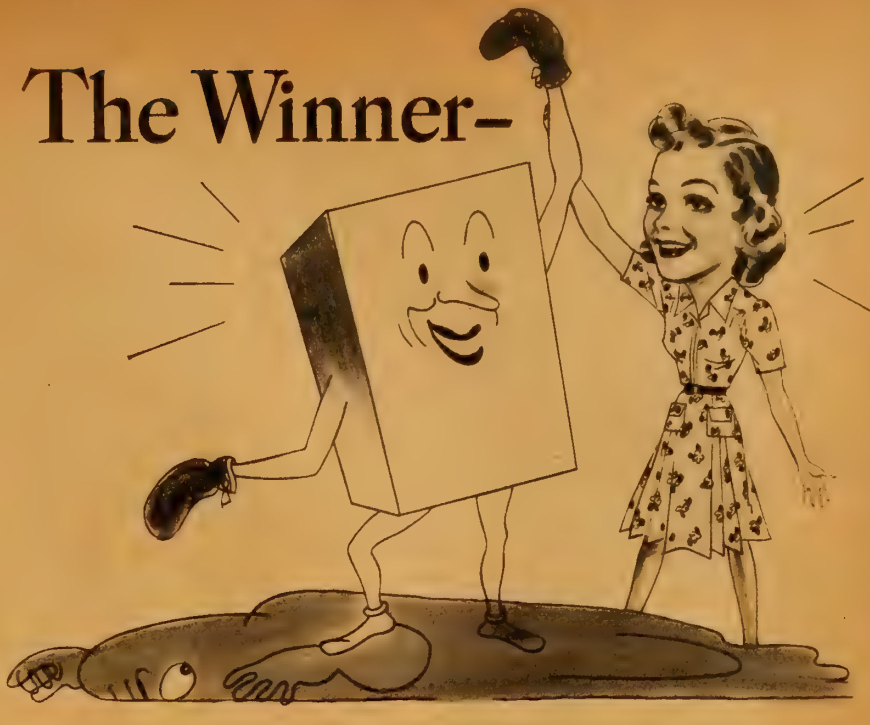
"I've heard," she said, "that I've already rented an apartment and am going on the stage. What makes that funny is that I haven't seen a play manuscript in ten years. And what makes it funnier is that Bob and I are about to build a house. If you can imagine living in an apartment in New York while building a house in Beverly Hills."

The new house will be small and cozy—a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, modeled as closely as possible after the Bucks County (Pa.) home of Playwright Moss Hart, where they spent their belated honeymoon in the Fall of 1939. Downstairs it will have a living-room, a small den, a dining-room and kitchen; upstairs, four bedrooms—one for Bob and Barbara, one for her youngster, Dion, one for Buck Mack, her godfather, and a servant's bedroom.

All of which, we trust, completely answers those Taylor-Stanwyck rumors. And if you need any further answer, please refer to the letter that Robert Taylor wrote, when he heard that MOTION PICTURE wanted to give Barbara and him an opportunity to answer the rumors. It is published, as written, on page 26.

Come on, world, give two sincere people a break!

The Winner–



and Still Champion!

Meet the champion . . . Fels-Naptha Soap! The laundry soap that, for more years than most people remember, has never failed to **banish Tattle-Tale Gray** from the national family wash . . .

Fels-Naptha Soap—packs a 'one-two' washing punch that puts it in a class by itself. Dirt doesn't have a chance when active naptha and richer *golden* soap, combined, go into action...

Fels-Naptha Soap—asks no favors—draws no 'color-line'. In hard water or soft, hot or cool, it gets *all* the dirt out of deeply soiled things but doesn't harm sheer fabrics nor hurt colors.

Why not call the Champion in to help with *your* washing? Whether you use the big *golden* bar or the husky, *sneezeless* chips, washdays go by like a breeze—the Fels-Naptha way!

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---

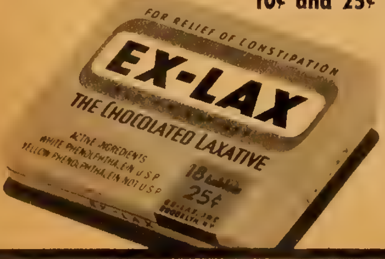
Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.

Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!

Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Old Enough To Know What She Wants

[*Continued from page* 35]

for example, my contract specified certain types of roles for me—and I didn't even dream of having it revised. It seemed like a pretty good contract to *me*. But one day the Front Office called me in and said they were tearing it up and giving me a new one, because they had 'a little older' roles in mind for me, beginning with *Little Nellie Kelly*. 'You're eighteen now,' they said. So suddenly, my roles started being different—even though *I* didn't feel any different from how I had felt at seventeen or even sixteen.

"And Mother is letting me take over more and more business details. Like keeping my appointments straight, myself, and talking to agents and people myself. I used to depend on her to do everything. Now I feel as if I'm taking a little of the responsibility. Which is a good thing.

"She still takes care of the financial things," Judy continued, "but she's teaching me how, by degrees. Only sometimes I think she must get pretty discouraged. As a business manager, I'm as bad as she is good. I'm not extravagant. I don't throw money away. But I have an awful habit of not writing the amount on the check-stub when I write a check. I can't be trusted to know how much I have in the bank." She smiled a self-chiding smile. "Though I can be trusted to drive a car by myself now," she added in self-defense.

Perhaps you have visions of Judy blithely tearing around the countryside in a sporty red roadster with the top down. Kindly disillusion yourself. She drives a sedan, if you please. And not because she can transport more of "the gang" at one time in a sedan, but because she feels safer, driving a heavy car. Which is good proof of Judy's sanity.

SHE denied having any ideas about taking up flying—which has become the great Hollywood urge. (It has supplanted ranching.) "I don't like flying," she said. "The *thought* of flying frightens me. Any form of transportation frightens me. The thought of trusting your life to machinery. It's almost a phobia. Maybe it *is* a phobia. I can't bear to go in an engine room. All that pounding machinery seems like a bunch of ominous monsters.

"When I'm on a train, I get to thinking about that one man up front, making everything go. What if he went crazy, all of a sudden, and decided to wreck the train—because things were so monotonous? And I've always been afraid of boats. I keep having a recurring dream about a boat.

"Did you ever have the same dream, time after time? This one is *awful*. I'm on the deck of a boat that's being launched, and everybody's standing at attention, and people are cheering and waving flags. A woman breaks a bottle of champagne on the bow of the boat, christening it, and it starts sliding down the ways. Only when it hits the water, it keeps on sliding down. I look around to see what everybody else is doing—and everybody else is still standing at attention, as if nothing is happening. I want to scream and I can't. The water comes over our ankles, then it's up to our waists—finally it's up to our necks. *That's* when I wake up. At least, so far, I have." She shuddered. "Let's change the subject."

She was willing to confess that she had become clothes-conscious, and that that was another proof that she was beginning to grow up. "Adrian has come into my life," she quipped. (He designed her wardrobe for *Ziegfeld Girl*.) "But I was clothes-conscious before that happened," she said, more seriously. "Though not long before. A year or so ago, I didn't give much thought to what I wore. One thing seemed as good as another, so long as it was decent. I'd wear a sweater and skirt with a fur coat. Then one day I went shopping and I saw a couple of smart things and—I just became conscious of the right ensemble. I guess that happens to every girl, when she reaches a certain age. Usually about the time she finishes school."

JUDY finished school last June. "That's a big change in my life," she said, "—not having to combine school work and screen work. Though after about a year's rest from text-books, I'd like to start taking some college courses in the arts. There are some things I want to know that I can't learn any other way."

Singing lessons, however, still aren't anywhere on the schedule. "I've never had any, and now I'm afraid to take any. They might change my luck. And speaking of being afraid, maybe you think I wasn't scared this last year when I had to have my tonsils out. I was never so frightened in my life. The doctors couldn't guarantee that my voice would be the same afterward. It was more or less a gamble. But I had to have those tonsils out—they were poisoning my whole system. And the operation *did* change my voice. Only it helped. I can hit lower notes now, and higher notes."

But that hasn't changed her vocal ambitions. She's still swearing allegiance to songs with a hot beat—because they've done all right by her so far. Not because life is simpler, singing hot songs. If anything, it's more complicated.

Judy told us about that "Minnie From Trinidad" number in *Ziegfeld Girl*, by way of illustration. "Busby Berkeley shot two choruses of that number in one long take. I started singing at the top of some steps, and had to walk down them, singing—without looking at the steps—and then, at the bottom, count thirteen, take two steps forward, then turn and weave in and out of lines of people, and reach a certain spot on a certain note, without being able to look down and see if I had hit the mark, then count eight, turn, take a certain number of steps and count five more. And singing all the time. You get galloping hysterics after about eight hours of that."

On days like that, or on any other days, did she ever think she'd like to give it all up? "No, it's in my blood," she said. "I don't want to quit for a long time yet. I mean, I hope it's going to be a long time before I start slipping—because I want to quit just before that happens. And even then I'll probably keep on working on the radio and the stage."

But not night-clubs. It may be news to you, if you've been following the gossip columns, but Judy doesn't like night-clubs. "It's a funny thing," she said. "When I wasn't old enough to go to them, I thought that when I *was* old enough, I'd go every other night. But now that I *am* old enough, I go about once every three or four weeks. People think I go oftener because, every time I do go to one, it's printed about twenty different times. In most night-clubs, there's nothing to do but sit and talk and drink—and I don't drink and it's hard to talk, because of the noise. Even in the places where there's room to dance, there isn't *enough* room.

"So going to night-clubs seems like an awful waste of time. Unless it's to see some special entertainer or hear some special orchestra. I don't have to leave home to talk with my friends; they're all welcome here. And we have a radio, not to mention a phonograph. If we want to dance, we can dance right here."

Every Sunday, the Garland house is still the meeting place for "the gang"—which has few screen members. Most of them are family friends, friends of her two sisters as well as Judy. And what do they do when they gather? "We relax. If somebody feels like working a jigsaw puzzle, or playing cards, or reading a book, or sitting out in the patio getting a sun-tan, that's what he's free to do. We play a lot of quiz games and word games. We make up a lot of our own, on the spur of the moment. Like the newest one. I point at you, for example, and fire a question at you, only you aren't supposed to answer; somebody else has to answer, but fast. Then I fire a question at that person, and *you* have to answer. Another gag is seeing who can make up the saddest story. The last time we had one of those sessions, I made 'em all choke up."

SHE has taken to *writing* stories, also, this past year. She recently did a one-act play on the radio that she wrote, herself. And, for Christmas she gave her mother a specially-printed volume of poems that she had written over a period of several months. All of which would indicate that Judy has unsuspected depths. A serious mind and an urge for serious self-expression—which she hasn't admitted even to herself, yet.

A year ago, she wasn't so serious-minded. A fact made apparent by her being interested in no one boy. Whereas now she admitted, when asked, that she had only one male interest.

For the benefit of late-comers, his name is David Rose, and he is a handsome and talented young music arranger.

"We met at a party, and started talking about music," said Judy, "and discovered that we liked the same things. And—well," she added, as if that explained everything, "we just sort of started going together. We have a lot of fun and a lot of mutual interests. And my family likes him, too."

And what about those rumored marriage plans?

"There's nothing definite yet," said Judy, seriously, "—nothing in the near future."

But whether she marries in 1941 or not, it's important to realize that she isn't a child any longer. She's a big girl now. An inch and a half taller than she was a year ago, and immeasurably more grown-up.

THIS CRAZY HOLLYWOOD

THE movie cutter called up the film library and secured a stock shot of an ocean-liner for a current production. It was a pretty scene. In fact the whole movie turned out rather well because the folks at the preview didn't actually hiss. The next day the cutter telephoned the film library and apologized. "Say, I'm sorry I can't use that shot of the ocean-liner."

"What's the matter with the shot?" asked the film peddler.

"It's this way," explained the cutter. "The boss called me the first thing this morning and said the picture went over so well at the preview he was going to put it out as an 'A' picture instead of a 'B'.

"But he says the ocean-liner shot has no class. I've got to find one with at least four smoke-stacks."

It was a picture of the *Queen Mary*.

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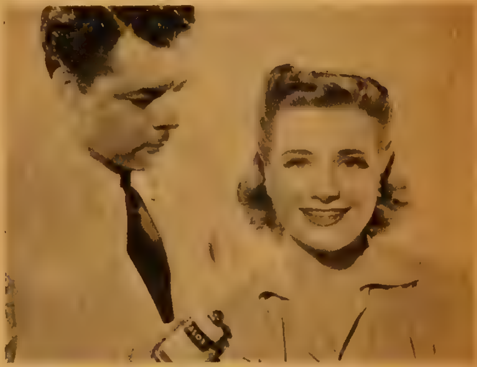

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She Owes It All to Them

[*Continued from page* 29]

world. I investigated in Hollywood and was amazed to find so many day-nurseries operating solely by the help of others. Many of my friends were contributing. Naturally, I, too, did what I could, for Jane Addams had impressed me much more than I, at first, realized.

"But she did more than that for me. She became sort of a guide. Whenever I would become discouraged or when I might have felt I was sacrificing too much for my own ambition, I realized how minor my difficulties were compared to hers. I knew that anything worth fighting for was worth the sacrifices. My life has become immeasurably richer because of Jane Addams."

OUR conversation drifted to France, to a humble shack that was the home of a great mother, a renowned scientist, Madame Curie.

"I'll never forget that trip to France four years ago," Irene told me quietly but intensely. "I had undoubtedly my greatest thrill when Madame Curie's daughter took me to her mother's laboratory. I even picked up the very test tubes with which the remarkable woman scientist had worked.

"It wasn't the laboratory, however, that excited me as much as the story her daughter told me of the crude little shack where her mother, her father, and the children lived. The one thing she remembered so well was a funny old stove that stood in a dark corner of the shack. On one burner, her mother kept a pan with some test tubes in it. There, Madame Curie had sterilized the implements that were one phase of her life. On another burner, there was a pan in which she had placed her baby's clothes, the other symbol of her existence.

"It was this contrast that impressed me so vividly; her work, her love for her husband and her babies that stood as a silent monument to this woman who suffered privation and poverty to succeed in a life that had so many heartaches. It taught me that a woman can be a good wife and mother at the same time. So, whenever I hear the typical comment in Hollywood that a career and a home can't mix, I always think of that marvelous woman as she worked steadfastly by her husband's side, of those two pans on the stove, and of the beautiful combination of a career and of motherhood without any advantages.

"In my own life, I've tried to combine a career and a home successfully. And I know that in some way or another, the humility and greatness of Madame Curie have been of tremendous influence in teaching me to be an understanding wife and a tolerant mother."

I wasn't surprised to hear her talking finally of her first opera . . . the Metropolitan Opera House where *Madame Butterfly* was showing. And—of Geraldine Farrar.

"That afternoon in the Metropolitan," Irene exclaimed enthusiastically as she recalled the moment, "was like heaven to me. I was thrilled to death. It was the world, the atmosphere that I had decided I wanted. And then—when Miss Farrar stepped on the stage, it was as if she were beckoning me to join her.

"Maybe it was because she was the first grand opera star that I ever saw. Maybe it was because she was so different from all recognized standards for an operatic personality. Whatever it was, I thought she was the most exciting woman I had ever seen. She seemed to have boundless energy and enthusiasm for her work. She didn't simply wave her arms about and sing. She was acting besides!

"From that day on, I made up my mind that I would never be contented with singing alone. I would be an actress too, and I'd combine the two fields successfully. I realized that few possess a voice, but that a sense of drama was even more important than a voice that comes only to some once in a lifetime. I know now how right I was in believing that, for the day has gone when acting and singing are separated. And I know now why Geraldine Farrar was such a vibrant personality to me. What luck it was that my first opera star should also have been a spontaneous actress!

"Miss Farrar is still a wonderful person to me. It's remarkable to see how she has retired quietly, let her hair go white, and accepted the future with a fond memory of the past. No one will ever forget Geraldine Farrar. She has real greatness!"

Irene rolled the years back for me again and lifted the curtain on a personality who only recently passed away. Mary Anderson—once the toast of New York!

"Mary Anderson and my father were very close friends when I was young," Irene remarked almost reverently. "We were living in Louisville, Kentucky, at the time, and Miss Anderson was referred to in our house almost with reverence. She was practically ethereal to us, like a goddess.

"She was a magnificent character. Her forte was the tragic portrayal of the classics. Her life was just as magnificent. It was one of those lives that can truly be called glamorous. She married an Italian nobleman whose name was Navarro. She owned an Italian villa. Her career wasn't a long one, for she left it at the peak of her success. But New York idolized her. To me, she was almost unreal.

"I hadn't thought of the theater as a career then, but I realize now that the glamour that was hers had its effect on my young mind. It must have, sub-consciously, instilled in me an ambition to be a part of the exciting life she led. She is still a memorable person to me, for she was the personification of a glamour that has long since died. There are no more toasts of New York or toasts of Hollywood. There are no more Mary Andersons. And the theater has lost a great deal."

"NOW, Miss Cornell was different from Mary Anderson." I wondered what she would say about Katharine Cornell.

"Katharine Cornell is the embodiment of the life of a stage star today," Irene went on over my thoughts. "She isn't glamorous, and her life is far from exciting. She takes plenty of exercise, goes for long walks, takes regular rests, eats only certain kinds of food, does her performances, and that is her existence. She has learned that in this day her health must come first. Unlike Mary Anderson who loved the gay nightlife and the glamorous age of which she was so much a part, Miss Cornell is almost a recluse. Her private life is a simple one.

"Yet, she has left an impression on me, too. Whereas Mary Anderson gave me my first taste of the excitement and color of a stage career, Miss Cornell has taught me the importance of protecting that career by watching my health, by taking care of myself. Consequently, I, too, go for long walks; I play golf continually; and I do get regular hours of sleep. Recently, though, I've been getting up rather early, but I've found that it doesn't always agree with me. I apparently need a great deal of sleep.

"There is one thing that I have learned, however, from both Miss Cornell and Mary Anderson. Even in their contrasting lives, they were at least doing something. From them, I have learned that a strict routine like Katharine Cornell's and a gay life like Mary Anderson's are both better than doing non-essential and trivial things. Therefore, life has become to me a combination of many activities and of many interests, an existence filled with the attempt to do really worth-while things so I shall remain fresh and alive for each new undertaking."

To emphasize Irene's interest in the out-of-doors, she told me she was going out on the golf-links later in the day. No, she's no wobbly amateur at the game. Anyone who has been taken to the cleaners by her in a game of golf can tell you that she has no cause to be ashamed of her score.

WOMEN in politics! And Irene Dunne wasn't afraid to let her hair down on one of politics' most interesting and discussed women—Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

"There are so few women in politics," Irene said to me, "at least outstanding women. Yet, I can't help admiring Mrs. Roosevelt's vitality.

"She has made me realize that just because a woman is a mother of grown children, she still doesn't need to hibernate. The keynote of her life has been to be active and persistently vital, and, to me, that is the keynote of a meaningful life. Certainly Mrs. Roosevelt has taken *her* life by the horns and made it mean something. Her interests and her limitless energy have kept her always on the alert, always receptive and eager to face the many problems that confront her. There is no element of defeat in her character, and that is important to any woman. At least it is for me, for I have always tried to deny defeat."

A picture of a smiling young girl in the newspaper before Irene drew our attention to another woman who should be an inspiration to all. Georgia Coleman was gone, but the memory of her courage will never die.

Irene leaned forward on the patio table. Her eyes were misty. "I can't help wondering why Georgia Coleman had to die. It does seem that anyone who wanted to live so badly *should* live. Few of us will forget that girl's courage.

"When I think of the dreadful pain that wracked her body for so long, I wonder how she stood it. I can't stand pain myself, so to see anyone suffer so terribly and yet be able to smile until the end is a remarkable thing to me.

"Georgia Coleman was the kind of a person who makes me feel very insignificant when I begin to complain about minor pains. For a long time, I have tried to adopt her characteristic of dismissing pain from my mind, but it is a hard process for anyone who has continually feared any kind of hurt.

"I get many fan letters from people who are in constant pain. They even send me gifts that they have made themselves. One woman who has written me constantly and who has made me many beautiful things has only a few months to live. Yet, she told me recently that she had seen one of my pictures and had enjoyed it so much. That she was able to forget death and to enjoy what was left of her life was a tremendous

[*Continued on page* 61]

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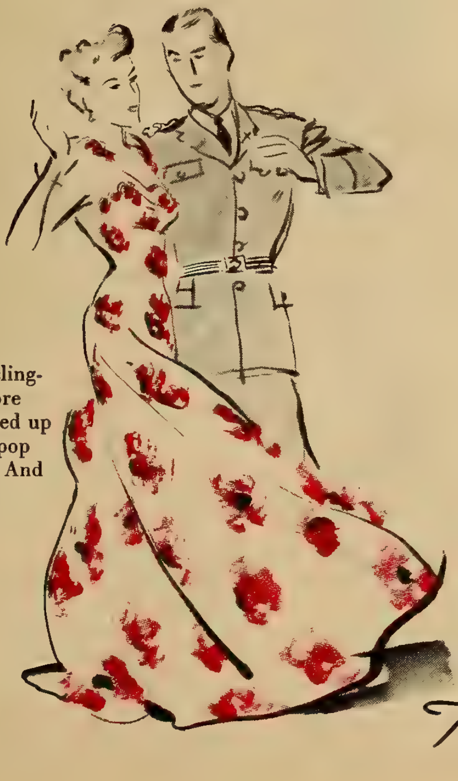

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Creamy . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Freckled . . . ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
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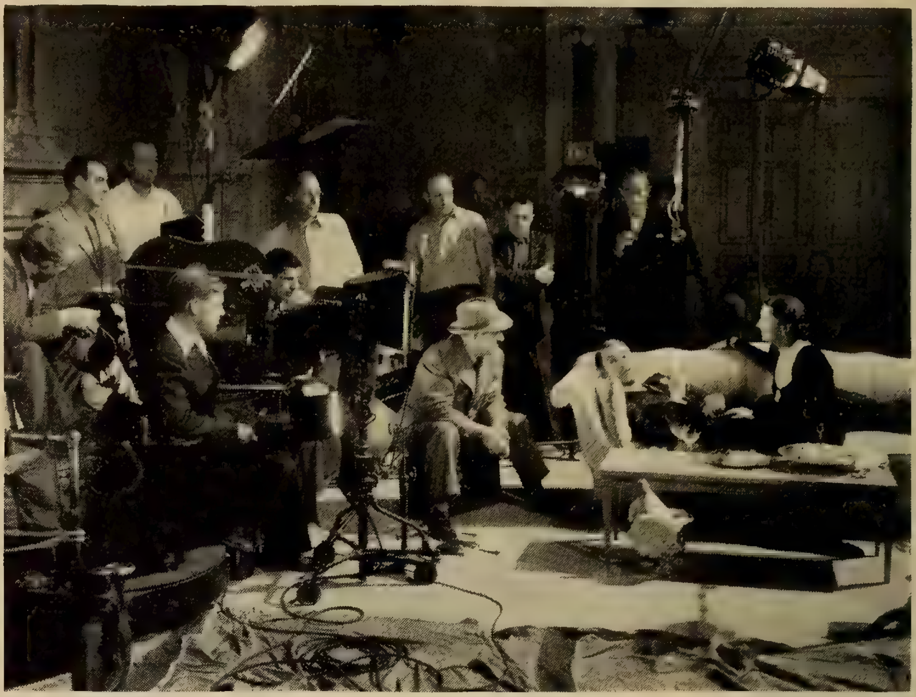
ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



Director Edward Ludwig (wearing hat) directs his stars, Brian Aherne and Kay Francis, in a domestic scene for Universal's *The Man Who Lost Himself.* The setting calls for refreshments, champagne and little snacks. A quiet celebration for two

LOUSIEST **trick-of-the-month**—was the one Director Richard Thorpe pulled on Wallace Beery on the set of *The Bad Man* . . . It's that scene where Wally, as Pancho Lopez, swaggers into the kitchen and orders Laraine Day to get him some food . . . Nydia Westman hands him a scalding cup of coffee which he is supposed to gulp and then gag on because it's so hot . . . They rehearse the scene several times, but Wally doesn't make enough of a face to satisfy the director . . . "Okeh, we'll TAKE the scene," said Thorpe, "but really GIVE this time, Wally!" . . . They shot the scene and Beery GAVE . . . First a look of utter amazement and bewilderment, and then real tears spread over the Beery pan . . . "That was swell!" grinned Dick Thorpe. "Never seen a better reaction to hot coffee, Wally . . . Of course, that spoonful of quinine *might* have had something to do with it." . . . Youngest scene stealer on *any* set this month—was 21-months-old Christina Crawford, who was making her first studio visit and watching adopted mama Joan Crawford emote in *A Woman's Face.* . . . The scene called for Melvyn Douglas to walk into the surgery, carrying a roll of cotton . . . Now there's one time Christina just can't control herself. . . . That's when she sees a roll of cotton . . . According to Joan, her young daughter would rather sit in the middle of the floor tearing cotton to bits than play with her dolls . . . So, as Douglas made his entry with lights on and cameras rolling, Christina got one look at him and whooped: "Cotton, Mommy, cotton!" . . . Only after the propman provided her with a roll of cotton of her own could the shooting proceed . . . Director Rouben Mamoulian has a technique all his own for directing those torrid love scenes in *Blood and Sand* . . . He was shooting that particularly hot embrace between Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell, but he couldn't get the reaction he wanted from Linda. . . . After all, he has to satisfy you fans who still get an emotional shiver when you think of Valentino doing the same scenes . . . But Mamoulian doesn't read the gossip columns for nothing . . . "Come on, Linda, I'll show you," said the director. "Now put your arms around Tyrone so." And he demonstrated . . . "Now Linda, make believe he's *Mickey Rooney!*"

QUICKEST **script re-write-of-the-month**—was done on the set of *The Great American Broadcast* . . . It's that scene where Alice Faye gets drenched with water and is *supposed* to do a modified strip-tease and put on dry clothes . . . The drenching went as per schedule, but when Alice—who is no Gypsy Rose Lee—attempted to remove her clothes in front of the camera and everybody, she was just so darned awkward that Director Archie Mayo had to cut the scene . . . "Okeh, Alice," grinned Archie, "Guess you never learned the Minsky technique . . . Just take off your shoes and stockings, and in the next scene we'll show you coming out of the bedroom wrapped in a towel!" . . . All production was stopped on the *Affectionately Yours* set the other afternoon, while Merle Oberon frantically tried to locate $3,500 worth of jewels she had *misplaced* (Imagine!) at lunch time . . . After phoning all over the lot, Merle finally located them . . . "I'm so relieved," said Merle. "You said a young lady found them in the cloakroom? Would you please give me her name. I'd like to reward her." "The young lady's name," said the voice on the phone, "is Bette Davis."

PRODUCTION-**casualty-of-the-month**—came on the set of *New York Town* . . . Mary Martin was rehearsing that scene that shows her making a "ringer" while pitching horseshoes . . . Mary learned horseshoe-pitching way back there in Texas, so she was as surprised as any one when a shoe slipped out of her hand, whirled thro' the air and connected with stunt-man Jimmy Dundee's head as he stood on the sidelines . . . "For seventeen years," muttered Jimmy, "I've been doing stunts for the movies and have *never* had an accident before! It's a darn good thing, Miss Martin, you weren't throwing javelins!" . . . Propman-puzzler this month were the *silent* fortune cakes demanded by Director Irving Reis for that Chinese restaurant scene in *Show Business* . . . If you've ever broken one of those Chinese cakes you know they crackle most audibly . . . Propman George Gabe sent a rush order to the commissary to whip up some cotton candy and bake it . . . When Elyse Knox and Lee Bonnell opened their fortune cakes not a crackle was heard . . . Technical faux pas of the month—was pulled by George Tobias during the filming of *Affectionately Yours* . . . It's that scene where George, as a news photographer, is having himself a rip-roaring time shooting candid shots of pretty girls . . . George, a rabid camera fiend, supplied his own camera and the prop department supplied the flash bulbs . . . And because he is so nuts about his hobby, he didn't see any sense in wasting such a swell opportunity to get such darned good leg art for his own collection . . . So he put film in his camera . . . "Why waste a lot of flash bulbs?" he confided to chief cameraman Tony Gaudio, "I'm taking *real* pictures!" . . . Then came the fireworks . . . George found he was breaking every rule in the book . . . He was taking pictures in the studio without permission; he was shooting pictures without a union card; he was shooting girls in un-Haysian poses, and so on and on and on . . . When the rest of the cast were finished for the day, George was still filling out forms, signing applications and untangling red tape.

She Owes It All to Them

[*Continued from page* 58]

thing to me. She, like all of the others, is a genuinely courageous person in this world.

"When I consider what such women as Miss Coleman and those fans have done with their lives, I am deeply impressed. It makes me more determined than ever to conquer my fear of pain. With the memory of Miss Coleman, I think I shall be able to."

"WHAT about helping you in your career?" I asked a few minutes later. "Who has done a great deal for you in this respect?"

Irene's surprising answer was—"Edna Ferber!"

She saw that I was surprised, so she said, "Why should you think that odd? Why, she's been positively prophetic for me. If it hadn't been for her brilliant writing, for her sharply-etched characterizations that were so easy to play, I might never have hit the top—if I have. Some actresses are unlucky enough to make their debut in parts that are never well-written, that aren't real. Miss Ferber's characters have impressed me so vividly that I couldn't help registering in them.

"She is directly associated with my life. I had my big chance on the stage in her *Show Boat*, and it was her remarkable characterization of the heroine in my first picture, *Cimarron*, that enabled me to give a performance that established me in Hollywood. And again it was *Show Boat* that brought me out of a slump in pictures that I thought was going to finish me. . . . Certainly I owe a lot to Edna Ferber. She seems to have written my future and my career for me."

The woman I had been waiting to hear about was when Irene quietly began talking about her mother.

"Naturally, every woman owes a lot to her mother. Mine was everything to me. She encouraged my interest in singing and acting. She presented no barriers to my ambition. She helped me to take advantage of every opportunity that came my way. She raised me to express myself in the most sensible ways. I adored her. It is to her that I owe the understanding with which I have been able to treat my daughter. It is because of her that I'm able to be a good and helpful wife, to be patient and cooperative. It is because of her that I have been able to manage a career that, at times, has had its perplexing moments. She has naturally been an ideal that has never diminished."

"What is your idea of the perfect composite woman?" I asked Irene.

She must have been thinking of her mother when she answered me, for her eyes were dreamy and intense. "She should have a sense of humor above all else. She must be tolerant, gracious, and tactful. Charm is another important attribute, charm in her bearing and in her relation to others. She should have tenacity, to let nothing keep her from her goal in life. And, most definitely, she must be a good companion."

From now on, you shall think of Irene Dunne as a woman who has made a life that has few equals for honest idealism and genuineness. You might also wonder what would have happened to Irene Dunne if she hadn't had the inspiration and the help of those women who have become an intimate part of her very existence.

Next Month
THEY HOLD THE STARS UP
MOTION PICTURE reveals the unheralded greats of filmdom—the REAL Hollywood props—in the July issue.

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Reg. App. For ‡Pat.

Blue Swan EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NEW YORK

Southern Gentleman — Virginia Style

[*Continued from page* 44]

Whereas we try to show, in our houses, the most attractive possible facade and exterior, the Chinese feel that that's sheer nonsense and waste. The exterior of a Chinese house is the most unattractive, even repulsive feature of the place. It's even repellent, rather than inviting. It's usually a bare, unfriendly, hard wall.

"And even after you get inside that wall—IF the ones inside wish you to—you still have to traverse a none-too-attractive outer-court, and enter another unprepossessing outside wall, before you finally are allowed actually inside. And it's not until you've done all this, and really gotten really INSIDE that you experience and feel the charm of the house and the household!"

"Well," and she waved her hands expressively, "that's Randy Scott for you. That's all. Simple, isn't it?"

So I put together all the things she told me about Randy, after knowing him ever since he came to Hollywood; and I added the things I knew about him myself, and the items other people had added—both the uncomplimentary kind and the sweet kind—and it all added up to the fact that the girl was right.

Randy Scott, of all people in Hollywood, presents probably the most unpromising, most closed "front" to strangers that you'll find among Hollywood personalities. People who meet him for the first time, and never get beyond that Chinese-house exterior form the greatest proportion, by far, of those who call him a stuffed-shirt. Randy doesn't care. He doesn't care what he's called by the sort of people he doesn't allow inside that outside wall of his.

BUT—let Randy open the gates; let him permit you inside the wall, past the courtyard of a few weeks' acquaintance, and inside the inner wall—and you'll find one of the most utterly charming, friendly, openhearted, relaxed, fun-loving, human guys that ever strutted his stuff before a Technicolor camera. Reticence gives way to all-enveloping friendliness; aloofness collapses and becomes almost naive comradeship. And you discover, finally, that rarity among all persons—the sort of chap with whom you can even enjoy long silences; with whom the task of making "small talk" is quite unnecessary. There are very few people like that. Mistuh Scott is one of them.

More, he never seems to get ruffled. That is, not easily. Come what may, Scott seems to take it in his stride, and makes the best of it. That's a trait that makes a good companion, too. He's not one of these muggs who gets his back-up when he fancies he's been insulted every ten minutes, and thereby spoils the rest of the day or the evening, or whatever it is.

I've seen Hollywood stars go into positive furors of indignation when they've been denied admittance to this or that lunch-place or dining-spot because they didn't have a tie on. Yet, the other day, I saw Randy driving along the Boulevard with a girl in his car, and they were laughing like clowns. They stopped for a red light, and I drew up alongside and asked what the hell's so funny.

"We've just been told to get out of the So-and-So night club because we have our tennis clothes on instead of evening outfits," they roared.

"And," I supposed, "you're going to call up a big shot and have the club put in its place?"

"No," howled Randy; "we're going to have a hamburger!"

That doesn't sound like so much, but when you know your Hollywood, and the offstage "acts" people put on to preserve their fictitious BIGness, then you'll realize what a keen index that little incident is.

But get this—when Randy DOES get mad, he gets MAD! It takes a long time, but when he's convinced he's "being had," then he really gets sore. Paramount found that out, quite a while ago. It was when Randy had stepped into the shoes Gary Cooper had grown too big for. Gary had quit playing hoss-op'ry roles because he was too good for them.

Paramount had to have someone to play the Zane Grey things, and they picked Randy. That was all right with Randy. Until they'd done it 18 times. Now playing in 18 Zane Grey westerns without any other kind of role is too, too much. Randy began to realize that he was nothing but a Zane Grey dummy. And Randy got mad. Randy said to hell with any more Zane Grey westerns.

Studios usually manage to slap down guys like that. If Randy Scott had been just an ordinary sorehead, they'd have been able to slap him down. But he was Mistuh Randolph Scott, suh, of Vuhginyuh, suh, with a fine old Southern aristocratic rage on—and Paramount gave in first. Randy won his point, he was loaned out to RKO for a role in *Roberta* (certainly non-western) and when he returned, he had graduated from the zane-greyies or the grey-zanies forever.

(Except that he can laugh at himself, too—over the fact that his greatest success in recent years has been in—of ALL things!—a glorified WESTERN; this picture called *Western Union*. But, says he, that's because he had a really good role to do—not just a bandy-legged cowboy.)

Randy is honestly unaware of his handsomeness. It's not a pose with him. All you have to do is to see him squirm and almost retch when he's called a "glamour boy" to realize how that sort of thing affects him. The greatest cross in his life, particularly recently, is the "glamour" campaign that's being built around him now. He does his best to dodge it.

He looks like a Greek god in his evening clothes, but he'd rather wear a six-year-old pair of pants and an ancient sweater, just to get away from the pretty-boy stuff. Not that his ancient clothes LOOK ancient. You see, he has the sense and the knack to buy the best things when he buys them—and they're the kind of things that look better, the older they get.

And, before we drop this characterization stuff—there's one other point. Randolph Scott's sense of humor is the kind that marks him for what he is—a considerate, thoughtful GENTLEMAN. Scott has a swell sense of humor—but it isn't the kind that manifests itself with giving a pal the hot-foot. He figures that the sort of fellows who do that sort of thing probably can't help it, because, after all, they can't all be f'um Vuhginyuh, suh. Randy Scott doesn't laugh at the hot-foot. But he laughs, often. He's no frozen-faced aristocrat, he's an open-faced one. And when he does laugh, it's no measly little snicker. It's a full-throated, full-bellied, low-starting, rumbling laugh that makes everybody within hearing look around to see who's doing it and why—and then join in the laugh.

Nice fellow to know, that kind.

Randy's closest friends are indicative, too. They are the Fred Astaires and Cary Grant. Anyone who's in the Astaire circle is automatically rated as among Hollywood's upper crust of gentility. And anyone who can call Cary Grant "friend" has to be a dam' real guy. When one's both, he's both real and regular.

Talking about Cary brings up the interesting fact that it probably won't be long now (even perhaps by the time you read this) that Hollywood's most famous two-bachelor menage will be set up in housekeeping again. The famous Cary Grant-Randy Scott bachelor hall seems destined for another run.

But don't get me wrong. Don't get me wrong, TWICE. You can jump to two conclusions about two young men living together. They're either the kind that you don't talk to your mother about, or they have such parties that the neighbors telephone the police. But what makes the Grant-Scott menage so utterly distinctive is the fact that it's neither. It's the strangest bachelor combination Hollywood has ever seen, and there are a lot of garbage-minded folk who still don't get it.

Let's go back first, and find how it began, this Grant-Scott twosome. When Randy first arrived in Hollywood, Cary'd been here only a short time. Neither of them was a big shot; both were making measly money. They were introduced in the Paramount commissary. Now in Hollywood, when two handsome young would-be stars meet, they usually declare war; it's professional jealousy. But right then and there, the Grant-Scott combine started to be different. Even though they were, professionally speaking, rivals, they became firm friends.

Cary was bemoaning the fact that his pal, Lester Cole, had decided to marry and was leaving Cary holding the sack—in this case, a large studio apartment which Gary, with his then-small income, couldn't maintain. Well, that was all that Randy needed. He moved in. And then and there began not a brawling, dame-ridden, carousing bachelor double, but a joining of male interests that has lasted unbroken through the years.

You see, unlike two ordinary guys sharing a home, Cary and Randy have never tried to work at being "buddies." Each has his own friends; they never try to mix them. For example: when Cary entertained, Randy either went out, or isolated himself in his room, and left the entire rest of the bachelor paradise to Cary and his guests. And vice-versa. They work that out in all the details of sharing their place. They never invade each other's privacy; never intrude upon each other's individuality. And—get this!—neither ever discusses the other's affairs with a third party.

Ever since that first venture together, Cary and Randy have been sharing houses. First Cary married, and naturally, they separated. After all, honeymooners don't want a boy-friend living with them. But after Cary's marriage blew up, they teamed again. And then it was Randy's turn to marry. And poof went the bachelor hall.

But now there's that beach-house Cary has built at Santa Monica. He hasn't moved in yet. BUT—Randy has! Randy is occupying it in solitary splendor, for the present. He has a butler and a cook, and he entertains small groups of friends, in Cary Grant's house. If they're swank friends, he has a formal dinner, and drags out the Grant silver and china and crystal and it's the most perfectly-appointed table that even Ouida and Basil Rathbone could desire, and everything's as precise and formal as a fox hunt in Vuhginyuh, suh.

If they're not that sort of friends, Randy skips the butler and the cook stuff, and he takes the party out to the kitchen, and they raid the icebox and gnaw turkey-wings and drink beer or what'll-you-have and Randy heats up a coupla cans of zoop, and Randy lets loose with that belly-busting laugh of his, and to hell with formality and the F'uhst Fam'lies of Vuhginyuh, suh!

NORMA SHEARER, M-G-M STAR, GRANTS AN EARLY MORNING INTERVIEW

The Beauty that came to Breakfast
Norma Shearer

got her peach-bloom freshness from a
Woodbury Beauty Nightcap

says LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Movieland Commentator

"I will tell you a secret," Norma Shearer confessed recently, "I never use moving picture make-up. So it is most important that I keep my skin as clear as possible. I have found Woodbury Cold Cream an excellent cleanser. At bedtime, I work the cream into my skin to dislodge make-up. I wipe my face clean and follow this with soap and hot water, then ice.

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Nordic - - But Nice

[*Continued from page* 33]

company's current version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

We have no one quite like her. She doesn't glitter. She's on the shy side, but with the poise of inner security. She has what is known as a calm forehead, her deep blue eyes are friendly, and laughter touches the gravity of her face to a swift, sweet radiance. In my limited vocabulary, fragrant is the best word I can find to describe the atmosphere she creates. Hemingway wants her to play *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Like most writers, Hemingway's more than a little in love with his heroine. If the master sees her personified in Ingrid Bergman, who am I to blush at waxing lyrical over her?

She had a few days off between *Rage in Heaven* and *Dr. Jekyll,* and went with her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, to a place outside Reno for the skiing. A phone call from David Selznick interrupted their holiday. She's under contract to the canny Mr. S. who, when he's not making pictures, farms her out to the highest bidder. Hemingway, he told her, was in San Francisco, en route to China, and wanted to see her. Could she get there before he left?

She got there as fast as the train could carry her. They had lunch together. From what the radio commentators call well-informed sources come reports that he's crazy to have her do *Maria* and will hear of no one else in the role. She translates his enthusiasm diffidently. "He said he wanted me, and is going to do what he can." She can't keep the glow of pleasure from her eyes, but refuses to indulge it, and slips with relief into collateral anecdote.

"He asked me, how is—are—your ears? He meant, how do they look? Because *Maria's* hair, you remember, is cut very short, so the ears must be not too ugly. But I thought he meant, how do you hear, and I said, oh, thank you, I hear very well. That is funny, I think."

She thinks this is funny, too. Having learned that she'd come from Reno, and recognizing only one association with that name, reporters asked if she were divorcing her husband. "Of course not. We went there to ski. He is here with me now." In spite of which, one enterprising journal promptly came out with a divorce report. It didn't occur to her to get mad. She laughed. "It's funny," says Ingrid, "that from a little thing like skiing near Reno, all kinds of stories can turn out. And it's funny that something which was not the truth seemed so much more important than that I came to see Mr. Hemingway."

FROM the security of a happy marriage, she can afford to laugh. She doesn't extol the satisfactoriness of her personal life. It lies plain to the sight in every reference to her husband.

"It was he who forced me to come to America. Forced is the wrong word, perhaps? As if he pushed me out? No, it wasn't like that at all. But he gave me the heart to go."

Her mother died when she was two, her father ten years later. She met Dr. Lindstrom while she was studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Stockholm. He asked her to marry him. He didn't ask her to give her work up. "He knew that since I was a child, I wanted to be an actress. This want cannot be killed from one day to the other. Even if you are married, the same feeling must go on working. He understands it, and he helps me. It is better to do what I love, he said, than to sit around waiting for him to come home from the hospital."

The Swedish movies snatched her out of school. She made eleven films, starring in the last nine. Selznick saw one of them, called *Intermezzo,* and went into action. He bought the story as a vehicle for Leslie Howard, and he sent Katherine Brown, his New York representative, to Stockholm to buy Miss Bergman.

Others had had the idea before him. "As soon as you come a little bit up," she explains, "you have all these agents who say, how would you like to go to Hollywood? Well, who doesn't like to go to Hollywood! But I was afraid. Pictures are made so much cheaper and easier in Sweden. They can't afford to make such a fuss about it. So you don't feel the weight of all those dollars on your neck.

"Also I have heard of these foreign actresses, how they go over and sit and never start a picture, or how today they shoot to the sky and tomorrow to the cellar. You see, I had quite a good position in Sweden. I was afraid to go to Hollywood and get stuck there. So I kept on for a long time saying no."

What Selznick wants, Selznick uses shrewd methods to get. Agents are men, and cables are dry bits of paper. He sent a woman over to talk to a woman. He left her free to adjust terms to the human equation. He made only one demand. "Get her here for the picture."

THE results justified his reading of feminine psychology. "Miss Brown," says Miss Bergman, "was sweet. She understood how I worried."

Miss Brown guaranteed that Miss Bergman would not get stuck in Hollywood. She proposed a three-month contract, for *Intermezzo* only, the picture to start and finish on specified dates, Miss Bergman to be co-starred with Leslie Howard, and free to bolt back to Sweden, her husband and her Pia the moment the last "take" was shot.

Ingrid began to waver. "With Mr. Howard," she says, "I knew I could not make a bad picture. I felt at home in *Intermezzo.* And three months, after all, is not a lifetime."

Gently Miss Brown pressed her advantage. Would she like to take Pia with her? No, it wasn't that. Pia was only six months, and at six months they don't care if you're there or not. You're not really important to them. It was more important she should have her food and sleep.

Well, then—?

Nothing—except that she still shrank from the plunge. It was then that she turned to her husband and that her husband turned Selznick's ally. "If you want to grow in your profession, this is a chance you cannot afford to refuse." And that settled it.

She knew grammar-book English, having studied it for five years. She also knew she couldn't talk it. On a visit to England, she hadn't dared open her mouth. She had time for a few private lessons before she took ship, but they didn't do much to bolster her confidence. For two weeks in New York she gave her ears no rest. Twice a day to the theater, whose glib patter drove her to despair. Between performances, she haunted drugstores and bus-stops, listening to the lilt of Manhattanese. "I heard words, I went home, I looked in the dictionary, the words were not there—"

To help matters along, she drew Gregory Ratoff as a director. Ratoff expresses himself with dynamic eloquence in an accent through which, with sufficient practice, it is possible to divine his meaning. It was Ingrid's first day at work. She sat in her dressing-room. Understandably nervous to begin with, she was brought to her feet in a panic by the roar of a voice.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Ratoff," they told her.

"But why? Is he angry? Is he unhappy about something?"

They grinned. "He's just Ratoff."

This failed to reassure her. Trembling, she went over her lines with the coach assigned to help her negotiate vowels and consonants. Then she was called to the set. "Now this is the way you do it," cried Ratoff, who had no teacher, and whose gentlest tones sound like receding thunder. Thoroughly terrorized, Ingrid did it that way—accent and all.

She soon discovered that beneath his leonine roar, Ratoff's a pussycat. "He laughs so much now when I tell him how frightened I was." Under his guidance, the picture was finished within the allotted three months. "Of course I would have stayed, if necessary. But he was kind to make it not necessary. I worked till the last moment, and jumped on the train with my make-up on."

HER return to Hollywood hinged on the film's success. In her own words: "Mr. Selznick wanted to put out the picture to see what the public said." The public said, sang and shouted yes.

But for the state of the world, her second coming would have been a happy one. Finland was at war when she left Sweden a year ago last January, taking Pia with her. Her husband accompanied them to Italy, and saw them off on an Italian liner.

"At such times you plan perhaps, but with little hope. My husband said, 'In June I'll be over.' He is such a man, that if he says he will do it, he does it. Still, I know he cannot make a war go out of his way. But in June he came. On the last refugee boat from Italy. He stayed for the summer and in the fall he said, 'I'll be back for Christmas.' Then things were still worse. Then I thought he will really not be able to come. Yet he came. Not the week before Christmas. Not even for Christmas Eve. But on Christmas day he was here." She didn't add, isn't he wonderful? She just looked it.

She's not sure when he'll go back. Only that he will. At present he's studying American hospital methods, American research findings. They both feel that if they hadn't been born in Sweden, they'd have liked to live here. But neither would willingly abandon their homeland. "If only one could freely go back and forth," she sighs.

Since she's been back for over a year, you may well wonder where Selznick's been hiding her. He didn't plan it that way, and the collapse of his plans hurt him more than it did you. The loss of foreign markets halted a dream of presenting her as *Joan of Arc* in a production that was to rival the purple magnificence of *GWTW*. Meantime competitors howled to borrow her, and Vinton Freedley, the Broadway producer, asked her to play *Julie* in a revival of *Liliom*. She plumped for *Liliom*, "with your kind permission, David."

"Granted," said David. So it wasn't till the fall that Hollywood reclaimed her.

She thinks David and Hollywood and the studios are "so kind." She has always been conscious of her height. "I remember when I was a tiny girl in school, they all said, you never can go on the stage, you are far too tall. That is why I always shrink a little. But when I came here, they said, how nice you are tall. It is so much easier to dress you."

She lives in an apartment and she lives simply. That her daily routine should have news value startles, amuses, but doesn't annoy her. "In Sweden," she tells you cheerfully, "we are more outdoors than people here. Everybody walks. Here if they have to go to the drugstore at the corner, they take the car. I cannot help laughing that it turns out to be something so interesting, because I want to *walk* to the drugstore."

SHE takes no part in Hollywood's night life. She knows few people and she isn't lonely. When she works, she gets home late, tired and dirty. A bath, an hour with the baby before she's put to bed, and she's ready for dinner and bed herself. On non-working days—which have been rare—when her husband's with her, they go to the theater or listen to music at night, delights from which she's cut off while she's making a picture. She "keeps up taking lessons"—dancing and singing. She studied dancing with Martha Graham in New York. She doesn't sing very well, she says, but would like to keep the little voice God gave her.

She's glad and grateful for what she calls the "luck" that has brought her good parts in good pictures. She's a little fearful of "getting stuck with a sign"—or as Hollywood less vividly terms it, "typed."

"I would not wish always to play these same girls—nice, straight-forward, very sincere, very honest. That's why I'm happy with this *Ivy* in *Jekyll and Hyde*, which is so opposite. She isn't a good girl. Everybody expects me—I will make her a good girl—" Her eyes dance and mirth ripples through her warm voice.

"But I won't," Ingrid promises. And laughs.

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Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, co-stars of the Universal picture "Model Wife."

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For Whom the Belles Toil

[*Continued from page* 46]

who was destined to be known from one end of the country to the other as the Galahad of the Working Girls.

That's exactly what happened!

When James Craig walked into the studio the very first day of shooting, there was a unanimous hunch about him. Everyone had the feeling that this big, good-natured-looking guy had something that the screen would soon reveal. And though he had never made a picture at RKO before, there was no doubt that he was a sure thing.

But then suddenly people began remembering that Dennis Morgan was cast in that same picture. They had seen Dennis on the screen many times. They knew that he too had something that would make competition difficult. And they waited quietly, with restrained excitement to see whether Craig could eke out even a little iota of attention after Dennis' crooked smile stormed the feminine contingent of hearts.

Then the unexpected happened—as it does time and again in the picture business. This amiable, young giant, with his brown eyes and genial smile started to attract more and more attention daily. Even the girls at the studio—girls who are accustomed to the presence of glamorous males—suddenly found themselves casting interested glances at James Craig every time he walked into the studio dining-room.

And with the release of *Kitty Foyle,* the barrage of fan mail began pouring in. Thousands of letters every day. Everyone wanted to know something about the man who played the part of *Mark Eisen.* They wanted to know who he was, where he came from and whether he had done anything else on the screen. But most of all, they wanted to know how Hollywood could have overlooked him until now.

BUT even James Craig, himself, hardly realizes what happened. And when I went to find out for myself just what he had that made a million hearts beat faster when he appeared on the screen, I was convinced of only one thing. You can't fool the girls. Not when it comes to men. Not when it comes to a woman's taste in picking winners.

I found James Craig lolling in the doorway of one of the offices, and filling the space with his broad shoulders and his towering height. My first impression was that this guy was no movie actor. It couldn't be the same person I had seen on the screen just a few hours before. But it was.

There was absolutely no indication of his profession about him. He didn't go around posing like so many lesser-known players. There was no affectation—no sense of self-importance about him. But there was something strong and interesting about his face, about the scar on his left cheek and about the simple earthiness of the guy. Checking up on all those letters from the public, I was convinced that once more the public was right. It knew what it wanted. And now, it has gotten it.

"This is a funny world," Craig told me. "Here a man like Chris Morley writes a book about a girl called *Kitty Foyle.* It becomes a best-seller. Everyone reads it. Every working girl in the country pictures herself as the heroine—because every working girl is. Ginger Rogers stars in the screen version—and a guy like me—a nonentity, is suddenly skyrocketed from oblivion to a place on the billboards.

"I still can't believe it," he continued with a doubting look in his eyes. "It must be some other guy. It's one of those things you keep telling yourself could never happen to you. But here it is. It has happened.

"I know it sounds like a movie story. Only, if you saw it on the screen, you probably wouldn't believe it."

As he says this, his mouth widens into a good-natured grin and a twinkle starts playing in his brown eyes. "I've been lucky in everything else. Guess it's all really a matter of luck. I certainly can't complain that things were tough for me. Especially when I see a lot of youngsters struggling and starving and waiting around for their first break. Of course, I'm not in the big money yet. But that's not bothering me. I'm doing something I like."

Considering that James Craig came to Hollywood just two years ago on a vacation, he must be lucky. For three days after his arrival, he was singled out and given his first part in films. This, in spite of the fact that he never intended to be an actor—never studied for the stage or had the slightest intention of making it his career.

But one glance at this young Southerner, and you can understand the reason. There is in him the virile quality that is bound to attract people. A sort of mixture between Clark Gable and Ray Milland. And to top this, there is his own genial charm—half-serious, half-humorous. Beneath it all, James Craig is a born-and-bred gentleman—a real gentleman from the South. The kind who goes about shoving chairs under ladies and opening doors and helping them in and out of cars. And in this day and age, this is a rarity. It's little wonder that he earned the reputation of being the Galahad of the Working Girls.

Jim was born in Nashville, Tennessee; in one of those big, white-pillared Southern homes on February 4, 1912. His father was in the contracting business. But as soon as young Jim had finished his secondary schooling, the family moved to Texas. There, the boy grew up and attended Junior College and Rice University.

At first, Craig was seriously thinking of going in for a career in medicine. In fact, for the first three years of college, he actually did study to become a doctor. But then his better instincts told him to switch to business administration. And what with football taking up all the leisure time that he should have been devoting to his studies, the change was a wise one.

After graduation, he played professional football in New Orleans for one season. And then a boxing promoter caught sight of his physique and the unusually large hands. He talked Jim into becoming a professional fighter. And having been heavyweight boxing-champ at school, Craig agreed.

"Instead of being an actor," Jim went on to relate, "I was almost destined for a ring career. This promoter took me to New Orleans to start training. And in the gym, he would bring on a retinue of sparring partners. For the most part, they were all down-and-outers—stumble-bums, as they're called.

"I couldn't help picturing myself in their places a few years later. I saw myself being as battered and punch-drunk as they. And after that, I thought, what would happen to me. So without further fuss or ado, I gave up the fight bug."

Soon after his return to Texas, Craig was offered a job as promotion manager for General Motors. And though the life was not as exciting as the one he had led while going to school and playing professional football, he decided it was time to settle down and take life seriously. It was after two years with General Motors that he decided to come to Hollywood for the vacation that led him into a film career. Before that, his only appearance on any stage was in a single amateur performance of *Petrified Forest* at the Houston Little Theater.

And even in Hollywood, despite his good luck, the parts meted out to him were Western roles. Tiring of these, he set his heart upon a higher goal. And hearing that in order to be "discovered," it's best for an actor to get as far away from the film colony as possible, Craig went to New York and got a role in Guthrie McClintic's play, *Missouri Legend.*

His hunch proved right. Hollywood took an objective look at Craig whom it had relegated to Westerns and called him back. Universal lost little time in signing him up and his luck was somewhat better. In *South to Karanga* and *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now,* he had slightly better assignments.

"After that," Craig continued in his soft, Southern drawl, "I was signed up by RKO. At the time, I never even dreamed I would get a part in *Kitty Foyle.* But there you are. That's how things happen here in Hollywood. And today, when I walk down the street and see my name on billboards, it makes me feel as though they're referring to some other guy."

With all the healthful, youthful exuberance that makes up much of the appeal of this six-foot two, one-hundred-and-ninety pounder, he laughs at the very thought of not succeeding. He is sure that the underlying reason for all failure is due to fear.

"Back in Tennessee," he explained, "my grandfather was responsible for my complete lack of fear. When I was a mere youngster, he'd take me along fox-hunting with him. Not the sort of fox-hunting that goes on in Virginia—with pink riding-coats and hounds and grooms and all the other attendant swank and splendor. This was altogether different. Something which people later on told me was really dangerous.

"Grandfather would set me to guard the hole where the fox made its home. And as soon as I saw the animal, I was supposed to bag him. I never thought that this was a hazardous sort of thing. It never occurred to me that the fox might claw me. I only knew that I had to follow out the instructions given me. I had to get that fox.

"That, I suppose, was my first complete and utter disregard of fear. And you know how those things are. You unconsciously carry them through to other things in life. That's why it didn't make me feel nervous or hesitant when I found out that I was to appear opposite Ginger Rogers in *Kitty Foyle.* I didn't even stop to think of my own qualifications as an actor—or my lack of experience. I simply knew that I was assigned a job and I went through with it to the best of my ability."

PONDERING on his last statement, Craig suddenly was struck by a new thought. His eyes assumed that serious look. "That scene in *Kitty Foyle,* the one where I come to her apartment to take her out on a date. Remember that? Did you think it was any good?"

In that single moment, it was obvious that this young man was not yet aware of his attraction—of one of the most amusing bits of acting contributed to the screen during the past year. For it was exactly that scene that endeared him to the millions of white-collar girls throughout the country. It was that realistic portrayal that set him up as the hero of the Working Girls. For every girl is familiar with the type represented. Every girl has gone through an experience in her life that was similar to that unforgettable situation.

When I asked Craig about his ambitions, he was honest in his reply. He wants to make good. He wants the public to like him. But after he has contributed his talents and ability and is ready to retire, he plans on buying a farm and living the simple life that he has always loved.

"Lots of horses and cows and chickens," he explains. "As a matter of fact, I've already got one particular place in mind."

But with his naive outlook, James Craig doesn't realize that it will be years and years before Hollywood will let him carry through his plans. Right now, he is an exciting personality in the film colony. And this big, bluff, virile young man who loves music and books and finds keen pleasure in discussing world events by the hour is proving the long-needed shot in the arm that Hollywood has been seeking.

Until now, every strata of society has had its own particular idol. The upper classes were always partial to Ronald Colman. School teachers preferred the intellectual quality that Leslie Howard brought to the screen. The medical profession favored Robert Donat in particular. Columbia University freshmen let their affections waver between Madeleine Carroll and Ann Sheridan. But throughout it all, the working girl—the largest single group in the country—was completely ignored and forgotten.

But that's all over. The working girls have waited a long, long time. And now, at last, they've gotten what they want. They've selected someone worthy of their affection and loyalty. They've unanimously hitched their affections to James Craig—to the one and only Dream Prince of the Working Girls.

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—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is *internal* sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.

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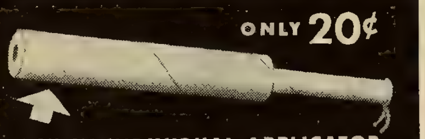

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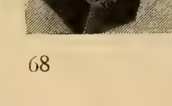
See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering portrait finish.



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25c also 50c & 10c sizes
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PICTURE PARADE

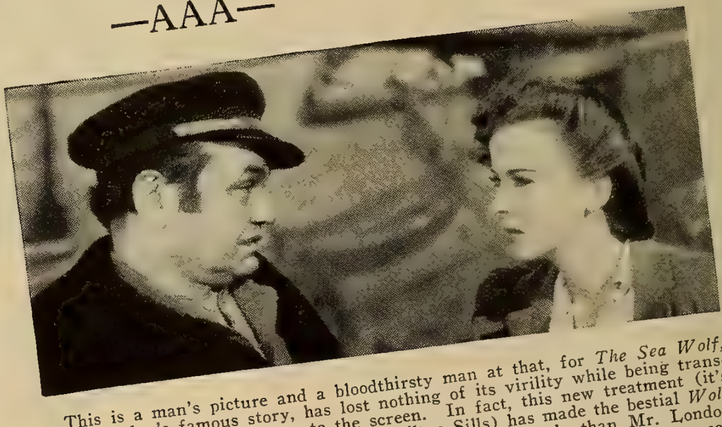
MEN OF BOYS TOWN

—AAA—

If you saw *Boystown* last year—and you did if you read MOTION PICTURE—then you don't have to see this unless you want to exercise your tear ducts or see Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney emote—for which we can't blame you. *Men of Boys Town* is cut from practically the same pattern as *Boystown* and doesn't offer anything new. Now, don't get us wrong, we're in complete sympathy with social reform—even in the movies—and have a great admiration for Father Flanagan and his service to society but we believe that the story of Boystown was told so well that it can't be improved upon. But there are millions of theater-goers who enjoy the *Hardys*, the *Joneses* and the *Dr. Kildare* pictures. So there might be many of you who will enjoy taking another looksee at *Boystown*. Spencer Tracy again plays Father Flanagan with complete understanding and much understatement and Mickey Rooney scores again as *Whitey Marsh*—who, by the way, has elevated himself to the position of Mayor of Boystown. There's also Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn, Darryl Hickman, Henry O'Neill, Mary Nash and Lee J. Cobb adding their talents to *Men of Boys Town*.—*M-G-M.*

THE SEA WOLF

—AAA—



This is a man's picture and a bloodthirsty man at that, for *The Sea Wolf*, Jack London's famous story, has lost nothing of its virility while being transferred from the written page to the screen. In fact, this new treatment (it's been done before you know—once with Milton Sills) has made the bestial *Wolf Larsen*, captain of the *Ghost*, even more brutal and bloody than Mr. London painted him. There have been some other changes aboard the sealing vessel, like playing up the minor character, *George Leach*, and the inventing of a couple of new ones. But it has all been done at the expense of the producers and not Mr. London and his poignant tale of life aboard a tramp ship remains sombre, suspenseful and exciting. Edward G. Robinson in the title role is all that the script demands of him and John Garfield is splendid as *George Leach*, the one sailor who had enough guts to talk back to him. Ida Lupino as *Ruth Webster*, an escapist from a reformatory and the only woman in the cast, scores again. Not to be overlooked are Gene Lockhart, Barry Fitzgerald, Alexander Knox and Stanley Ridges in minor parts.—*Warner Bros.*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

$10,500 a year must go into a trust fund that she can't touch until she's too old to be a movie star!

Gag

■ Hollywood gag-of-the-month found Brian Donlevy for its victim. It happened after he'd walked onto the set one day, and cracked that "this is the first picture I've ever worked on where some dam' fool wasn't playing practical jokes."

The very next morning, somebody drove up to Brian's house in a station-wagon, took out a bottle of cream and raw meat, spread the meat on the porch and poured the cream into a soup bowl—and then unloaded about a dozen alley cats.

The cats stuffed on the rich eats—and now Brian can't get rid of them. They're hanging around his house at all hours of night and day, meowing for more cream and meat.

Kiddie Kar Next

■ Vera Vague (Barbara Allen to you!) is either going to have to swap her car for another one, or have it painted with bright green stripes or something. . . .

You see, she and Irene Rich have exactly the same kind and model auto—and they park on the same lot, usually right close to each other. And Vera being what and how she is, usually gets into the wrong car.

The climax came the other day when she saw a big box of flowers tied to the steering column of her car.

"Oooh," she crowed to herself; " a giftie from a FAN—lookee!" And off she drove. And not until a long time later did she discover she was driving Irene's car, and it was Irene's corsage in the box.

So she sent the car back, and a new corsage—and, for good measure, a book of gasoline and oil coupons, too.

But all the same, she thinks maybe she'll buy herself a Kiddie Kar instead.

Pleasant Dreams

■ SO, MAYBE—
Hubbies dream they'd have more fun
If their wife was only Irene Dunne!
AND—
If they were just wed to Walter Pidgeon,
Wifies wouldn't do all their work in the kidgeon!

There Is a Santa Claus

■ Maybe there are cynics who think that movie stars are a lot of so-and-so and to 'heck with them! But you can't tell the kids at the orphanage in Xenia, Ohio, that Clark Gable isn't everything he's cracked up to be, and a little bit more, besides. . . .

You see, even when their teacher told them that movie stars get bothered TOO, TOO much by fan letters from people, and that movie stars NEVER answer letters, the kids at the Xenia home (which isn't so far from Clark Gable's birthplace at Hopedale, Ohio) wrote him a letter, and asked him what sort of stuff he grows on that ranch of his and wifie Carole's.

So what did Clark do? Did he answer? He did—and not by TELLING them what he raises on the ranch, but by SENDING them six crates of home-grown oranges, grapefruit and huge lemons to prove it.

Their teacher, not only flabbergasted but a bit ashamed after Clark's swell gesture, wrote the star a letter of apology for telling the kids he wouldn't answer. And she wound up with: "It is the greatest inspiration they have ever had; in truth, a hope for the future."

Maybe They're Grounded

■ If there just turn out to be too many crashes at the army's Randolph Field air training station, you can blame it on Veronica Lake.

As a thanks-gift in return for their kindness to her during location work there, Veronica sent the personnel of the field a statuette of herself, done by Sculptor Yucca Salamunich. The point is that the statuette is of Veronica—and practically nothing else except for some very, very inconsequential flowing drapes.

And if those aviators can keep their mind on their instruments after one look at that statuette—well, they jest ain't human, thassalll !!!

[*Continued on page* 75]

It's New!... It's Different!... It's Thrilling!

NOW! A SUPER-FOAMY
Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO

with Billows of Active Quick-Cleansing Foam!

New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Developed for Those Who Want the Speedy Action of a Foamy Shampoo *and the Unique Benefits of an Oil Shampoo!*

WOMEN EVERYWHERE will greet this news with cheers! For here is word of the *new super-foamy* OIL SHAMPOO, created by the makers of famous Mar-o-Oil—world's largest selling oil shampoo.

You'll be amazed at how quickly Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil bursts into live, light, oily foam—*at how quickly it acts to remove dirt, loose dandruff and waste!* You'll be delighted, too, at how easily and completely it rinses away—leaving your hair sparkling-clean, gloriously smooth. Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil actually brings the benefits of an oil shampoo—leaves the hair wonderfully soft and easy-to-manage. Yet because of its *foamy action* it is decidedly quicker. And there is no need for vinegar or lemon rinses when you use Super-Foamy type Mar-o-Oil Shampoo.

Get a bottle of this new Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil at your favorite beauty counter *today.* Or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo. Let your own mirror show you its remarkable results.

NEW SUPER-FOAMY *TYPE*
Mar-o-Oil
SHAMPOO

TRY IT TODAY!

Tricks of the Trade

[*Continued from page* 16]

wiped carefully away with tissues. Then you're ready to begin.

The first step is the most important, because it is the foundation for all the rest. The use of a good powder base. For your powder base must suit your type of skin, it must be the correct color for your skin, and it must be carefully applied. Otherwise the whole appearance of your make-up can be spoiled—no matter how carefully you select the other cosmetics, nor how well you apply them.

Always apply your foundation sparingly, dotting it on cheeks, chin, nose, forehead and throat (don't forget that item, it's oh so visible in this year of plunging necklines). Then blend it smoothly over the entire face with your finger tips . . . A good foundation will do more than provide a film to which your make-up will adhere, for hours on end. It will even out irregularities of skin coloring, disguise freckles and moth blotches, hide occasional pimples—and some of the heavier types will effectively hide the worst of birthmarks! You can change your complexion color with one, too—use a rosy foundation to make a sallow skin look pretty pink, tone down that hectic flush with a beige shade—or take on a sudden tan with the appropriate color.

IF YOU use a cream foundation, apply a moist or cream rouge next. Geraldine thinks there's nothing like it for giving your face a fresh natural looking glow—because it shows through powder like the actual coloring in your skin. Here's the knack to applying it—begin at the high spot of your cheekbones, and work the rouge into your foundation-covered skin with your finger tips. Be sure to follow the lines of your cheekbones, keeping the color out of any hollows, to achieve the most natural, flattering effect. Always be careful to blend the color to a faint nothingness at the edges.

Eyeshadow comes before powder in Hollywood—which is natural when you realize that powder, no matter how carefully you pat it on, has a cute little habit of getting into the crevices and creases of the eyelids. So—to accent the eyes, to heighten the sparkle in them, use shadow. Stipple it on carefully at the edge of the lashes (with your little finger, or one of the fine paint brushes made just for this purpose) then smooth it up over the eyelid until it gives a suggestion of skin transparency. Brown, gray and blue shadows are the ones most used in Hollywood—but green and violet are exciting to use and to look at, especially when matched to the season's most popular shades of those two colors. Any shade will make your eyes look bigger!

There's a fine art to powdering, Geraldine told me. And it doesn't consist of rubbing a few flecks of powder on your nose. Indeed not! You don't even rub at all! You pat—and you do it with a well filled, large puff, so that you really "drown" your face . . . Any skin will look finer grained and lovelier if powder is applied in this way. And then brushed off. The trick is to go over your whole face (and throat) with a soft little powder brush, or wad of cotton, to whisk away all the surplus powder. This process gives a much softer blend to your make-up. And the whole business of getting plenty of powder on in the first place, then removing the extra bits is what gives your face that lasting glow!

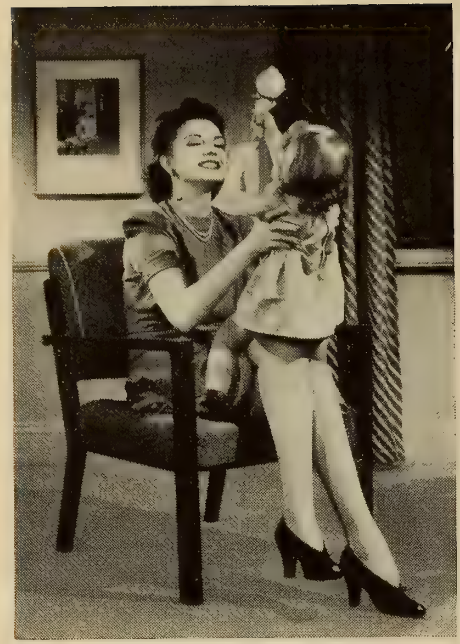
Ever find that your powder sticks to your lashes, and in the grooves of your eyes? Or that somehow or other you've applied your powder too heavily just below the eyes, and given your whole face a tired, sagging look? Geraldine dampens a cotton covered orange stick with cool skin freshener (keep that important beauty accessory in the ice box in hot weather). You'd never guess how easy it is to remove the excess powder with it—and how fresh it makes your skin feel. A grand trick to try before a party, or when you've been out too late on one the night before.

Now dust on your dry rouge (whether you've already used the cream rouge or not). Use a brush similar to your powder brush—because, and Geraldine got this straight from the world famous make-up artist who does her face at the studio, it gives a softer, more natural color to the cheeks, and prevents spottiness. There's no sudden blob of red, no danger of tell-tale demarcation lines. The color seems to fade right into your own skin. Dry rouge is essential to completing the make-up, because it supplements the moist rouge; by using both, you insure that radiant, girlish complexion for hours on end.

Eyebrow pencil should be used more to define the eyebrows than to emphasize the shape of the eyes—for street make-up anyway. Sharpen the pencil well, then gently touch the brows as though you were stroking each individual hair. Never use pencil beneath the eye, because it gives far too hard and "wearing" a line. Apply mascara sparingly, with an almost dry brush, so it won't spatter over your eyelids or cheeks—and always be sure to go over the lashes with a fresh brush, to separate them, prevent any "starchiness" or beading.

HOLLYWOOD can't afford a hit-or-miss technique with lipstick—not when a face is magnified some two hundred times on the screen! And neither should your mouth be sloppily drawn when you face your personal close-ups. Why not do as Geraldine does, use a fine lip brush to outline your mouth—then fill in the color with your lipstick if you want? Or you can use the lipstick first, just as you always do, then smooth out the edges with the brush to give a clean, defined, sculptured-looking line. Afterwards, press your lips on cleansing tissue to remove any excess pomade. The remaining color will be transparent and glowingly kissable. You'll discover, too, that lipstick applied in this way "stays put" much longer!

Now for news of the cosmetics that will make you just as glamorous as any star made up by experts . . . First on the list is that same tinted foundation cream Geraldine uses, for screen appearances, personal appearances, and her own private life. And when you hear that she uses it off stage



The "baby bounce"—wonderful fun for baby, but what punishment for filmy stockings! If you're tired of "sissy" hose that can't take it, try Cannon's!

A special air-pressure machine inspects Cannon's lovely stockings for microscopic flaws—rejects all that might later spring a "mystery" run. Cannon brings you only *perfect* stockings—full-fashioned, flawless, triple-inspected.

Cannon Hosiery

P.S. Cannon Silk Hosiery, in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to $1.00. Cannon Nylon Hosiery, $1.35 and up. By the makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets. TRADE MARK MADE IN USA CANNON

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NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

So natural they even have *half moons.*

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

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AN INVITATION TO ROMANCE

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The fresh flower-like fragrance of BLUE WALTZ PERFUME is dedicated to romance . . . to spirits that are ever gay and young, and ready for adventure. Try a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on your hair, your throat, your wrists and see! For this is a perfume exquisitely blended from a mixture of the world's loveliest blossoms.

NEW! Mother's Day gift box with romantic BLUE WALTZ PERFUME—10¢

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores

as well as on, you will probably realize how much she likes it! As well she should—for this foundation is just creamy enough to go on smoothly, and to blend evenly into a dull surfaced, flattering film. It's heavy enough to hide any occasional blemishes, freckles or what have you—but without giving the skin that thickly made-up look.

Far more important, though, is this special feature of the cream. The make-up artist who perfected it worked for many long hours experimenting with it on all kinds of skins (and there are as many in Hollywood as there are elsewhere), under all lighting conditions—with one idea in mind. He wanted to create a make-up that would be flattering in candlelight, electric light or daylight; a make-up that would never give the skin an ageing, gray tone. How well he's succeeded you can tell by trying the foundation. It comes in several luscious tones designed to bring out the loveliest in your own skin. With powder to match—in just the nicest, finest texture imaginable. It goes without saying that the foundation holds the powder in place marvelously, to give your face a velvety soft look that's mighty becoming! A quarter apiece—and larger sizes at fifty cents if you want them . . .

The same make-up artist recently added a new lipstick shade to his already fine array. It's a lively pink, especially nice on redheads, strawberry blondes, indeed, blondes of all kinds. It's nice, too, on those fragile looking brunettes and brown-haired girls—and with all the rhubarb pinks or air force blues you've seen so often this spring. The lipstick itself is of the smooth creamy kind that goes on like a dream. You'll like it, I'm sure. A quarter for the small size, and a bargain.

If you've had trouble applying mascara, I do wish you'd write me for the name of my favorite. It comes in both cake and cream forms, but I like the cream best because it's easier to apply. It's just the right consistency, and you don't have to worry about adding water. Spread the least bit on your mascara brush, then gently stroke the lashes upward (remember, if you get too much on the brush, the mascara will spatter all over the rest of your make-up). Now take a fresh brush, or clean this one out, and separate the lashes. That prevents any hard look, makes your lashes seem as soft and natural as they were before you touched them up—but much longer, because they're dark enough to show!

WHAT about eyeshadow? Well, you can match it to the color of your eyes, to the shade of your dress (brown, green, blue, blue-gray, gray or violet) or to any of your accessory colors . . . And all in a creamy blendable shadow made by one of the oldest and finest manufacturers in the business—a man who's careful of the purity of his preparations because he knows how precious those eyes of yours are. As a result, this shadow (and the mascara, too) is no more harmful than a fine eye lotion—and you know how grand those feel when your eyes are tired. If your eyes look sleepy some morning, try adding a dash of shadow to the lids—it's amazing how much sparkle it gives them—and how wide-awake it makes you feel . . . The shadows are a dime apiece, and so are the two forms of mascara—I forgot to tell you that they come in black, brown and blue. Interested in these eye beautifiers?

I've been wearing a new nail polish recently—and boasting about having it on for three weeks. That's rather unusual for me, because I'm a stickler for well-manicured hands, and a week-and-a-half was the limit of my former endurance. But this new polish is derived from an old Chinese lacquer formula—and it wears just as well as any vase painting! Comes in luscious tones, too; there are several you can match or harmonize to that strawberry pink lipstick I mentioned. The price is seventy-five cents, but each mandarin bottle is packaged with a miniature that holds a generous supply of the transparent polish foundation—so you'll never try to use one without the other. Add to that the fact that the polish lasts so long on your hands and in the bottle—and you have got a buy! Be sure to write me for the name.

Write to me before June 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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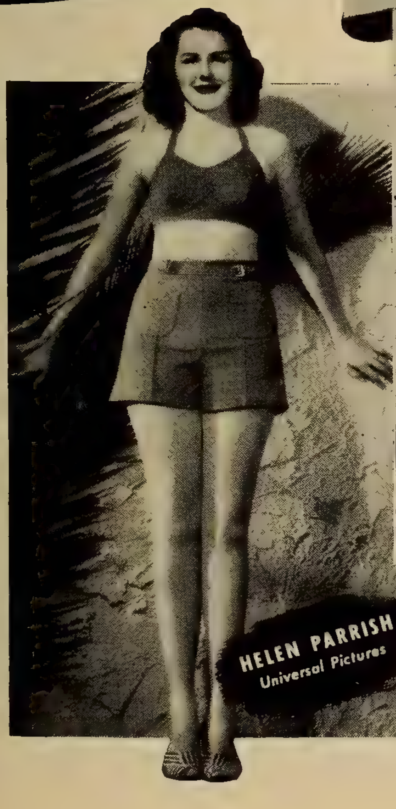

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You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock snipped from your own hair.

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Address...............................
City.......................*State*..........

Don't Get Cobina Wright (Jr.) Wrong

[*Continued from page* 38]

and now prepares to display her dramatic ability in films: for the money there is in it.

There is still a great deal of delighted surprise in her voice when she makes her revelation, and she repeats it as if she had discovered a fundamental principle, which, perhaps, she has. At nineteen, a poised, accomplished, entirely urbane nineteen, this is the only little-girl note about Cobina Junior. And it's understandable. Her childhood was one of luxury where one did not have to wonder about the cruder mechanics of life. The fact that anyone worked to eat never entered into the picture of yachts, custom-built miniature autos, and such-like. The crash of '29 changed all that for her father, stock broker William May Wright, and her mother who, although born in Oregon, is one of the Boston Cobbs, who were, in turn, related to the William Bradford who was the second governor of the Plymouth colony (1589-1657), amen.

This is quite a pedigree for a new starlet to tote, but it never gets in Cobina's way. In fact, the stuff about Mr. B. is not even mentioned in the studio biography. Cobina, with all her horsey-set background, is entirely democratic, which makes her rate as a "good sort" in the film colony. There have been social and royal invaders of Hollywood who have sickened the town with their "just call me pal" stuff. This is not Cobina's system, and it may be because she is in films on a different basis. She doesn't want adulation; she wants cash.

There is a hint of that in the studio biography, for the studios are always subtle about such things, where it says—"It's true that Cobina is interested in a career for art's sake, but she's simply fascinated with a career as a meal-ticket." Cobina puts it more bluntly when she says, "I have to earn my living, and I've tried all sorts of ways—radio singing, night-club singing, singing with a band, modelling, a little stage work, and in none of them have I found half the satisfaction of film-making."

THIS is not a rah-rah speech to impress her new bosses, 20th Century-Fox who gave her a long-term contract after her work in *Murder Among Friends,* and promised her stardom in her third picture, *Duchess by Appointment,* after she had absorbed a little more camera technique in her second film, *Miami.* Her dramatic a-b-c's she had already learned at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. No, Cobina means it. She has a healthy respect for her job.

More than that, she has a healthy respect for work. She looks upon it as a privilege, and proudly proclaims that she has been working since she was fourteen. "Mother started to work when she was sixteen," she says with an absolutely guileless smile. It's hard to reconcile this attitude with the "daughter of luxury" background of the Wrights, but it's the real thing. For all her intense, ambitious drive to create a place in the artistic world for herself and her daughter, Cobina's mother, a pioneer career woman, has never lost sight of the fact that there is nothing degrading in hard work. And she has not forgotten to teach it to her daughter.

It would have been easy for the Cobinas, at the time of Senior's divorce in 1932, to have turned their amiable qualities, their combined social graces, into a joint career of living gaily on other people's generosity. They could have been society's "permanent house-guests," wandering from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach, as the season dictated, and could have turned into social parasites. But Cobina Sr., was made of stronger stuff.

Determined to keep her ten-year-old daughter (Cobina Junior was born in 1922, on August 14th) in Miss Hewitt's school for select young ladies, Cobina the elder gathered up the remnants of her musical career which had been scattered by matrimony. Mrs. Wright's first marriage, very early, was to Owen Johnson, novelist, and son of America's one-time Ambassador to England. Her second marriage to stockbroker Wright further enhanced her social position and made her a party-giver de-luxe at Sands Point, Long Island.

IF SHE had wanted, she could have carried her war for economic security into party-giver Elsa Maxwell's territory and made a profession of entertaining people who didn't know how to amuse themselves. Her parties at Sands Point had run imagination's gamut in *motif* and *decor*—or just plain old theme and decoration to you. But Cobina Sr., preferred to be a pace-setter, and she became one of the first of society's ladies to turn talent into money by singing in supper-clubs and, finally, on the radio.

Singing was old stuff to her, if the desecration may be pardoned. She had made a Carnegie Hall debut in her young womanhood; studied before that with famous teachers; she had concertized in Europe, and it was in Germany that the famous, often plagiarized first name, that she and her daughter bear, came into being. Christened Elaine (some authorities insist) it was Esther Cobb, she found it a prosaic name for a songbird, and sought to change it. Cobb was too traditionally good to drop completely, so the singer bobbed it, added a diminutive suffix and sallied forth as "Fraulein Cobina." The Germans thought she was swell.

In 1936, Cobina Junior, a tall girl, with hair the color of ripening wheat, cornflower blue eyes, decided it was time that she entered into competitive trade, and thus was born her career. She competed in a contest held in Palm Beach, for a two-weeks' singing engagement with a supper-room band. The contestants were all girls of social rank.

It was just before this jittery try-out that a nerve-shattering thing happened to young Junior. Always a fine swimmer, loving the water like a mermaid, Cobina took a late dip in the surf before she dressed for the vocal joust. As she cut the water with her arms, a huge breaker picked her up, tossed her about on its powerful bosom, threw her against the pipe-line that fed a shore swimming-pool, and then deposited her on the beach. When she stood up she found that she was a mass of fleshwounds from left wrist to thigh. A fine thing for a night-club thrush, she thought.

But Cobina Jr., had the same mental resources of her mother. Instead of calling the whole thing off, she merely changed her wardrobe plans. "Luckily I had a long-sleeved chiffon with me," she says, giving the French word its correct accent. "It was full-sleeved and blue and I got into it, gingerly, that night, aching every time I moved. But I won the contest, and that was luck."

After that there were other supper-club engagements, but Mrs. Wright turned a firm thumb down on all night-club offers. It wasn't until Cobina Jr., was eighteen that she was allowed the vocal freedom of the Swing Salons. It was of course inevitable that before that age other offers should come—movies, for instance. 20th Century-Fox made a test of the blue-eyed blonde, thought it was lovely, nibbled their collective nails to the quick wondering if the girl would grow any taller. She was then, at fourteen, of prodigious height. They decided she might grow, and sent their contractual regrets.

This was pretty infuriating to Cobina Junior, and she swore that she would never have anything to do with films. But last year when she reached her maximum growth of five feet eight inches, which is one inch taller than Garbo, and TC-F came mooning around her again, in October, dangling contracts before her arrogant eyes, she reconsidered.

COBINA JUNIOR made her first visit to the Coast in 1939. If she came to scoff at movies, mountains, mesas, and compare them unfavorably with Italy where she had spent many months, Palm Beach, and the other socially correct spots, she found her decision reversed. She discovered that she liked the place. Days when she was not rehearsing her songs for her Beverly-Wilshire Florentine Room appearances, she found fun under the California sun.

Only one cloud darkened her visit, and gave her a fore-taste of what to expect should she ever adopt Hollywood as her home. She had a dreadful time with some extracted wisdom teeth, her face swelled to ballroom size . . . "it stretched from here to the swimming-pool," she says, with a grin . . . and people began to pity that "poor Cobina Wright Junior. She's losing *all* of her teeth in a perfectly *ghastly* fashion, and at *her* age." Having had a sample of cinema gossip, Cobina is now unafraid of it.

Another foul thing happened during this siege of the wisdom teeth. Cobina Jr., like a million other American girls, had a great desire to meet one of her film favorites, James Stewart. (For the book, Spencer Tracy is Junior's top-ranking star.) Burgess Meredith, who is a long-time friend of the Wrights, sought to arrange the meeting. One morning when Cobina's face was the size of a mammoth Persian melon, Meredith called and asked her to go to the air races with him. "There's a fellow here I want you to meet," he remarked casually.

Cobina knew that the air-meet was no place for her, but "Buzz" was insistent. He invited himself to call, with friend, and Cobina suggested luncheon. In the middle of the talk, the cold truth dawned. "Your friend wouldn't be James Stewart, would it?" she asked. There was no time gracefully to bow out of the invitation, so Cobina's first meeting with Hollywood's very eligible bachelor and new Academy Award Winner was distinctly lacking in glamour. It wasn't their last meeting, however. Cobina was at Jimmy's side at *The Philadelphia Story* preview.

Like all beauteous young misses, particularly glowing blondes with slim long legs, Cobina Junior, since she has become a part of the Hollywood scene, has been escorted by the better cinema cavaliers. Franchot Tone, whom she calls Doc (as do all his friends), has the "most beautiful manners" Cobina has ever seen in a man. John Carroll tells amusing stories. Bob Stack . . . well, he's sort of social. Los Angeles society meets New York society. Howard Hughes . . . George Montgomery, the cowboy actor from Montana. The latter seems to be away out in front with Cobina at the moment.

During the past year, Cobina has discovered horseback riding, cowboys, rodeos—which she pronounces with accent on the first syllable, totally ignoring the Spanish "e"—"that's the way the folks who ride in them pronounce it," she says, knowingly, fingering the silver-tipped leather belt, hand-tooled around and around with the name "Cobina." "I've been so much with the rodeo people this year that I even call the steers 'B*rah*-ma' with a long 'a' instead of the way textbooks teach."

Being completely metropolitan, completely Eastern, and having been bitten vigorously by the "Western" virus, it is not at all strange that the tall man from Montana, also under contract to TC-F, should come in for a little concentrated attention from the West's newest devotee. Montgomery seems to be a complete departure from the silken gentlemen who have squired Cobina. Even Mrs. Wright agrees, breathlessly, that he is terrific, and for reason.

When Cobina presented George to her mother for the first time, Montgomery picked up Mrs. Wright bodily, gave her a resounding kiss, and said, "Hello, maw!" Search as she can through her memories, Mrs. Wright can recall no other of Cobina Junior's young men with such robustious manners. Certainly Mr. Montgomery is not at all like—say—Prince Philip of Greece.

IF YOU want to grow all softly romantic, you may do so over the story of Junior's romantic friendship with the young scion of the royal house of Greece. His father was King Alexandros who ruled the gallant little country for some three years, until his death in 1920, and at that time the blond Philip was the Crown Prince, successor to the throne of Greece. Later political events knocked these brilliant expectations into a cocked hat, and now a tiny baby boy, born last year, is the throne's successor, while Prince Philip, a tall lad in his middle-

Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size *picture magazine* of motion pictures, is edited independently. It tells without fear or favor the *truth* about strictly "human" stars!

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All this and heavenly color portraits, too—Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Olivia de Havilland, Tony Martin. Also gossip, reviews, beauty hints, fashion news!

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"When a customer asks for something for a headache, my first thought is Bromo-Seltzer," says Joseph F. Morgan, prominent Middletown, N. Y. druggist. "I feel Bromo-Seltzer does more for you than many other remedies because it gives *3-way* relief. It helps settle the *stomach* and calm the *nerves* in addition to relieving the *pain.* I can vouch for the relief it gives!"

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*It is also a superb lipstick for regular use.

*It does not smear easily.

*It is extremely lasting.

*It comes in four new shades.

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twenties, is serving somewhere with the English fleet.

The story of Cobina's meeting with Prince Philip has more romantic overtones than a Glyn novel. It had been her custom to spend several months of the year in Italy, either visiting her godmother, Contessa Villarosa, or one of the two daughters of Arturo Toscanini, Vladimir Horowitz's wife, or Contessa Castelbarco of Venice.

This was a lovely day on the Lido and Cobina was lunching at one of the hotels on the famous Italian strand. Across the room, near the exit, she saw the handsomest man she had ever looked at, tall, blond, distinguished-appearing. With fullest decorum she flapped her long lashes at him over the *minestrone.* When the *veal scallopini* arrived they had established a discreet flirtation. By the time the waiter had served the chilled *zabaione* Cobina knew that she simply *must* meet this blond giant.

On their way out of the cafe, Toscanini's daughter stopped at the table near the exit, and dropped a curtsy to the three occupants, two of which were young girls, and the other the handsome unknown. "Who are they?" whispered Cobina as they walked into the foyer. "Princess Alexandra and Princess . . ." she answered, losing the second name in the surging crowd. "Not the *women,*" said Cobina. "Who is the handsome *man?*" But she never had a satisfactory answer for friends came up and there was lively conversation.

A few nights later Cobina was talking with a young American she had known in the States and she caught a glimpse of a blond head, towering over the dark-haired Italians in the room, and she saw her unknown stranger approaching her. He walked up to the American lad, whom he did not know, and presuming his identity was known to everyone in Venice, asked to be presented. The American was as ignorant as Cobina of the stranger's identity, but in good-natured fashion made the presentation and left the two to dance. They danced divinely together. . . .

At the end of the number, Cobina returned with her escort to her party, and attempted to introduce him. "But I don't know your name," she said. "Phil," he said. "Yes, but Phil what?" she asked. "You must have a last name. What is it?" "Just Phil," he insisted, so it was as "Phil" that Cobina presented the stranger to her friends. "Phil" bowed, made his apologies, and left the group.

THE next morning Cobina and Phil had a grand swim in the Lido surf. This was repeated several times, and punctuated by dances in the evening, then one of her women friends said, "Cobina, how do you like the Prince?" "I don't know him," Cobina responded. "But you've been dancing and swimming with him every day . . ." the friend insisted. Cobina thought. "His name couldn't be Phil, could it?" she asked, and thus ended the royal masquerade.

After that there was formality in their meetings, curtsies and titles in her speech to him, but only when they were in the presence of others. "When we were alone, we dropped all ceremony, and he dashed about fetching things for me, like one of my American friends," Cobina says.

Venturing to suggest that the Prince Philip-Cobina Wright friendship had hints of the famous Rudolph of Austria-Maria Vetsera romance brought immediate recognition from Cobina. "We saw *Mayerling,* the film, together," she said, "and we giggled at some of the lighter scenes because they were exact duplications of what had happened to us."

At the moment, somewhere on one of the seven seas, the young man in question is probably trying on a white cable-stitch sweater knitted and sent him by Cobina. It is her first attempt at the domestic craft and she hopes that the sweater will keep off the chill ocean winds as the young prince goes about his duties. The letters she gets from him are fragmentary. Scraps of information like sipping a beer at supper and smoking a cigarette on the afternoon watch.

THIS war has proved a strenuous experience, emotionally, for Cobina the younger. She has friends on both sides of the mechanized divisions. The boy who first proposed to her was killed in R.A.F. service not more than a month ago, and she has fond memories of the beauties of Florence and other Italian cities, as well as the kindness of the Italian people. She likes to think of herself as being strictly neutral in the face of all this.

Cobina and her mother live modestly in a little house off the Sunset Strip, very near good-friend Gene Tierney, who is a Farmington girl, herself, and comes from the right side of New York's railroad tracks. Half of the modest salary Cobina makes goes into a trust fund; this is obligatory under California laws, following the Coogan affair. The other half goes to pay expenses, which include two servants, the male half of which trebles as butler, chauffeur, gardener.

Our heroine dresses often in slacks, and today she had a fine-fitting soft blue woolen suit; and sports-wedgies covered her surprisingly small feet—size 5½b. Cobina has a cosmetic-ad complexion, quite perfect; and softly curling light hair which she wears in a long bob. It waves off the face in a side part. Her teeth, even and white, look like a dentist's dream of perfection. She has a tiny waist—23½ inches.

She is an ardent dog lover and has one fine old fellow, named Frisky, a Sealyham, who is well onto fifteen years of age. When Rex St. Cyr, stepfather of William Rhinelander Stewart—he gave Cobina a bang-up masquerade party at Ciro's to celebrate the signing of her film contract—asked her why she didn't buy another dog so that she wouldn't be bereft at Frisky's death, when it came, Cobina told him the price of a good dog was beyond the limits of her present purse. At Christmas Mr. St. Cyr presented the starlet with a dog whose pedigree favorably matches its new owner's.

The darkest secret in Cobina's past is that she was christened Cobina Caroline, the Caroline being her paternal grandmother's name. Although she likes the name, she thinks it's rather cumbersome for her use, and the only trace of it left in her life is engraved on the silver set on her dressing-table. The set is a gift of Grandma Wright's and it is marked, each and every piece, with the word "Carrie."

Cobina has all the natural feminine instincts and can see herself, eventually, as a wife and mother. Until such time, she occupies herself with film work, swimming, riding, dancing, and singing lessons. Her vocal teacher is her mother who has ideas about voice culture. She believes that no one should be taught to sing in only one key; that the entire scale should be theirs. For that reason, Cobina's supper-room ballads are sung in a smoky contralto, but when she duets with her mother, in operatic pieces, chances are she will sing in a bell-like soprano.

In Hollywod Cobina Senior remains strictly apart from Cobina Junior's career life, a trim-legged woman, with finely-drawn features, high aristocratic nose. Her credo, once expressed to me, is "a little tolerance, a little kindness, a little graciousness." With these beliefs, plus a heck of a lot of initiative and imagination, she has come a long wa In this case it proves that mother's all Wright.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 69]

Aviator's Excuse

■ For lousy alignment, a new explanation:

The pilot was thinking of ANOTHER formation!

Mary's Swing Session

■ For that fast-disappearing vestigial group of concertgoers who still don't like swing, Mary Martin has compassion. On her coming concert tour, she's going to split her program fifty-fifty—the first half, all classical stuff; the second half, all swing.

"That way, the people who don't like swing can go home at the intermission—and then the rest of us can have fun . . !"

Garbo—No Sleep There Now

■ If you think movie stars are ALWAYS palsy-walsy and sooooo glad to see their fans and their public, then you should have heard the howl that assailed the ears of the Brentwood city council from such outraged movie glamorites as Joan Crawford and the Gary Coopers, and Ty Power and his Annabella and certain other Brentwood movie biggies.

Reason: an enterprising real-estate agent, hoping to attract attention to a house he had for sale in that district, had a big sign painted and mounted on the house. It read (in all truth):

GARBO
SLEPT
HERE

Result: Sightseers came in such streams and such flocks to get a vicarious thrill out of seeing where Greta got into her beddy-weddy, that all the other Brentwood folk suffered complete lack of privacy and seclusion.

P. S.—The sign came down. And anyway, Garbo isn't sleeping there anymore. Much to the disappointment of the neighbor kiddies who learned about anatomy by peeking through the hedge at Garbo's sunbaths.

Miriam Has the Habit Now

■ Maybe photography is like dope, or drink. When you haven't got the habit yourself, you think everybody who has is terrible. But when you get it—

Anyway, consider the case of Miriam Hopkins, who used to be the town's worst pill as far as the photographers were concerned. Nobody gave more trouble in getting those candid-camera shots in the cafes and elsewhere. Miriam was always bawling the cameramen out, or threatening dire consequences, or things like that.

But now Miriam has a candid camera of her own. And now she not only poses for the professional candid-cameramen, but she even sits down with them and buys them drinks, and asks them about their lenses and color-filters and things like that.

Loyalty

■ In Hollywood, there are few persons more loyal to their friends than Alice Faye. Latest proof is that clause in her new two-year contract with 20th-Fox, which specifies that regardless of whether Alice, herself, is at work or on the lot, or even in Hollywood, nevertheless there must be 50 weeks' work a year for Ollie Hughes, her wardrobe woman; Helene Smith, her stand-in, and Lillian Myrhe, her hair-dresser.

Long Cheer for Lamour

■ Maybe Harvard boys don't like Gene Tierney, but college boys certainly DO like Dorothy Lamour . . .

Anyway, the other night when Dorothy walked into the Rhum-Boogie with Greg Bautzer, a crowd of college undergrads who were in the place spied her. They surrounded her, and let loose with a half-dozen college yells—and didn't quit until Dorothy posed in the midst of them, for a group shot by the cafe photographer.

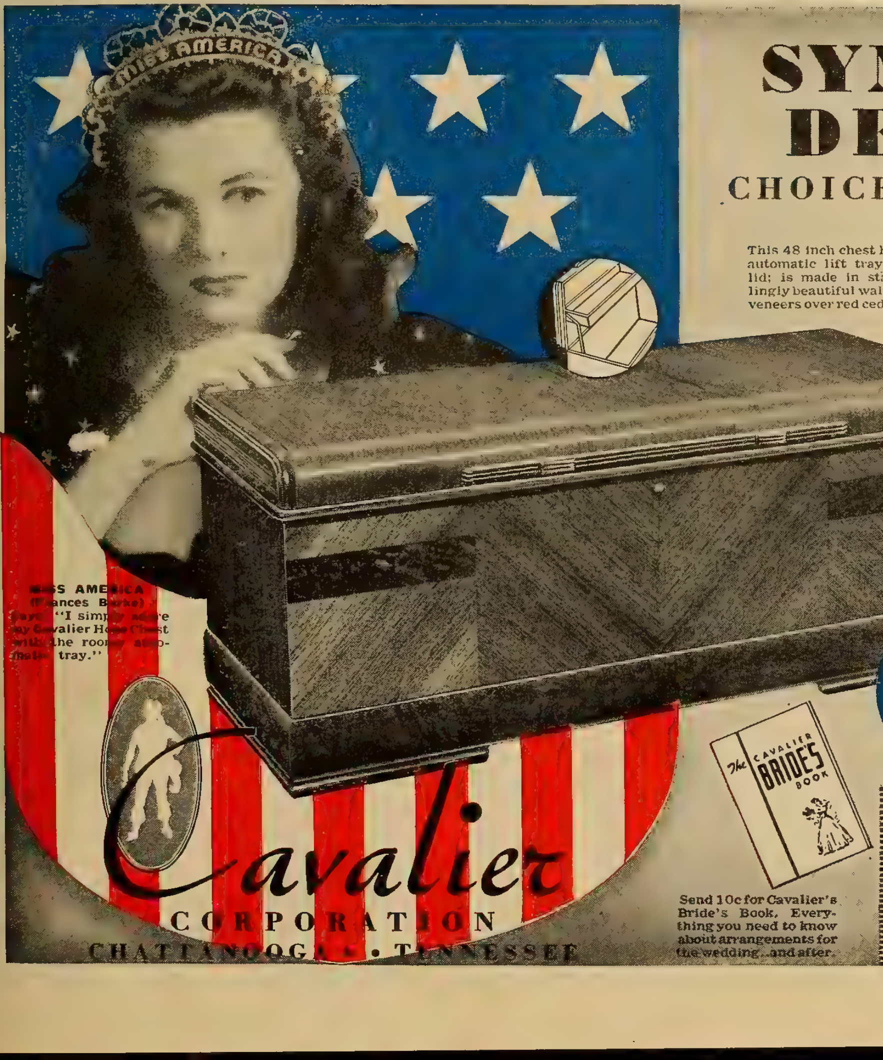
Baby or Vallee—No Diff'rence

■ Rosemary Lane is really wondering whether there's so much difference between her job in her last picture, *Four Mothers,* and her new one, *Show Business.*

You see, in *Four Mothers,* she held a baby in her arms most of the time.

In *Show Business,* she holds Rudy Vallee.

So what? So you make your own cracks, smartie!



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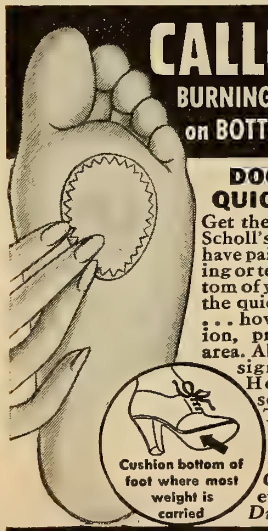
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"The Women I Hate"—Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page* 23]

was at the time, but when, after the fanfare had died down, I told her the scene from my point of view, she screamed until she had hysterics. And she never did see what, to my mind, is the point of this whole anecdote—that in the very thick of being a Movie Star, she was being a woman.

"That's Joan, I submit," said Joan's friend, as the patter of the Crawford footsteps approached, "she is . . ."

Joan was back. Resumed her knitting. Tea was brought into the portable . . . and angel food made by Joan's cook.

Joan said, "Now, where were we? What were you two gals talking about . . .?"

"You," I said, "and woman—that is, woman and actress, fifty-fifty . . . and how you like women, and . . ."

Joan picked up the conversational thread and the sock thread with one click of the needle. She said, "I do like women. I mistrust a woman who doesn't like women. A woman who doesn't like women is a dishonest woman. She doesn't like her own sex *because she cheats her own sex*. And I make a reservation: I like only honest women. I detest dishonest women."

I said, "But what are dishonest women? Definition, please. Expose the creatures . . ."

"Gladly," said Miss C., grimly, "Dishonest women are, first of all, idle women. Dishonest women are catty women. Any woman who is playing games and pulling tricks, using her sex to serve her own purpose is a dishonest woman. Such women don't deserve to be called women. They don't even deserve to be classed as females.

"Dishonest women are the little, 'helpless' things who can't do this and can't do that—the ones who continually mew, 'Darling, get me a glass of water—darling, light my cigarette for me.' These are the women who have no women friends, who scare women away—and scare men away, too, in time . . .

"Dishonest women are coy in the right way, all right, but cling in the wrong places. They are after the men you go with and would walk over you with their little spiked heels quite as effectively as if you had been gone over by a ploughshare . . .

"A real woman has no patience with that kind of a female . . . I bet you," laughed Joan, "that any woman who pulls that line has not only an untidy mind, untidy emotions but a horribly untidy house . . . . !

"A dishonest woman is one who pulls the line that she 'likes men better than women, understands men better'—the kind of woman who goes to parties and tries to be the Most Popular One and is unhappy unless she is the center of a circle of males . . .

"I," said Joan, grimly, "have many faults, Heaven knows and, what is more important, *I* know . . . but being a cat-woman is not among them . . . When I'm at a party, in a group of people, I talk to the women. I will NOT talk to their husbands. I've seen too many wives look over, catch their husbands talking with some woman, usually in some dim corner, and have seen the look of panic on their faces!

"Real women don't have to be going to parties all the time, anyway . . . the little lacy ones are the ones who are seen everywhere because they are everywhere—but home. They are the ones who call up men and give them the 'I'm so lonely' line . . .

"I am asked, often, why I don't go out more, why I am not seen at the night spots—why I don't have more fun. Does it ever occur to any one," inquired Miss C. caustically, "that I don't *want* to go out, that I don't think it vital to my career to be seen in night-clubs, that I *like* to be by myself?

"Also, there's the little matter of 'hen-parties.' It is, or it usually is, let's say, the little idlers who go in for hen-parties, bridge parties, afternoon cocktail parties. Personally, I wouldn't waste my friends' time, or my own, on the girly get-togethers. We have too much to do. We get together by talking on the phone at nights. Occasionally my friends come to the studio to see me. When I'm between pictures and they are free, we may go shopping together—but otherwise, when they come to my house or I go to theirs, we have our men with us—and we like our own men, and remain with them . . .

"The little, whimpering woman is the dishonest woman. When such a one comes to me, complaining that some man, husband or sweetheart, has walked out on her, I show her no mercy. I say, 'Did you ever think of growing up? Ever think of working, not whimpering? Maybe he wanted to get away from you—and why not? Did you ever think of having your hair done? Putting on a dinner dress? Reading a book?'

"Nine times out of ten, such a woman will say to me, especially if it's a husband who has done the departing, '. . . a dinner dress, when we're alone?' I tell her. 'When you're alone, by *yourself*' . . . I tell her, 'If you're not well-groomed and self-respecting for your own sake, you're not likely to be for anybody else's sake. Be like the Englishmen in the tropics,' I tell 'em, 'who, according to Somerset Maugham dress for dinner when there's only a native boy to admire them.'

"Don't misunderstand me," warned Joan, "when honest women come to me with their problems, when a friend comes to me as to a sister, I feel I am paid a higher tribute and I value it more than any tribute of flattery or attention a man could bring me—but not the whiners, not the trick-pullers who just want a few more tricks to add to their little bag.

"Whining women are dishonest women. The honest woman who earns her own living stands on her own two feet, thinks like a man, an honest man, doesn't whine when she loses something—or someone. She says, 'Well, okay, so I've lost it—I hope to God I'll learn!' She doesn't go bellyaching around because she hopes she can wheedle someone into doing for her what she never made any honest effort to do for herself.

"Among the whiners I most detest are those who mope around, saying they haven't had the 'breaks,' weren't born beautiful, haven't the money to dress as smart women dress, can't afford to go to beauty parlors and be prettied. For years I went around trying to be Mother's Little Helper to these Mrs. Malaprops. The minute I'd see a woman who could be beautiful but wasn't because she dressed badly, or walked badly, or didn't know how to do her hair, I'd wade right in. I'd make suggestions to her, go on shopping tours with her and I'd get a kick in the face every time! Spiteful things she'd said behind my back would come running home to me. Or, worst of all, after I'd spent days and weeks with her in the smart shops, I'd see her a week later and she'd have on the clothes we'd chosen, all right, but she'd have done something tacky to them. So, no more. Women like that, I've learned, don't want advice, don't want help, enjoy being miserable.

"I'm sorry but I don't feel sorry for women who don't make the best of themselves. I don't feel sorry for women who are not chic. There is no excuse for them—except laziness. And laziness is an alibi, not an excuse. And alibis are the lace trimmings worn by dishonest women.

"There's no excuse for them. Why, I could have remained a little fat girl, wearing the wrong clothes, my hair all over the place. I didn't know how to dress. I didn't know how to do my hair. I didn't know how, or when, or where, to make up.

"But . . . 'Ahhhh' the whiners will now whine—'you are in the Movies! You are in the hands of experts! You are in the hands of an Adrian who does your clothes for you! You are in the hands of a Guilaroff who does your hair for you! You are in the hands of make-up artists and the like . . .!'

"Well, Little Miss Whiner, right back at you—*so are you!* You can get expert advice for ten cents the copy. I mean, women today have the movies, the newsreels, the radio, the magazines to show them how to dress, how to do their hair, walk, how to be attractive in every way it's possible for a woman to be attractive, if they want to learn. They are in the hands of experts, too, because the same experts who handle us tell them what to do, in the magazines and on the air, show them what to do through what they do for us on the screen. They get exactly the same benefits we get, in exactly the same ways, from exactly the same people.

"Even money isn't essential. Things that come out of the exclusive and most expensive shops today, you know, you can buy, next week, same things, in a department store basement. I know women who earn $50 a week and are just as chic as women who earn from $500 to $5,000. I know girls who make $25.00 and look as well as the girls who make $50.00. But these are the women who are enterprising enough to work for what they want!"

I said . . . "But playing this part, in this picture, the part of a woman with a scarred, a horribly scarred face," (wait until you SEE her!) "hasn't that made you pity women, plain women, ugly women? After all, and pardon the compliment, but you've always been beautiful, Joan, have never known, until now, until you wore this dreadful scar, what it's like to look in a mirror—and—shudder—"

"No," said Miss C., "no, it has not made me feel sorry for women. It has deepened my feeling of compassion for all human beings, women and men, who are mutilated, ugly—but, if anything, it has made me feel less sorry for plain women because playing this character made me realize that it wasn't her outward scar that made her hateful and hated, but what she had let the scar do to her, to her heart, to her mind, to her soul.

"Did I ever tell you, by the way," Joan broke off, laughing, "that I wanted terribly to play this part? I did . . . and I got a laugh out of George Cukor when we were talking it over. I said to him, 'Give an actor a cape and he'll ham all over the place—give an actress a scar and she'll outham all hams.' So George gave me four or five 'try-out' scenes to do, let me ham 'em up something elegant. I got it out of my system, and then we went to work . . . !

"No, I don't feel sorry for women. The only women I might feel sorry for are the women who don't feel sorry for themselves because they have too much to do to sit around being Poor Me . . .

"Honest women," said Joan, "fill their lives with many, richly many things. Dishonest women feel they haven't anything in their lives unless they have men, flattery and attentions from men, dates with men, scalps on their charm bracelets. I don't say that this isn't, or even that it shouldn't be, a part of every woman's life. Heaven knows, I'd be the last to say it. It should be, of course, but not ALL of life. Honest women use all their faculties and abilities, their hands as well as their brains—dishonest women nearly fall in a faint when they rinse out a pair of hose.

"One Monday morning on the set," grinned Crawford, "one of the Frailer Sisters came up to me and, in a weak and gasping voice said, 'What DO you think I did yesterday? I washed out my lace hankies MYSELF, I'm simply DEAD!'

"Now, between you and me, it's too bad she wasn't, I'd say—and I wasn't the one to say that to, because," said Joan, sturdily, "I spend my week-ends scrubbing myself and anything else around the place that needs scrubbing. I couldn't resist the temptation of saying to Miss Fainty-Pants, 'Don't be silly, darling, I gave myself a manicure and a pedicure, washed my hair, washed out my blouses, gloves, slips, a few nighties, the baby's sweaters and socks, upon completion of which I went forth and hung them, and myself, upon the line in the backyard, to dry!'

". . . I shouldn't have—but when things are that sick-making . . ." Joan made a face no photographer will ever catch . . . "besides, it's my opinion that honest women like to do a woman's work. Even an office-wife on her days off, likes to swap the typewriter and the boss for the washtub and the husband, I bet. I have a real love for doing folksy, domestic things. I love to scrub and rinse and hang out, I love to make beds and scour and polish. I don't have to do these things. It would be ridiculous and no one would believe me if I tried to pretend that I do have to. But just because I don't have to, and do, should prove that I love to, if you follow me . . .

"I'm a clipper-outer, too," laughed Joan, (mind you, she was knitting like mad every minute she was talking). "I cut out poems I like and paste them in scrap-books. I paste things in Christina's Growing-Up Book . . . how old she was when she said her first word, the date of each tooth as it comes in, when she had her diphtheria and whooping-cough shots, and so on . . .

"It seems to me," Joan said, then, her eyes finding the baby Christina's eyes in the framed picture, "that that's the best of having babies, the things you can do for them, the fact that you are necessary to them. I mean, it's wonderful being an actress, it's fascinating, colorful, glamorous and exciting . . . and it gives something to the world, I hope, in entertainment, sometimes in enlightment, in 'escape.'

"But as an actress, I'm not necessary. Not necessary as bread is necessary. The world could totter along without me as an actress. But Christina couldn't get along without me. As a mother, I am necessary—that's the way mothers are necessary, as bread is, and warmth and shelter. That's the loveliest," said Joan . . . and looked the loveliest, as she spoke, that I have ever seen her.

"But back to our dishonest women again—one further little example of the dishonest damsel occurs to me, a nasty, little one. When I was in New York last Autumn, I went to a charity thing at one of the smart cafes. During the evening, a very uppity socialite was asked to pose with me for some pictures which could be sold for the charity. She refused, saying she couldn't, she r'ally couldn't, you know, pose with 'an actress.' They can't come through, these women, you see, must always serve themselves no matter what dis-service they do others. Before she left I sent a little note to her table. It said: 'When you get home tonight, look up the word "Charity" in the dictionary. Joan Crawford.' That was all . . .

"And that is the 'plus' to the other instances I've given you of why I do like women, honest women like my friends, and detest dishonest women."

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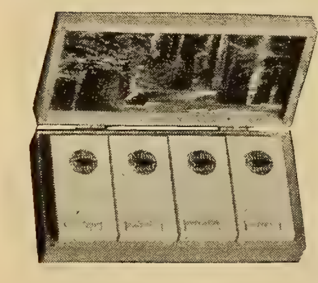

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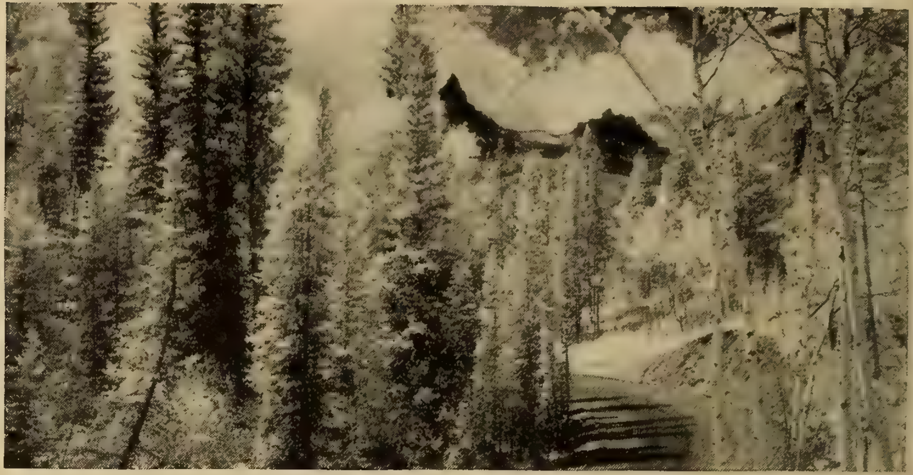

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Coffee Facts

[*Continued from page* 52]

flavor, aroma, lovely amber color, and thrift, and it's no wonder it has become America's favorite beverage.

Since Sheba, hostesses everywhere have shown their hospitality by trying to serve coffee *to their guests' liking*. Louisiana hostesses lead the way for real "coffee hospitality" by serving three kinds of coffee at once—ultra thick for New Orleans guests, medium thick for other Louisianians, and a milder form for out-of-state visitors. It's not necessary for you to serve three kinds of coffee to be labeled a "perfect hostess"—but *you will be judged* on your ability to produce one kind of good, piping hot brew.

Methods of making coffee vary. You may use a percolator, your next-door neighbor may use a glass vacuum pot, or one of the older but still favored utensils. But *whatever* the equipment, or method, you use, you will have good coffee *only* when it has been *carefully* brewed.

So if it's fine *taste* and *aroma* you're after, learn these "good coffee rules." And always follow them carefully:

1—*Use Fresh Coffee.* To assure freshness, buy no more than a week's supply at a time. If you use a cannister, keep it *clean;* and don't pour newly bought coffee on top of the old.

2—*Use Enough Coffee. Don't guess—use accurate measures.* One heaping tablespoon to each measuring cup of water is probably the most popular proportion. After-dinner coffee or iced coffee should be *double* strength.

3—*Make Fresh Coffee Every Time.* Never reheat or warm-over coffee, and be sure to keep it hot until serving time—which should be as soon as possible after it is made.

4—*Always Scald the Pot.* The coffee pot should always be rinsed with boiling water before using.

5—*Keep Coffee-Making Equipment Clean.* Cleanliness means the goodness of coffee, so wash your equipment *often* with fresh clean water. If you use a brush to scour the pot, use that brush for the coffee pot exclusively.

6—*Protect Your Coffee After Purchase.* Like perfume, the flavor and aroma of coffee tends to evaporate if it is exposed to air.

7—*Never Boil Coffee or Subject It to Prolonged Heat.* Both destroy the natural flavor and develop bitterness.

8—*Remove Grounds as Soon as Coffee Is Made. Never Use Grounds Twice.*

9—*Grind Is Important.* Select the grind best suited to your coffee-maker. "Regular" Grind for percolator, "Drip" Grind for drip or vacuum makers, and so on.

ICED Coffee days will soon be here, and you'll be serving friend hubby and guests their favorite beverage *icy-cold.* When you do, remember this hard and fast rule—*Make it fresh, and make it strong.* Two heaping tablespoons of coffee to the cup is the measurement if you intend to cool the coffee before serving it. But never keep coffee more than a few hours before serving if you want the full flavor. The preferred procedure is to pour it *fresh* and *hot* into tall glasses filled with plenty of cracked ice. And pour it rapidly. Serve it with sugar and plain or whipped cream as desired.

Frosted Coffees will be popular this spring and summer, so you'll want several good varieties tucked up your sleeve to accompany those light, warm weather meals. Also to serve friends when they join you for a chat on your porch. Remember these, and spring them soon.

The basis for these drinks is iced coffee. Variations are prepared by adding any of the following ingredients folded into whipped cream:

Cinnamon Iced Coffee—Cinnamon and nutmeg.

Mint Iced Coffee—Few drops oil of spearmint.

Southern Iced Coffee—Grated Orange Rind.

Chocolate Iced Coffee—Grated chocolate or chocolate syrup.

Almond Iced Coffee—Few drops almond extract.

Ice coffee cubes enhance the flavor of all iced coffee drinks—so throughout the warm months to come, keep your refrigerator tray filled with cubes made from regular strength coffee.

Since variety is the spice of life—and coffee—try *Spiced Coffee Imperial.* It's sure to make Spring Bridge or Mah-jongg parties festive. The next time you're looking for a truly different beverage to serve the girls try it and see if it doesn't go over with a bang. This is how it is made.

SPICED COFFEE IMPERIAL

2 2-inch pieces stick cinnamon
6 whole cloves
5 cups strong fresh coffee
⅓ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream
Crushed ice

Add spices to hot coffee and allow to stand until cool. Remove cinnamon, add sugar and ½ cup of the cream, and chill. Pour the mixture into six tall glasses and fill with crushed ice. Whip the remaining cream, then place a spoonful on each serving. Serves 6.

THE old ruling "Never repeat a flavor during the meal" does not apply to coffee for coffee is one flavor folks just don't tire of. I've illustrated two of these coffee exceptions—Coffee Quick Bread and Coffee-Sauced Desserts (see pictures on page 52) —and here are the recipes. Fragrant coffee, fresh and strong, is the liquid in both.

COFFEE QUICK BREAD

3 cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
½ cup sugar
1 cup strong fresh coffee
½ cup raisins, chopped
½ cup nut meats, chopped
4 tablespoons shortening, melted

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder, sugar, and salt. Beat egg, combine with coffee, and add to flour mixture; mix only until ingredients are combined. Add raisins, nuts, and melted shortening. Bake in well-greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) 1 hour or until done. Makes 1 loaf. NOTE—This bread improves upon standing. Allow to stand 24 hours before using.

COFFEE CARAMEL SAUCE

1 cup sugar
1½ cups hot strong fresh coffee
5 tablespoons cornstarch
Pinch salt
2 tablespoons butter

Melt sugar slowly in heavy pan over slow fire. Add coffee, and cook until sugar is again dissolved. Add cornstarch blended with small amount of water. Cook until mixture thickens, about 5 minutes. Add salt and butter. Makes about 1½ cups of sauce. Serve on plain or sponge cake, your favorite pudding, or ice cream.

COFFEE SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

1 cup strong fresh coffee
1¼ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons cream

Boil together sugar, salt, and coffee for 5 minutes. Add butter and cream. Serve on ice cream or frozen desserts.

DESSERT time turns into carnival time when you serve *Coffee Carnival.* This is one pudding about which you'll never have to worry. It's simple to prepare, fun to eat, and *grand* for company or family meals. Try it and see for yourself.

COFFEE CARNIVAL

1½ cups water
⅓ cup quick cooking tapioca
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup seedless raisins
1 cup strong fresh coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream, whipped

Place water in top of double boiler and bring to boil over direct heat. Combine tapioca, sugar, and salt; add gradually to water, then add raisins, and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool (mixture clears and thickens as it cools). When slightly cool, add coffee and vanilla. Chill; fold in whipped cream. Serve in sherbet or parfait glasses. Serves 6-8.

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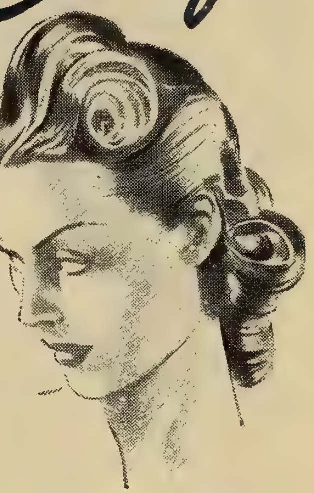

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Glamour Does a Pratt Fall

[*Continued from page 25*]

another case of a slinky blonde. I believe her name is Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene is, to some people, still Hollywood's ace glamour girl. Even Marlene thinks she is glamorous. But somehow I don't get it.

She was very sexy in the days of *The Devil is a Woman* and *The Garden of Allah*. She was a beautiful spirit floating around on studio props, but she had as much flesh and bone as a skeleton. Glamour was killing her in more ways than one. In *Garden of Allah*, for instance, she flitted across the desert with her flimsy gown trailing picturesquely in the breeze. It gave the photographer a field day and did bring out her finer points. But pity the poor audiences who waited for something to happen and had to be contented with a lifeless mask for a face and flowing gowns for action.

MARLENE, too, took it on the lam for a while. Not so much out of preference, but because she had no other choice.

Then a guy named Joe Pasternak got ideas in his head. He had a little epic called *Destry Rides Again* in his office and thought that Dietrich might be the very girl to play the bombastic saloon entertainer. Marlene read the script and said, "I'm it."

Hollywood was knocked for a loop when it saw the new Dietrich as she was referred to then. It gasped when she appeared in some of the most unglamorous creations in history. And it fainted dead away when she went into a fight with Una Merkel that left her a disheveled wreck—not to mention the fact that she was doused with buckets of water and left looking like a couple of drowned rats.

But that wasn't enough for Pasternak or Marlene. *Seven Sinners* had to come along to emphasize further the complete revitalization of the former epitome of slow death. So in this picture, Marlene engaged in a brawl that wrecked every stick of furniture in the saloon and permitted her to unearth a hefty right. And boy! did that girl sock 'em!

Yet when I talked to Marlene, she said, "What I was like in *Seven Sinners* and in *Destry* wasn't a new Dietrich. It was the old Dietrich. After all, I got my start playing bad women."

Still, many believe she is still glamorous. Some of her poses in *Seven Sinners* and a few of her husky reiterations of romance were on the glamour side, but she's not the Dietrich of the flowing gowns. Even the stalwart critics weren't convinced of her oomph in *Seven Sinners*, since they were puzzled what it was that she had that made the Navy swoon.

The final collapse of the Dietrich of the middle '30's came in the fight scene with Broderick Crawford in *Seven Sinners*. There was no faking in that scene, and no punches were pulled. With one of Brod's hefty socks, he lifted Marlene right off her feet. Undaunted, she came back and knocked him for a loop in the next blow. Was she annoyed? I should say not. The following day she displayed her bruises to all of her friends—but proudly. As for Brod, he said, "What a trouper that girl is! And what a right she has!"

Dietrich as glamorous as ever? Heavens no! But she's a lot more interesting.

In a less boisterous manner, Garbo, too, took a new lease on her career in *Ninotchka*. Suffocated under tragic costume roles for so many years, she looked like a drooping clothes-horse. Suddenly she was able to drop the trappings and give complete indication of the ability that Hollywood has so long ignored. While she didn't knock Melvyn Douglas all over the room, she did parade in flat heels, a drab suit, and a slouchy hat in over half of *Ninotchka*. And the audiences loved her!

In such a wardrobe, Garbo gave glamour a terrific kick in the pants. And when she laughed—something M-G-M felt they should advertise—she gave conclusive proof that she was no anaemic ghost but a live woman who had the time of her life forgetting for a while that she was the alleged top glamour girl in Hollywood.

The surprising blow of all, however, is Hedy Lamarr. The woman who torched her way through *Algiers*, who made exotic exits and entrances in *Lady of the Tropics*, and who personified the glamorous version of the aching heart in *I Take This Woman*, blossomed forth in *Comrade X* as a lady who knew a thing or two about the gentle art of fisticuffs.

Hedy lost a couple of pounds and gained innumerable bruises in the wedding-night scene in *Comrade X* in which she took Gable to the cleaners in a rough manner. There were no punches pulled here either. The scene took a whole day to film, and there wasn't a single complaint from this glamour girl. She loved every minute of the fight, for it gave her a chance to let go.

To de-emphasize her sultry qualities further, she wore only one revealing outfit, and sported around in a motorman's costume and in a trench-coat the rest of the time. The topper of all was seeing Hedy drive a tank—and a street-car.

It's the general assumption that Hedy's fighting in *Comrade X* has done more for her career than fifty million dollar epics presenting her as the languid, droopy version of modern glamour.

To everyone's surprise, Lana Turner was deprived of her lusty glamour when she made *We Who Are Young*. With her face looking sweaty most of the time, with only cheap dresses to adorn her, and with drab surroundings, she was hardly the girl to set young men whooping. An even bigger surprise was that she didn't wear a single sweater—and ladies and gents!—that's history. Of course, she's going the limit in *The Ziegfeld Girl*. She'll probably outglamour everything in that.

IDA LUPINO is another who had to go mad to get rid of glamour. Her Hollywood career began in the "oomph" field, and to escape the inevitable, she had to take herself right out of the Hollywood picture. Her big chance came when she wore a sour-looking black dress, put circles under eyes, let her hair go stringy, and then went mad in *They Drive by Night*. If that wasn't a slap in the face at glamour!

Carole Lombard also went drab and plain for *Vigil in the Night* and *They Knew What They Wanted* after being touted as one of Hollywood's glamour girls. The change didn't hurt her any either.

Which brings me, for no particular reason, to Paulette Goddard. Paulette has long been known as the curvacious body-beautiful, yet she knew all too well what such an emphasis on beauty and glamour can do to a star. She, rather abruptly, made up her mind to make no mistakes with her career. When she heard C. B. DeMille was going to make *Northwest Mounted Police* and was hunting for a girl to play the half breed, she pestered the diction-conscious director-producer until he gave her the role to get rid of her.

While there are many contrasting opinions about her performance, everyone is agreed that as the dirty, unbeautiful, treacherous half-breed, Paulette had really kicked her glamour out the door. She, at least, hoped she had. She loved the part. It was great fun to her to look as messed up as she did, and the greasier and grimier they made her, the better she liked it. It was her chance to prove she could do something besides play vis-a-vis to Bob Hope in a bathing-suit.

ANN SHERIDAN is the one top glamour girl who has kidded her "oomph" classification as mercilessly as did the Harvard bunch. She hates "oomph," "it," and everything connected with the very thing that brought her to the top.

Jimmy Cagney knows her aversion to glamour, so whenever he sees her, he yells out, "Hi, glamour pants!" At first, she had a yen to throw things at him, but now she just laughs it off.

Ann was really in a spot when that "oomph" campaign got under way. She couldn't appear in a picture unless she were the slinking siren in a low cut dress. Even if she tried to get away from some of the trappings, there was one thing she couldn't escape—the low cut gown. Sex and Sheridan were like peas in a pod.

She went off the track for a while in *It All Came True,* even though she did wear a routine rule dress in one scene. In *Torrid Zone,* she was tempestuously warm but not decked out with so many ornaments. In *They Drive by Night,* she was just a plain girl with a good heart who had no money to beckon glamour. She reached the final climax in *Honeymoon for Three* when she was allowed to wear her hair in a knot. Of course, in *Torrid Zone,* she did get kicked around a lot by Cagney and others.

She was constantly annoyed at the hairdressers who wanted to push her straggly knot into a tidy arrangement while she was working on *Honeymoon for Three.* She hates to be fussed with anyway. In private life, she is a girl who lives for comfort and for little else. She wears slacks most of the time, hates to do her hair, and, in general, appears in whatever she likes at night.

"Why shouldn't I be comfortable when I'm away from the studio?" she asks. "I spend all day with make-up artists and hairdressers fussing with me. I know I'm criticized for the way I appear when I go out, but I don't care. At least, I'm comfortable."

Annie really lives for her day off from work. That's the day when she gets a chance to take off her girdle. For a glamour girl, she's doing her darndest to be unglamorous.

JEAN ARTHUR is another who doesn't particularly care to be known as glamour girl. That's why she loved making *Arizona.* With a couple of exceptions, Jean went through the whole picture looking like she had just fallen out of a coal bin. She engaged in gun fights, let Porter Hall knock a table over on her as she spilled back on her "dignity." But even that wasn't enough. She actually did all the riding herself, refusing a double, even in the stampede scene. So impressed was she with her character that when she did the Kate Smith preview broadcast on the air, she had her jeans and floppy hat on.

Jean Arthur prefers a single one of these unbeautiful and mussed-up parts to a dozen roles that call for glamour, smart coiffures and gowns and other requisites of Hollywood's idea of a lady.

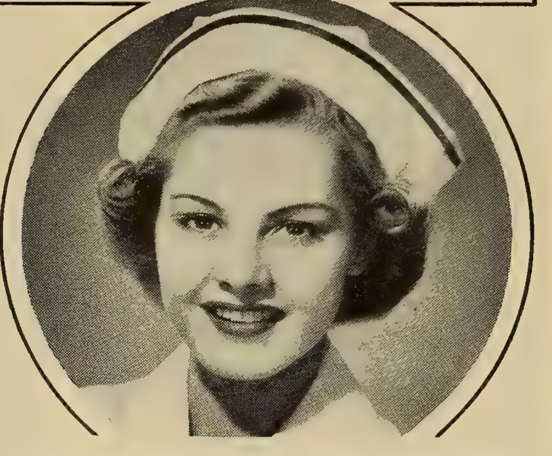
Speaking of ladies, the screen's most gentle lady, bowed a little toward art and gave up glamour in her recent picture, *Penny Serenade.* In the big earthquake scene, everything imaginable falls on Irene

[*Continued on page* 86]

WANT TO "DO SOMETHING" ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

WHICH OF THESE FAULTS MARS YOUR COMPLEXION BEAUTY?

√ **Externally-caused blemishes?**
√ **Enlarged pore openings?**
√ **Rough, "dried-out" skin?**
√ **Chapped skin and lips?**



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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 17*]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Just before Jimmy Stewart mounted platform to win the Oscar, he joined Kathryn Grayson, complimented her on her voice, heard in *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*

5—Never tell him "I told you so," even though you did.

6—Have breakfast with him, instead of staying in bed while he gets up.

7—Stick to your budget because it's those unexpected extra-budgetal bills that drive hubby nuts.

8—Don't gossip.

9—Let hubby stay home evenings when he feels like it, instead of dragging him to the hot-spots.

10—Go easy on trick hats because a man can stand only so much.

11—Keep your eyes off other men, unless you want hubby to let his own eyes stray.

12—Learn to "take it" because marriage is as much "take" as "give."

13—Never forget that it takes two to KEEP a bargain as well as make one.

And there are Martha's 13 rules. Wonder if they'll work?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Elaine Barrie and Billy Seymour—
Are they glowing? They couldn't beymour!

■

YOU can take Gene Tierney and Bob Stirling and Mickey Rooney and Bill Orr, and add them all together, and all it adds up to in Ol' Tattler's eyes is just a bunch of phony publicity.

Ten to one in Tattler's book that Gene isn't planning to marry anybody but her Art for a long while, yet—and all this Page-One twaddle about her near-elopement with young Stirling is just something the publicity boys and girls cooked up one dull afternoon. If Gene isn't still in circulation a long, long time from now, Tattler'll eat this item.

DID Ol' Man Tattler ever tell you about that so-cute way Tony Martin kisses Lana Turner? He pops onto the set where she's working, and then and there, right in full view of Bob Leonard and the cast and the grips and everybody, Tony grabs the Turner babe (who's nothing reluctant, by the

Cameras don't lie. Newcomer Jane Frazee is one of Universal's most promising starlets. Her come-hither appeal is registered in *Buck Privates, Sing Another Chorus*

way) and smacks one lippy kiss first on her right ear, and then another kiss on her left ear! And after that, he gets around to planting Kiss No. 3 where it was meant to go—on Lana's lips.

Seems like a waste of time, but then this Martin guy knows his stuff. And Lana seems to go for it.

■

PROBABLY by the time you read this, the Dick Powells will be separated. BUT—don't jump at conclusions . . . You see, ever since their marriage, Joanie and Dick have wanted (like many other husbands and wives) to take separate vacations. But up to now, they haven't dared. Dick and Joan know too well the penalty in Hollywood for daring to take separate vacations—and because they've been so happy together, they didn't want even the slightest hint of gossip to mar their perpetual honeymoon.

But all the same, Dick loves to fish. And Joan hates it. Joan loves the mountains, and Dick doesn't. So finally, they have gotten up nerve to face the inevitable flood of rumor—and as this is written, Dick is closing the deal for a 26-foot fishing boat in which he'll take a fishing vacation in Mexican waters, while Joan will take Norman and Ellen and go to the mountains for a vacation of her own . . . And to hell with the gossipests!

■

LATEST flash: That Lupe Velez-Big Boy Williams romance is OFF. Anyway, Big Boy himself says so, and he ought to know. Although on second thought, what boy friend of Lupe's EVER knows?

■

AHEM! Hedy Lamarr has planted her pretty foot fiercely down with a recent ukase to M-G-M's publicity-people. Says Hedy, she wants NO MORE ROMANCE PUBLICITY OF ANY KIND!!!

How silly! Are we supposed to imagine that Hollywood males have suddenly ceased having an eye for her? Or what?

■

THE bosses out at 20th-Fox were sure relieved when they got that wire from Sonja Henie, telling them that all these rumors about her having a date with Ol' Doc Stork are false. It put to an end Hollywood speculation over the talk that an heir's on the way to Sonja and Hubby Dan Topping—and it delighted the 20th-

[*Continued on page* 84]

Shakespearean Actor Edmund O'Brien led the pack all the while in Nancy Kelly's affections. Tired of putting it off, they eloped to Yuma. Mrs. O. is sooo happy

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 83]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

When Paramount's Patricia Morison stepped out to Ciro's recently, it was tycoon Tim Durant who made up twosome. Judging from smiles there's comedy afoot

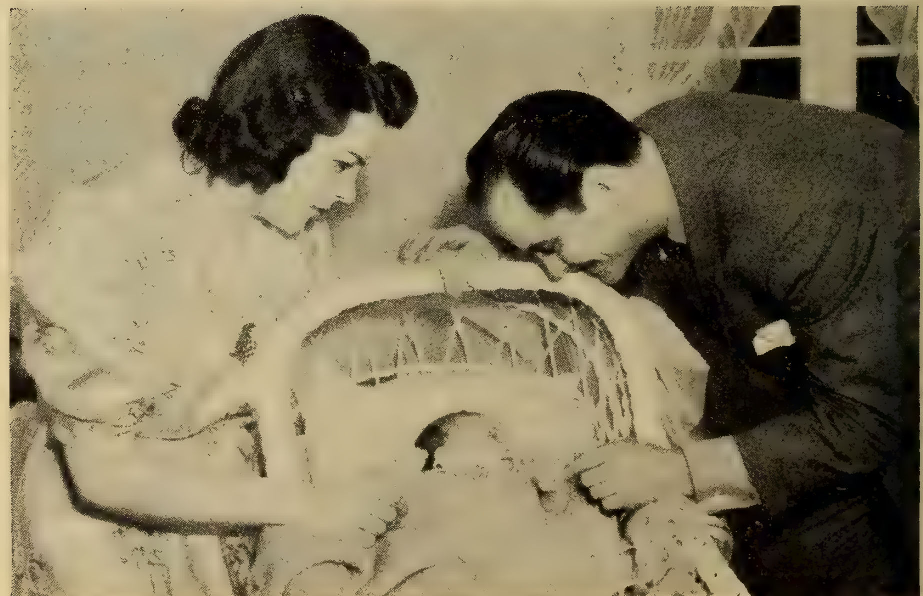
Fox execs, on account of they simply couldn't see how an about-to-be-a-mama Sonja could do all those strenuous skating routines in *Sun Valley*.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Barry Brennan and Mona Maris—
Are they only foolin' or are they saris?

■

BABY-TALK IN HOLLYWOOD: —George Jessel and Lois Andrews are denying that they have a date with the Stork, but Hollywood won't believe 'em . . . Veronica Lake, too, says it isn't true that she and hubby John Detlee are pricing perambulators . . . Bette Davis is preparing to be godmother to the Jane Bryan-Justin Dart baby, due any time now . . . the John Waynes have named their new daughter Melinda . . . Helene Costello and Hubby Lee Le Blanc are happy about their baby girl . . . the name is Lois Maryan for the John Hubbard family addition . . . Frank Capra thinks his best production to date is that new daughter . . .



Hollywood's newest and proudest parents are the John Hubbards, shown here with their three-weeks-old heiress, Lois Maryan. Pappy's in *They Knew All the Answers*

Pard, most talented actor in canine kingdom, late of *High Sierra*, needs relaxation like Garbo. Takes to rug like Garbo in old Garbo-Gilbert pictures. A Gar-bow-wow

CUPID'S COUPLET: Johnny Carroll and Doris Hauck—No jauck!

■

LINDA DARNELL can deny it all she wants to, but there must be SOME special reason for her arranging to buy that 300-year-old Spanish wedding-gown she wore in *Blood and Sand*.

And is the special reason named Jaime Yorba? Jaime, you know, is that Mexico City boy friend of Linda's, who has been planning to come to Hollywood to be near her. However, Jaime hasn't been able to get away from south of the Rio Grande, on account of he's associated with his uncle in business—and Mexicans may be romantic, but they take their business seriously, too. Well, anyway, maybe moths don't like three-centuries-old wedding-gowns.

■

BY HER own admission to close friends in Hollywood, Virginia Peine herself is the most surprised person of all that she's finally gotten over George Raft.

When Virginia and George came to the parting of the ways months ago, at the conclusion of another of those vain efforts of his to get a divorce, Virginia thought she'd never get over her romance with him. But now that she's been in New York for months, while George has been out here, Virginia tells intimates that she's finally gotten him out of her system—and even though they remain good friends, and George is still a sort of "second daddy" to her little daughter, that's as far as it goes, now.

As for George—well, he's certainly keeping the Hollywood hotspots warm with his Betty Grable twosoming.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Joyce Hunter and Mischa Auer Getting warmer every auer!

OMIGAWSH—Wally Beery MAY get himself a wife again. He doesn't deny that he and Mrs. Loreen Buffum Robinson—who's a widow and rich—may middle-aisle it.

■

WELL, well, well—wonder whom Hollywood will elect its "Public Bachelor Number One" if Cesar Romero and Priscilla Stillman do the mrandmrs act and move into that charming honeymoon home Cesar has built? They may get married any day now—and then Hollywood girls will have to find themselves another safe-and-sure datee.

[*Continued on page* 87]

Wearing expression of a kid at the circus is Diana Lewis while watching tropical birds in aviary of Mocambo. Hubby Bill Powell, a wise owl, is not bird-conscious

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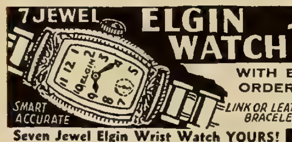

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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Glamour Does a Pratt Fall

[*Continued from page* 81]

Dunne. The studio suggested that Irene use a double. But she refused vehemently. You should have seen her when that scene was finished. She looked like the last remnants of a cyclone. But it was art—not glamour.

Back to the two-fisted ladies, Binnie Barnes and Gloria Dickson had quite a field day in *This Thing Called Love.*

When Binnie and Gloria got going in the fight scene in the night club over who gave whom the dress Binnie is wearing, it almost made the prize-fighting profession look like a Sunday-school pastime. Nails flew all over the place. Scratches and bruises were numerous. Hair was in shreds. And Binnie had her dress torn right off of her.

Both the girls emerged with bruises but with smiles. It was a lovely scene—so glamorous. It might have been worse, however, if the two sparring partners hadn't had on breakaway clothes to facilitate the smoothness and alacrity of their punches.

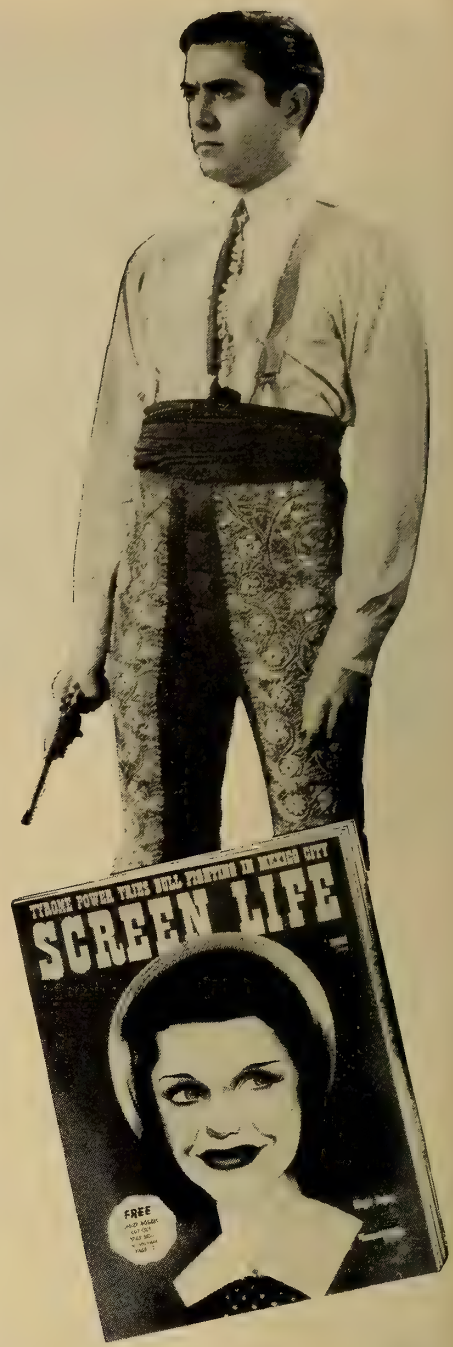
Another screen bout was waged by Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball, both more or less in the gentle glamour class. They put on the exhibition for *Dance, Girl, Dance* and no doubt you remember Lucille's black eyes. Well, those weren't entirely faked. The two ladies gave and took with a spontaneity that would have done credit to Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey. And such delightful pratt falls that were included in the bombastic scene! Glamour was underneath them both, by the way.

GINGER ROGERS, always the smartly groomed young lady who seldom gets mussed, took down her hair, wore sneakers, and looked like nothing glamorous for her role in *The Primrose Path.* In *Kitty Foyle,* she turned the tables on glamour, too, for a while. In the scenes calling for her to look like a fourteen-year-old girl, she went to great lengths to be sure that she didn't resemble a Hollywood glamour girl trying to assume the proportions of a babe-in-arms. She insisted on taking off all of her lipstick, false eyelashes, and the other glamour weights. She even had her hair braided in pig-tails.

If you wondered what was wrong with Ginger when you saw her in the early part of *Kitty Foyle,* just remember that art reared its delightful head and sent glamour to a fade-out.

Another startling set-back for the painted doll is the news that Joan Crawford's new picture, *A Woman's Face,* will present her for at least half of the film as a woman with a horribly scarred face. This is probably the most sensational change to be undergone by any star, for glamour girls fight hard and long to keep their face, at least, unscarred and beautiful. Yet it was *A Woman's Face* with its rather gruesome aspects that induced Joan to leave her New York hide-away to come back reluctantly to Hollywood. Joan once said she would play Wally Beery's grandmother if it were a good part. She's ambitious, so apparently she means it. Glamour is a bore to her. A dread on the market. She's still trying to escape it.

Glamour may be on its way out. The public wants some of it, of course, and there are still stars who think looking "purty" is what's important. But take it from Hollywood—the girls who will recover from a languid illness or get a break today are the ones who say, "To hell with glamour!" and go out to take their pratt falls and dirty faces with thanks. Maybe art is still king.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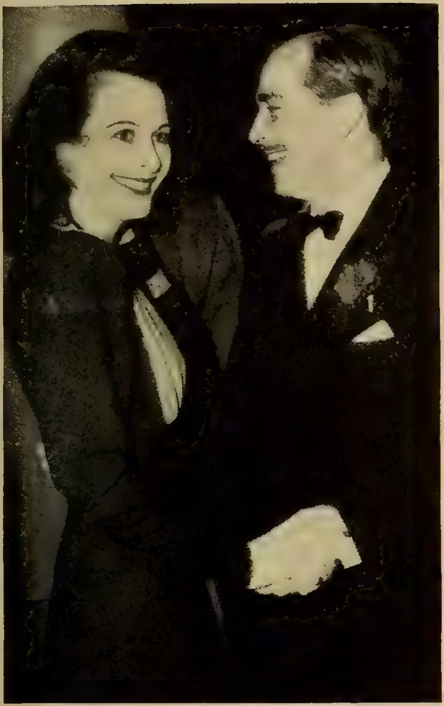
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]



There's been talk and Talk and TALK over Hedy Lamarr and John Howard—all about them having eyes only for each other. But they DO like to dance when they step out—which they do pretty often

WOOSOME TWOSOMES . . . Edmund Grainger and Jinx Falkenburg . . . Jane Russell and her college-boy sweetie-pie Bob Waterfield . . . Fay Wray and Raymond Hakim doing the nite-spots in a steady twosome . . . Barbara Allen and Gene Towne and there's nothing vera vague about that . . . Pat Stewart's favorite boy friend seems to be Wayne (de-Bubbled) Morris . . . each-other-comforters are divorcee Gail Patrick and divorce Eddie Lowe . . . juvenile romancers are Edith Fellows and Robert Jordan . . . Al Hall and Evelyn Ankers can't make up their minds whether to kiss or quarrel . . . Fritz Lang and Virginia Gilmore, but serious . . . Johnny Green, on the rebound from Betty Furness, dating Ginger Rogers . . . Virginia Field seems to have the inside track with Alf Vanderbilt, and wonder how Richard Greene is getting along with the war? . . . what's all this between Bill Lundigan and the daughter of the governor of Pennsylvania? . . . don't be surprised if Madeleine Carroll turns out to be Madame le Capitaine Richard de la Roziere, before the fellow goes back to France . . .

■

WONDER how Ern Westmore's 30-year-old bride, Betty Harron, feels about being a grandmother, which is what Ern's daughter's new baby makes her!

■

KEN BAKER and Dorothea Kent are in the home stretch, and it'll be no surprise to Tattler if they're mrandmrs by the time this is in print.

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Lee Bowman, who has been one of the most consistent taker-outers, has stopped taking them out, now that he is married to Helene Del Valle after Mexico elopement

NO FOOLIN' about Ellen Drew and Cy Bartlett. Looks like the marriage-license clerk is going to do something for those two, pretty soon now.

■

WHEN Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo were married, Hollywood cynics said it wouldn't last. Today, Hollywood cynics still are whispering that it won't last. But anyway—Mary and Manuel just celebrated their fourth anniversary !!!

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Possessing one of the neatest figures in Hollywood, Rita Hayworth keeps curvacious by exercise. The stretching exercise she takes here is good for legs, chest, poise

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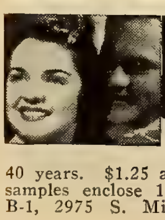

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Good Bad Girl

[*Continued from page 42*]

Watling!" There was authority, certainty, finality in the Selznick voice.

A load had been lifted from the studio master-minds, for *GWTW* was well along in production before *Belle* was chosen. Many had been tested for the role, including Marjorie Rambeau, Nedda Harrington and Betty Compson; including Mae West.

The fact that Ona did not seem the type of woman of the back streets that most people visualized in reading Margaret Mitchell's novel made her winning of the role all the more spectacular. A resourceful, intelligent person, she set about making *Belle* not only a vivid, but even a characterful, personality.

There was nothing mean or petty about her *Belle*. She was vital, warm, generous, with the traditional heart of gold, loving *Rhett Butler* but holding no grudges when, after he had told her he was "not a marrying man," he had finally wed the *O'Hara*. She had her ideas, too, about the physical aspects of the part. She developed a whisky voice, acquired a Technicolor wig, a green-satined hoopskirted gown. It contained thirty pounds of steel. Under it were 110 pounds of Munson. The effect was electrifying to those who knew the slight little figure of stage and screen.

The slight little figure—she is only 5 feet, 2 inches tall—was a bit of a shocker to the people of Atlanta who swarmed to the premiere and to the brilliant series of receptions, balls, parades and miscellaneous razzle-dazzle which crowded the week.

Ona Munson found happiness in the role of *Belle Watling*. It gave her a new lease on life. The flawless portrayal of what, essentially, was a bit, albeit an important bit, struck Hollywood like a thunderbolt. Hollywood hadn't suspected her talent. It had kept her pretty well buried for several years in a succession of colorless roles. Strangely, like the big Eastern cities, it had refused to become excited over *GWTW*. It had become punch-drunk from publicity. Yet, when the picture unfolded for the first time it sent up a long cheer for Munson. "What a performance!" was the film colony's unanimous appraisal.

Now, *Belle Watling* is behind Ona Munson. "I want to forget her," she told me. "I'm afraid of being typed."

What is her goal? A diversity of "rich, vibrant parts. Character parts which will give me a wide range for whatever dramatic ability I have. I have a lot of hope for Republic's *The Lady From New Orleans*, an original story about the Louisiana Purchase."

A SUPERFICIAL observation of Ona Munson might lead one to believe she is an exceptionally light-hearted girl. A smile hovers continually about her eyes and mouth. Her interests seem confined to the merry amusement whirl, the attractive froth of the theater and the night-clubs, to tea-cup conversations, and exercising, in invitations to the dance, her pert and expert feet.

Yet, in all Hollywood there is probably no one less frivolous. Beneath the eager, airy blondness there is a studious note. Her head, one senses, is constantly battling her heart. The easy, well-disciplined disposition, which has kept her free of any reputation for temperament, gives way to frequent periods of moodiness. Yet, she is never depressed. Her experience as a trouper—in Broadway musical shows, in drama (Ibsen, no less), farce, summer stock, a long list of pictures, radio—has given her a

Joan Fontaine in "Before the Fact"
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serious, philosophic side. One is justified in calling her intricate, even perplexing.

Consider, for example, her attitude toward men. The "tall, dark and handsome" ideal is just so much serial sap to her. What does she admire most in a man? That he be sensitive, that he be a good conversationalist. If he is a connoisseur of food and wines (without being too devoted to either) and if he observes and comments upon what his girl friend is wearing, so much the better. The specifications sound suspiciously like those cosmopolites who, before the war, were at home in London, Paris, New York and Dubuque.

Back in her hey-hey days of musical comedy she was married to Eddie Buzzell, now a movie director, then a co-star with her in *Tip Toes*. The marriage didn't take, not because of any conversational or gastronomical deficiencies, but because the demands of a career are too great for professional and domestic life to run smoothly together.

Her name was linked subsequently with Ernst Lubitsch. He amused her—that continental knack, perhaps, of talking entertainingly and authoritatively upon everything from art to Viennese coffee. Nothing came of it. Since then Ona Munson has been interested, romantically, many times but invariably out of "the profession." Her New York admirers are numerous. They are usually men much older than she. They invariably, it is hinted, can talk well.

She claims she's too romantic. Perhaps, so. But I think there is a strong, practical side to the girl. Practical—yet intricate. She is intricate enough to be able on her most recent visit to New York to receive as a token of friendship from an unidentified admirer not orchids, not a set of Maugham, not a picture even of General Wavell, but a French poodle-puppy, not inappropriately called Gaby.

There's the matter of dress. In that detail, too, she varies from the accepted notion of how a successful screen, stage and radio star garbs herself. It may interest you and Schiaparelli to know that she designs most of her clothes and hats, that she affects extremely simple black and navy blue frocks in the daytime, red or white at night. Under any light she would seem to these old un-Schiaparellish eyes a snappy number.

IT IS a principle of Ona Munson's not to acquire possessions. Husbands, probably, come under the category. She has never had much opportunity to accumulate things, for she has lived most of her life in apartment-hotels, the better to indulge her wanderlust, her freedom of action on a moment's notice. She has found that "possessions, when accumulated possess you." In all of her 32 years she has hung on to only a few things, among them the dress she wore in her first big stage hit, *No, No Nanette*.

If Ona Munson had her life to live over again she would not change, she told me, a single phase of it. She wants no second chance.

"I can see the reasons for every step of my life being as it has been," she said. "We are constantly being given opportunity to develop and if we are aware of this at all times, we are progressing, whether the world thinks so or not."

Despite her own progress, there have been times, however, when she felt discouraged. Before the *Belle Watling* role came along there was a period when she believed her career was not shaping up in the way she had anticipated. She had an idea then she would like to work in the production end of pictures or radio. She still feels she will end up eventually in this capacity because of a certain "executive ability and story mind." Her long experience with scripts has given her, she claims, a keen sense of dramatic values, interest in direction and writing.

Belle Watling and Ona's performance of a sob-sister in *Five Star Final* and *Scandal Sheet* were responsible for what promises to be an unusually successful radio career. She is heard weekly in the role of *Lorelei*, the girl reporter, with Edward G. Robinson in *Big Town*. The armchair public is enthusiastic about her. So is Robinson. When she was auditioning for the part he was asked for a comment. "She's fine, fine," he said, in his low, twangy drawl. The radio work takes Robinson frequently to New York, which means that Ona makes the trip, too. She welcomes the interludes. With her home-made dresses and hats, a table-model radio with phonograph attachment, and her mother, a slim, youngish, dynamic person, as companion, she settles down in an East side hotel for a few weeks—as much as she can ever settle down—and has herself a time.

THE broadcasting assignment doesn't take much of her energy. She is free to bang the piano (she can play anything by ear that she has heard once), keep up her extensive correspondence, visit the theaters and night-clubs, take long window-shopping strolls on Fifth Avenue. Having been trained originally for the ballet and steeped in its tradition, she is one of its most ardent devotees. She is invariably on hand for the New York opening of the Monte Carlo Company.

Like most persons schooled for a dancing career Ona Munson has an abundance of nervous energy, is seldom tired.

"If I think I am tired I am revitalized by the thought of Eleanor Roosevelt's energy. Mrs. Roosevelt ought to be an inspiration to every woman."

It was the late Marilyn Miller who inspired her career. As a child in Portland, Ore., Ona had seen Miss Miller in various musical shows, had decided to pattern her own life upon that of the Ziegfeld star. Her mother brought her to New York to study dancing. The far-reaching arm of Gus Edwards plucked her out of dancing-school at the age of 14 to become soloist in a vaudeville revue. Keith-Orpheum executives snared her away from Edwards, placed her at the head of her own act (six men and herself) in which she played every city in the United States.

Musical comedy followed, naturally, beginning with *No, No Nanette* and continuing with such productions as *Tip Toes, Twinkle, Twinkle*—she co-starred with Joe E. Brown in that one—*Manhattan Mary*, with Ed Wynn; *Hold Everything*, in which she caroled *You're the Cream in My Coffee; Pardon My English*, with Jack Buchanan and *Hold Your Horses* with Joe Cook.

The happiest days of her life, she declares, were the two years she played in *No, No Nanette*, doing ten and twelve encores a night of *Tea for Two* and *I Want to be Happy*. She is proud of her dramatic experience, her roles with Laura Hope Crews in *The Silver Cord*, with Dennis King in *Petticoat Fever* and, especially, with Nazimova in Ibsen's *Ghosts* at the Empire Theater, New York.

With such a background Hollywood, of course, was inevitable. She went to the West Coast under contract to Warners, did several pictures, most notably, *Five Star Final* with Edward G. Robinson. A few summers ago M-G-M signed her to a contract while she was playing leading roles at Elitch's Garden, Denver.

"I sat around for six months doing nothing, in company with Hedy Lamarr and Greer Garson. Six months of idleness, but the company was excellent. Then I was released to Universal for *His Exciting Night* opposite Charles Ruggles. This finished, I

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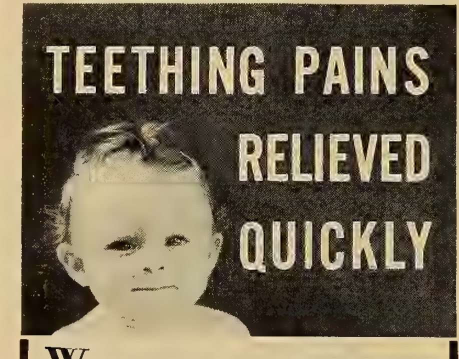

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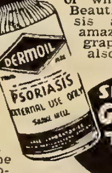

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went to New York for three months and came back to Hollywood to find the town in a mad hunt for *Belle Watling.*

Quite a versatile individual, Ona Munson! She is a practical hand, too, at radio, appeared in several network programs before she began to take orders, microphonically, from Robinson. Unlike many players, she is never jittery in facing an audience.

"Long ago I learned that an actor can't be conscious of the audience and turn in a good performance. When I'm in character on the stage or before the camera or microphone, my audience becomes completely impersonal to me. I know that if I lose myself wholly in the character I portray I don't have to worry about pleasing my audience."

Unlike many players, too, she is methodical. In preparing for a role she tries to take care of all details as early as possible, through a fear of being troubled at the last moment by something unforeseen. She studies her parts at night before she goes to bed so that her subconscious mind can absorb them. For her "day-off" during her acting chores she likes, she says, to be alone—absolutely, Garboishly alone. Garbo, incidentally, is her favorite feminine screen star, as Laurence Olivier is her favorite masculine star.

HAPPY marriages among actors are most possible to those who work in radio, she maintains. "Radio work is much saner, much more stabilizing. The hours are better and the constant vanity of personal appearance does not enter in as much.

"I have been married only once. I applied for a job in the musical comedy of which Eddie Buzzell was the star. I didn't get the job. I think Eddie felt sorry for me. He took me to dinner from that time on. We were married in 1926 in San Francisco while we were playing in *Tip Toes.* The ceremony was at noon. At the performance that night we were subjected to continuous wise-cracks on the stage by the rest of the company. We didn't have time for a honeymoon then—or ever."

Ona Munson regards her single marital experience as philosophically as she does everything else in life. She even has a definite plan upon which her career has been built. She looks ahead, and tries, as much as possible, to keep ahead.

"Styles in acting change as rapidly as styles in clothes," is the way she puts it. "Provided you have the necessary equipment, it is a survival of the fittest. The rest is up to the breaks. For myself, I had to overcome an inherent reticence, a timidity from childhood. As long as I work in Hollywood I must travel frequently, particularly to New York, for stimulation. It comes chiefly from the theater. You don't need to *act* on the stage in order to get your stimulation from it. Ideas are sufficient and new trends that forecast their shadows on the screen."

An intricate, perplexing individual, indeed! One finds in Ona Munson the unexpected. When she was 14 and in vaudeville she bought a diamond ring to make herself seem older. Seem, mind you. It wasn't what other people thought, but what she thought that was important. She keeps scrap-books, but they are not of herself, of her varied career. One of them is devoted to the activities of her friends, another to the ballet, another to articles upon various subjects and still another to interior decoration.

Ona Munson likes to dabble in interior decoration. She has worked out her own color scheme for her bedroom in Hollywood. With the exception of white walls and ceiling, it is done in red. She finds red is mentally stimulating. "It makes me work," she says. It also suits her restless blond personality.

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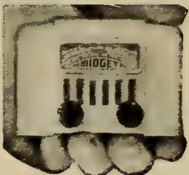

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ROMANTIC STORY

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Little Girl—Big Voice

[*Continued from page* 45]

Kathryn loves to sing. As far back as she can remember it was natural for her to sing if she was happy, or if she was lonesome, or if she was blue. And if she wasn't any of those things, she sang to break the monotony.

Nobody in the Hedrick family (Kathryn was christened Selma Hedrick) felt there was anything unusual in that. Her brothers, Buddy and Mike, liked to sing, too. Michael, 22, is a tenor, and under contract to M-G-M now. Buddy, 25, at the moment is trying out with 20th Century-Fox.

Anyhow, the family didn't make much fuss over Kathryn's singing. She says it still doesn't. So her parents didn't rush her to this music teacher or to that conservatory. They never planned a career for her—or attempted to push her ahead. They allowed her to develop normally. As she developed, they let her find her own music teachers.

Consequently M-G-M's new nightingale never appeared in any sponsored recitals as a youngster. She sang in school affairs and church socials, without ballyhoo of any kind.

KATHRYN was twelve when a chance meeting started her on her musical career. It happened one day while she was enjoying her favorite pastime—singing from the stage of the empty school auditorium. Her lone listener, the old school janitor, was smiling and nodding as usual, apparently delighted with her performance. (It wasn't until two years later that she learned her one-man audience was stone-deaf—and was just trying to encourage the little girl who played at singing.)

But her notes didn't fall on deaf ears this day. Frances Marshall, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, who was in St. Louis to sing with the Municipal Opera, happened to be passing. She stopped and listened. The strong, clear youthful voice fascinated her. She invited the child to come and see her.

"She thought I had an unusual voice and said I could be a great dramatic soprano," explained Kathryn. "I always sang with gusto, and was making so much noise when she heard me that my volume intrigued her. So she started coaching me. But she had to leave St. Louis at the end of two weeks. However, she wrote to me regularly, and when she returned a couple of years later, she had me come for more training.

"This time Miss Marshall stayed in St. Louis two months, and during that time I improved so much under her instruction that she urged me to go to New York and study with the famous Sembrich.

"But Dad had made arrangements for us to go to Edinburg, Texas—a little town about seventy-five miles northwest of Brownsville. He had gone on ahead with Buddy and Mike to get the house ready. Mother and I and my younger sister, Milly—she's called Frances Reyborn now and is signed with M-G-M, too—followed in the car."

It proved a disastrous trip. They were traveling U. S. Highway 281, near Premont, Texas, when the front tire of an approaching vegetable truck blew out. To avoid going into the deep side ditch, the Mexican driver of the truck swerved across the road into the oncoming car. In the crash, Kathryn and her mother were seriously injured, but Milly, or Frances, who was in the rear seat, wasn't hurt at all. They were rushed to a nearby emergency hospital—where Kathryn almost died on her 15th birthday. Her description of what happened at that hospital sketches a neat characterization of the girl herself.

"When they put me on the operating table to stitch me up," tells Kathryn, her hazel eyes sparkling, "I wouldn't lie down, and started to sing. They said I was woozy from a crack on the head, and that if the cut that went with it was an eighth of an inch deeper it would have killed me.

"I remember sitting on the operating table, holding my arm for them to sew up the cuts, and giving the Mexican nurse the dickens for not having my wounds clean. I was cut on the head, arms and legs and before they finished I was as full of stitches as a crazy-quilt.

"I had lost an enormous amount of blood—but the doctor said I was too contrary to die. We were awfully weak, though, and it took mother and me almost the whole five months we were in Edinburg to recuperate from the accident."

The Hedricks were not happy in that small, southern Texas town, and the father decided to rejoin a former partner in the real-estate and building business out in California.

Kathryn's next home was in Pasadena—from where the family soon moved to Los Angeles. Here she was placed in Manual Arts High School. After that she went to an exclusive girls' school in a Los Angeles suburb. But this institution just didn't appeal to her, and when something doesn't appeal to Kay she does something about it. The something in this case was to pack up the second week and go home.

During her first year in Los Angeles, Kathryn went through quite a passel of music teachers. She sampled this one and that without finding a maestro to her liking.

"I like people to be normal," explained this practical miss. "I couldn't see why anybody should tear his hair out because I happened to hit a flat note. Why couldn't they take it easy—instead of jumping up and down in agony every time I got off key."

Then Kathryn grinned, a bit ruefully. "I guess maybe I'm quick-tempered," she added. She's really a mild-appearing lass, but they say she's sure enough out-spoken. She even spoke her mind to the biggest brass hat on the M-G-M lot.

In her quest for what she considered a normal music teacher, Kathryn covered a lot of territory—and finally caught the interest of the Eddie Cantor organization. Eddie had just gone East, but his production manager asked to hear Kathryn and her brother sing. He was so impressed with the girl's voice that he recommended she study with Mrs. Minnaletha White until Eddie returned. To be sure she did, he took her to that teacher, himself.

Before Cantor got back to Hollywood, Mrs. White was convinced that nothing short of opera was right for Kathryn. Her enthusiasm fertilized the seeds Frances Marshall had sown in the girl's mind and rekindled her operatic ambitions. So they agreed it would be opera or nothing for Kathryn.

For seven months Mrs. White worked with Selma Hedricks—for *Andy Hardy's* private secretary had not yet changed her name—fending off radio and other offers.

THEN, via the famous "grapevine" of Hollywood, Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, heard of the little singer.

"She can come over to see me," he let it be known. But Mrs. White and her student weren't interested. They had agreed that the movies were just a glittering detour, a commercial side-track that would shunt her off the mainline of her ambition, grand opera.

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BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** *CORN PLASTERS*

Apparently the failure of the little singer to appear at his office only whetted the film mogul's interest in her. So he invited her over for an audition. But Kathryn declined with thanks. She hadn't given movies a thought, and didn't want to now.

But surely, argued Mr. Mayer, there couldn't be any harm in talking it over. Perhaps he could point out some things she didn't know. So how about coming over for an interview? Kathryn said she would, and L. B. told her to be sure to bring her music.

Two days later an amazingly un-Hollywood-like scene was being enacted in M-G-M's executive offices—that goal of millions of American girls. The head of the studio was urging a girl, not yet eighteen years old, to accept a contract WITHOUT a test.

And she was refusing. Kathryn explained that she was interested in opera, not in pictures, and was afraid that once she got a contract and a regular salary she might neglect her music.

Not with the kind of a contract he was going to give her, Mr. Mayer explained. It called for a year of the most intensive training, under the finest teachers. She would be paid to continue her music studies and her voice culture, and would not be permitted to do anything else.

"The studio kept its word—and *how!*" Kathryn emphasized the "how" with a grin of appreciation. "Aside from giving me the name Kathryn Grayson, and adding a dramatic course to my studies, it didn't in any way change my status as a music student. Instead, it doubled my study requirements, as I was under instruction at the studio from nine in the morning till six at night. Besides my own teacher, Mrs. White, I was now studying with six other instructors.

"Nobody even talked movies to me, and during the entire year I was on only one set—to watch two singers, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, working in *Bitter Sweet.* I didn't learn any of the descriptive picture slang and felt like a little dumb-bell when I finally went before the camera. I didn't know what the people around me were talking about half the time."

SOON after her first screen test (which everybody but Kathryn liked) she was told she was going into an *Andy Hardy* picture.

"In an *Andy Hardy* picture?" she repeated in amazement. "Who ever heard of opera in a *Hardy* picture? It is simply ridiculous. Why I don't belong in a thing like that."

And so the next day she was up in Louis B. Mayer's office again, speaking with her usual frankness. Did Mr. Mayer know they actually wanted her to sing the *Mad Scene* from *Lucia di Lammermoor?* That was six minutes long. Imagine the *Mad Scene* in a picture full of high-school kids, puppy love and trick jalopies. People would laugh—and that would be the end of any singer's career.

Then, to quote Kathryn, "Mr. Mayer squelched me. He said he felt he had enough experience to know what he was doing and that the studio had successfully guided the careers of some pretty big people before I was born. He said that he believed that if I thought real hard I could recall some rather important singers who hadn't been exactly ruined by M-G-M.

"I didn't feel so sure of myself after that," admitted Kathryn, "and figured I'd better keep still and just do my best."

Frankness and practicalness stick out all over this youngster. Admitting faults and facing facts come as natural as breathing to her. She is endowed with the same down-to-earth, matter-of-fact, out-spoken manner that characterized Deanna Durbin from her first day in pictures.

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As Kathryn sat before me, ankles crossed and hands folded in her lap, calmly waiting to answer any questions I asked, I couldn't help recalling thirteen-year-old Deanna, sitting in my office in exactly the same pose, inquiring of interviewers if they didn't think some of their queries were silly. Personally, I suspect Grayson is going to be as impervious to Hollywood "influence" as Durbin has been.

Because her piano-teacher was busy on the set this day, Kathryn had an hour to dispense facts concerning her background and picture experience—and she was doing just that—without coyness or embellishment. And as we talked I thought how completely the romantic and "color" stories that will be written about her must be cut from whole cloth.

BUT to get back to what Kathryn was telling me:—two days before Christmas she went into the picture *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary*. "Two days before" seems a potent date for her. Two days before her fifteenth birthday she was in a disastrous automobile accident; two days before July 4th the family left Texas for California and two days before her nineteenth birthday she was told she had been signed to go on the air with Charlie McCarthy.

During the making of the *Andy Hardy* picture Kathryn contracted the "flu." But she carried on. Because a darkened, closed sound-stage is a poor place to cure the "flu," the little singer was still sick when she recorded her songs.

Reviewers of the preview remarked not only on Kathryn Grayson's marvelous singing of the *Mad Scene* (cut to three minutes) but also on her naturalness and dramatic ability—never suspecting that it was a very confused and miserable little girl who made this picture. She was far sicker than she admitted—for she was carrying on not only for her career, but to justify the faith the studio head had shown in her.

Next to him, Kathryn feels she owes most to the young star of the picture. "I don't know what I would have done," she says, "if it hadn't been for Mickey Rooney. I felt so miserable and dopey I couldn't keep my eyes from half closing, or my mind from going blank. I guess 'the Mick' knew how I felt, because he was marvelous to me. He not only took me aside to explain things I couldn't understand, but he went out of his way to help me in everything. And he pushed every scene my way.

"But there came a time when I felt I couldn't go on—that I wasn't cut out to be an actress. So I went up to see Mr. Mayer again, and told him I guessed I wasn't for pictures—that I just didn't fit. He didn't scold or act disgusted then, but told me that he was sure I could do it if I tried hard enough. 'But you've got to go down there and fight,' he said. 'You must make everybody love you. You must be attentive and appreciative and willing. You mustn't complain—but just do what you're told the best you know how.'

"Then he told me exactly the things I should do—and how to do them. He was like a father to me. That's when I felt I simply had to make good—and went back and really began to work."

It was several days after her talk with Mr. Mayer that Kathryn learned that the people responsible for the making of the picture had seen him before she did, and had asked permission to replace her. But he had said that would destroy her self-confidence and perhaps ruin her future. He added that he believed she would develop into a great star if they were patient with her. So they must keep her in the picture. Is it any wonder then that Kathryn Grayson put every ounce of her strength and will-power into making good?

The critics said that few players get off to the smooth and glowing start in movies that Kathryn Grayson had in her initial appearance on the screen. But those who know what actually happened during the making of *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* will tell you that far fewer players ever started their first picture with as tough a row to hoe.

Because the public will never suspect how miserable the little singer was when she smiled into the camera and sang her songs, M-G-M feels it has in her an entry worthy to be stabled with Judy and Mickey and Shirley and the others who are going to make movie history in the years to come.

So out in the big lot where stars travel in platoons, Kathryn Grayson is referred to not only as the little girl with the big voice, but also as "the kid that's got what it takes."

Kay has won her spurs, but she's not wearing her head high. Because she feels that it was the studio chief's confidence in her and "the Mick's" help that put her over.

Of course she is eager to do her next picture—as she's satisfied now that movies won't ruin her chances in opera. And the studio is making sure of this by insisting that she keep up her studies. When not in a picture, she must take eight lessons a day. And here is her daily schedule:

9:00 A. M. Arrives at Studio.
9:30 to 10:30 Ballet, with director Bates.
10:30 to 11:00 Vocalizing with Mrs. White.
11:00 to 12:00 Piano, with Prof. Gelman.
12:00 to 1:30 Luncheon.
1:30 to 2:00 Grand Opera, with coach Arthur Rosenstein.
2:00 to 3:00 Dramatic lesson with Lillian Burns.
3:00 to 3:30 Light opera interpretation from Earl Brent.
3:30 to 4:30 Counterpoint theory and harmony, with Eugene Zador.
4:30 to 5:30 Vocal practice, working on repertoire and sight reading, with Mrs. White.
5:30 to 6:30 Various studio contacts and interviews.

Kathryn gets home at 7:00 P. M. and has dinner at 7:30. Her principal evening pastime, she says, is going to bed as quickly as possible, as she is a firm believer in plenty of sleep. Some nights she reads a little, her preference being good novels like *How Green Was My Valley, Gone With the Wind,* and *The Yearling.* She also likes good murder mysteries.

A voice like Kathryn's, people say, must have come from musical forbears? She admits that there was a great, great aunt on her mother's side who went on the stage to sing—and was promptly disowned by the entire clan. Since then she and her brother are the first offenders.

They are 100% American as far back as they can trace.

KATHRYN is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. When not crowded, she's a great believer in taking things easy. She sings because she loves to, and if what comes out pleases people she's very happy, and if it doesn't, she's sorry—and sings somewhere else. She enjoys long hikes and is a good horsewoman. She plays golf and tennis and likes to draw and paint.

She still holds to her original ambition, to sing in the Metropolitan Opera. Of late she has developed a hearty respect for acting, but doesn't dare hope the studio talk of starring her will come true. She hasn't yet learned to like seeing herself on the screen, as it gives her the creeps, and an inferiority complex.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

IT'S all the same to Jimmy Stewart whether he carries an Oscar or a gun. He's not one to make any fuss no matter if he's singled out for an Academy Award or advised that his number is up and inducted into the Army. Unlike a healthy ball-player or three, he didn't ask for draft deferment because of flat feet. You can't have flat feet and march to the head of the class, like Jimmy. Nor because of his prominence did he seek some soft berth among the non-combatants. What he did to pass the physical test was to fatten himself up a bit. And when he had reached the right poundage he was ready to go. So with other draftees on an early March morning he trudged up three flights of stairs to induction headquarters in downtown Los Angeles to become Private Stewart. The Oscar winner is in the Army now—and his millions of fans are wishing him the best of luck.

It's easy to argue that higher-ups might have interceded in bringing him a draft deferment. They might have pointed out that his services are just as valuable making movies in Hollywood—giving the old heave-ho to public morale. It won't be easy to replace him. Jimmy, who is such a favorite with femme fans, has now endeared himself more than ever in their hearts. And when he joined up, every last Eve among them looked upon his going as they would on their own brother or buddy or son—as something personal. As Mr. Smith he went to Washington. As Mr. Stewart he went to camp. *The Philadelphia Story* is now The Hollywood Story. And it makes better reading than Who sat with Whom at Ciro's last night.

Well, so long, Jimmy. Take care of yourself. You'll be gone a year. The girls will miss your easy-going way, but utterly. The mothers won't dread seeing their sons joining up—now that their "adopted son" has shown the way. The columnists and writers won't be guessing now whether you'll be marrying Ginger or Olivia or some other star they've had you tied to, just because you've made a chummy twosome at some party. If there was a marriage in the immediate offing, it has been postponed for a year. In the meantime girl friend, Ginger, has won her final decree from Lew Ayres. Maybe she'll be writing Jimmy, telling him she'll be waiting for him when he comes back.

The Bridal Path

AND Deanna Durbin is now a bride after a five-year film career—which encompasses one of Hollywood's greatest success stories. Diving into statistics, one can say she has kept a flock of people at work—ranging from vocal teachers to dress designers and seamstresses. Not forgetting the technicians and players and extras—who composed the Durbin units. In these five years her voice has developed to the extent that she has mastered all the pyrotechnics in the vocal range. From a young moppet almost in the Temple class she has become Hollywood's best prototype of the teen age.

Her sponsors never forgot to let her act her age in her physical, mental and film growth. She has been careful—even a bit cautious. She has saved her play-kisses for the genuine—and these are not seen by the public. As far as I can determine she has received or bestowed but four kisses. Which is something rare indeed in a town plotted around romantic kisses, on the set or off. She has played "post-office" in a big way, but not the way you imagine. Instead of receiving "letters" via mouth, she has gotten them through the mail, to the huge amount of 1,300,000. That's a heap of correspondence.

It just goes to show that a vast public is personally interested in Deanna Durbin. No wonder her nuptials created excitement with the millions of moviegoers. The wedding—at least for a day—did take your mind off Hitler's multiple marriages to Mussolini, Stalin and Matsuoka. Deanna, who had set that bridal month of June for the ceremony, upped it to April to commemorate the wedding date of her father and mother.

They Didn't Forget Rebecca

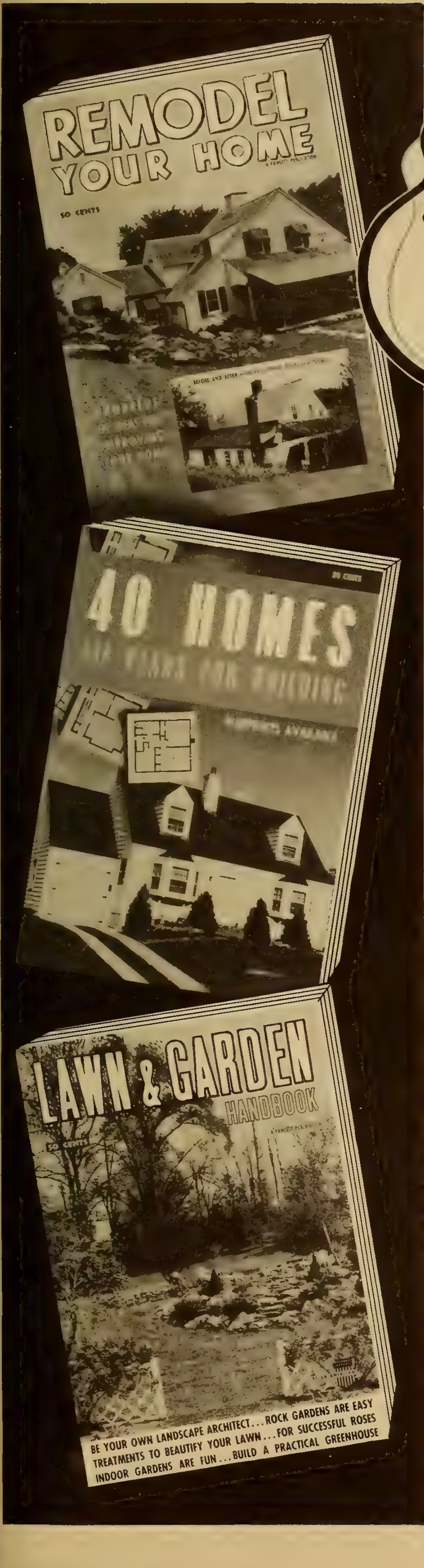
HOLLYWOOD'S vote for *Rebecca* as the best picture of 1940, lines up with what this writer recommended when he saw it three times. Usually when a surpassingly good film is shown so far forward in the year, most of us forget its superlative qualities in the flood of other worthy features that follow. A producer who thinks he has something extraordinary—something that merits an Oscar can't be blamed for holding back—and releasing his pride and joy when the voters' memories are fresh. Thus practically assuring himself of an Oscarian triumph. Yet Dave Selznick released *Rebecca* back in March, 1940, and through all the succeeding months there wasn't a single release that belonged on the same screen with the DuMaurier-Hitchcock-Fontaine-Olivier opus. In fact it was a toss-up between *Rebecca* and *The Grapes of Wrath*—which was released even earlier in the year. So through month after month and week after week, these two pictures stayed fresh in the mind.

It just goes to show that the memory doesn't do a fade-out when something is good enough to be remembered. You don't remember pictures very long. After ten days, or thereabouts, even most of the better ones are difficult to recall. And Nature is very kind, indeed when she enables you to forget the "turkeys" the minute you leave the theater. Otherwise you might become balmy or even dangerous. If you're an inveterate moviegoer who goes to the movies two or three times a week, just imagine the tremendous footage that passes before your eyes.

You and I and Hollywood must have sat through countless hours of good and mediocre films since we saw *Rebecca.* Yet we all remember it vividly. And ditto *The Grapes of Wrath.* We remembered them through the Summer vacation pastimes, the Fall activities, the Christmas and Holiday season, the magazines and books and papers we've read—even through the torrid Election campaign. Which is the biggest compliment of all—for the mind is always on the *qui vive.* And countless ideas and impressions are entering it every living minute.

So with all these intervening months of mental "give and take"—a picture like *Rebecca* remains just as vivid as when we saw it for the first time over a year ago. Any producer who holds up his masterpiece till the end of the year hoping it'll be remembered more quickly by the Oscar crowd, should remind himself that a rival may have another *Rebecca* that went out in the previous Spring. Of the three most-remembered pictures of 1940, I'd name *Rebecca, The Grapes of Wrath* and *The Philadelphia Story.*

1941 has checked off four months. Meanwhile keep your eyes on *Meet John Doe.* It almost marks a milestone in the sweep of its bold, daring, revolutionary theme and characterization. What follows it throughout the year will have to be mighty, mighty good to prevent it from copping the Oscar.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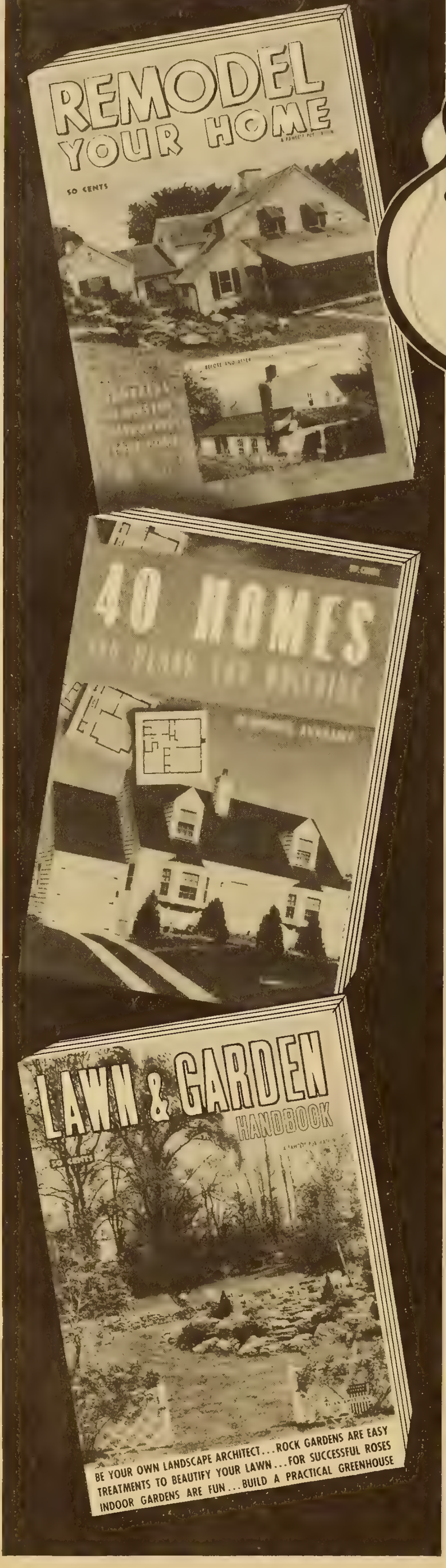
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guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!

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Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

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Published in this space every month

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Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!

His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

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Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

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Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

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You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless man-getters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

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But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

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W. H. FAWCETT, JR., President
LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LXI No. 6 JULY, 1941 Thirtieth year

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GREAT NEWS!

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Hollywood fell head over heels for this wonderful story of a girl who falls into a million dollars! *(You should read those preview raves!)* **It's so good, and so gay, and so lovable that theatres wouldn't wait a single moment to play it for you! Watch for it and don't dare miss it!**

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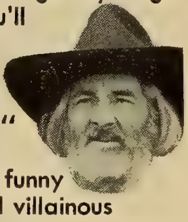
STARRING popular **ROY ROGERS.** You'll cheer Roy as **HE** brings the law to lawless **TOMBSTONE...**You'll thrill to his **ROMANCE** with lovely **ELYSE KNOX...**You'll love every **ONE** of the grand songs Roy sings **FOR** you...And you'll **ROAR** with **LAUGHTER** at the **ANTICS** of co-star **GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES!** The grand **CAST** also includes funny **SALLY PAYNE** and villainous **ADDISON RICHARDS...**Of all the **GRAND** action hits that **ROY ROGERS** has **BROUGHT** you so far... **"SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE"** is the **MOST** exciting, the most crowded **WITH** breathtaking moments, **THE** most vivid in its love story and



MAGNIFICENT outdoor settings... **NO WONDER** the popularity of **HANDSOME,** singing **ROY ROGERS** is increasing by **LEAPS** and bounds...You'll know **WHY,** too, when you see **"SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE"!** It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

The season for rushing the starlets is on. Here's Virginia Vale, who's definitely on the glamour side. She will take care of love moments in *South of Panama*

William Farnum, an ace star in silent pictures, recently celebrated fiftieth anniversary as actor. Is still active, plays important role in *A Woman's Face*

Anyway, this much is definite: Ruby's romance with that tall, good-looking and rich young socialite, the Pasadena Johnny Lowe, is pffft! Ruby admits it—but says that the reason is that she's going to concentrate on her career instead of her heart, from here on.

However, don't overlook the fact that Al Jolson, soon after it became known that the Ruby-Lowe romance was icing, hurried back to the Coast. And the inside track is that he brought a big diamond ring back with him, hoping to put it on Ruby's finger. And he's been spending time with Ruby's ma—which is one way of getting back into the Keeler family.

Hollywood's sitting back, doing its famous "Three-W's" act—Watching and Waiting and Wondering how long it'll last even if they DO reconcile!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Addison Randall and Barbara Downey—
How that man gets roun' an' rouney!

[*Continued on page* 12]

Here's ALICE FAYE behind the Scenes
–with a Beauty Tip for YOU!

LUX
TOILET SOAP
NOTHING SO IMPORTANT TO FEMININE CHARM AS SOFT SMOOTH SKIN! I HAVE TO FACE CLOSE-UPS ON THE SCREEN — AT HOME, TOO!
SO I NEVER NEGLECT MY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS. FIRST PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN
THEN RINSE WITH WARM WATER — A DASH OF COOL
NOW DRY WITH LIGHT, QUICK PATS. YOUR SKIN FEELS SMOOTHER — LOOKS FRESHER!

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"Lovely skin wins and holds romance," says this lovely star, and shows you how to give your skin Hollywood beauty care right in your own home!

You'll find these ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS so easy to take. They quickly remove every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—leave skin feeling soft and smooth. Try this gentle care *regularly* for 30 days!

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

THE reason Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore aren't married by now is that Uncle Sam beat her to him. Buddy's draft number is being called just about the time you're reading this item.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Guess Cupid's got Bob Oliver down—
You see him with Carol Parker oliver town!

◆

THERE'S been the Cesar Romeros and the Ad Randalls and all those other popular-with-the-girls lads. But the get-aroundest lad in town these days seems to be George Montgomery.

George does the nite-spots regularly—but rarely with the same girl twice in succession. There've been Cobina Wright, Jr., and Ann Rutherford, and Carole Landis, and Betty Grable, and Mary Beth Hughes—and quite a row of others.

And if you know your colors, you'll note that George is one gentleman who sticks to the old "gentlemen prefer blondes" formula. Of all that list, Ann Rutherford's the only brunette!

◆

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK:—Baby Sandy's got a new brother and he's been named Gary Henville on account of Gary Cooper is Mama Henville's favorite actor—Doc Stork's got an early fall date with the Preston Sturgeses—and a month or two later

[*Continued on page* 80]

MacDonald Carey, who had first big role in *Lady in the Dark* with Gertrude Lawrence, has been signed by screen talent scouts. Leaves show for Coast in June

ONE of the most popular hubbies-around-town is Arthur Farnsworth. When Bette Davis married him, most of the folks around Hollywood hadn't even heard of Arthur—or, anyway, he was just another name to them. But since he's joined the movie colony along with Bette, who's one of the most popular girls the town has ever known, Farnsworth has made his own place.

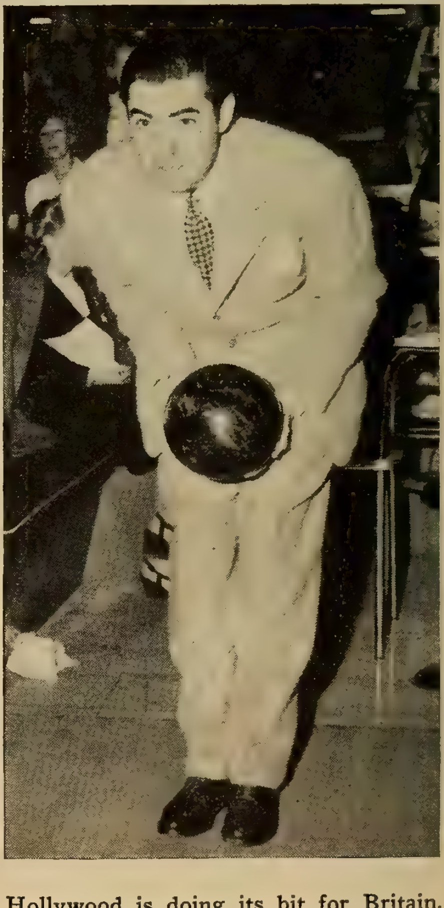
The chap's got a top-sense of humor, and he has one of those personalities that is the answer to the question all Hollywood was asking when it learned about Bette's marriage: Why did she ever marry an unknown like HIM?

"Unknown" then—but today, Bette's hubby, a New Englander like his bride, is already one of Hollywood's best-known non-professionals.

◆

DOMESTIC NOTE:—William Holden took Brenda Marshall's little girl to kindergarten and registered her, the other day—and pretty soon, he's going to change the notation on the registration book to show that the little tot is not only Brenda's daughter, but his own step-daughter, because it'll be wedding bells any day, now.

Peggy Diggins, who before she became Warner starlet, was photographic model, frolics in pool, trying her skill at staying on or falling off in "water duck racing"



Hollywood is doing its bit for Britain. In bowling tournament for Bundles for Britain recently, Tyrone Power is set to roll one down the alley or gutter

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

QUITE THE CLEVEREST use for charm bracelet doo-dads—and strictly in the current military mode—was introduced by Norma Shearer at luncheon the other noontime . . . Instead of wearing her charms on a bracelet, Norma fastened them on little ribbons and pinned them across the breast pocket of her brilliant red crepe hostess pajamas . . . Looked for all the world like a front view of a much decorated colonel . . . It's a relief to note that the Hollywood girls are going for costume jewelry again . . . Every once in a while, they get all bogged down in precious stones, and wear their expensive diamond jewelry with everything from slacks to negligees . . . But right now, they seem to be vieing with each other to think up the cleverest use of the type of ornaments girls like you can go for . . . The Fantasia jewelry—those lovely little enameled figures fashioned after Walt Disney's characters—is the most popular . . . I saw Martha O'Driscoll the other dance-time wearing a pin of a brilliant pink Cupid nestled on a white cloud . . . Margaret Hayes, in the same party, wore a clip of the little ostrich ballet-dancer . . . The talk of the evening was the grey chiffon gown Ann Rutherford wore . . . The neck and sleeves were decorated with glittering globules in every color of the rainbow . . . When I asked Ann where she got the necklace of soap bubbles, she told me they were really *Christmas tree ornaments*! . . . "Dolly Tree designed the dress for me," Ann told me, "and when she wanted a novel trim, she thought of these tiny ornaments she had had for a table tree." . . . Barbara Jo Allen's charm-bracelet of diamond, coral and jade fish was a fitting accent to her nautical evening gown . . . The gown itself was a navy-blue silk jersey, made with a bare midriff . . . The clever thing about it was the white wool bolero crocheted to resemble a fish-net . . . Caught in this net were tiny shells, bits of coral and sponges . . . A tiny calot of the same net was perched behind her pompadour.

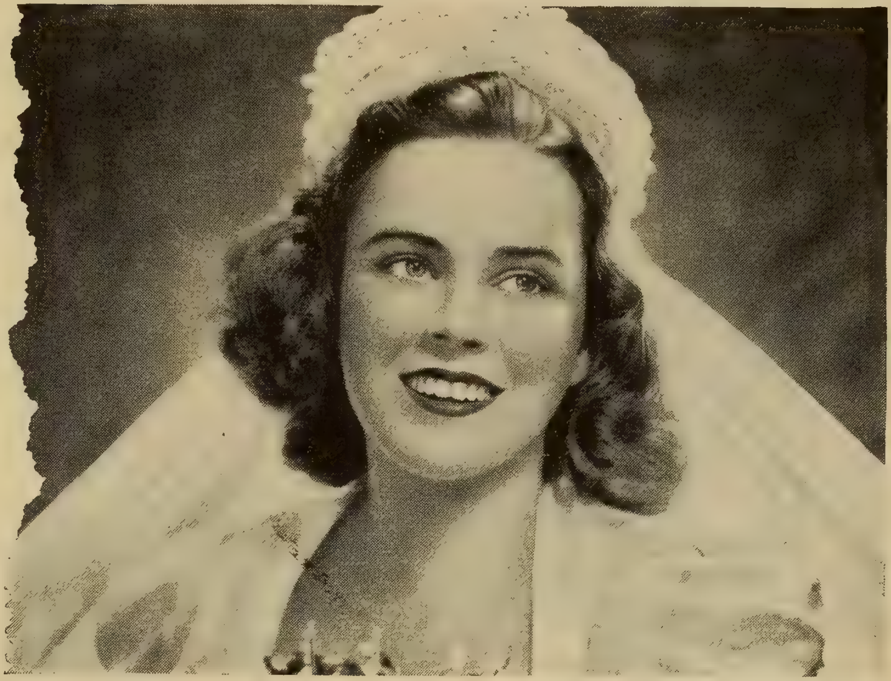
BARBARA GOES IN FOR the unusual in evening garb . . . I saw her a few nights later at the St. Catherine Hotel in Catalina dancing in a tailored middy dress of navy sheer . . . The huge sailor collar was of red and white sequins in stripes . . . Leave it to Paulette Goddard to introduce something completely novel in the way of resort clothes . . . Paulette admits that she'd rather go around in the shortest of shorts than in all the glamour clothes in town . . . And now she has adapted the shorts to her evening costumes! . . . Paulette's evening shorts, worn with a matching shirtmaker blouse, were of heavy yellow silk crepe, embroidered with multi-colored beads . . . No stockings but evening sandals completed her costume-for-comfort . . . Even sophisticated Hollywood was a little startled at the outfit, so I don't advise you to try it on your home-town audience . . . But an evening gown you CAN go for, and have all the comfort in the world on warm summer evenings, is the combination print skirt and plain top that Joan Bennett wore at dinner at the Brown Derby . . . Joan's skirt was of red and yellow print crinkle-cotton, and her blouse was a black velveteen jumper . . . This type of outfit is one of the most adaptable to come out of Hollywood in a long time . . . The crinkle-cotton business is washable, of course, and doesn't need ironing . . . The jumper tops are cute, made of bright colored linens, and with one skirt and a number of different-colored tops, you can have a whole summer wardrobe of evening attire.

IF YOU WANT TO BE completely gay for your summer dancing—and if the boy friend can take it—here's a tip from Ellen Drew . . . "When I feel particularly light-hearted," Ellen told me, "I always pin tiny silver bells on my shoes for dancing . . . They make a lovely sound." . . . Two new trends in evening fashions I noticed in my night-spot snooping this month are the plunging-"V" neckline and the split-skirt . . . The most elegant gown that featured both these style notes was a white silk jersey worn by Brenda Marshall . . . The gown has long tight sleeves and a bodice that is split in a narrow V to the waistline . . . The softly draped skirt was split on one side . . . Gold bees with sequin wings furnished the jewelry note . . . I'll snoop around this month for more resort clothes news . . . But I can give you this tip ahead of time: . . . If you're getting any new short-and-shirt outfits, get them *short*! . . . Shorts this season aren't going to be much longer than the little black satin briefs you wore when you took ballet lessons.

Mlle. Chic

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay

"MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

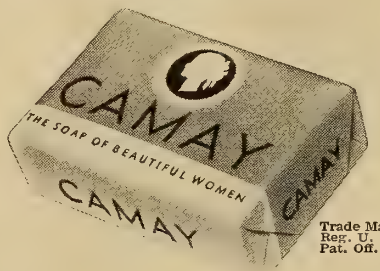
This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing . . . use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say —"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

NOW THESE GREAT HOLLYWOOD★STARS★

COME INTO YOUR HOME ANYTIME YOU WANT THEM

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- ★**LUISE RAINER**
- ★**JOE E. BROWN**
- ★**FRANCHOT TONE**
- ★**ILKA CHASE**

Each star gives a special complete show on a special phonograph record.

YOU GET ON EACH RECORD

A handsome photograph of its star — A facsimile autograph

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Please send me the following records, for which my payment is enclosed.

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PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

HIP, HIP, HOORAY

$15 Prize Letter

LET'S all take off our hats and give three loud cheers for Jimmy Stewart, who is now America's No. 1 draftee. Jimmy was exempt because of poundage. He took three weeks off, doubled his food intake, gained the necessary weight—and he made it. Jimmy wasn't worried about his $1,500-a-week salary or the Academy Award's "Oscar," his main worry was whether the Army would have a pair of trousers big enough to fit him. Stewart, by way of explanation, is six feet, four inches tall. When one thinks of the position and luxury that he gave up when his country called and needed him, it makes us all glad to do our own little "bit." It also makes us glad to say: "I'm an American!" As long as there are Jimmy Stewarts left in the world, we won't have to worry about Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini. Jimmy—America salutes you!—*Chester L. Mason, 1741 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Calif.*

Jimmy Stewart

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LASTS

$10 Prize Letter

AT LONG last the honor page and an "Oscar" for Kansas City's own indelible little genius, Ginger Rogers, for her work in *Kitty Foyle*. The fact that Ginger had become a typed actress was enough in itself to make her success a tough climb, but the realization that the public was through with her when the dance game was, became too much for the Rogers pride to swallow. It was "Hades-a-hoppin" for a while; then finally some of those "delightful if you're over twenty" roles. Humoring Ginger? Well, a comeback was all she needed. She lived *Kitty Foyle* and her audience did likewise while witnessing her superb acting, her extraordinary human appeal. Yes, sir, with a laugh in her heart she has conquered the movie world of today. And why not? He who laughs last, lasts!—*Marguerite Williamson, 7310 Park, Kansas City, Mo.*

ALL OUT FOR SULLAVAN

$5 Prize Letter

DO YOU mind if I gate-crash into your magazine to express my admiration for Margaret Sullavan. Having just seen *The Mortal Storm* which in spite of the fact that the "Jerrys" were overhead while it was showing, was magnificent. I must say we were getting bored with films about the Nazis since we hear and see plenty of them, but the *Storm* was beyond all criticism. The sincerity of all the cast was truly great and amazing. It made no attempt at anything sensational but was a powerful story, beautifully and simply told. Margaret Sullavan as *Freya* gave a great performance—she has the delightful knack of getting right to the heart of everyday emotions. The poignancy and sincerity of all her performances makes her one of the finest actresses on the screen. But for all that she is still her real self which is admirable in hectic Hollywood. For that I salute her. You might meet her in an air-raid shelter or on a bus, ordinary in herself, thank God, but her acting unsurpassed by none.—*Joyce Watson, 170 Carlton Road, Worksop, Notts., England.*

Margaret Sullavan

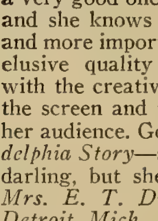
KATHARINE THE GREAT

$1 Prize Letter

THE movie-makers have a name for her —Tempermental, Hard-to-Get-Along-With Hepburn—but I call her Katharine, Katharine-the-Great, since that outstanding performance, that amazingly vivid portrayal of hers in *The Philadelphia Story*. Maybe the part she played, a pampered darling, is also her true-life role. Maybe she is difficult. But my humble advice to her producers is—give her her head. Because she seems to have a very good one on those square shoulders—and she knows how to use it. Because too, and more important, she has that all-too-rare elusive quality called personality coupled with the creative ability to project it across the screen and into the hearts and heads of her audience. Go meet the girl in *The Philadelphia Story*—she is a privileged, pampered darling, but she's vividly alive and real.—*Mrs. E. T. Durbin, 11368 Mark Twain, Detroit, Mich.*

GLAMOUR PLUS

$1 Prize Letter



Hedy Lamarr

I CAN'T understand what the public expects of Hedy Lamarr. Some say that she is zero when it comes to acting and that glamour is her only asset. It's true one cannot classify her with an actress such as Bette Davis but I don't think the public should say that she is zero on the emotional and dramatic side. Everyone knows she made a good start in *Algiers* but in her next picture, *I Take This Woman* she seemed to have gone to the bottom. But I, for one, say that this was not her fault but the fault of the picture—as a poor story usually results in poor acting. Perhaps when someone sees to it that a good story is supplied her she will show the public what she can do. So, Hollywood, wake up and show the movie-going world what a good actress that glamorous star is and that she isn't one of your discoveries with only glamour and beauty to rely on.—*Robert Brimlett, 1407 De Siard St., Monroe, Louisiana.*

MUSIC APPRECIATION

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE never attempted a letter of this kind before, but I am a firm believer in the theory that praise should be awarded where praise is due. I am a student of music and I would like to express the appreciation of music students to the people responsible for introducing the better type of music into the films. It is a great inspiration to us to hear great music performed by great artists. Not long ago I was privileged to attend a concert by Jeanette MacDonald and as I heard that golden voice filling the auditorium and charming the huge audience, I was thrilled to realize that everyone is able to hear that glorious voice at the neighborhood theater. Nelson Eddy, Deanna Durbin and countless others are doing their part to bring good music to the nation and in this time of chaos music is a divine agency for making the people happy and forgetful of their troubles. So let's have good music and plenty of it.—*Annette Joiner, McIntosh, Florida.*

SNARING THEM WITH SNEERS

$1 Prize Letter

THE laurel wreath of victory over insufficient parts should be presented to that surpassing performer, George Sanders. I have just witnessed his work as *Jaffrey Pyncheon* and am astounded by the sheer power of his personality. What a wealth of talent is his! I'd rather see him sneer once than receive the combined smiles of all the accepted matinee idols. There is a lustre and excitement about his very presence which breathes romance and adventure. Potentially, here is a great romantic star fitted by temperament and sheer ability for the heroic type of part which is at present bestowed upon Flynn. And being an outstanding athlete, Sanders requires no double for action scenes. Hollywood cries out for new faces and new talent—but here is one face of which little enough has been seen. He would be terrific as *Mr. Rochester* opposite Joan Fontaine as *Jane Eyre.* Please, producers, give Mr. Sanders the buildup he deserves. His fans will see that you don't regret it.—*Freda Wakeling, 39 Oakley Square, London, N. W. 1, England*

George Sanders

WIN A PRIZE!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed are awarded for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. But remember—no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

TANGEE *Red-Red*

THE STARTLING NEW LIPSTICK SHADE

CLEAR and brilliant, Tangee RED-RED is, we believe, the most outstanding make-up development of the past 20 years.

This breath-taking shade, keyed to the season's fresh fashion colors, accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth. Tangee RED-RED goes on smoothly and stays *smooth* for hours. And the famous cream base helps to prevent chapping and that dry, "drawn" feeling. Ask for RED-RED... its matching rouge and your own shade of Tangee Face Powder.

Another Tangee lipstick—THEATRICAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

THAT COOL *Young* LOOK

By
DENISE CAINE

With marriage, motherhood and movies Loretta still finds time for make-up

THAT COOL "YOUNG" LOOK IS WHAT MAKES THE MEN WILT—SO DON'T BE A DROOPY DRIP

CAN you imagine Loretta Young ever getting hot and wilted? Her whole lovely, misty beauty speaks of coolness. Look at her picture above, and you immediately think of balmy summer days beside a tumbling waterfall, of fresh organdy dance frocks and cool evenings. Of flower-like colognes and soft scented powders.

For Loretta is eternally feminine. She loves the bewitching veils, flower trimmed sailors, lacy evening gowns and all the fripperies that are smart this year. And she is so wide-eyed and appealing in them that she never looks ridiculous—as Universal Pictures discovered when they tried to make her so for her part of the country school teacher in *The Lady from Cheyenne.* Loretta *before* the transformation is just as sweet and lovely (more so, I think) as she is *after.* The main difference is acting.

There's a story about that. Have you seen the picture? Remember the scene in the garden when he says, "I think I'm going to kiss you"—and she answers, "Are you going to do it *now*?" The directors wanted her to be embarrassed and fluttery for it. So all morning, before it was shot, they teased her about her un-glamorous appearance. First one person, then another would come up and say, "You look terrible," "You look perfectly awful," "I've never seen you look worse." Until poor Loretta was in tears about her appearance and she just naturally acted embarrassed when the scene was shot.

It's funny what thoughts can do for us. If you *think* you're unattractive, you'll go around with your head down, shoulders slumped, make-up applied any old which way because it isn't worth the bother to try to dress yourself up . . . Then if someone tells you you're really quite pretty after all, you'll straighten those shoulders, look people in the [*Continued on page* 56]

BE A COOL CUSTOMER

throughout the hottest summer days if you want to look your best. This article gives you hints on how to achieve that lettuce-look. If you want more advice on this subject—or have other troublesome beauty problems—just ask Denise Caine to help you. Address Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway. And be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope (three cents U. S. postage) for her reply.

JOAN BENNETT

Displaying her pretty "grables" that just can't be hidden in a bespangled and abbreviated ballet dress, Joan reveals in her new film that *She Knew All the Answers*

"WHOOO-STOLE MY HEART AWAY?"

ANNA NEAGLE *in*

Songs that stole the heart of America . . . . in America's favorite musical romance, now filmed in splendor with a host of stars and eye-widening novelties! . . . . No wonder Hollywood's saying—"Sunny's a Honey!"

SUNNY

With

RAY BOLGER · JOHN CARROLL
Edw. Everett HORTON · Frieda INESCORT
Helen WESTLEY · And The HARTMANS
Produced & Directed by HERBERT WILCOX

Screen Play by Sig Herzig • From the Musical Comedy "Sunny"
Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II
RKO RADIO PICTURE

1941's Greatest Dancing Show, Featuring Famous
JEROME KERN
Hits, Including "Who", "Sunny", "D'You Love Me"

Why Don't Men Like Bob?

By GENE SCHROTT

THERE'S been a lot of talk about new deals and square deals and fair deals but the dirty deal is one that goes on and on.

And the guy who's been on the receiving end for more years than even he, himself, will admit is Bob Taylor. He has weathered more criticism than any other romantic actor on the screen since the days of Valentino. He has had a mighty tough battle to fight. And he's done all his fighting alone. But the whole thing isn't over yet. It isn't finished for the simple reason that Bob's fighting something stronger than brute force. He's fighting against a stubborn mental attitude. He's fighting against masculine opinions that have grown up ever since the women of the country discovered him as the sort of guy to whom they'd like to lose their hearts.

But a lot of us men are die-hards. If another man is better looking; if he has more oomph, more romantic appeal; if the ladies like him better than they do us, we immediately start ganging up on him. We don't give him a chance to prove himself—even though our reasons for disapproving of him are on the childish and silly side.

No man can help it if the ladies suddenly go limp in his presence—if their eyes assume that limpid spaniel look and their hearts start palpitating wildly. No man is going to tell a woman to cut it out when he sees that dreamy expression creeping up on her and that wild glint coming into her eyes. Most of us men would secretly be willing to give ten years of our lives if we could get the girls to feel that way about us every time we walk into the room. And [*Continued on page* 65]

WHAT MOVIE STARS ARE COMMITTING

IF STARS KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THEM THEY'LL APE THE HEADLINE HUNTERS, PRACTISE SHOWMANSHIP AND LIVE AS COLORFULLY OFF-SCREEN AS ON. OTHERWISE THEY'LL BE TAKING THE ROAD TO OBLIVION

By RICHARD McKENZIE

Gene Autry never lets his public down. He lives his on-screen life off-screen. Lana Turner, below, makes news because she is unpredictable. Her impulsiveness makes people curious about her

John Barrymore makes headlines because he's a colorful personality and a super-showman. He never fails to keep himself in the public eye through his outrageous remarks and playful pranks

HOLLYWOOD better wake up! It should start a blitz and get itself talked about—before it's too late!

Too many stars who've reached the top think they can continue to interest the public by living on their past reputations. They feel secure with their fan clubs, their studio-inspired publicity and their ace pictures. So secure that they've wrapped themselves in cotton wool to preserve themselves from the public.

They do not realize that movie patrons are escapists—that they enjoy being lifted up from their work-a-day world—that they want color, and that if Hollywood won't give it to them they'll find it elsewhere.

We are not suggesting that the stars should flirt with scandal—far from it. But they should live more of their on-screen lives off-screen. They must not rest on their acting laurels alone. They must stop telling the public that "my private life is my own" or that they live drab, colorless lives just like ordinary people, else the public will believe them. If they continue to let their public down they will wake up one fine day and find themselves ghosts living in a ghost town. And their only notices will be death notices.

There are a handful of stars making headlines. Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Errol Flynn, Gene Autry, Greta Garbo, Bob Hope, Sonja Henie, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, John Barrymore capitalize on their fame and color but the others—Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Nelson Eddy, Joel McCrea, Jeanette MacDonald, Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur,

SUICIDE?

Marlene Dietrich has realized the importance of doing things to stand out from the crowd—like exhibiting her legs or wearing man-tailored suits. Such showmanship made her world-famous

Clark Gable has been a star for ten years and has stayed a colorful personality off-screen as well as on. And because he practises showmanship there won't be any suicidal take-off

Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Alice Faye, Merle Oberon, Fred Astaire and many more—are out of step. They are not following the guiding spirit of their lives—SHOWMANSHIP.

They must have forgotten that it was showmanship that guided Claudette Colbert's legs to the heights of publicity, that earned Myrna Loy the reputation of being the screen's most dangerous vamp, that made Norma Shearer the most envied girl in America and Joan Crawford the most copied.

Far too many of them have struck an attitude—"the public be damned!" And unless movie stars wake up to the fact that more showmanship is sorely needed, that Hollywood isn't just a typical factory town and that grinding out pictures is only part of their job, they are committing suicide. The stars should realize there's no turning back once they've taken the road to oblivion.

TAKE a certain young movie actress, married less than a year and still happy about her husband. Picking up the paper the other morning she was startled to read in a Hollywood column the rumor that she was looking over Reno dude-ranch folders—already.

She called up a reporter she trusted and asked him to come out to her house. She wanted to talk to him.

When he arrived, she figuratively cried on his shoulder. She said, "You know that that rumor isn't true. Anybody who knows me knows that it isn't true. How could such a story start?"

He let her have it straight from the shoulder she was crying on. "You want people to think of you as a dramatic personality," he told her. "Only you don't work at it except when you're paid to work at it. When you aren't acting, you live as uneventful and prosaic and secluded an existence as Mrs. Joe Doakes . . . Maybe you like that kind of existence. But the paying customers don't want to think of you as a counterpart of Mrs. Joe Doakes. They want to think of you as an exciting, unpredictable person. And if you don't do anything in private life to excite their imaginations, they're going to imagine things for you."

There was more truth than poetry in what that reporter told that actress. People in show business should never forget the importance of showmanship.

One reason why theaters aren't selling more tickets today is that far too many stars who are exciting on the screen aren't the least bit exciting off the screen. They don't keep the public interested between pictures. They think more about seclusion—getting away from it all—than showmanship. And this attitude they've adopted—that "my private life is my own"—is carrying them down the road to oblivion.

But there are a few exceptions. No. 1 is Gene Autry.

Gene works for Republic, the smallest major studio. He makes Westerns. Few of them cost over $100,000, which is small-change in Hollywood. Few of them take more than two weeks to film. They aren't epics. And Gene's acting isn't sensational. Nor has he a voice like Tibbett!

But look over the latest box-office [*Continued on page* 75]

HE-EST HE IN HOLLYWOOD

Gary may be strong but he's not so silent if he knows you well. In new films, *Meet John Doe, Sergeant York,* he has best roles of career

TAKE IT FROM WOMEN WHO'VE BEEN AROUND, GARY COOPER IS TOPS AS MR. HE-MAN

By DAN CAMP

FOR well over ten years of my career (ahem!) as a Hollywood correspondent, whose job it is to bring you—and YOU—precise word-pictures of the men and women of the screen, I'd been trying desperately but vainly to conjure up the most SUCCINCT, EXACT, descripto-characteristic phrase to pin onto this Gary Cooper guy. . . .

I'd tried every trick word-combination I could think of, but they all sounded forced and phony. And then imagine my chagrin, after this decade of futile searching, to hear the very perfect phrase dropped nonchalantly into my lap the other night by a nice, sedate, graying-haired, middle-aged mother of three children—a lady who, you'd reasonably suppose, had gotten all the young ideas out of her system years and years ago.

Said this woman, as we were discussing various Hollywood men, *"Gary Cooper is the 'HE'-est of them all!"* And then she looked dreamily around at nothing in particular, with an expression in her eyes which I'll bet not even her husband had ever seen there, in or out of the bedroom!

In that one eight-word line, she'd pinned Gary down, neat as you please, on a little card all his own—separated plainly, inescapably, definitely from all the rest of Hollywood's males.

Now mind you, this woman I'm talking about is no sucker for synthetic screen heroes. She can take her Gable, with or without mustard, and feel just the same afterwards as before seeing him throw his virility around the set. Bob Taylor

[*Continued on page* 82]

IS FONTAINE'S FUTURE IN HITCHCOCK'S HANDS?

JOAN WAS GETTING NOWHERE FAST TILL HITCHCOCK GAVE HER ROLE OF "REBECCA." HE MADE HER AN ACE ACTRESS. NO WONDER SHE DOESN'T WORK FOR ANYONE ELSE!

THE most discussed star-director combination in Hollywood at the moment is that of Joan Fontaine and Alfred Hitchcock. And all of the discussion simmers down to one thing: Is Joan Fontaine a *Trilby* to Hitchcock's *Svengali*? Unlike most Hollywood chatter, this talk has a definite basis and some worth-while points to it. It's a mere matter of looking at the record to understand why everyone is arguing about the subject, pro and con.

Joan was little more than a lovely but frustrated actress when she was assigned to the lead role in *Rebecca*. Her previous work was of no real importance. Everyone thought she was beautiful. Everyone believed that she was photogenic. But few considered her any great shakes as an actress.

Joan's first screen appearance was a bit part in Hepburn's *Quality Street*. The role was so small it was hardly more than a momentary flash. But she had one distinction in that debut. She had a close-up—a love scene with a young soldier. And in that close-up, studio executives and even Hepburn saw a beautiful, almost ethereal young girl who seemed destined for fame.

A short time later, she was assigned to a lead role in a "B" picture—and all because she looked so breath-taking in a close-up. Other leads in minor epics from the RKO lot followed. Then came what was supposed to be the big break—the role opposite Fred Astaire in *Damsel in Distress*.

When Joan heard she was to dance with Astaire, she became nearly hysterical. Always known for her innate inferiority complex, she continued to say to everyone, "I can't do it. I can't dance with Astaire."

[*Continued on page 77*]

By
JACK HOLLAND

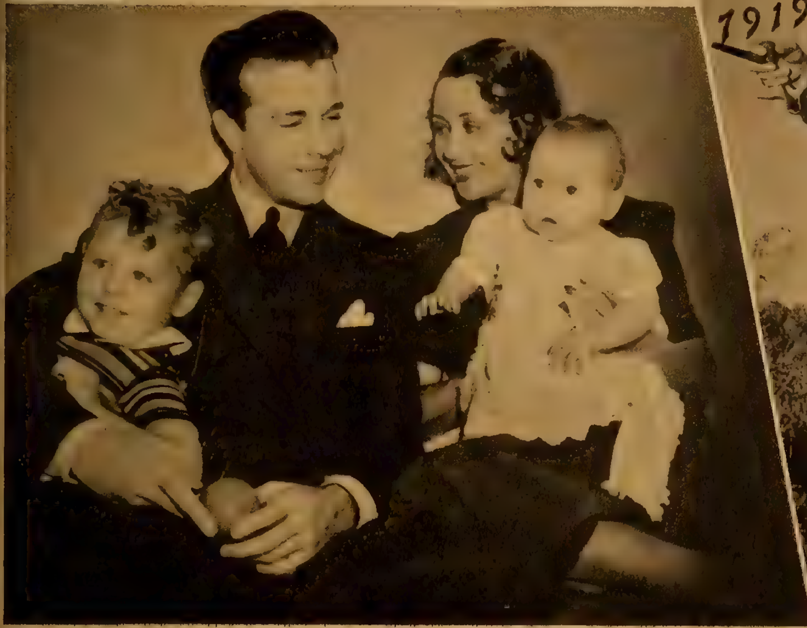
In *Damsel in Distress*, Joan showed little promise. In fact her work was amateurish. Then Hitchy came along with *Rebecca* and you saw a great actress. Now in *Before the Fact* under Hitchy she does it again

Mr. & Mrs. Powell

By LOUIS RAYMOND

The Powells were wed aboard liner in L. A. harbor. Sailed on it to NYC where they got a whoopla reception from the press and public

Like home-folks, the Powells look out for their children's interest. Norman in step-papa Dick's arms is now 6 years old—and sister Ellen is 2. If you ask Joan how she feels to be called America's most glamorous mother she'll answer "Nuts!"



DICK AND JOAN HAVE HIT IT OFF FOR 5 YEARS—STILL ACT LIKE LOVEY-DOVES. EVERYDAY HOME-FOLKS, THEY REMIND YOU OF THAT NICE COUPLE NEXT DOOR

WERE the wise men of Hollywood to decide it was time for a new picture of youthful American domesticity they couldn't do better than model their product upon the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Powell.

The title could even be "Mr. and Mrs. Powell."

It would be a comedy of contentment—not the contentment of self-satisfaction but that of a young couple who look upon life as a happy adventure, who have found harmony within their own spirit, who are not only good-humored but humorous, and who, as a consequence, have never had the time or the inclination to be tired of it all. Well, mostly all.

One of the most pleasing things, indeed, about Mr. and Mrs. Powell, or, if you prefer, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, is their lack of world-weariness. They've had more than their share of headline exploitation. They've seen more than their portion of razzle-dazzle and make-believe. Yet, life continues to stimulate them, as if they had just settled down in the songwriters' little cottage for two and were waiting to see what adventure had in store for them around the corner from the garden gate.

They're quiet and unpretentious like the couple in the song, like the couple in the play. During their recent six-day race in Bagdad-on-the Hudson they demonstrated that like attracts like. They hurried to some of the big stage hits—*Arsenic and Old Lace, Lady in the Dark, My Sister Eileen, Pal Joey, Mr. and Mrs. North.* Which did they like best? It was *Mr. and Mrs. North.*

"It was simple and unpretentious," said Dick.

"But not too simple," said Joan.

"It was about quiet and unspectacular people," said Dick.

"But not too quiet," added Joan.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell had found in a Broadway show-shop characters that fitted their conception of what a young married couple should look like and act like. The knowledge was reassuring. It made them feel that their feet were on the ground no matter how soaring were their ideals, that in approximately five years of married life they liked best the old notions of understanding, mutual tastes and reactions, love of home and thorough-going respect for one another.

"The play made us feel so good," said Dick, "that we'd like to do it on the screen. We've made two pictures

[*Continued on page* 54]

SUN—KISSABELLES

MARY Howard takes to a surfboard in suit that permits sun to play "post-office" on her back

AMONG sun-kissabelles who favor keeping high and dry on spring-board to getting wet among the buoys is Bonita Granville

OH BUOY!

BONITA changes her suit, saves arches by wearing wedges. She's a sun-kissabelle who'll have other girls sea-green with envy

SURROUNDED by props, even to the sand, Diana Lewis lets sun-kissabelle lamp do its stuff. There are too many buoys in the water

BONITA sure spent the day changing swimsuits. By the rub-down this must be the one which she wears off deep end

MARY Howard chucks surfboard, parks canoe for atmosphere . . . and goes mahogany from sun

THE MAN HOLLYWOOD

BY GLADYS HALL

NILS ASTHER, GREAT LOVER OF SILENT PICTURES, IS BACK AND ACTING AGAIN. HOLLYWOOD AND YOU COULDN'T FORGET HIM

THE occasion was the Los Angeles First Night of a Broadway play. The fans were there in multitudes and battalions. It is known that the movie stars attend First Nights and the fans, armed to the teeth with autograph-albums, swarm accordingly.

During the intermissions between the acts, Tyrone Power appeared in the lobby. So did Robert Taylor, Charles Boyer and others. And they had clusters of their fans around them, of course. But in the center of the lobby was the densest crowd of all, a clamorous crowd, obviously excited, completely surrounding a man whose height alone made it possible to catch a glimpse of his face.

It was Nils Asther.

Nils Asther . . . Time unreeled and went into reverse . . . It has been seven years since Nils left Hollywood and took with him considerable of the color and glamour and mystery reminiscent of the days when Valentino, John Gilbert, Barbara La Marr, later Jean Harlow, made living in Hollywood so exciting.

I recalled him in *Sorrell and Son*, in *Wild Orchids*, *Storm at Daybreak*, *Cardboard Lover*, *Candlelight*, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *Serenade*,

Asther played great lover to Garbo in *Wild Orchids*

When Nils wasn't sponge-diving in *The Sea Bat*, he'd come up for air and love Raquel Torres

Asther married Vivian Duncan (of Duncan Sisters). It didn't take

his last picture in Hollywood, and then no more of Nils . . .

I recalled, too, the exotic stories Hollywood whispered about him . . . his stone house in the remote hills behind Hollywood, a quiet house to which very few (and who were those few?) ever were invited . . . the pet panther, said to sleep at the foot of his bed, said to prowl the gardens with him . . . those who chanced to pass his house at nights and reported the sound of an organ playing . . . the rumor of a romance with Garbo, said to have begun in their homeland, Sweden . . . the tall solitary figure seen striding over the hills, always alone . . . the mantle of mystery that made him the provocative figure he was . . .

I recalled how a famed sculptor once said of him: "That is the most beautifully-chiselled face in the world, male or female, it is by Michelangelo."

Yes, I remember. But what is more important and more significant, *so do you,* the fans. You demonstrated your remembering that night you gathered around him in the theater lobby, with welcomes, and outstretched autograph-albums . . .

I wondered where he has been all these years, what he has been doing. I seemed to recall how, suddenly one day he was gone. No one seemed to know where he went, or why; when he would be back, if ever. Some said his marriage to Vivian Duncan, which had not been successful, had upset him. Others said he was making pictures abroad. Still others that he had gone home to Sweden, had retired . . .

I learned that he was [*Continued on page* 69]

Below is how Nils looks today seven years after leaving USA

As Great Lover in Silents he sometimes wore dapper moustache

COULDN'T FORGET

Jack sees Bonita three or four times a week. He taught her to ride—she knits him sweaters. They get mad and fight, make up quickly

By
IDA ZEITLIN

Jackie and Bonita have cuddly ways of showing love, such as clasping hands in public

FIRST

JACKIE COOPER AND BONITA GRANVILLE MET FIVE

"ORDER some rye buttered toast," said Bonita, "so I can have a bite."

A blue ribbon round her soft blond hair matched the color of her eyes and was picked up, a few notes deeper, by the blue of her tailored print dress. Jack, among the usual quota of masculine garments, was wearing a beige sweater she'd knitted for him. At eighteen, he thinks the name "Jackie" should go the way of all childishness, and that Bonita—also eighteen—has outgrown "Bunbun." He calls her plain Bun—Bunny in moments of weakness.

He ordered the toast. "You now see before you the smallest lady with the biggest castiron stomach in existence. She can get away with more food!"

"Is that so? Look at my lunch today—all vegetables—"

"Wait till the dessert comes on. She loves hot fudge sundaes. She loves chocolate ice cream soda. She never orders them. I have to order them. Get a nice chocolate ice cream soda, she

Bonita is now 18, so is Jackie. It was when they were 16 that they began to see each other. Jack's in *Ziegfeld Girl*, Bonnie in *Wild Man From Borneo*

LOVE

YEARS AGO AT KID PARTY. IT'S BEEN LOVE EVER SINCE

says, so I can have a bite. We were going skating the other night, and Bun came to the house for dinner. We had something like tapioca pudding. She ate hers. I took one little bite of mine. 'Aren't you going to eat yours?' she said. I said no. 'No?' 'No. You eat it.' 'Oh, I couldn't,' she said. So she reaches over and has a little bite. Then she reaches over and has another little bite. When it comes to the last three or four bites, she pulls it over and really sits down to it—"

"I notice you're keeping remarkably quiet about what came before the tapioca pudding. I notice you're really not saying a word about cracked crabs, or that I had *one* little cracked crab and you had *four* cracked crabs—"

"Lobsters," he amended. "Strangely, I love to see her eat—"

"I firmly believe," said Bonita firmly, "that the reason he took me out in the first place was to see me eat—"

"The girls I went out with before were [*Continued on page* 84]

Big strong Jackie picks up his bountiful Bunny, threatens to drop her in pool. First love stuff

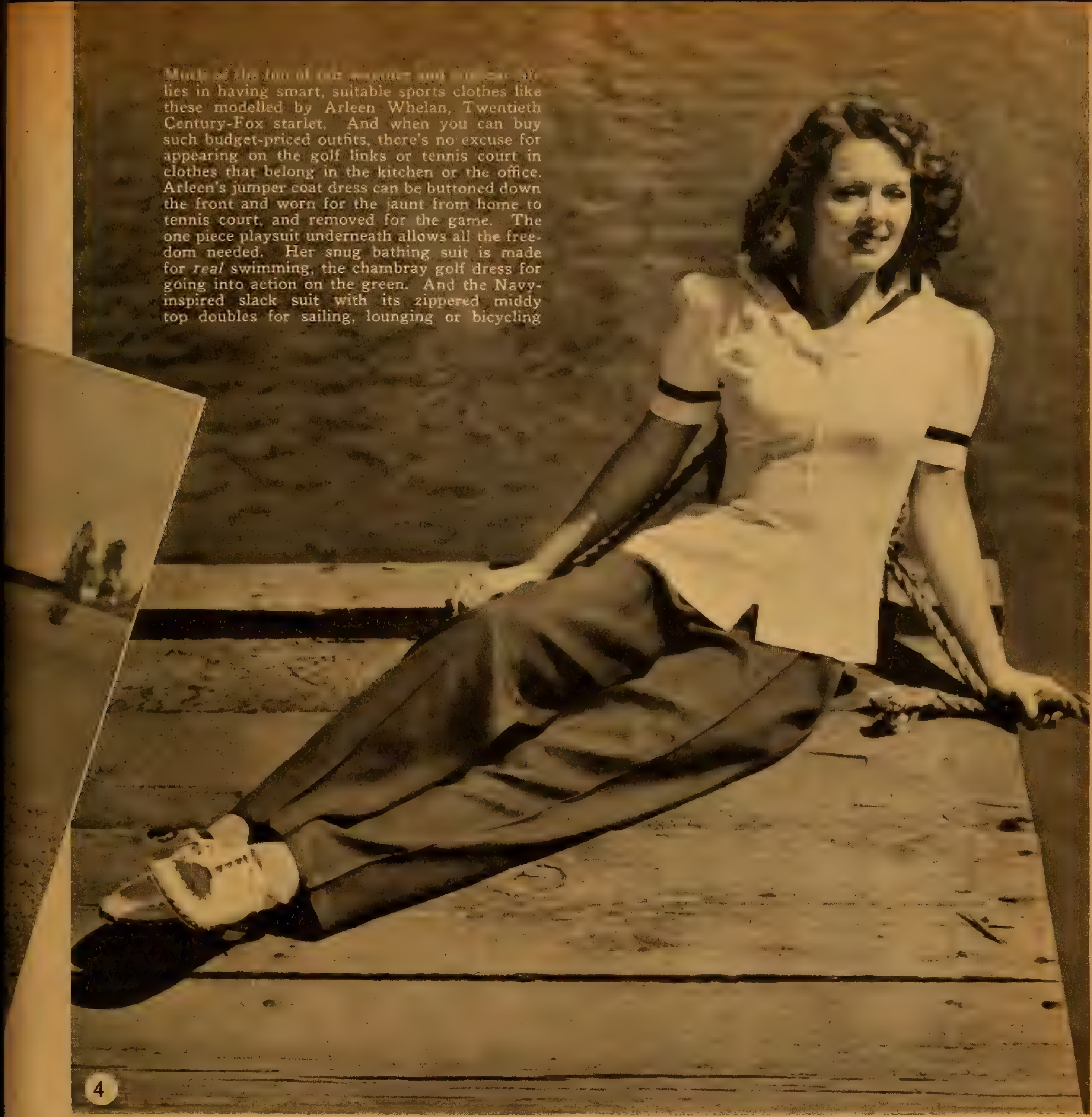
1

2

3

FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS

Much of the fun of our summer and outdoor life lies in having smart, suitable sports clothes like these modelled by Arleen Whelan, Twentieth Century-Fox starlet. And when you can buy such budget-priced outfits, there's no excuse for appearing on the golf links or tennis court in clothes that belong in the kitchen or the office. Arleen's jumper coat dress can be buttoned down the front and worn for the jaunt from home to tennis court, and removed for the game. The one piece playsuit underneath allows all the freedom needed. Her snug bathing suit is made for *real* swimming, the chambray golf dress for going into action on the green. And the Navy-inspired slack suit with its zippered middy top doubles for sailing, lounging or bicycling



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By CANDIDA

1. This sleeveless jumper coat dress of waffle pique, over white pique playsuit, is from Dorna Gordon. Coin dots in four colors. About $3, Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago

2. Those stripes in the "Sun-Se" bathing suit accent curves and the Contralastic material appeals to determined swimmers. Under $4 at May Co., Wilshire, Los Angeles

3. Arleen's golf form may be bad, but her dress is perfect. Of Linsdale chambray, it has action sleeves, "golf-tee" elastic belt. $6.50 at Saks—34th St., New York City

4. A Talon Fastener closes middy of this rayon gabardine slack suit, $4 at Simon-Newman Co., Newman, Calif. Dundeer Mocc-Sans, $2.95 to $3.50, at leading stores

LOOK FOR THESE CLOTHES

in your local shops, or send a post card to Candida, Fashion Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, for the names of stores carrying them. Be sure to state which items interest you most, please

SENSATION AT SIXTEEN

Although she's only 16, Joan Leslie had a long hard row to hoe before she became a Hollywood name. Even now, according to California law she has to spend 4 hours a day in school. Time out for make-up

DON'T SELL CINDERELLA SHORT. GARY COOPER'S CO-STAR, JOAN LESLIE, PROVES SHE'S REAL

By JAMES REID

WHO knows? You may be famous yet. The age of miracles isn't past. Consider the case of Joan Leslie.

Until last July, no one—including Joan, herself—had ever heard the name, "Joan Leslie." Today it's a name known wherever civilization still stands a fighting chance. The girl who answers to that name is a Hollywood star—Gary Cooper's co-star, no less, in *Sergeant York.* At the age of 16.

Think about that long enough and, sooner or later, you'll come around to the belief that anything is possible. If the circumstances are right . . . Don't overlook that last, all-important condition.

Joan Leslie, Hollywood's newest glamour girl, would still be just an obscure high-school girl named Joan Brodell if circumstances hadn't been precisely what they were.

In the first place, Jane Bryan had abandoned her career for marriage, on the eve of stardom, which put Warner Brothers in the market for a dramatic ingenue. In the second place, Deanna Durbin's success at Universal, and Judy Garland's success at M-G-M, and Linda Darnell's success at 20th Century-Fox, had become a challenge to Warners to unearth a teen-age star of their own. In the third place, Ann Sheridan's popularity as "The Oomph Girl" had made them willing to look twice at any girl who combined red hair, alluring curves and a dramatic face.

If Warners *hadn't* been in the proper mood to see possibilities in Joan in

[*Continued on page* 58]

ERROL FLYNN

That fellow you see streaking across the sky, zooming dizzily like a falling star is Flynn. With aid of U. S. Navy he's up to new deeds of derring-do in *Dive Bomber*

Blessings on You

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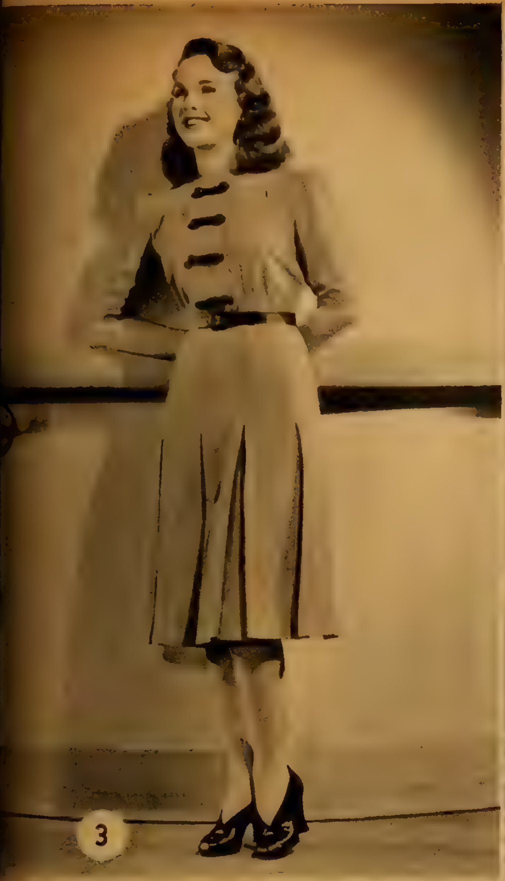
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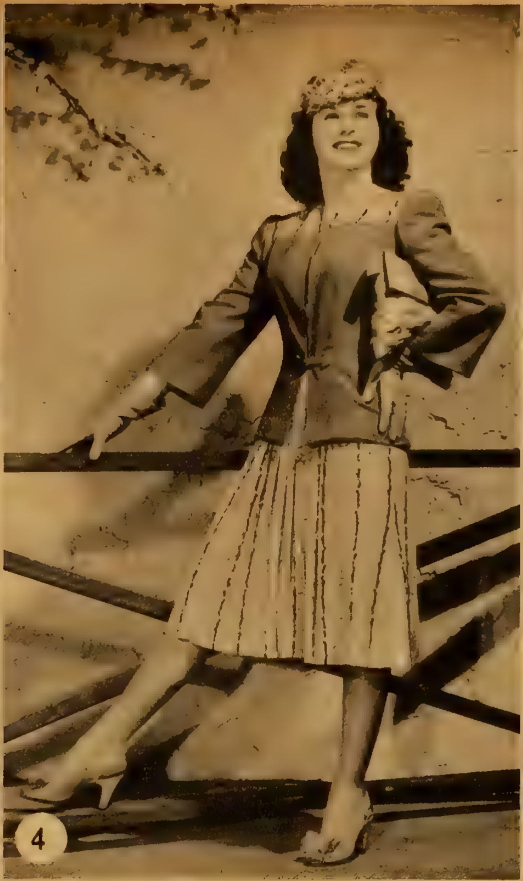
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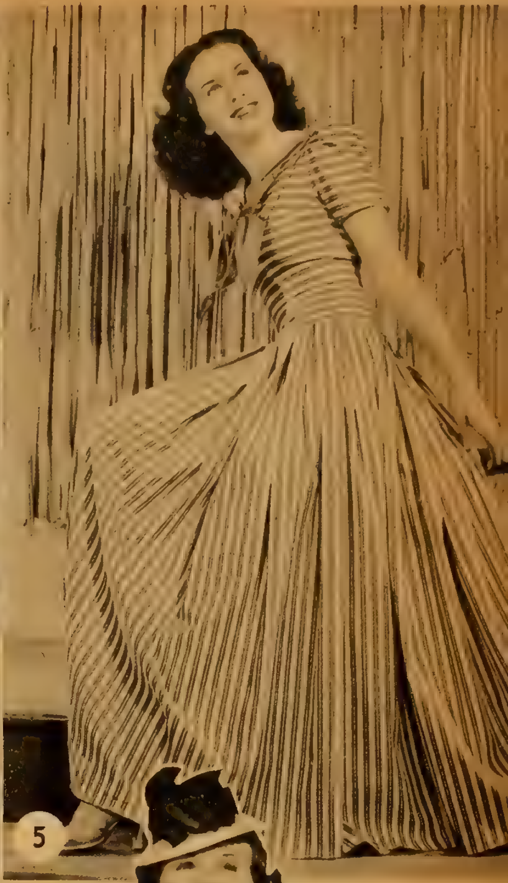
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By HOLLY WOOD

1. For hot summer nights you'll find a blue marquisette dance frock like Deanna Durbin's—Mrs. Vaughn Paul, to you—a blessing. Bodice is softly draped, neckline deep V, and skirt bouffant over taffeta

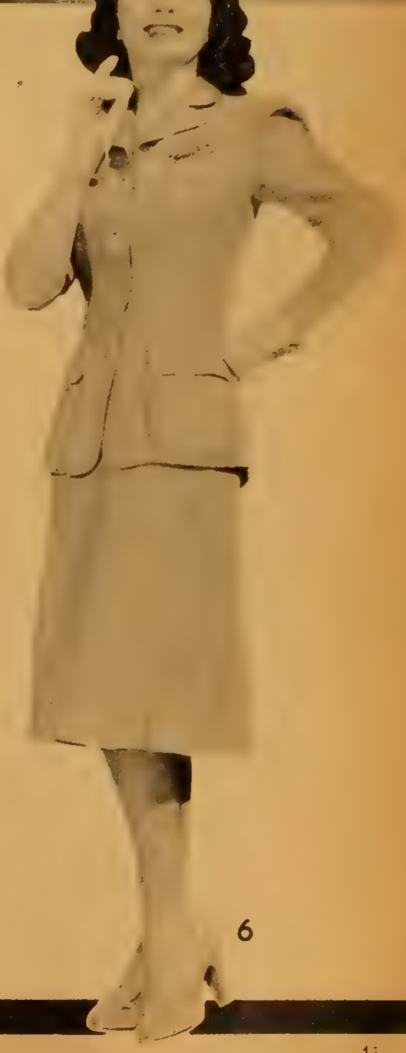
2. Whether you're a bride, or about-to-be, a double breasted taffeta housecoat like Deanna's will give you that feeling of blessed comfort. It's azure blue with pink and blue flower sprays and Val lace edging

3. Practical for any climate any time of the year is Deanna's afternoon dress of lightweight wool. It's in beige with Kelly green leather buttons and belt. Note tucks at yoke and waistline, and stitched pleats

4. Whether your holiday this summer is a honeymoon or just a vacation this two-piece dress is a blessing. Deanna chose hers in blue. The dress a Hyacinth blue print and the companion jacket in deeper blue

5. Join the Navy like Deanna in a navy and white striped cotton evening dress with a white sailor collar, molded torso and full skirt with unpressed pleats. Complete the nautical feeling with a red taffeta tie

6. Cotton is a blessing on you during the hot summer months so follow suit and pick it for your town and country two-piecer. Deanna picks blue and white for hers. Her tiny sailor is white pique, navy trimmed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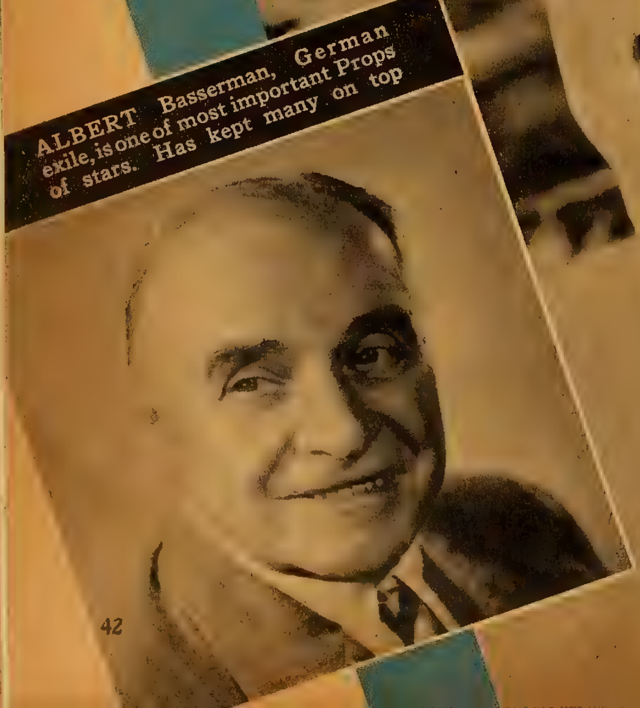
By Kirk Darrell

IT'S TIME TO GIVE RECOGNITION TO CHARACTER PLAYERS. THE REAL PROPS OF HOLLYWOOD. THEY'VE BEEN HOLDING STARS UP FOR YEARS

THEY

MARJORIE Main can run the scale of emotions in widely different roles. Top-notch stars owe success to her

ALBERT Basserman, German exile, is one of most important Props of stars. Has kept many on top



CHARLEY Grapewin, veteran trouper, holds stars up, steals scenes. Was *Grandpa* in *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Jeeter* in *Tobacco Road*

HOLD THE STARS UP

YOU'VE seen them many a time on the screen. You've admired their genuine acting. But most of you don't even know the names of these stalwart pillars of stardom, the character actors and actresses who often keep the glamour boys and girls on top.

Well, you should know them better after you read this story.

One of the most frequently seen is Elizabeth Patterson, who has played the aunt or mother of almost every important star in Hollywood. You remember her as the stalwart old grandma of *High, Wide, and Handsome,* the one saving grace in that bad memory; as the ingratiating mother of Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray in *Sing You Sinners.* Recently, she is being applauded for her work in *Tobacco Road* and for her interesting portrayal in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye.*

Playing an aunt isn't hard for Patty, as she is affectionately called. Since she is the only unmarried member of a family of six, she is the well-loved aunt of the younger offspring of her brothers and sisters. She is also the one to whom everyone in the Patterson household turns for advice.

Patty had no business in becoming an actress. She was even sent to Europe to get the theater urge out of her system. But Europe and its theaters just made her even more determined to act. So when she got back in New York, she began her rounds of the managers' offices. Timidly she would say, "I—I heard you were—going—to do this show. And—and I wondered if—if you'd consider me—for it." Naturally, she was turned down regularly. Then someone told her to talk faster than the manager could. From then on, the tide changed.

[*Continued on page* 87]

JANE Darwell more than did her share in holding up *The Grapes of Wrath.* Won Oscar for Ma Joad

ELIZABETH Patterson has played aunt or mother of almost every important star in Hollywood. Is one of its busiest workers

FAY Bainter is picture-saver and star holder-upper from way back. Through fine work in *Jezebel* she won an Oscar

GEORGE Tobias is comparative newcomer as star propper-upper. He has played almost every dialect character on record

JOHN Carradine has held stars up for years. Was discovered as *Casy* in *The Grapes of Wrath.* Next *Blood and Sand*

SWEATERS ARE TABOO

DIANA LEWIS

ANN SHERIDAN

PAULETTE GODDARD

LANA TURNER started it all in snugly sweater she wore in *They Won't Forget*. And how you remembered! She was named the Sweater Girl. And the sweater stampede was on

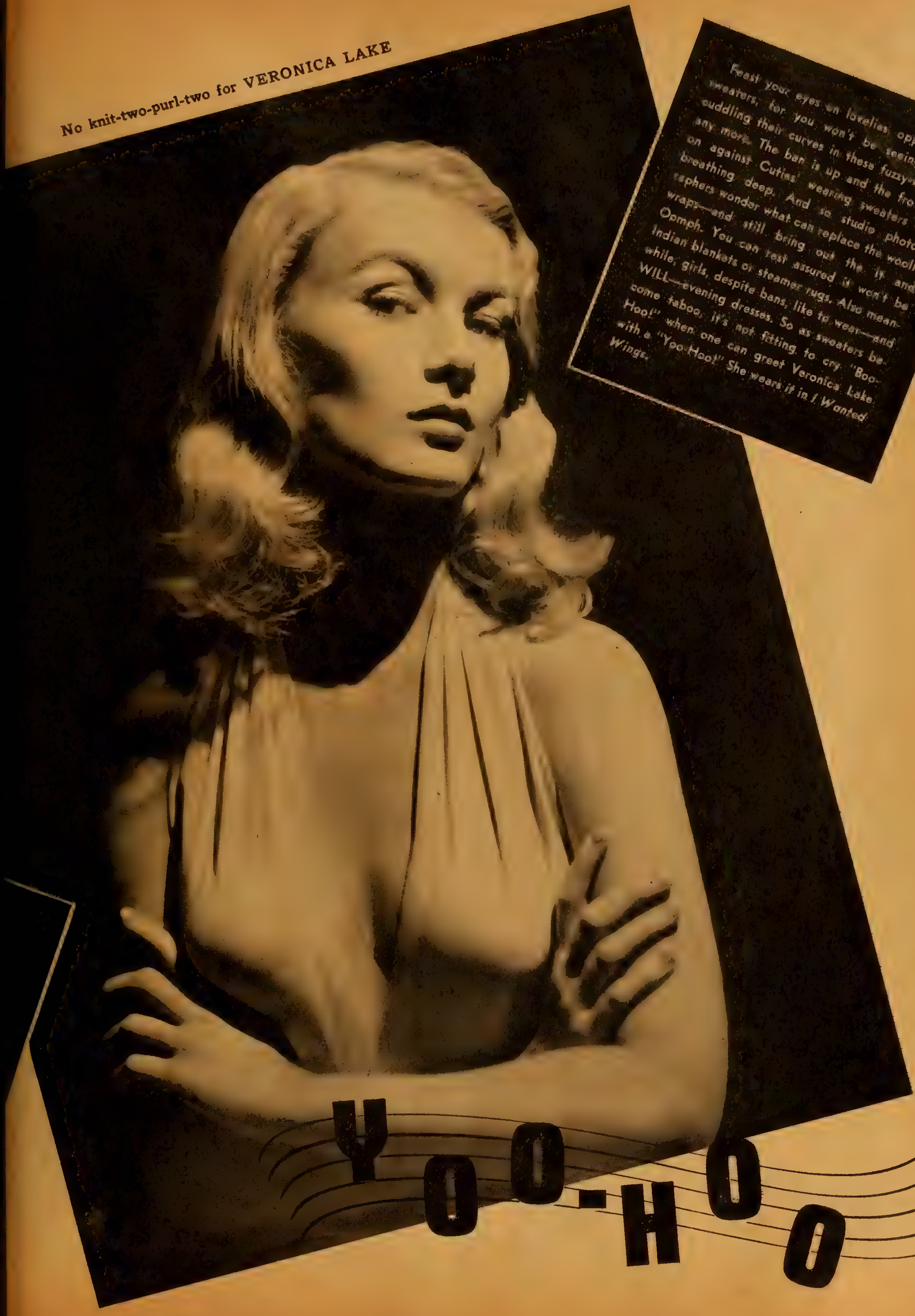
JUANITA STARK

ANN RUTHERFORD

No knit-two-purl-two for VERONICA LAKE

YOO-HOO

Feast your eyes on lovelies opposite, in sweaters, for you won't be seeing them cuddling their curves in these fuzzy-wuzzies any more. The ban is up and the frown is on against Cuties' wearing sweaters and breathing deep. And so studio photographers wonder what can replace the woolly wraps—and still bring out the It and Oomph. You can rest assured it won't be Indian blankets or steamer rugs. Also meanwhile, girls, despite bans, like to wear—and WILL—evening dresses. So as sweaters become taboo, it's not fitting to cry "Boo-Hoo!" when one can greet Veronica Lake with a "Yoo-Hoo!" She wears it in *I Wanted Wings*.



Picking up where late Valentino left off, Ty takes on *el toro* in *Blood and Sand*

Why look for the plot in *Her First Beau* when Martha O'Driscoll's lines tell the story. A Hollywood summer starlet at bay

Like the Balkans

■ Like the Balkans, the Barrymores—they're NEVER at peace with each other! Currently, Lionel's mad at Jawn again. Their recent longish period of truce was smashed when "Death Valley" Scotty, one of Jawn's new-found convivialites, brought Jawn a gargantuan ham.

Drawled Jawn: "Ah—it looks just like a composite portrait of Lionel and me!"

So now the Barrymores aren't speaking again— except in words we don't print here.

Carmen for Carmen

■ Refreshing indeed is Carmen Miranda's utter honesty. In Hollywood, that's a quaint characteristic. Most movie stars profess to be SOOOOooooo-o-o-oo modest when they go to their own previews.

But when Carmen attended the preview of *That Night in Rio,* together with a lot of Miranda relations, it was Carmen, herself, who applauded most loudly when Carmen, on the screen, went into her colossal "Yi Yi Yi" number.

20th-Fox starlet Anne Baxter represents vim, vitality and vitamins a,b,c,d,e,g

In *Miss Wheelwright Discovers America,* Jeff Lynn-Pat Lane call it modern kiss. It lasts

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Joint Celebration of Starrification

■ Just about the time you're reading this, two Hollywood stars are giving each other a party—Joan Leslie's giving one to Deanna Durbin, and Deanna's giving it right back to Joan. The idea: About five years ago, when neither of them was a star, they met in the same superior court judge's room, to get the California-required judicial approval of their contracts—Joan with M-G-M and Deanna with Universal. The two kids met each other, and like kids, swore that "when we both get to be stars, let's give a dinner to celebrate."

And so, some night in July, they're giving each other a joint dinner.

No Elephant Boy Now

■ Sabu disappoints us. Going Hollywood in a big way, Sabu merely has a bright canary-yellow station-wagon—instead of a golden howdah!

Clever Gag (Veddy!) by Nelson Eddy

■ Last Christmas, Nelson Eddy sent 400 Yule cards to his fan clubs in England. Never [*Continued on page* 86]

Rita Hayworth beats drum without aid of press-agent, bally hooing *He's My Uncle, Strawberry Blonde, Blood and Sand*

They've looked far for another Harlow. Hal Roach offers Marjorie Woodworth, former drum-majorette, in *Broadway Ltd.*

Big-timers, starlets battle to appear with George Montgomery... Corrals Mary Beth Hughes in *Cowboy and the Blonde*

HOLLYWOOD

LOOK OUT BOYS, HERE COMES GABIN!

By
LEON SURMELIAN

HOLLYWOOD OOMPH BOYS WON'T HAVE EVERYTHING THEIR OWN WAY NOW—WITH FRANCE'S IDOL, JEAN GABIN, ON HAND TO GIVE THEM COMPETITION IN ACTING AND SEX-APPEAL

ONE of the few good things resulting from the present war in Europe is that Darryl Zanuck, the generalissimo of the film batteries at 20th Century-Fox, has just acquired the greatest actor of France. His name is Jean Gabin, the hero of *Pepe le Moko, La Bandera, La Grande Illusion, Of Human Passions,* and several other artistic and box-office triumphs of the French cinema. Highbrow critics love him, lowbrow millions adore him, and I think he will smash his way to a top position on the American screen.

He is a tough guy, this Gabin, but at the same time impish and puckish. He'll remind you of those lusty peasants in the novels of Emile Zola. He has the spirit of the earth, seas and winds of France. In a long series of remarkable pictures he has played vividly the humble mighty. Jobless men, soldiers, adventurers, social outcasts. The gay and melancholy, the singing, fighting, lost and bewildered men of the world. Though born in Paris, he doesn't have the smooth sophistication and suave patter of salons.

Physically, Gabin is a combination of James Cagney and Spencer Tracy, but magnified, magnetized, with some unique powerful ingredients of his own. There is something lion-like, tiger-like, about this big kid of France. His eyes are a pale and luminous cat-gray. His eyebrows are tawny, and he has a shock of wild hair of indefinite color. You feel he can break iron bars when he tightens his jaws.

The other morning he greeted your correspondent with a torrent of French words. At this writing he has picked up perhaps fifty words in English, which, strangely enough, he pronounces without a foreign accent.

"From now on," he declared, "I'm going to think in English, and never utter a word of French if I can help it. I have made a bet with

[*Continued on page* 51]

THERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN FACE POWDER...

My new Twin Hurricane Process brings you undreamed of Loveliness in a powder that

CLINGS 4 EXCITING HOURS!

By Lady Esther

Twin Hurricanes, whirling at terrific speed, give my powder a new smoothness of texture, a more vibrant beauty of color—imparting enduring enchantment to your skin for 4 happy hours.

THERE is something new in face powder—something dramatically, glamorously, thrillingly new. For here is a new magic of smoothness and color—a texture so flawless it will cling faultlessly all the four hours of even a dancing date.

Beauty Born in Twin Hurricanes

My new "Twin Hurricane" process is the secret. Years ago, I was the first to use a hurricane to make my powder softer, more flattering. Now imagine Twin Hurricanes caught and imprisoned in a turret, whirling my powders at cyclone speed, buffeting them to an impalpable fineness, completely free from coarse, uneven particles.

That's why Lady Esther Face Powder can cleverly hide a little blemish or freckle, make you more glamorous, more beautiful.

That's why when you go out dancing, when you want to look your loveliest all through an exciting evening ... Lady Esther Face Powder will never fail you. That's why my powder gives your complexion a new radiance, a beauty of tone and color ... why it continues to flatter you as it clings faithfully through hour after hour of a happy evening ... yes, even from 8 p.m. to midnight!

Find Your Own Lucky Shade

I invite you to try all seven shades of Lady Esther Face Powder at my expense. Try each and every one, right on your own skin, in front of your own mirror. For that is the only way to tell which shade is most becoming to you ... to your personality. Then see if you don't say, "It was my lucky day when I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder."

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (69)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________________STATE________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

JUST MARRIED

Photos by Charles Rhodes

Biggest wedding in Hollywood history was celebrated when Deanna Durbin became bride of Vaughn Paul. Nine hundred guests—most of them studio co-workers of bride—assembled at church and reception that followed at Beverly-Wilshire. Top, driving to reception after becoming hitched. Left, first marital close-up . . . Below, Deanna with bridesmaids. Her older sister, Mrs. Clarence Heckman was matron of honor. Vaughn's half-brother Elwood Bredell was best man. Upper right, happy bride cuts into huge wedding-cake as lucky groom waits just as joyfully for first slice

Look Out, Boys, Here Comes Gabin!

[*Continued from page* 48]

Andre, and if he ever catches me speaking French I would have to pay him a fine. Beginning tomorrow morning, it is English, and English only for me. I'll listen to speeches and plays on the radio all day, and go to a movie at night."

Andre Daven, the French producer at his studio, is his "guardian angel," as he calls him. We met in Daven's elegant home in Coldwater Canyon.

Gabin went through the Battle of France, as a simple sailor on a mine-sweeper. His hands are big and red like a fisherman's. He wore a striped gray suit which had nothing custom-made about it, and his tie was a bit loose and awry. Sucking his cigarette like a sailor, he told me of his adventures in the war, and how he finally managed to come to America by way of Spain and Portugal, spending twelve days on the sea in a little boat.

"And now I am in paradise," he said, grinning happily.

"This being your first trip to America," I said, "have you had any interesting, perhaps amusing, experiences?"

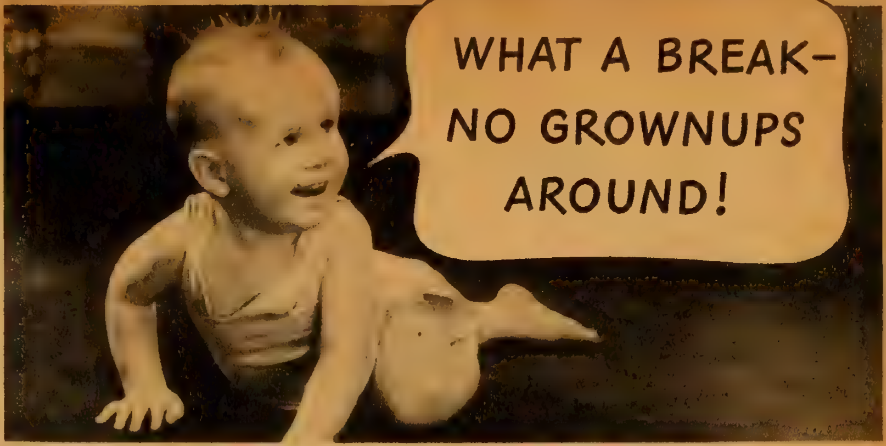
"Everything is interesting for me. In a new country, where you don't know the language, even slight incidents become memorable adventures. But perhaps the most pleasant incident happened while I was in New York, suffering from a cold which I finally shook off in the sunshine of Palm Springs. A studio official called me and said a woman reporter wanted to interview me, and could I see her in my hotel room at five o'clock? I was feeling miserable, but I said all right. Promptly at five o'clock the door bell rang. Andre, who was with me, opened the door, and in came a charming creature, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, very beautiful, and very shy. I was enchanted. I think I'll get a job on an American paper, I said to Andre."

He crushed his cigarette in an ash tray, beamed with the memory of that "charming creature," and continued:

"I could tell by looking at her fur coat and dress that she was a society beauty, even if she was a reporter. She sat down, blushing, and I was ready for the interview, when I was surprised—and flattered—to hear her say that she was not a writer, but she had heard that I was going to be interviewed at five o'clock, so she had made a bet with her girl friends that she could come to my hotel room and get my autograph. A few minutes later the real reporter came in, and we all had a good laugh. The real reporter was very nice, but the other girl was gorgeous."

GABIN has an eye for feminine beauty. "The trouble with American women is that they are too beautiful, and too healthy. And they are all so amazingly well-groomed and well-dressed. You can't tell a stenographer from an heiress—and the stenographer might be an heiress herself. That's very good. No false ideas about work. Splendid! I am not saying this because I happen to be in America and enjoying the hospitality of this country but I think American women are the most attractive and chic in the world. They frighten me. I feel they are unapproachable creatures, and I am afraid they are a bit cold. Of course I am giving you merely a few impressions acquired from a distance. I do not know intimately any American women."

[*Continued on page* 53]


WHAT A BREAK—NO GROWNUPS AROUND!

"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Just think—they're splashing around in a bath *all* the time!"

"But of course they *do* miss the best part—rubdowns with soft, satiny-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"

"What, Mommy? Not for goldfish?...Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness *I'm* not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes and prickles. How about one now, Mommy—while we're on the subject?"

"Hot days can be happy days for babies who get sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder! It's so downy-cool and soothing for prickly heat—grownups are crazy about it, too! Johnson's doesn't cost much, either."

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Bette Davis

Cocktail party was thrown by Bette for press at Iron Mine Inn. Good time was had by all including hubby, Arthur Farnsworth

Most girls want to forget their birthdays after 21 but not Bette. In fact, one she'll always remember is her 33rd birthday which was celebrated in Littleton, N. H., recently. 15,000 joined in the week-end festivities which included the premiere of her latest picture, *The Great Lie,* a torchlight parade with Sen. Bridges and Gov. Blood as escorts and a big birthday ball

Look Out, Boys, Here Comes Gabin!

[*Continued from page* 51]

Gabin is single, so I asked him if he did not intend to marry—perhaps a beautiful American woman? "I am waiting for my Lady Eve, I have not met her yet. But marry? *Je ne crois pas.*" He shook his head. "No, I think I will make a bad husband. Marriage is too serious, and I hate to give up my freedom, even for a beautiful woman."

However, I wouldn't bet on it. When one of the beauteous bandits of Beverly Hills wraps him around her little finger he will go the way of all men. He is big and tough, but he looks like a push-over for love.

Not a woman, but his father, has been the great influence in his life, he said. "My father was an actor, a real artist, a great character. I gave him and my dear mother no end of trouble. At the lycee I was the worst student in my class. Always fighting, playing pranks on the professors, and getting the lowest marks in every subject. I grew up in a village, and all I cared for was fishing and wandering in the woods. They are still my favorite pastimes.

"I have no other hobbies than fishing and walking on country roads. My great ambition was to be a railroad mechanic. Trains fascinated me. I would go to the station to watch them coming and going. I also wanted to be a boxer. My oldest sister was married to a boxer. But my father thought I was no good for anything except acting. He wanted me to be a comedian.

"I QUIT school and ran away from home. Became a cement-mixer. Very good for hardening the muscles of the arms. Then my father got hold of me, and introduced me to an impresario. I made my stage debut in a Folies Bergere revue, in a very small part." Mistingette, the famous French actress, gave him his first real part. He played with her, then with Elsie Janis at the Moulin Rouge—in those glorious, glamorous days when Paris was Paris. He was young and inexperienced, but a born actor. His success on the stage led to screen roles.

"But success, fame, money are not important," he assured me. "Only the picture counts. I have been poor, I have been through every difficulty of the theatrical profession, and I am not afraid of poverty. After my first starring picture, *La Bandera,* I didn't make another picture for nine months, and had only three hundred dollars to my name when I found a story I liked. I refused many parts. I can't make a picture unless I believe in it. My role must ring true to me or I cannot play it. I chose all my scenarios, so I haven't made a picture I didn't enjoy working in. If I have any favorites among them, I should say they are *La Grande Illusion* and *La Bandera.* But I really liked all of them."

He received offers from Hollywood producers, but turned a deaf ear to them, because he was not attracted by the glamour and the gold they offered him. Even in France, he never signed a contract for more than one picture at a time. If he liked a story, he was willing to work almost for nothing. But if he didn't, nothing could induce him to violate his artistic integrity.

"My father wanted me to be a comedian, but I prefer tragedy. Of course in true pathos there is always an element of comedy, and in true comedy, there is always sadness. They intermingle. My great ambition now is to make a picture that will justify the faith the studio has in me."

[*Continued on page* 55]

Take a lesson—
from Arthur Murray
Dancing Teachers

Alix Sherri, of the Cleveland staff, is noted for her pert, fresh-as-a-daisy blonde loveliness.

Kaye Hanlon, popular Kansas teacher, is still sweet and appealing at the end of her busiest day.

Margaret Stewart teaches in Florida—is poised, dainty, glamourous in the warmest weather.

TO Arthur Murray's glamourous dancing teachers, daintiness is not only a matter of personal fastidiousness. Their very jobs depend on it! And *they* depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness even on their busiest days!

Odorono Cream is non-irritating . . . you can use it right after shaving. It's non-greasy, harmless to fabrics . . . non-gritty, smooth as satin. Yet it checks underarm perspiration *safely* 1 to 3 days!

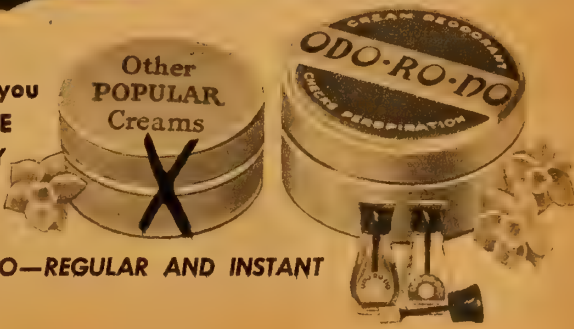
Take a lesson in glamour from these charming experts! Start using Odorono Cream today!

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Jane Macdonald, Palm Beach teacher, loves her job—dances for hours without losing the impeccable freshness which is her special charm!

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 35¢

Odorono Cream gives you 50% TO 100% MORE FOR YOUR MONEY



ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

Why I switched to Meds

—by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about *internal* sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me *wonderful* protection for they're the *only* tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!

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Mr. & Mrs. Powell

[*Continued from page* 29]

together, you know—*I Want a Divorce* and *Model Wife*. We expect to make one a year together, but no more."

It was against the advice of all their friends, Joan chimed in, that they co-starred in *I Want a Divorce*. "Married couples have no romance, they say, which means, if they're right, that they have no click at the box-office. Yet, there are Olivier and Leigh, and Taylor and Stanwyck and there were Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. It's the bunk that married couples have no drawing power."

In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Powell, picture and marriage survived nicely. Then came some pictures separately, notably *Christmas in July* for Dick, and *Topper Returns* for Joan. Universal summoned them for *Model Wife*, recently released.

THEY like co-starring. But before they can co-star again each has commitments to fulfill. Their ideal schedule is five pictures a year—one together and two separately. They've been working a long time in Hollywood, and now they plan to do what they want to do. The plan calls for a new house to be built on a beach some fifty miles from Hollywood. It will be their permanent home. During film production they will stay in a hotel fairly near the studios.

Home-folks, Mr. and Mrs. Powell! And like home-folks, looking out for the children's interests. They want 6-year-old Norman (Joan's son by her former husband, George Barnes) and 2-year-old Ellen to live a normal American life. They don't want the youngsters to become child actors. They don't want them too close to Hollywood.

This homey quality of the couple is apparent the minute you meet them, particularly if you happen to meet them as dusk is coming on and they're packing bags to return home to California. Their hotel suite was a jumble of odds and ends. Joan's shoes are off, for her feet are tired after a day of last-minute shopping, trying to find some toys the kids haven't got. She is wearing a dark brown suit of soft wool—"my traveling clothes," she says. Her golden hair, parted in the middle, is arranged softly about her face. Dick has on gray herring-bone trousers, a shirt open at the neck, red carpet slippers. His height is deceptive. His shoulders are narrow and he doesn't seem more than 5 feet 9. Yet, he is nearly 6 feet.

Joan is busy at a desk writing little notes of appreciation for "the lovely flowers" that grace the drawing-room. She wiggles her toes as she writes. Finished directly, she plumps down in a big chair by the open fireplace, her feet under her. Dick has located a bottle of Scotch. It proves as agreeable as its provider.

It's not like an interview at all. It's more like a chat with old friends in the family sitting-room. They wish they didn't have to go back so soon. Six days aren't enough. They had had such a grand time. To have six days in New York Dick said he'd do it all over again, pass a week coming and going. Even though traveling's tiring.

"But not too tiring," piped Joan.

No, they didn't believe in taking airplanes when traveling together. Joan's weekly radio program had interfered with a longer vacation. If either were alone a plane would be taken. But we're together, Joan said, and we have to think of the babies.

Dick and Joan have made two pictures together, *I Want a Divorce* and *Model Wife*, latter being recently released. They expect to make one a year together, but no more. In the case of the Powells, pictures and marriage have survived nicely

YOU are just about to remind her, as if she needed reminding, that she seems to be bearing up well under the title of "America's most glamorous mother."

Joan anticipates you, declares with the forthrightness of one who knows her way around a press-agent's mimeograph that she doesn't hanker after such titles.

"It makes you feel ridiculous," she said. "Some one calls me a glamour mother and right away people begin asking me how it feels to be one. Reporters have come around and asked, 'How does it feel, Miss Blondell, to be a glamour mother?' What I say is, 'Nuts!' These titles have a tendency to stick. I know now how Ann Sheridan must feel having to bear that 'oomph' tag the last two years. In her case, though, she has had the title long enough to have some bright answers ready when someone asks her how it feels to be an 'oomph girl.' All I can think of is 'Nuts!' At least it's original."

"But not too original," added Dick.

You decide it is time, perhaps, to see how Mr. Powell reacts to discomfiture. You hint vaguely of that long stretch of sappy musical films he endured in Hollywood.

He smiles wanly. He remembered. He became so fed up with musicals that he vows he will never be in one again. Their formula, he said, was always the same—an incredible hero, involved in incredible situations, bursting into song on the slightest provocation. They started out as pretentious things, *42nd Street* and so on, became paler and punier as the years and the song cues dragged on. The most regretful thing about them, from Dick's standpoint, was that they typed him. He was Hollywood's lyrical Lothario, saying it with music rather than words.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Look Out, Boys, Here Comes Gabin!

[*Continued from page* 53]

He went on to explain that he absolutely lives his parts. "When I am making a picture I can't think of anything else but the picture. I think about it even in my sleep. I don't drink, except a little wine now and then with my meals. But if I have to play a drunkard, then I actually get drunk. I once made a picture in which I realized a childhood ambition—to be a mechanic on a locomotive. Well, I lived with railroad mechanics and engineers for three months. I ate with them, worked with them, slept with them, in order to familiarize myself with the problems and psychology of those people. And when I made the picture, the Association of French Railroad Engineers gave me a medal. If I have to play a gangster, then I would want to live with gangsters first—if any of them are still left in America."

Gabin takes his acting seriously. "Who are your favorite American actors?" I asked.

He thought for a while, rubbing his hand across his chin, before answering. "In Paris, when I went to see Hollywood pictures, I was just like any French schoolboy. When I am playing, I am very serious, but when I am watching others play, I don't see them as an actor, but as a fan. Oh, I like so many Hollywood actors! I am anxious to meet personally all of them, and especially George Bancroft and Spencer Tracy." He lighted another cigarette, and earnestly leaned forward. "I cannot understand how a man of such enormous talent as George Bancroft is no longer a star. I think he is a wonderful actor."

GABIN was born on May 17, 1904. His father and mother have passed away, but he has two married sisters in France. So far he has attended only one party in Hollywood and visited one night club. He imagined Hollywood as a small town consisting of studios and stars' homes, a little modernistic village all by itself on the shore of the blue Pacific, and was surprised to find it a large city with no definite boundaries.

He is a direct descendant of Francois Villon, and seems to have inherited from his celebrated ancestor many of the qualities that distinguished that immortal poet—*joie de vivre*, an inner spiritual fury that demands expression, a penchant for freedom and vagabondage, a deep love for mankind. You can draw his picture, with his merry red cheeks and gleaming eyes, and call it, "The Eternal Gamin of France." He is Puck, Gallic version, in spite of his formidable, mature body, and belongs to the aristocracy of those who never grow up. His touch of villainy adds to the man's boyish charm.

He is not at all actorish. There is nothing affected about him. His habitual expression is one of merriment—but merriment full of puckish mischief, and a certain earthy power. He is the modern troubadour of the screen, one of the most vital personalities I have ever met. And I think American women will find him top-heavy with sex appeal. He is not a pretty Latin boy, but a rugged, dynamic manly man, with the coloring and animal vibrancy of a tiger or lion.

I wanted to know what's his pet aversion. "*La guerre*," he replied. "War." That's the only thing he hates, he said. And looking into space with eyes which reflected his deep sorrows and hopes, he added:

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That Cool Young Look

[*Continued from page* 18]

eye, and take more pains with make-up to bring out those hidden beauties. And soon, other people will be convinced that you're a lovely person, too.

It's that way with warm weather; you can dread it, you can let yourself go on account of it (and you'll feel the heat more because of your own wilting) or you can follow some of Loretta's beauty habits, and always be cool and fresh and a pleasure to look at—even when the thermometer is umpty umph in the shade!

LORETTA always looks fresh because she constantly refreshes herself. She never lets her make-up become stale and caked looking—from heat, humidity or perspiration. Instead, she removes it often, and gives her face a soap and water facial before applying more powder, rouge and lipstick. Cooling baths, and lots of them keep her feeling as fresh as her make-up looks. And crisp, clean, washable clothes give her an appearance that makes other people say, "How cool you look!"

You'll feel just as flower-like as Loretta if you use the soap she and most other Hollywood stars use. Its gentle acting lather quickly washes away dirt, dust, stale make-up or perspiration to make you feel as fresh all over as its bouquet scent smells. This is a soap you can use in your tub or shower (because it's inexpensive) as well as on your face. Try it to perk up your spirits when the weather has almost (but not quite) got you down. There's nothing that will pick you up faster than a good face washing with cool water. The soap lathers profusely in lukewarm water, without getting soft and squdgy in the process. Three cakes cost only a few pennies—and you can keep the ones you're not using among your clean undies—so they'll be "flavored" with this delightful scent when you step from the tub into them. Do write me for the name of this, my nomination for your summer cleansings.

Please don't think that Loretta washes her face, renews her make-up, and changes clothes every hour on the hour! That would make her feel hotter, not cooler! Instead, she makes that after-bath feeling *last*, by spraying herself liberally with a delicate, floral cologne. Cologne, you know, contains a certain percentage of alcohol which evaporates quickly, and in so doing, gives a blissfully tingling feeling to your whole body. But don't misunderstand me! The *scent* doesn't evaporate quickly, like the alcohol! It lingers on, like a melody, to haunt your every step with its delightful fragrance. And yet your cologne can never be oppressive, in hot weather, as a heavy perfume might. Loretta always wears it on the set, beneath those terrible klieg lights—to give her just that flowerlike feeling that goes with her fragile winsome beauty.

The other day I discovered the loveliest, most haunting fragrance in an inexpensive new cologne! Morning Glory is the name—and it certainly breathes the delicacy of those fragile summery flowers. It makes you feel just as lettuce-cool as an early July morning, when morning glories nod dewily along your garden fence. Try slapping it or spraying it all over your body after your bath. Rub some on your arms, so you'll spread fragrance as you move. Spray more on your hair, before combing it into place. I know you'll like it, because the scent is delicate yet lasting. And it's oh so nice! There's an attractive introductory bottle, quite a generous size, priced at a quarter, and a truly impressive bottle at $1. Both are beautifully packaged with morning glories in pastel colors decorating the bottle.

It's the light touch—in colognes, in clothes, and in make-up—that gives Loretta her petal-freshness. Not that she skips any cosmetics in summer, mind you! She still applies a make-up base, rouge, powder, lipstick and all the fixings, but she chooses them carefully, with an eye to the way they'll react in the out-of-doors life of California, where it's warm all year 'round. She goes sparingly on rouge, powder foundation and eye make-up—more generously when it comes to powder and lipstick. But—and listen carefully, so you'll be sure to follow suit—Loretta always removes the excess of the last two. Try dusting off powder with a downy soft brush. Then pat your whole face with cotton moistened in icy skin freshener, to set the powder more firmly, give your face a dewy look—and make it feel as cool as the cologne (I'm sure you'll want to use it) makes your body feel.

Warm weather brings scores of complaints from readers about lipstick melting into feathery little lines around your mouth. But the fault isn't with lipstick—it's with your application! Don't just give your lips a hit-or-miss dab. Apply lipstick carefully, generously, following the curves of your lips. Let it set a moment or two, while you brush your hair or do your eyelashes. Then blot off every bit of excess pomade. The color will remain on your lips, glowingly, but there'll be nothing to melt or smear. When you apply lipstick in this way, with a light touch, your lip texture will show through the color—and the effect will be much more natural and lovely.

Out in Hollywood, where a kiss must be indelible, one of the make-up studios perfected a lipstick that is just the thing for you this summer. It *stays* on as smoothly as it goes on (and that's saying something). And what's more—it remains the same color on your lips that it is in the stick. You won't eat off this lipstick, and you won't find it wearing off into an ugly, tell-tale line around the edge of your mouth. The case is terribly impressive, one you'll be proud to carry, and there's enough lipstick for your dollar to last a long, long time.

THE same manufacturer has the perfect make-up for warm weather wear. It's a special kind of base that you apply with a sponge—and it won't come off when you perspire, during a fast game of tennis, or when you dive into the pool to cool off afterwards. I just heard that it's now out in three lovely new shades (yes, it's a tinted base that covers freckles, minor skin blemishes and gives your face a flattering even tone). They're all on the rosy tinge, to give your skin that healthy sunkissed look—but they vary in depth to match your complexion. There's a rosy cream, a rosy tan, and a rose natural that's slightly pinker than the others. And there are matching shades of the soft sifted, fine scented face powder to match. Not expensive, either, when you consider how well and how long the make-up pair will stay on, and the good service they'll give you all summer long. Do write me for the name and prices—and my help in choosing just the right shades for your coloring.

Summertime means outdoor life, when you'll be tearing around hatless and carefree playing tennis, or badminton, sailing, motoring, swimming. But all this is hard on your hair. It blows, it flies around, it gets full of dust from the tennis court or salt from the ocean—and the warm weather seems to aggravate all your hair problems. Dry hair seems drier, and more difficult to manage. Oily hair gets stringier, oilier.

You'd never guess to look at Loretta (or at her picture) that her hair tends to be oily, would you? That's because, like so many other movie stars, Loretta has learned how to care for it so that it always looks lovely. That means frequent shampooing (even if your hair is dry, you should wash it with a special type of shampoo at least once a week), daily brushing and the use of special hair fasteners to keep your coiffure neat even in an outboard motorboat! The brushing stimulates the oil glands, to produce more or less as your needs may be, and helps, too, to loosen dandruff and keep your hair free of dulling dust film between shampoos.

But, of course, no matter how much or how often you brush your hair, you can't get along without that weekly shampoo. Not if you want to look fresh and perky all summer long. Not if you want your hair to smell sweet and feel soft against his cheek for summer dances. Because hair has to be clean before it can be soft and sweet. . . .

Do I hear someone murmuring, "That's all very well for Miss Caine to say—but doesn't she realize that Loretta Young has plenty of time to have her hair shampooed? I always thought, anyway, that sun was good for my hair and besides doesn't she know how busy we are in the summer?" One thing at a time—the sun *is* good for your hair, to a certain extent. But too much will just increase your dry or oily difficulties . . . Yes, of course, I know how busy you are (and Loretta's life is just as hectic as yours). But do listen a little longer while I tell you about a shampoo that makes your hair clean as a whistle—and takes no longer than that, too!

Matter of fact, this isn't one shampoo—it's two! One specially designed for hard-to-handle dry hair (and for normal hair, too); the other, for oily hair, helps to correct that condition somewhat. There are two other nice things about the shampoo. First its speed in working—it lathers like fury in hard, lukewarm water, removes dirt and loose dandruff scales with practically the first rinsing—though for a super job you'll want to suds up again and rinse out several times. Properly used, either of these shampoos will give your hair a new brilliance, a new life, because there is no film of any kind left on the hair to dull its lustre or to darken its color. There are ten cent sizes you can try. Won't you write me for the name? I know you'll receive so many compliments on your hair, after using it, that you'll want to invest in one of the larger sizes, priced at 60 cents and $1.

There's just room to tell you about some grand little hair retainers that will keep your coiffure as neat as the shampoos keep it clean. There's a special gripping feature about the split teeth that makes them stay in the hair no matter what! You won't shake them out on a fast horseback ride—and they'll keep your pompadour secure through it all. The retainers come in shades to match your hair—and in two sizes. Two small ones at 25 cents are perfect for pompadours, bangs, or for holding perky little bows in place—and a larger one should be able to take care of all that back hair, for only a quarter.

Write me before July 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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of Twentieth Century-Fox

PAUL M. MAC WILLIAMS
Consultant on care of the teeth

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Sensation at Sixteen

[*Continued from page* 38]

Midsummer, 1940—possibilities that they hadn't seen a year-and-a-half before, when she had been in one of their pictures—they would never have tested her. Also, if circumstances hadn't equipped her as they had, she would never have passed that test. And she wouldn't be a star today.

Ask her how it feels to go from obscurity to stardom in less than a year, and she'll tell you, with a radiant smile, "I'm still out of breath." She doesn't give you the impression that she's taking success big, as something she had a right to expect. She gives you the impression that it's something that couldn't have happened if she hadn't had phenomenal luck. And that she still has her fingers crossed.

That's one of the most promising things about her—that attitude that she hopes she can do things to encourage luck to stay with her. She isn't one of those young finds who take acclaim for granted.

You look at her and wonder how she can be so free from conceit. She's not only a star at 16. She's exceedingly pretty—with auburn hair (worn in a longish, carefree bob), a schoolgirl complexion, large hazel eyes, a pert profile, a sunny smile. And she must also know that her 118 pounds are appealingly distributed over her five-feet-four frame.

The explanation of her lack of conceit is in her background. Where you will also find a large part of the explanation of her "miraculous overnight success"—in years of hard work. . . . She may be only sixteen now, but she has been trouping for thirteen-and-a-half years.

Joan was born in Detroit, January 26, 1925, the youngest of three daughters of an Irish bank teller and his wife, who never anticipated, when they decided that their girls should have dancing lessons, that those lessons would disrupt their own lives.

In his youth, Mr. Brodell was once in a school play, and he's inclined to believe that he had a major share in endowing his daughters with talent. But it was Mrs. Brodell who instigated the dancing lessons.

"Never having had any stage ideas for herself," Joan says, smiling, "she didn't have any for her daughters. She just wanted Mary and Betty to be graceful little girls. I was too small to be left at home alone, so I tagged along when they were taken to dancing school. And when they were drafted to be in a kiddie show in a big Detroit theater, again I tagged along. The prima donna of the show, who was all of five years old, got temperamental—or else her mother did. Anyway, they walked out just before curtain time. The stage manager was frantic. He was running around, tearing his hair, wondering what to do, when he spotted me. 'How old is she?' he asked Mom. 'Two-and-a-half,' she told him. He said, 'She's just about half the age, and half the size, of the little boy who sings *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella*. It would bring down the house if she walked across the stage, hanging onto his arm. The little girl who left was supposed to sing the song with him, but this might be even better.' He talked Mom into letting me do it. . . . That was my start in show business.

"I can still remember it," Joan says. And, to prove it, she stands up and illustrates the slow rhythmic walk that went with the song. Then, suddenly self-conscious, she sits down. "I guess it doesn't look like much now. But in my youth it looked pretty good."

It looked so good that she was singled out for special mention in the papers, which led to her being in one Detroit kid show after another. "I remember doing a little Apache dance when I was four or five. And when I was six I did the *Merry Widow Waltz* in a show. I sang, too. And I was saying lines before I knew what the lines meant."

Meanwhile, Mary and Betty, who knew their dancing, were likewise in all the kid shows that came along. And Mrs. Brodell, proudly becoming aware that she had three talented children, made up her mind to give them every chance to develop their talents. The money they earned, she invested in more dancing lessons, and singing and music lessons. "Mary learned to play the banjo, and Betty the sax, and I the accordion—a little, pint-sized accordion. And we developed into a dancing, singing, instrumental trio. And vaudeville agents came along. And we landed in vaudeville."

AND that was the end of Mr. Brodell's life as a bank teller. He had to give it up to drive his three young daughters around the country in pursuit of vaudeville dates—and opportunities that Mrs. Brodell was convinced they should have. Occasionally, he picked up accounting jobs on the run. But his life, and his wife's, revolved mainly, thenceforth, around their three girls and the conviction that, if the girls could keep at it, they would amount to something in the theater some day. "Even if nobody else was sold on us, Mom and Daddy were. I think that's the reverse of the usual story, isn't it? Most young girls with stage ambitions don't get much encouragement from their parents."

When they first left Detroit on their big gamble, they went to New York, where they got some scattered bookings. But after a few months of living from hand to mouth, they decided that they might have better luck if they went some place where there were fewer girl trios. So they headed for Canada. ("I was about eight or nine at the time.") They stayed nearly a year, playing theaters and night clubs in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto.

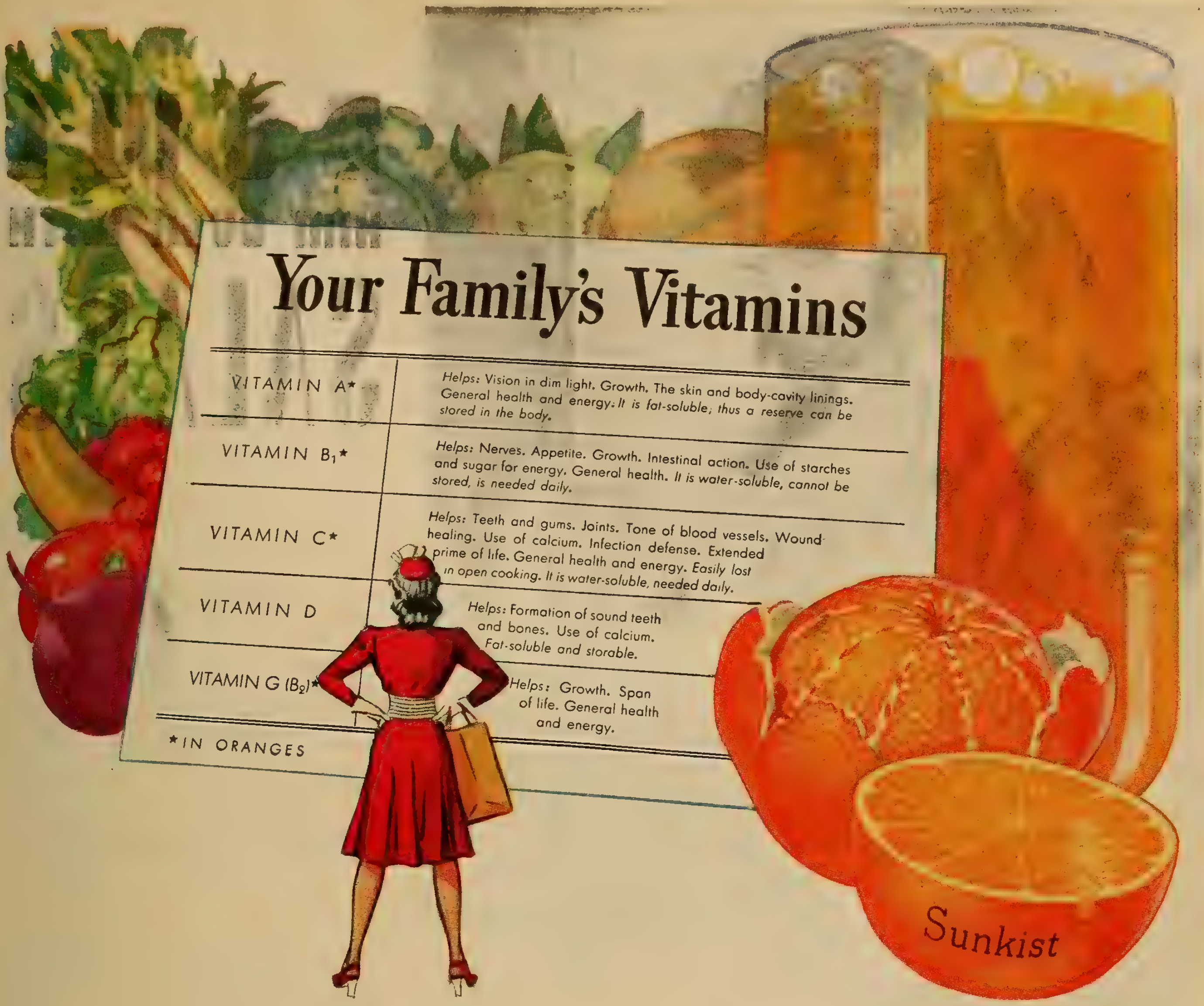
Yes, night clubs. "I got by, because I was tall for my age and looked older than I was—though audiences knew we were pretty young. That was what made us 'different' and put us over, I think. Our act wasn't exactly sensational. We sang as a trio, we played our instruments as a trio, and we danced as a trio—and Mary and Betty did a Dutch dance together, and I did solo acrobatic dances and a tap dance on stairs. And I did impersonations of people like ZaSu Pitts and Schnozzle Durante and Garbo and Katharine Hepburn and, later, Luise Rainer in the telephone scene in *The Great Ziegfeld*."

What happened to her schooling, meanwhile? "Oh, I went to school. There are laws about that. I worked mostly at night, so my work didn't interfere with my schooling. Only my sleep. And I'd make that up in the afternoon after school, napping before dinner. I'd do my home work between shows at night. And when we were traveling, I had lessons with me. And I did them. Mom saw to that."

Didn't she ever play games, like other

[*Continued on page* 72]

The Brodells of Irish extraction originally hailed from Detroit. Papa Brodell gave up bank job when the three daughters showed song and dance talent. After years of trouping while girls grew up they settled in L. A. Photo shows them in new home, parents at ends of table, Joan in foreground, Betty, Mary opposite



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BOWL HIM OVER WITH SALADS

By PAULINE RAWLEY

Deanna Durbin in her latest role as Mrs. Vaughn Paul uses her "talent" for tossing a mixed salad. Deanna's a new bride but an old hand at salad bowl-ing

DEANNA DURBIN—Mrs. Vaughn Paul, to you—may be a new bride, but she's an old hand at "salad bowl-ing." In fact, young Mrs. Paul will probably use her "talent" to toss together a really *superb* mixed green salad a lot during the coming summer months. For she knows that one of the surest ways to keep a young hubby happy, during warm weather, is to serve him a topnotch mixed salad. She knows, too, that there's a world of difference in salads; that they can be dull, or just plain "rabbit food" as many men say, OR, with a little forethought and organizing, they can be just the right answer to summertime menu planning.

Deanna has the answers to "bowling her man over with salads" and I wonder if you wouldn't like some of them to tuck up your sleeve? Here are a few suggestions we guarantee will help you keep the man in *your* life happy and well-fed all summer long.

Since every good salad starts off with a *crisp* lettuce or other green base, it's up to the cook in the case to see that this important ingredient is given the proper treatment. Lettuce heads should be trimmed, then thrust under the cold water faucet until the leaves are forced apart. Paper towels are grand to use to absorb the excess moisture after they become crisp. The greens should then be stored in an airtight container and, of course, placed in the refrigerator. This simple care is reliable insurance against all varieties of bedraggled looking salad greens.

Radishes and onions add *zip* to any salad bowl. So they, too, deserve being topped, scrubbed and plunged into cold water before they are stored (tightly wrapped) in the refrigerator.

Carrots respond colorfully when scrubbed thoroughly with a metal sponge before their cold water storage. They're apt to shrivel if kept in the refrigerator dry, but I've found that they'll keep for days if they are placed in the refrigerator in an open water-filled glass jar.

Cauliflower remains pure white and provides interesting color and flavor contrast in salad bowls if it is cooked in rapidly boiling salted water, but *only* until it is *slightly tender*. It should then be drained and immediately thrust into ice water; redrained, and popped into the ever-handy refrigerator.

Onion flavoring is a *must* in every green salad. If your pantry shelf doesn't hold onion salt—simply sprinkle salt on a slice of onion. Scrape with a knife and this will extract all the juice necessary for real flavor-appeal.

Orange and grapefruit segments turn out neatly if a sharp knife is used when peeling and cutting off the outside membrane. The blade should be slipped *down* along each section wall, *twisted quickly*, and the result is perfectly formed fruit-for-salad.

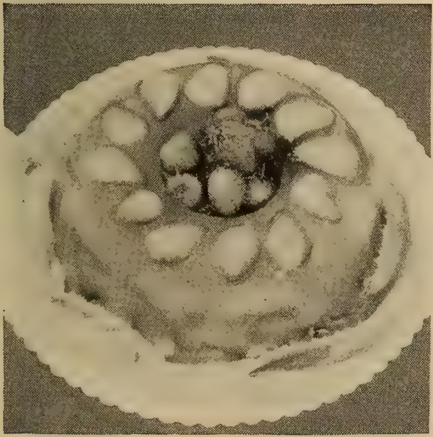
Julienne strips are easy to prepare if two or three thin slices of meat or vegetables are placed on the cutting-board and cut in even strips with a straight sharp knife. These same Julienne strips can quickly be converted into diced morsels when bundled together and several strips are cut into cubes at a time.

AND back again to the base of all salads. Don't forget—besides lettuce, there are salad greens galore to be found at vegetable stands. For example, when it's "new interest" you're after, try parsley, celery tops, nasturtium leaves, watercress, chickory, romaine, endive, or Chinese cabbage. Although I realize these are not all to be found in your neighborhood store, many of them are, and your fruit or vegetable man will point them out to you.

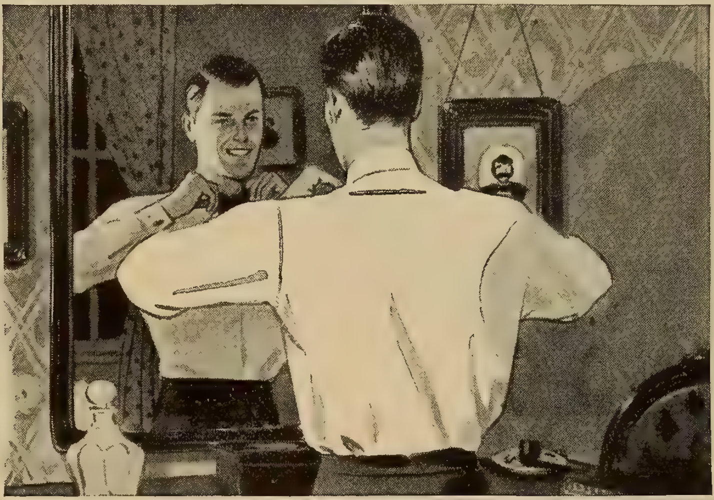
Again for variety and a spark of color—try dipping the frilly edge of lettuce and other greens in paprika which has been shaken out on a plate. This is especially attractive when the leaves are served on individual salad plates. Score the outside of the peeled cucumber lengthwise with a fork before slicing. This will give it a nicely notched edge. A new note of flavor is added to tomatoes which are sprinkled with salt and black pepper at least ten minutes before serving. Melon and cantaloupe balls add colorful highlights against salad greens. Try rolling canned pear halves in crushed corn flakes, ginger snap crumbs or cooky crumbs. Use your muffin tins for salad molds, and don't forget that glycerine brushed lightly over the inside of the mold will solve the "how to turn it out neatly" problem.

Adding this vegetable, or that new fruit, is well and good, but any man who loves salads will tell you that—"by gorry, it's the dressing that makes them successes or failures." Whether it's French, Russian, or mayonnaise, men like dressings that add "spark" and life to their rabbit food. This can easily be accomplished by adding perky seasonings. Herbs and spices (gently used) are natural allies of tasty salad dressings. For example, Cole Slaw made with French dressing to which a few celery seeds have been added is something to tempt even the fussiest appetite. Paprika can be used lavishly, and a faint "whisk" of garlic does wonders, as do touches of Worcestershire, dry mustard, horseradish, curry, chopped parsley, and the like.

But, salad dressings are almost an entire subject by themselves. So much so, in fact, that I can't possibly give you enough of the answers right here. But if you will fill in the coupon on page 81, you will see that this month I am offering (free of charge) [*Continued on page* 81]



Refreshing as a summer breeze is this Sparkling Pineapple Jelly Salad served with Hawaiian French Dressing. Recipe for salad and dressing included in text



ABSENCE...

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . . .

—makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts. She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

FELS-NAPTHA

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Barbara Stanwyck

Hollywood Parties

HOBBY-PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH—was the "snap-and-snack" tour of the nite-spots hosted by Photographer Jules Buck . . . Taking advantage of the current craze among Hollywood film stars to tote their cameras wherever they go and take candid snaps of *anything*, Jules took a gang of his pals—Jack Warner Jr., Anne Shirley, John Payne, Betty Grable and a dozen others—on a round of nite-clubbing . . . At the Mocambo, Beverly Tropics, and Ciro's, the gang ate and snapped their pictures, then wound up at Jules' apartment where he had set up a first-class dark-room . . . When the pictures had been developed and printed, a committee of photographers who make their living grabbing just such shots, gave first prize to Jack Warner Jr., for his snap of Barbara Stanwyck at the Tropics . . . The prize? A heavy volume entitled "Photography for Beginners!" . . . On-the-set party this month—*wasn't* to celebrate a star's birthday . . . It was the surprise given BY a star—Carole Landis—for her stand-in, the last day of shooting on *Miami* . . . The thing that has the whole town talking about what a swell girl Carole is, is the fact that when her stand-in cut the cake it didn't play "Happy Birthday to You!" . . . But it *did* reveal an envelope containing an all-expense voucher for a two-weeks trip to Florida for the stand-in AND her husband! . . . "Put on yer cowboy rig, grab yer spurs and gallop over for a rip-roarin' shindig," were the invitations sent out by Dickie Jones to celebrate his 14th birthday . . . These kids are no pikers when it comes to throwing parties in Hollywood . . . With permission of his bosses at the Columbia studio, Dickie's party was held on the Western set at Columbia Ranch . . . The gang—Janie Withers, Freddie Bartholomew, Buddy Pepper, Jackie Cooper, and about a hundred others—were met at the studio-gate and taken to the set in an old time stage-coach . . . Street dancing to a cowboy band and a swing orchestra took up most of the afternoon . . . Talk of the party was the *rhumba* as executed by Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew, of ALL people!

MOST refreshing-party-of-the-month—was the ice cream social dreamed up by Barbara Allen . . . Barbara (Vera Vague, you know) took over Wright's Ice Cream Emporium in Hollywood, and invited her pals to come dressed for the occasion . . . The boys arrived in "ice cream pants" (white slacks to you!) and the gals in gingham dresses . . . There were *no* cocktails served and the gang *didn't* play gin rummy or other sophisticated games that Hollywood generally bores itself with after dark . . . The evening started off with a taffy-pull and it was just as sticky as the ones you've tried in your own kitchen . . . Games included "post office" and "spin the platter" . . . The party wound up with every one sitting on the floor positively gorging themselves on vanilla and strawberry ice cream . . . And if you don't think Hollywood is STILL talking about the good time they had, try it yourself the next time you want something different for a Saturday night . . . Honors for unique table decorations this month go to the stags of the town . . . Men aren't supposed to be very clever at such things, but when Al Rogell entertained about thirty of the town's male population at dinner at the House of Murphy, his table bouquets of fresh green onions were quite the talk of the evening . . . The guests, dressed in butcher aprons and chefs' caps, stuffed themselves with huge beefsteaks and ate the decorations for dessert . . . Gin rummy, darts and strictly-stag conversation carried the party well past midnight.

ROOF-RAISING-party-of-the-month—was just that! . . . Bob Oliver—the socialite who plays around with the movie crowd—decided he wanted a guest house at his Wagon Wheel Ranch in the Valley . . . So when guests Wayne Morris, Lupe Velez, Jack Warner Jr. and Blake Garner arrived at the ranch, they were presented with hammers and nails, led to a pile of lumber and told to get busy . . . In a surprisingly short time, the sides of the cottage and the ridge-pole were in place . . . In true carpenter guild tradition, a flag was raised as soon as the ridge-pole was in place . . . When the work was done, beer barrels and a barbecued dinner were taken into the cottage and it was christened by the guests eating off the floor . . . Bob admits that he's going to have a carpenter come out and give the place his official okeh before he asks a guest to sleep under its amateur-constructed roof . . . Cafe-partying gag of the month—is the one inaugurated by Sugie Sugerman, owner of the Beverly Tropics . . . Sugie has started the trick of concocting drinks and naming them for his feminine guests . . . He really went to town on the gag the other evening when Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Judy Garland and Dave Rose were nite-clubbing at his spot . . . A mixture of grape-juice and ginger-ale was presented to Judy Garland and named the "Vocal Voodoo" . . . A "Zigie's Zombie" was whipped up and presented to Lana Turner in honor of her latest picture, *Ziegfeld Girl* . . . Sugie wouldn't tell what went into the making of the Zombie, but he did say it was just as potent as Lana! . . . Most elegant party of *any* month—was the birthday surprise party Wynn Rocamora gave for gal friend Patricia Morison . . . After attending the theater, Wynn took Patricia to the Scheherazade, where they were greeted by the orchestra playing "Happy Birthday to You."

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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Garson Kanin, who will soon be joining the Army, directs Ginger Rogers and George Murphy in a scene from Ginger's new romantic comedy, *Tom, Dick and Harry,* in which the star has three leading men, Murphy, Alan Marshall and Burgess Meredith

SLICKEST trick of-the-month—for getting a good shot was dreamed up by William Powell for *Love Crazy* . . . It's that scene where Bill, his head caught in an elevator door, has his face expertly licked by a dog . . . Bill obligingly put his head in the door time after time, but for some reason the dog just wasn't interested in licking the Powell puss . . . After about the 'steenth try, Bill yelled to Director Jack Conway: "Hey, Jack, give me time out for about ten minutes and I think I can get the dog to do his stuff." . . . Time was called, and Bill disappeared from the set . . . In a few minutes he came back, said he was ready and they tried the scene again . . . This time the dog couldn't get his tongue going fast enough . . . He licked Bill's face, eyes, and even went to work on the inside of his ears! . . . When the take was completed, Conway asked Powell how he did it . . . "Simple," he replied. "I just went to the commissary, got a hunk of hamburger and washed my face in it." . . . Most envied actor in Hollywood this month is John Wayne . . . The other stormy day on the set of *Lady From New Orleans* John and blond Ona Munson were making a scene which starts with John telling her he loves her and ends with a c-l-i-n-c-h . . . John had just got to the clinch part when a bolt of lightning started to play games, hit a windmill and then jumped to the huge transformer on the set, putting out all the lights . . . The Wayne guy insists he hasn't had as much fun since the last time he went thro' the tunnel on the scenic railway!

BUST-out-laughin'est scene bust-up this month—came on the *Lady Be Good* set over at M-G-M, . . . It happened during the filming of that love scene between John Carroll and Eleanor Powell. . . . Everything was going according to script until "Buttons," Eleanor's pooch, broke his leash and started to run amuck . . . You see, "Buttons" has a special soft spot in his canine heart for Merrill Pye, Eleanor's current boy-friend . . . So when he saw some other guy making love to his mistress, he forgot his set manners and sank his teeth in John's ankle . . . Eleanor's embarrassment and John's surprise are so darn funny that they're going to leave the whole thing in the picture . . . Impromptu strip-tease act was staged by Virginia Engels on the set of Universal's *Unfinished Business* . . . Virginia had just finished that nite-club scene with Irene Dunne and Bob Montgomery in which she wears a but-breath-taking gown of gold lame . . . As she walked across the set to her dressing-room, the train of her gown touched an electrical cable connection . . . The contact caused a short in the wiring, and threw a long flame which MELTED the gown off one side of Virginia! . . . Only casualty: One acute case of embarrassment.

MOST jubilant director this month is Bill Keighley, and all because he managed to shoot a scene of Jimmy Cagney kissing Bette Davis that lasts a whole minute! . . . It's that scene for *The Bride Came C. O. D.,* where Bette and Jimmy, in a smoke-filled tunnel, go in for a bit of love making. . . . Now, it's not a hard job in Hollywood, as a general rule, to shoot the romantic scenes between he-men and glamour gals . . . But Cagney's different . . . He just won't kiss . . . Oh, he'll give a brotherly peck on the forehead or kiss the gals goodbye, but no actress has ever swooned from his ardent love-making . . . It's just not the Cagney technique . . . But Bill Keighley wanted a scene that would start the Hays office thumbing through their book of do's-and-don't's. And he got it. . . . During rehearsals for the tunnel scene, Bill never mentioned the final clinch to Jimmy . . . Even thro' the morning's shooting of the scene that leads up to it, the kiss wasn't mentioned . . . But the scene called for the tunnel to be filled with smoke, and when Keighley had the fires built to make that smoke, he had them made HOT . . . "Okeh, Jimmy," said Keighley, "this is the shot where you kiss Bette as if you meant it." . . . And to everyone's astonishment Jimmy did . . . "It was a cinch," explained Bill afterwards . . . "Both of them were so drowsy with heat and fumes, and Cagney was so relaxed that he just followed directions!" . . . Now Bette's trying to figure out why anyone has to be doped into kissing her!

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Why Don't Men Like Bob?

[*Continued from page* 21]

just because Bob Taylor is lucky enough to have that effect, a lot of us men make up our minds to dislike him.

Until a short time ago, I was no exception. I hated Bob Taylor. And I was as unreasonable in my opinion of him as perhaps other men are. I resented the very sound of his name. I couldn't take it, if my current girl friend started gushing about him in my presence. But all my empty arguments, all my persuasive powers couldn't change her mind. The girls still go on liking him. Come hell or high water, nothing will alter their affection and loyalty toward him.

To this very day, I don't know how it happened. But one afternoon, I suddenly came to the startling realization that I was driving out to Culver City . . . . that I was driving out there to meet Bob Taylor! For the life of me, I never could figure out how I had gotten myself into this. I let loose with a choice half-dozen of my favorite epithets aimed at myself as I drove along. I knew that I didn't like Bob. I knew that deep-down I resented everything about him. Yet here I was on my way out to the M-G-M studios to talk with him.

When I walked on the set, there was a definite antagonism. The chip on my shoulder grew to the size of a log. I was all set to assure myself I was right in my attitude. I was ready to believe the worst. I wanted to convince myself that Taylor was just another of those too handsome glamour guys who was too good to be true.

As if to add insult to injury, I had to wait around on that hot, airless set with the stench of the smudge pots permeating the place. As the minutes passed, my antipathy toward him grew. I knew if Spencer Tracy or Fred MacMurray kept me waiting, I wouldn't mind. But with Taylor it was different. As far as I was concerned, he already had two strikes against him.

At last, he breezed in, bronzed and smiling. In that split second, I felt like a kid who was licked in a fight that he wanted more than anything else in the world to win. I knew I was wrong! I had a funny feeling I'd have to eat my words. I knew my opinion of Bob was altogether cockeyed. And as I watched him stop and chat with various players and people on the set, I knew that all of these people who were better acquainted with him actually liked him. You could see it by the look on their faces.

And when Bob said "hello," I realized that my own opinion of him was as worthless as a Nazi in Britain. I knew that I owed him an abject apology. I knew that along with many other men, my judgment of him had gotten off on the wrong track and I hadn't even given him the slightest benefit of the doubt.

BUT now, I'm ready to take it all back—and eat my own words. And all those men whose opinions have coincided with my own would be willing to do the same if only they had the chance to talk to Bob for five minutes. They would discover the same characteristics I found. They would see that Bob is one of the most misunderstood individuals in the acting ranks. There is hardly another player in the entire film colony who is more real and downright earthy than Bob. He's just a simple, unaffected, honest, sensible guy who doesn't give a hoot about all the glamour that surrounds him.

He doesn't walk around looking into every passing mirror or patting his hair in place. His speech is completely devoid of any

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preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

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synthetic accent and lacks the affected broad "a" of a great many other players. He doesn't walk around with an air of superiority or importance. He doesn't tell you how hard he has worked or how much he has sacrificed for his career. And if you know Hollywood, that's the formula you have to listen to almost endlessly.

Bob is a chap who is as full of normal enthusiasms as you or I. He can get excited about a cheap, little ten-cent gadget. And—ladies, hold your breath! He's not as handsome or glamorous as you are often misled into believing. Or maybe, it was because he, as *Billy the Kid,* was dressed in dirty jeans and a dark, dust-covered shirt when I saw him. But he was every bit as rugged and virile-looking as any of his supporting cast. And let me tell you, they were a tough-looking bunch of hombres.

THERE was a pleasant amiability about him as he lit a cigarette and started to apologize for being late. He had had visitors from Nebraska and he was conducting them personally through the studios to make sure they didn't miss a single thing they came to see.

Originally, I came out to talk about Bob's home life—the life of a ranch-owner, rather than that of a leading player. I wanted to know just what he did during his leisure hours. I wanted to know what hobbies and pastimes a guy like him indulged in. I wanted to discover if a young man from Nebraska changed so very much when he was uprooted from his native soil and perched on a pedestal in the land of glamour.

Frankly, I was all set for the "usual line"—a lot of words about the expensive amusements of the stars—the mentioning of names that always dazzle the public, and references to Ciro's, the Brown Derby and Victor Hugo's. But when he started talking, I discovered those things didn't matter. I found myself wondering instead what I didn't like about Bob. I even tried to discover the reason women went limp at the sound of his name.

I came out to get a background picture of what a good-looking guy does at home. I wanted it straight from the shoulder. But what I got was altogether different. He didn't brag about his spacious home. He merely said he and Barbara were no longer living in the Valley. He said they had rented a house in Beverly Hills—one that had previously belonged to Colleen Moore. He complained about closet-space. "We have so much clothes—stuff for pictures, costumes and all sorts of junk," he explained. "We have to get a house that has plenty of closet space."

And this, I thought to myself, is what a star talks about! This is what's bothering him. It almost sounds the way any little shop-keeper talks back home.

"Another reason we moved back to town," he went on, "was because if we were meeting friends in town, we had to meet at certain streets that would be convenient to everyone concerned. And then again, Barbara likes life and excitement and the hustle and bustle of town life. She was brought up in that sort of an environment."

From what he said, it was plain that Bob catered to his wife's wishes. He never stops to question her judgment or reasons. He has enough faith in her to know that what she says can stand up.

"How does she feel," I asked, "to share the affections of her husband with all the women in the country?"

The Taylor eyes opened wide in amazement. "She doesn't," he answered simply. And in those two words, everything I had ever thought of Bob vanished into thin air. I could see at a glance that he still doesn't regard himself with the egotism and conceit of much lesser-known players. I could see that he's almost oblivious of the fact that he's the secret passion of a countryful of women. He still regards himself as a boy from Nebraska who happened to get a break. He doesn't realize that because millions of women the country over feel their pulses fluttering wildly and their eyes becoming glassy every time they see him on the screen is probably the greatest reason that a lot of men hate him!

And maybe, in a sense, the men are right. Maybe they don't begrudge him the attention of one woman or two, or even half-a-dozen. But when it comes to annexing the affections of most of the girls in the country—then it's a different story. You can't blame the men for feeling sore about something like that. You can't blame a husband for getting his dander up when his wife looks at him scrutinizingly and finally says—"Why couldn't you look even *a little* like Robert Taylor." You can't blame the local Romeos for beefing when they know their girl friends are secretly carrying the torch for Bob and that they're only playing second-fiddle. Looking at it that way, these men are right in hating Taylor.

Of course, there are a couple of other reasons why we men hate Bob. And the one that we'd rather die than admit is that we're jealous of him. Sure, we are. But since no man will admit he's jealous, the masculine mind tries to find other excuses. Instead, we say Bob is too good-looking. Pretty, we call it. The next time anyone tells me that, they're going to get a pretty stiff argument. He has charm and personality and a little male oomph added—but the pretty stuff is definitely out.

MOST of us are pretty sore because we're not in Bob's boots. We, too, would like to have our vanity flattered. We, too, would like to have the ladies go wild about us. And because we can't effect that, we act like a bunch of soreheads. We all gang up on the guy who's up on top. But because we beef so much—because we resent him, the girls are goaded on to rally around him even more strongly. And we big-minded guys don't realize that we're only making saps of ourselves.

Another reason for our disliking him is the fact that he's successful. Of course, we secretly envy Clark Gable and Cary Grant for being successful, too. But we don't have anything about them to criticize. Not yet. If we did, we'd be just as ready to vent our wrath on them as we would on Taylor. We always think that an actor's life is a snap. We think they merely spend a couple of hours before the cameras pitching the woo with some gorgeous glamour girl and rake in the shekels for something we'd consider a pleasure. But if you watch these players on the set, sweating and straining to achieve the desired effect—working until all hours—doing scene after scene ten, twenty, thirty times, the very monotony would kill the

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average worker. You'd think digging ditches was a cinch.

When you see the handsome faces of some of the erstwhile stars lined and creased, it was something more than grease-paint that put those premature lines there. It was worrying about every picture they made. It was worrying about what the front-office would say. It was worrying whether their options would be renewed. And we males sit back contemptuously in our chairs and blusteringly deride their efforts. Not until you've worked for ten or twelve hours on a hot, airless set; getting to work at the crack of dawn and leaving long after dark, will you realize that there's a mighty good reason for an actor getting the salary he commands.

I WATCHED Bob doing this very thing. Watched him going through the same scene time and again because some little mechanism went wrong—because an extra moved at the wrong moment—because another player blew up on his lines. And I had to change my opinion of him. Not once did I hear him complain. Instead, he went in and tried again—hoping that each shot would be the perfect one. It takes a lot of endurance and determination. Bob showed without a doubt that he's made of such stuff.

I tried hard to detect a trace of the phony in him. In some other players, this was an easy thing to do. They were actors on stage as well as off. But not Bob. There's nothing he won't say or do in your presence that he doesn't say or do before the camera.

He is honest in confessing that when he first became famous, he spent most of his time at Ciro's. "I always promised myself I'd go in for the glamorous night-life when I could afford it," he told me. "That was before I started making money. But a few months of that, and I called it quits. Right now, I enjoy sitting home listening to the radio. Sometimes, Barbara and I will go out. But most of the time, we have a couple of people over and spend our evenings very quietly."

Recently there was some talk about Bob and Barbara splitting up. But thus far the rumor was just another of those things that sweep through Hollywood at periodic intervals. It was all started because they weren't stepping out in public as much as certain cafe-owners thought they should. And in order to combat such gossip, a rumor of divorce was necessary to dislodge these two swell people from the comfort of their home and show themselves in public.

Now the cafe owners are satisfied. Now the public is satisfied. And now the Taylors can settle back to their simple domesticity. And all of us wise guys who were finally saying that Barbara must have been fed up with her handsome husband, have to retract our high hopes. We have to admit that everything about Bob shows that he's no different from the average guy. And I, for one, can vouch for the statement that Bob Taylor is one of the most regular guys you can find anywhere in the country. That's all, brother.

PREVIEW

Robert Taylor's latest picture

BILLY THE KID

in thrilling story form in the July issue of

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

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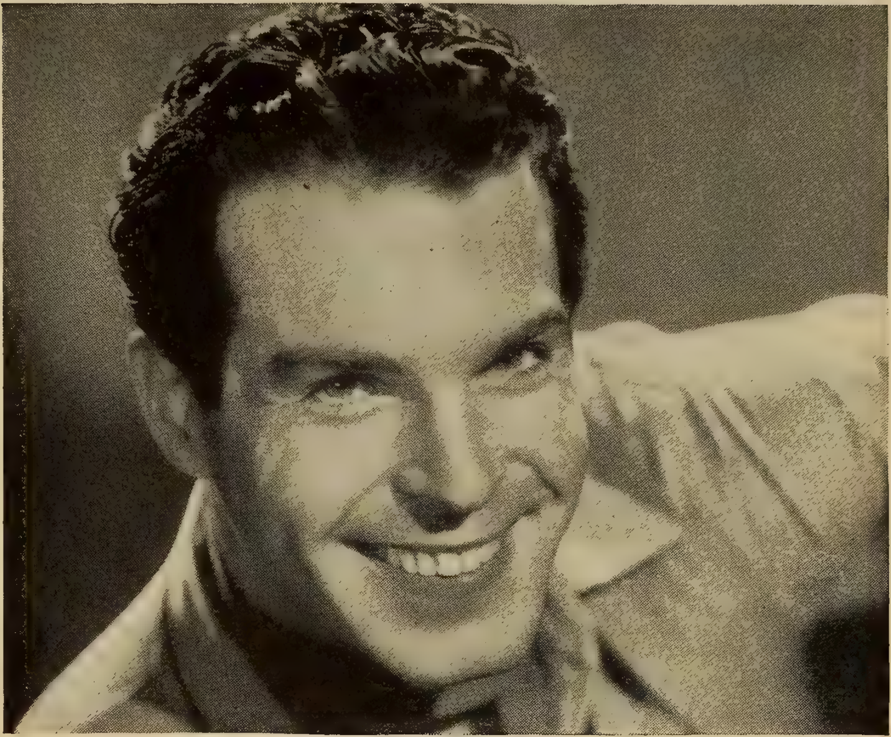
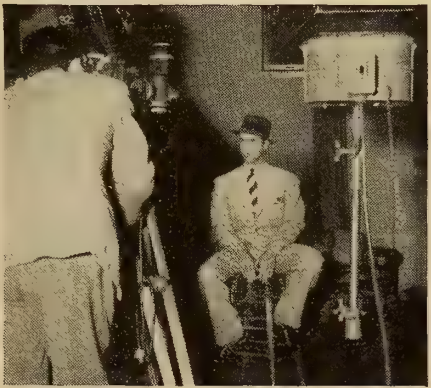
YOU'RE A SHINING EXAMPLE, MR. MacMURRAY!



FRED MacMURRAY, star of the Paramount picture, **"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"** flashes a gleaming, shining smile. Keeping "groomed to the teeth" is a prime principle with Mr. MacMurray—as with most Hollywood stars. Many rely on CALOX TOOTH POWDER.



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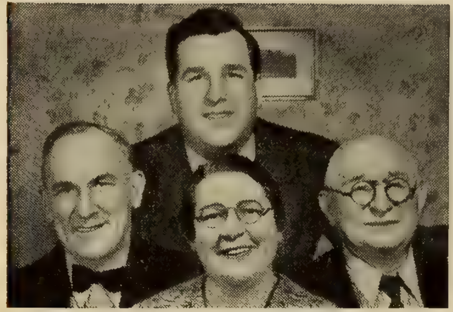

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Parker Bouldin Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. & Mrs. Powell

[*Continued from page* 54]

"You can't take seriously a hero who is always coming to the rescue with a song that had more rhythm than it had sense," he explained. "I've escaped from the crooning chores at last. I want to play character roles, light comedy roles, such as I had in *Christmas Holiday.*"

You make a mental note, forthwith, that Mr. Powell could be one of the deftest of comedians if given half a chance, just as Mrs. Powell is one of the smoothest of comediennes. For he has a good-humored approach to life. You can't fancy him morose any more than you can Mrs. Powell. The only difference is that there is more assurance in Joan's light-heartedness. But then, you realize Joan has been reared against a background of light-heartedness. She grew up in the happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the vaudeville stage. To get along she had to look upon life with a smile.

Dick, on the other hand, had to live down a crooning past. And professional crooners are by nature moony fellows. He even made his debut in Hollywood through a screen test for a flicker called, *The Crooner.* Though he was a legitimate bayer-of-the-moon, Hollywood, characteristically, decided that he wasn't the type. It took him quite a little time to convince them he was. It took him, also, quite a little time to get his sense of humor to working, to realize that crooning as a career led inevitably down a dead-end street.

YES, you are quite sure as you watch them and listen to them, they might do very well in a picture, titled, "Mr. and Mrs. Powell." The dialogue would be the easy give-and-take of everyday life. The scene—Middletown, U. S. A. The story might even open with the young couple getting ready to take a trip. There is a charming nonchalance about their behavior even in their disagreements. The theme might be concerned with such a simple subject as the building of a house for themselves and their growing family. Under proper treatment—George Cukor might be just the man to direct it—it could be a glowing representation of Americana.

Mrs. Powell might strike you with her svelteness, her ready speech, as a bit more sophisticated than her husband. Yet, in all matters of business she leaves everything to Dick. He has to do the thinking. In fact, she says that he thinks and thinks until his head fairly aches. Their chief problem in the comedy would be their valiant, but vain, attempt to escape from their environment and become a regular, everyday Mr. and Mrs.

As a matter of record, they couldn't be too "everyday." Both are too attractive, too discriminating in their tastes to impress you as familiar types. They wear their clothes well. Their voices are agreeable. Their faces are friendly. They seem to want to please rather than impress. There is a nice casualness about them. So domestically casual, indeed, has Mr. Powell been that you have scarcely noticed that he has substituted black oxfords for his red carpet-slippers, that he has inserted an effectively harmonious gray-and-blue necktie into his shirt collar, that he has slipped into the double-breasted gray herring-bone coat that goes with his well-cut trousers.

Mrs. Powell, you notice, is still resting her weary feet. She is glad the hotel has available a practiced hand at bag-packing.

"The children have been in Palm Springs," she confides, "during our sojourn here. They'll be back home when we get there. It's a lovely old house that King Vidor built years ago. William Haines, the ex-actor—you remember him—did most of the interior decorating. No, there's no swimming-pool. The children might fall into a swimming-pool. We're taking back a novelty to the kids—teddy bears with searchlights in them—and of course some new clothes."

MR. AND MRS. POWELL don't go to the movies as much as they should, they said, but now that they are avoiding long contracts they are much happier in the movies than formerly. Radio takes a good part of their time. For several seasons Dick was the master of ceremonies on the program, *Hollywood Hotel.* Joan has been busy most of this season in a daytime serial.

Both are tremendously interested in the spoken drama. They would like to appear on the stage together. Outside of some brief vaudeville engagements Dick has never tried it. Joan has, of course. Joan played in New York in *Tarnish,* in *Maggie, the Magnificent* and *Penny Arcade.* New York has forgotten them. New York hasn't forgotten Joan. It remembers her vividness, her vitality. It remembers, too, the magnificent heigh-ho the press department of the Brothers Warner staged for her and Dick when they arrived in the harbor on their honeymoon. In a city used to magnificent heigh-ho, their welcome was something to startle P. T. Barnum in his grave, with bands and reporters and tugboats—dozens of them—paying tribute. And while the reporters tried to appear calm, the bands tooted and the tugboats screeched with sirens and streamers. "Welcome to New York—Dick Powell and Joan Blondell!" cried out the streamers. "Welcome! Welcome!"

If New York is as observant as it is unforgetful of spectacular whoopla it must note that marriage has agreed with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. They are, unmistakably a happy couple. If he has acquired poise, a keener understanding of himself, a new responsibility in the last four years, she seems gayer, younger. They appear ideally suited to one another. Perhaps this mutual agreeableness, you decide, is due partly to their complete lack of artifice and pretense, partly to their abundant sense of humor. At any event, they are getting fun out of life, out of their friends, their children and themselves.

IT IS significant that Dick Powell has made commanding strides as an actor, as a personality since Joan Blondell came into his life. It is equally significant that Joan Blondell is happier, more sensitive, more glamorous than ever since she married Dick Powell.

They are constantly together, they enjoy their Hollywood domesticity, they seem as much in love as when they posed bewilderedly for the news photographers on that noisy trip up the bay in the fall of 1936.

You are reluctant to leave them, so insistent has been their quiet, unostentatious charm. But the bags are packed, a clerk has come with the train tickets, there's a dinner date to keep—an uncommon dinner of oysters and steak. And, more pressingly, there's a hotel bill to pay. Dick will go down now to pay it. He will go along with you to the elevator. As you reach for your hat an irresistible impulse comes over you.

"How does it feel," you ask Joan, "to be America's most glamorous mother?"

"Nuts!" smiles Joan. "Show the gentleman the door, Dick!"

The Man Hollywood Couldn't Forget

[*Continued from page* 33]

working at Universal in *The Man Who Lost Himself,* with Kay Francis and Brian Aherne. I went over to the studio to watch him work. He was doing his first scene since his return to Hollywood. The setting was the living room of a lavishly-furnished Park Avenue apartment of which, presumably, Kay Francis was the tenant. And Nils, as in the days of his former prestige, was making a love scene with Kay. It was appropriate, I thought, that the one-time Great Lover should be making a love scene as his first stint before the cameras.

I noticed, too, that he speaks with a voice startlingly like the voice of Charles Boyer, deep and richly textured. He has a slight accent like Boyer. He was saying, "Adrienne, I'll make you happy, I promise you. Go to Reno, get your divorce, marry me and I'll make up to you for all the misery you have known . . ."

"This is the kind of dialogue Nils handles best," Director Edward Ludwig said, approvingly . . . Kay and I agreed (you know how women go on) that it wouldn't be difficult for Nils to make up for the misery of a couple of dozen women if he put his mind (not to mention his face) to it . . .

A few weeks later, I saw him at Paramount where he was working, with Ellen Drew, in *The Night of January 16th.* After which, he goes into *Forced Landing,* with Richard Arlen and Eva Gabor. Studios everywhere are demanding him. No one has forgotten, from prop boys and "grips" up to and including, directors, agents and producers.

And Nils is, I found, rather pathetically astonished. He admits that he misjudged Hollywood, and badly. He admits that he misjudged the Public. He didn't expect to be remembered by anyone. Least of all, by Hollywood . . .

HE TOLD me, "I thought I knew Hollywood—too well. I thought, they won't want an old-timer like me. I told myself, too much fine, new talent has come up since I left. Too much young talent . . . Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Dennis Morgan, William Holden . . . no, I did not expect to be remembered. I certainly did not expect to be wanted . . .

"I did not come back with any idea of trying to make a come-back. Come-backs, I told myself, are wishful-thinking, they do not exist in fact. I even registered at the Beverly Hills Hotel under the name of Anton Nilsson. I didn't want anyone to know that I was here. I did not want it said of me, 'Poor fellow, he is trying to get a job here, trying to stage a come-back, a pity' . . . I was not trying.

"I came back for business reasons, to dispose of my house and furnishings, to wind up a little business I had left unfinished when I left here and, most importantly, to see my daughter, Evelyn, now nine years old.

"I sold my house and furnishings at auction, that being the quickest way. I had Evelyn with me for some weeks. I was then ready to leave. Ten days before I started to work in *The Man Who Lost Himself,* I had sent my luggage on to New York. I had made reservations on the train.

"Then, that night at the theater, which was the first and only time I appeared in public in Hollywood, agents came up to me, asked me if I would make pictures. Which was a surprise in itself. I said, 'Thank you, but no, I am leaving for New York in ten

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days.' The next day a small item appeared in one of the papers, saying that I was in town. That same day some very prominent agents called me on the phone, asked me again whether I would make pictures. They had taken the trouble, I realized, to find out where I was stopping. But I told them. 'You are wasting your time. You are very kind but I know Hollywood, it is no use.' They said, 'But if we find interest on the part of the studios, what then?' I said, 'I can only repeat, you are wasting your time.'

"But—incredibly and almost immediately, I was offered a long-term contract at one of the major studios. Even more incredibly, they offered to put me out as a star at once. I did not want stardom. I still do not want stardom. I want, now, only to keep busy. I prefer to play character parts. Much better, I think, to see now what will happen. If, after I make a couple of pictures, I am well received, it will be wonderful . . .

"SO, THEN, Universal offered me the part in *The Man Who Lost Himself*. A second lead. I took that. Now Paramount and *The Night of January 16th*, then *Forced Landing*. It is really very wonderful. It is," smiled Nils, "like very bad fiction which writes Happy Endings where they do not logically belong. Perhaps the best of all is the people who took the trouble to write me and to send wires when they read that I was back and had got a job. Welcome-home letters, that have made me know how lonely I have been . . ."

I said, watching that "face by Michelangelo" under hair that is graying now, but vastly becoming . . . otherwise, not changed at all, in the seven years he has been gone . . . I said, "But where have you been? Where did you go, and why?"

"I left here in '34," Nils told me, "to make a picture in England. I told those I knew, not many, that I'm not a very gregarious person, that I would soon be back. I came back in '35 to make a picture but they did not have a story ready for me. That was something of a let-down . . . they have stories ready, I thought, for players who are in demand.

"I went back to England. In England I made, all told, five pictures. The stories were all excellent. But the pictures, they were not excellent at all. They were, in fact, bad, very bad. So bad that they had best be as forgotten as the forgotten man I thought I had become because of them. I will not say more than this because the producers and directors who made them are still working there and why give offense to others?

"But then, I lost faith in myself. I have never had too much. I was not able to rationalize my failures. I was not able to believe the failures were not my failures, were not my fault. Results are what shape a man's destiny and his thoughts. And the results had been, to put it mildly, deplorable. So that my thoughts were shaped to defeat. I thought, I am finished. And I was very tired.

"So, I started out in my car and I just kept going. I had never been to the Black Forest. I went there. I went into Belgium. I went over to Austria and Hungary. I went to Egypt and Italy and to Morocco. I spent long days in museums. I browsed in art galleries and among collections. I stayed in a place until I had seen all I wanted to see, until the atmosphere had soaked into me. I took a house in Sicily and stayed there for seven months.

"What did I do all the while I was there? I did nothing. Sometimes, I think,

Nils Asther played highly romantic roles, made highly romantic love. As composer Franz Schubert he made love to Pat Paterson in *Serenade*. Love did fade-out here

nothingness can seem enough, can seem all there is. There are those, I think, who will understand what I mean by this—tired people, defeated people. I walked in the forests. I talked with people of the countrysides who did not know who I was nor where I came from, people whom I would never see again. I read books. I dreamed and idled. Romances? Yes, of course, a few. The kind that are lovely while they last, and for which I am very grateful, but which do not last. I was a man in a dream and men in dreams do not make contact with reality.

"IN ROME, I ran into my old good friend, Warner Oland. We went up to Florence together, up to Berlin. I went on to Genoa and Milan and we were to have met at the Villa d'Este. But before I got there, he had gone on a much longer journey. . . .

"Now and then, during my travels, there would be cables from Hollywood, offers. I would think, that is where I belong, that is where I want to go. But I didn't go. Again, it was as if I moved in a dream world where action is impossible. The Theater Guild in New York wanted me for a play, *Mask of Kings*. I lost that because, again, decision was impossible for me. After awhile, there were no more cables, no more offers . . .

"I went up to Sweden to visit my family. My mother and my aunt. An only son, an only child, there is a very strong bond between my mother and me. She is now very ill," Nils told me, "and it is more than possible that I may return again to Sweden. If I can get there in time . . . if I do go back, the war will make it utterly impossible for me to get back to Hollywood again . . .

"So, then, I decided to give it up . . . as it had by now, I was sure, given me up . . . No more of stage work, I told myself, no more of the screen, oh, definitely . . . It was a relief, I thought, when that decision was made. Once the tooth is out, it pains no more. I have been dealing in antiques, as a side-line, for many years. I might go in for that, I thought . . . the actor in me made me dramatize myself, of course . . . a forgotten man, I thought, among old forgotten things, in the Old World . . . good casting, I said, very good casting . . .

"Then one night I was given a play to read. I thought, well I shall read it as one reads a novel, for pleasure, for relaxation. Instead, I found myself sitting up all night, muttering scraps of the dialogue aloud, sitting in front of a mirror, making experiments with make-up, happier than I had been in years . . .

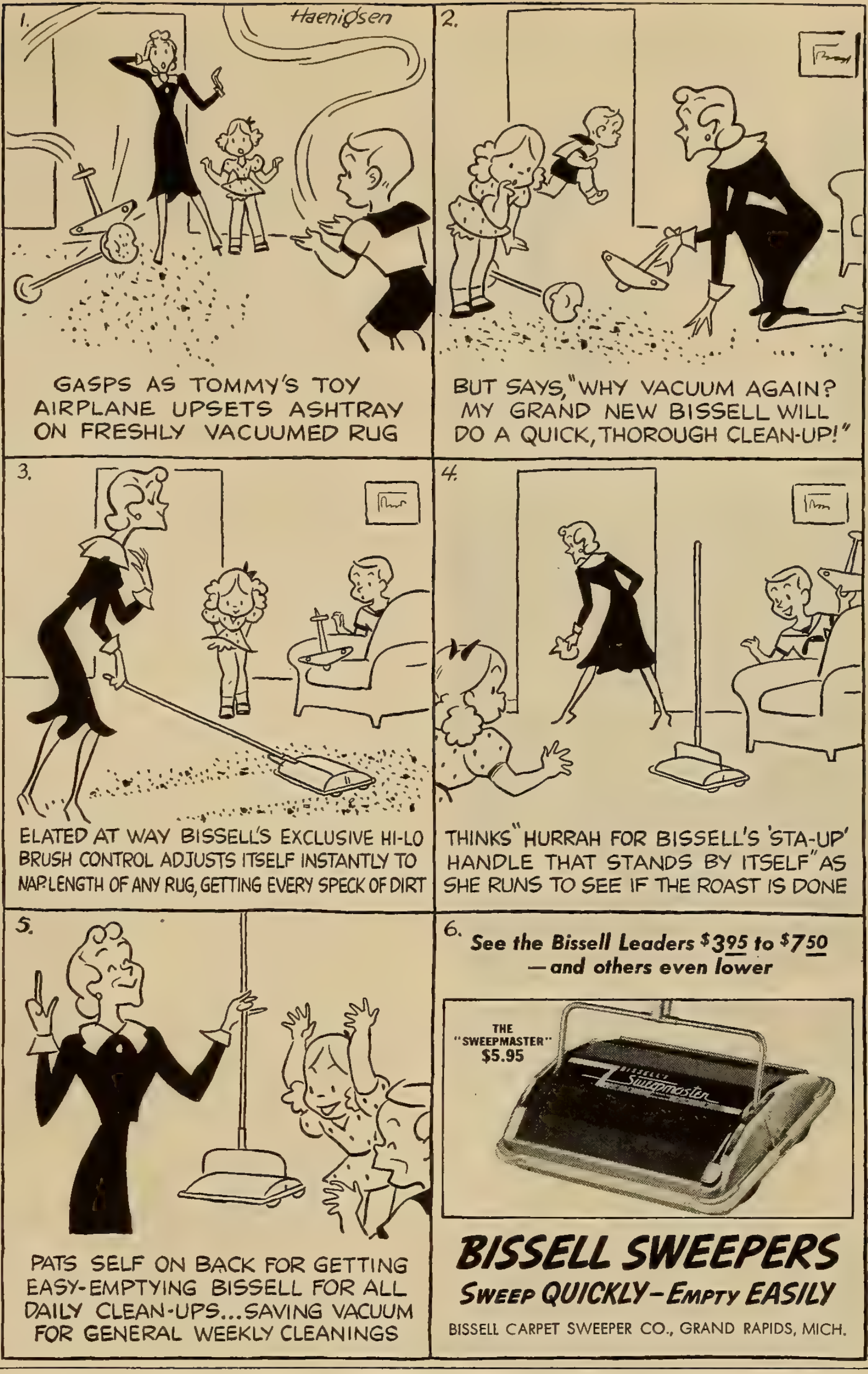
"It was then," Nils smiled, "that I found myself whispering lines of 'dialogue' more dramatic than any to be found in the play . . . 'Actors can't do anything else,' I said to myself, 'it is in the blood . . .'

"So I came back to America. I would return to Hollywood and dispose of my house there, I planned. I would then go back to New York, and perhaps with luck do a play there. Of Hollywood I did not think for one instant because I was so utterly convinced there would be no place for me. Proud, I have never been able to ask for what others are reluctant to give . . .

"AND here I am," Nils smiled . . . "sorry, now, that I sold my house and furniture. I have had to take a small apartment pending more definite plans. Sorry, too, that I did not have more faith in Hollywood; sorry that I did not have more faith in the fans and their loyalty. . . .

"No, I did not think come-backs were possible. It has been," said Nils quietly, his voice deliberately controlled, "a very pleasant surprise . . ."

You, too . . . and you . . . *you* remember him, don't you?



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Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

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This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

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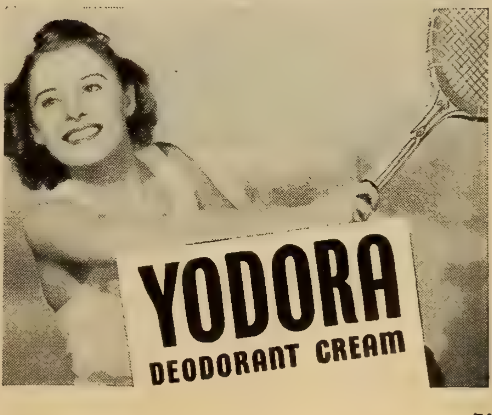

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Sensation at Sixteen

[*Continued from page* 58]

youngsters? Didn't she ever get any outdoor exercise? "Sure," she says, surprised by the question. "When we weren't working, we were always swimming or riding or playing tennis or something. And when I was working, and going to school, too, I'd gobble my lunch so that I could have most of the noon hour for basketball or baseball or some other game. Anything athletic was always my idea of something to do. It still is. Even if it *doesn't* sound dignified."

FROM Canada they went to Miami—which was where Joan started being discovered. An Eastman Kodak Company representative was the first one who saw her photographic possibilities. He persuaded her to pose—with that red hair against a background of flowers—for some color-film ads. And one night after their show at Miami's Hollywood Hotel, Eddie Cantor, who was in the audience, took the trouble to tell Joan, "You're going to get somewhere. Only you ought not to wear costumes. You should wear something simple, which would make *you* stand out more."

"That was a pretty big event in my young life," Joan says. "That encouragement meant a lot. Only we didn't take his advice about the costumes."

From Miami they went back to New York—to Ben Marden's Riviera Club, where a movie scout spotted her. "A man at the next table heard him talking about me and spoke up and said he was my agent. So the talent scout told this man that he'd like to have me make a movie test, and the man came backstage and told us that if we'd deal through him, he could get me a movie test. Did you ever hear of nerve like that? It was quite a mix-up, before everything was straightened and I actually made a test. Mom wrote the script, and she put in a little scene where I talked to my dog, Mike, who was just a puppy then, and I think it was that scene that made M-G-M decide that maybe here they had something.

"Anyway, they signed me to a six-months' contract, and I came to Hollywood. That was in 1936. I was 11. They cast me as Robert Taylor's little sister in *Camille,* and had Adrian design two gowns for me, and gave me a line to say. When the picture came out, my line was missing and so was I, almost. They said, 'We're sorry we had to cut out your line, but it's a very long picture.' Then right after that, my six months were up, and they said, 'We can't use you now, but go back to New York and we'll send for you in a couple of years, when you're a little older. Don't get yourself peddled around Hollywood as a child actress.'

"Their advice made sense. We headed back to New York, and Mary and Betty and I went back into vaudeville and clubs. With engagements getting fewer and farther between. Vaudeville was dying fast, and there were so many girl trios on the radio that interest in girl trios was dying fast, too, in the night club business. When Betty finally got an offer of a good solo job, Mary and I made her take it, and Mary got a job as a model, and I did three movie shorts. . . . By that time, two years had gone by, and M-G-M apparently wasn't going to send for me. (I hadn't really expected they would.) But Mom and Mary and I decided to come back to Hollywood on a gamble, leaving Daddy and Betty in New York, as sort of anchors to windward.

"I started making the rounds of the studios. I was told in one place that I was too short, and in the next that I was too tall, or I was too light, or I was too dark, or I was too old for my age. They would ask me what I could do, and I would reel off that I had been on the stage (I didn't say 'the vaudeville stage') and that I danced and sang and did impersonations. I'd offer to do auditions then and there, and they'd say, 'Fine—go ahead,' and they'd be enthusiastic about the free auditions, especially the impersonations. They seemed to see some talent somewhere in those. They'd say, 'You might leave your telephone number.'

"That went on for seven months. I didn't get even a bit to play. If Mary hadn't been able to get a job, singing in a club, we never would have been able to hold out that long. I tried to do a little modeling—but it was almost as hard to get modeling jobs, after school hours, as it was to get movie jobs. I didn't have much luck at it.

"Then my agent sent me to Director William Wellman, who was looking for a girl to play Louise Campbell's daughter in *Men With Wings.* Mr. Wellman said he wanted a girl who could go from 12 to 18 convincingly in the course of the picture. He asked me if I thought I could look 12. I said, 'Oh, I'm sure I can.' But could I look 18? I said, 'Oh, yes.' He said, 'Come back tomorrow and bring clothes appropriate to all the ages from 12 to 18, and we'll have a look at you.' Mom and I spent most of that night, working on clothes and experimenting with hair changes, and next day I went back and read lines for him in the different dresses, and he said, 'That's the girl.' I couldn't sleep that night, I was so excited, so afraid that in the morning the studio would call and say, 'Sorry. We can't use you'."

SHE was still the same girl after that picture as before it. But casting directors treated her like a different girl. Now that they had actually seen her on the screen, they could visualize her on the screen. She started getting small parts in steady succession.

She played a Freshman with a violent crush on a Senior in *Winter Carnival.* In *High School,* she played a shy violet who wore glasses. In *Two Thoroughbreds,* she played a rich youngster who did a lot of riding. In *Nancy Drew, Reporter* (at Warners) she was one of Bonita Granville's girl-friends. In *Susan and God,* she was one of Rita Quigley's girl-friends. Then Warners asked her to test for a sassy-adolescent part in *My Love Came Back.*

"I tried hard, and they told me I practically had it. Then Ann Gillis made a test. Annie looked younger than I did, and made an awfully good test, and won the part. I was heart-broken. Then suddenly they called up and wanted to test me for a contract. . . . For the test, I sang and danced and did some impersonations and then, for a finale, I did a love scene—which was sheer agony. I had never kissed a boy before in my life. I think they must have overlooked that part of the test when they signed me."

They decided, simultaneously, that "Joan Brodell" sounded too much like "Joan Blondell." It was her hair that got her rechristened "Joan Leslie." She was a young lady with red hair, and the studio was then making *The Lady With Red Hair,* whose name was Mrs. Leslie Carter—which gave someone the inspiration of trying "Joan" and "Leslie" together.

What was Joan's reaction when she finally won a contract, after two struggling years in Hollywood? "I said to myself, 'Maybe I'll be here at Warners only six months—but I'm certainly going to make use of these six months.' I started working immediately, every day, with Miss Rosenstein, the studio dramatic coach. I practiced and practiced all the voice exercises, including the ones with marbles in my mouth. I practiced walking, and posture, and facial reactions, and half a hundred other things. I worked very hard."

THREE weeks after starting her dramatic lessons, Warners decided to test her for *High Sierra*—which gives you a faint idea of how hard she worked and how much she accomplished in those three weeks. She rehearsed for that test one solid week. Word got to Humphrey Bogart of how hard "the kid" was trying. Bogie, fed up with testing with smug adolescents, reacted by doing everything he could to help "the kid" in her test. And—she won the part.

"I wasn't good in it," she says, "but it got me off to a good start. The girl was a 'different' character, and the fact that she had a club foot won the audience's sympathy."

The day after she finished *High Sierra*, Joan dumfounded the casting office by rushing in and asking, "Now, what do I do next?" They told her that she would probably have a vacation. "But I don't want a vacation," she said. "I'm not tired." They told her that they probably wouldn't have another part for her for a couple of months. . . . And they probably wouldn't have, either, if she hadn't *asked* for work. . . . As it was, they called her the next day and told her that she would be in *The Wagons Roll at Night*, starting in a week.

In *The Wagons*, she did her first love scene for a picture—with Eddie Albert. "I had nightmares about it. After all, what did I know about love? I was only 15, and I hadn't been out with boys, except to a couple of dances at Loyola, and Daddy had driven me there and back. They had to do an awful lot of talking to persuade me that maybe I could portray love without ever having been in love. Anyway, I tried."

She must have been convincing enough for the Brothers Warner, because they flung her into Eddie's arms again immediately in *The Great Mr. Nobody*, in which she passed for a young 22, wearing larger hats and dark-colored evening gowns. And that must have been a success, too, from the Front Office viewpoint, because they next cast her as Eddie's young wife—in *Thirty Days Hath September*.

Meanwhile, before any of these pictures had been released, the All-Year Club of Southern California sponsored a contest to find a "Sun Goddess": a girl who could personify the allure of sunny California. The Warner publicity boys, who are no dummies, bethought themselves of how public interest in Ann Sheridan had been aroused by her being voted the super-sex-appeal (or "Oomph") girl of 1939. They entered Joan Leslie in the race for the title of "The Sun Goddess"—or super-sex-appeal girl of 1941. The boys at Paramount, who weren't asleep either, entered Veronica Lake in the contest. And Joan and Veronica became the two finalists. An artist's pre-conception of "The Sun Goddess" showed her with auburn hair. On those grounds, the harried judges handed the title to Joan. And, with it, reams upon reams of national publicity, mostly pictorial, which, as the boys had foreseen, aroused vast public interest in Joan Leslie. So much interest that Warners felt justified, last January 26th, in giving her stardom for a birthday present.

Now, except for the four hours she has to spend in school every day (by California law), she is playing opposite Gary Cooper in *Sergeant York*—and thereby hangs another revelation about her. A dozen actresses, including several long-established stars, were tested for the role of *Gracie Williams*. None of them quite satisfied Director Howard Hawks. They were either too old or too young for the part. Which prompted Warners to suggest a test for Joan, who had proved before that she could look practically any age from 15 to 23.

When she received the script, and read the part, she thought it was probably hopelessly beyond her grasp. But she made up her mind that she was going to put everything she had into that test, so that they could say, at least, "Well, she made a good try." If she had had a little less of that kind of determination, she would never have surprised everybody by getting into the character as she did—and as none of the other candidates had. . . . And, incidentally, getting into the character involved acquiring a Tennessee Mountain accent, something Joan had never even heard before. She also had to don a black wig, covering up those sensational auburn locks, and go barefoot.

FOUR months ago, a Warner crew shooting a picture in San Diego came back to Hollywood with the news that there was a singer in a San Diego night club—named Mary Trent—who ought to be a screen bet. Warners invited her to make a test. When she arrived, she turned out to be Mary Brodell, Joan's sister. And, like Joan, she passed her test. She's under contract now, too. And a screen test is coming up for Betty. There's a chance that some day the three girls will be in a picture together.

Robert Preston and Ellen Drew, Paramount players starring in "Night of January 16th," a Paramount production.

And Pepsi-Cola is the double feature favorite all over America, too. Millions prefer this BIGGER drink with the BETTER taste. What's more, you get 12 full ounces . . . tangy and flavorful. Down a Pepsi-Cola today . . . and enjoy those extra sips . . . for a nickel.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

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PICTURE PARADE

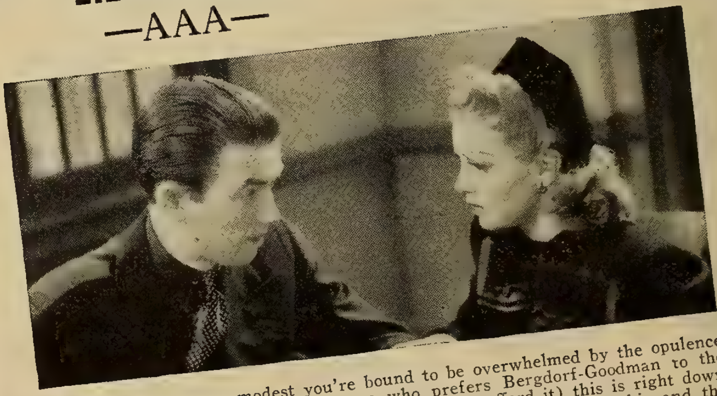
THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES

—AAA½—

OF COURSE you can't speak of the devil without him turning up so when this turned out to be a devil-ishly funny farce we weren't exactly unprepared. How could we have been when we knew that Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, Charles Coburn, Edmund Gwenn, Spring Byington and S. Z. Sakall were the principals in this satire on union organizing and that Sam Wood directed. Now there may be some of you who can't see anything funny in labor problems, but this isn't to be taken seriously. You can be sure of that because Hollywood is a strong union town and they'd be the last to poke fun at this controversial subject. So forget the social significance and relax and we promise you'll have a riotous time. When employer-employee relationships become strained in *Merrick's* department store, *Mr. J. P.* himself (Charles Coburn) decides to do something about it—something being a sales clerk job. Before long *Mr. Merrick* begins to fall in line, also in love.—*RKO-Radio.*

ZIEGFELD GIRL

—AAA—



IF YOUR tastes are modest you're bound to be overwhelmed by the opulence of *Ziegfeld Girl* but if you're one who prefers Bergdorf-Goodman to the bargain basement (and who wouldn't if they could afford it) this is right down your alley. M-G-M went on a spending spree when they made this and the results show it for this is one of the most lavish, extravagant musicals to emanate from the movie capital. It's studded with star names, crammed with elaborate costumes and elegant backgrounds—in all a very handsome production. The story may weigh you down some, being so pointedly moral and a bit on the long side but Metro's aims like Mr. Ziegfeld's were to bowl us over. They more than succeed. For the glorification process Metro chose Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner and while the first two were able to take it in stride the going gets tough for Lana. Which was just as well for it gave Lana the chance to earn some personal glorification for her interpretation of *Sheila Regan*, the girl who couldn't take it. Then there's James Stewart, Tony Martin, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Charles Winninger, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn and Paul Kelly.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

What Movie Stars Are Committing Suicide?

[*Continued from page 23*]

ratings of all the stars in Hollywood, and you'll find Gene Autry's name fourth from the top. Only three stars drew more people into theaters last year than he did—in spite of the fact that he isn't a great actor, doesn't make big pictures, and doesn't have a big studio behind him.

The explanation? There's only one explanation. He's a super-showman. And doesn't hide his light under a bushel.

IF PEOPLE like him well enough to pay to see his pictures, he's going to encourage them to keep the illusions they have about him. . . . He makes a point, for example, of wearing cowboy clothes off-screen, as well as on. Colorful ones—which can be seen as well as heard—which give him a head start toward persuading people that he's a colorful personality, any time, any place. . . . He doesn't hide from the public between pictures. He gets out around the country, making personal appearances, showing as many people as possible what a movie star is like in person—which is something people like to know. . . . In other words he's Gene Autry in person—and living Gene Autry to the life.

People think of him on the screen as a friendly, big-hearted hombre. And he makes it easy for them to think of him that way off the screen, too. Never up-stage or offish, he's always ready to meet anybody who wants to meet him. He doesn't dodge interviewers or candid-cameramen or autograph-seekers. No fan ever writes him a letter without getting an answer. Nobody ever asks him for a photo without getting one—free. . . . And he does dramatic things away from the screen. Like chartering an airplane, and having a special stall built into it, so that he could take his horse with him when he flew East last year to appear at Madison Square Garden. It's such showmanship that makes good reading and keeps fans interested in him.

And all this doesn't deprive him of a private life, or a happy married life. He's still married to the same girl after eight or nine years, which is more than you can say for most of the actors who make a point of forgetting, between pictures, that they're actors. Autry, for one, is not committing suicide at the box-office or in public favor.

Errol Flynn is another prime illustration of the fact that, if you're in show business, it's smart to be a showman.

Errol came to Hollywood an inexperienced unknown. When he made a great hit in his first picture, *Captain Blood,* he asked himself how the miracle had happened. He knew it couldn't be because of his acting. He decided it must be because people thought of him as a colorful personality. . . . And he made up his mind that if that was what was going to pay off, that was what he was going to be. Not only on the screen, but off. He figured—rightly—that the more he interested people in person, the more he would interest them in his pictures.

He told exciting stories about his early life, stories that dramatized him as a real-life adventurer. He went in for adventurous sports, like flying and sailing and bow-and-arrow-hunting. He would vanish after every picture, only to show up in some unexpected place, doing some unexpected thing—like getting a close-up of the civil war in Spain.

When somebody took a punch at him, he wasn't afraid to punch back and get his name in the papers. He and Lili Damita, who understood each other perfectly, put on dramatic battles that convinced people that he was no prosaic husband. And getting people in the habit of wondering what he would do next off the screen, he got them in the habit of wondering what he would do next *on* the screen.

He isn't killing himself off by keeping Flynn news out of public print.

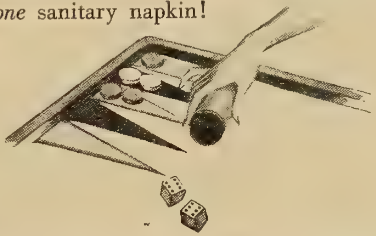
Flynn still isn't any great shakes as an actor. (He admits it.) But he's still a colorful personality—in person, as in pictures. And he's right up there in the Top Ten at the box-office.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich arrived in Hollywood, billed as a foreign exotic, the Press rushed to meet her. Only to discover that, in person, she wasn't exotic. She was a placid German hausfrau, given to picture hats and frilly dresses, who was proud of her cooking. . . . And Marlene discovered that, in America, people expected an actress to be terrifically exciting in person. Whereupon, being smart, she set out to be just that. She started by putting away her frilly dresses and putting on clinging gowns, and glamour, in private life.

But Marlene realized the importance of doing something to stand out from the crowd.

On Hot "Perspiry" Days . . .

How Thankful You'll Be for Fibs (the Kotex tampon)! Worn internally, Fibs mean no belt . . . no napkin . . . no pins . . . no disposal problem . . . and no *chafing!* Fibs also mean you can wear a bathing suit, shorts, or play-suit *any* day of the month . . . with nobody the wiser! They're so convenient to carry, too! A whole dozen Fibs take up less space in a handbag than *one* sanitary napkin!



Not 8—Not 10—But 12! A whole dozen tampons for 20¢! That's what you get when you buy Fibs! And Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety . . . easy to insert without artificial means. (You pay for no mechanical device to aid insertion . . . for none is needed!) Get a package of Fibs *today!* Take them with you on week-end visits . . . motor trips . . . excursions to the beach. Be chafe-free and *comfortable* this summer! It costs nothing extra!

FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

Not 8—Not 10—but
12 FOR 20¢

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Looking around her at other glamour girls, she noticed that even the ones with pretty legs were bashful about showing their legs. So—she wasn't bashful. She showed hers—with the result that she and they became famous around the world. She posed for hundreds of photos in shorts and other abbreviated garb. People saw so much of her legs, and so little of any other glamour girl's, that she became the most sensational eyeful in Hollywood. She even won the name of "Legs" Dietrich, so perfect were they, and so often did she show them.

But her showmanship didn't stop there. She did the one thing that no one had ever expected any glamour girl to do. She suddenly started appearing in private life in man-tailored suits, complete unto trousers. She created such a furore, and made the world so conscious of Marlene Dietrich, as a person, that she went on to earn a million dollars as a movie star. Was she committing suicide? Not by a long shot. Not by intriguing the public with her colorful showmanship.

Clark Gable has been a star for ten years, and every one of those years he has been one of the Top Ten in popularity. One good reason why is that he has never let the public down. He has stayed a colorful personality off the screen, as well as on.

Success hasn't made him aloof and exclusive, a hard person to know. He's still the same guy he was ten years ago, except that now he wears his hair a little farther out over his ears. He still talks the same language—the language of the guy in the street. He still gets a big kick out of life; he isn't bored by it all. He still says what he thinks, not what somebody else may want him to say; and he'll be damned if he'll do anything he doesn't want to do; and he hasn't lost his sense of humor, even about himself.

He does whatever he wants to do in private life, only there's this difference between Gable and too many other stars: he isn't his own opposite in private life. He doesn't put on an isolation act. He *lives.*

When screwball comedies were all the rage, the star who scored the biggest hit in them was Carole Lombard. The public found it easy to think of Carole as tops in the role of a haywire heroine because, off the screen, she was famous for the mad, unpredictable gags she pulled (usually on Clark Gable). Neither Carole, nor her Pappy are bent on any suicidal take-off. They're very much alive in your hearts.

THE top comedian on the screen today is Bob Hope. And you don't have to look far for the explanation. Bob, off screen, isn't a glum soul with a suppressed desire to play *Hamlet* or *Napoleon.* He's funny even when he isn't paid to be. He practically knocks himself out, appearing free at one benefit after another and playing master-of-ceremonies (also gratis) at one banquet after another. But it all comes under the heading of showmanship. And it's paying dividends. He's getting people in the habit of expecting him to say the unexpected—for their entertainment.

The suicidal squad should take lessons from Bob Hope—in learning how to stay alive.

One actor who will always be able to find a job is John Barrymore. They may have to set up a blackboard off-stage to help him remember his lines, but they'll hire him. Because he's a colorful personality and a super-showman. There's a fascination in wondering what outrageous remark he will make next, or what prank will next strike his fancy. No one knows in advance. At the business of selling suspense, Barrymore is a super-salesman.

Those on the threshold of oblivion can profit from Lana Turner. She can show them how to avoid being tomorrow's ghosts or memories. When she eloped with Artie Shaw, the first time they had a date, and then, just as suddenly, divorced him a few weeks later, columnists predicted that M-G-M would discipline her and refuse to give her any more screen breaks until she stopped being so unpredictably impulsive. But Lana's impulsiveness was unconscious showmanship. It made people curious about her. They wanted to see her on the screen. And if you think that M-G-M hasn't capitalized on that curiosity, take a look at *Ziegfeld Girl.* Lana has the biggest and most dramatic role in the picture. She's starred in the picture.

THE stars who refuse to dramatize their private lives cite Garbo as the authority for their attitude. "She keeps her private life to herself, and people still go to see her pictures," they say. "It doesn't matter what you do off the screen—it's what you can do *on* the screen that brings people crowding into theaters."

They forget that Garbo was head and shoulders above them at the time.

It's true that actors who aren't colorful *on* the screen don't bring people into theaters. *But it isn't true that people aren't drawn into theaters by actors who are colorful off the screen.* Hollywood is full of examples to the contrary. And one of the best examples is Garbo.

When she first went into her Great Silence, it was a deliberate stunt to dramatize Greta Garbo as a personality. At that time, stars went in strenuously for private-life showmanship. Garbo, wondering what *she* could do to stand out in the public mind as someone who was different, hit upon the extremely simple device of refusing to talk for publication.

That was something that no other star had even thought of doing.

Silence, in Garbo's case, was golden—because, in her case, it had showmanship value. It was something that made her unlike any other star. It made her colorful.

But the stunt is wearing thin, after all these years. Garbo is a finer actress today than she was then, but—she isn't as popular today as she was then.

It's hard to stay fascinated by the Sphinx, even though the Sphinx is one of the wonders of the world. Its stony impassiveness doesn't excite the imagination.

And if Sphinxism has hurt the popularity of its originator, you can safely bet that it's also going to hurt the popularity of her imitators. Particularly since *their* Sphinxism hasn't been inspired by any sense of showmanship.

Too, too many stars are keeping the big Silence, forgetting that Garbo is developing a new trend—becoming more talkative and chummy.

Hollywood today is full of stars who don't want to be interviewed except about their careers. Stars who flatly refuse to give their public any detailed revelations about their private lives or their private selves. Stars who labor under the colossal delusion that the public doesn't care what they're like off the screen. Stars who don't see any reason to work at being colorful away from the cameras.

Stars who don't do anything in private life to excite the public's imagination—and protest when the public insists on imagining dramatic things about them.

When are these short-sighted stars, whose careers are brief, at best, going to get wise to themselves? When are they going to face the fact that show business is crying for more showmanship?

When are they going to realize that in following their present policies and attitudes they are committing suicide?

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Is Fontaine's Future in Hitchcock's Hands?

[*Continued from page* 27]

But she did, and everyone knows the rest of the story. *Damsel in Distress* was a distressing picture, and the legend of Joan Fontaine as an actress was catalogued as a mistake on the part of Hollywood. It was a long dry spell before *Rebecca* came along. Joan was more or less forgotten. That was before Alfred Hitchcock took hold of the reins.

When Joan went into *Rebecca,* she was not only a very nervous and highly emotional young lady, but she was scared stiff. She had never had any confidence in herself. Her ambition had been defeated at every turn. Hollywood had dismissed her with a casual nod. Then, suddenly, to be told that she was to work under one of the finest directors in the business was more than a shock. It was something like a complete emotional upheaval.

The only thing that helped was that she knew Hitchcock personally. She had met him at a Hollywood dinner party among the English colony. She had been intrigued by the man, but she had never so much as thought about starring in one of his pictures. So, instead of being ecstatically thrilled, she became more conscious of herself than ever and even more sensitive.

THE story of Joan's getting the part in *Rebecca* has probably been told before in many versions, but the real and inside version has not been clearly discussed.

David O. Selznick was giving a dinner party one night for Hitchcock. Joan was invited. She knew that Selznick was trying to find a girl to play the wife in *Rebecca,* but she didn't even think that she was a candidate for the part. Since she didn't have to worry about such an opportunity, she was quite gay and very appealing. During the dinner, Selznick kept eyeing Joan. Then he would look at Hitchcock. The director was also paying marked attention to her. Finally, Selznick whispered to Hitchcock, "She's the girl." The reply was, "Definitely."

The next morning the news came out that Joan Fontaine had been signed for the part. Everyone was stunned. Joan was floored. She was glad, however, that she had known nothing about the decision at the dinner party. If she had, she would probably have been so nervous and so self-conscious that she would have been a dud.

On the first days of *Rebecca,* Hitchcock knew he had a job to do with Joan. Since he was well aware of her shyness and reserve, he decided that the thing for him to do was to capitalize on that shyness and reserve. If he could keep her conscious of herself, he would get the character out of her.

After the first week of production of *Rebecca,* Joan was really upset. From the opening gun on, Hitchcock had mercilessly grilled her. He had criticized her work harshly, bluntly. He had pushed her more and more into her shell. Never for a moment did he permit her to let up. Half of the time she was in tears. The other half she was working like a dog to please this man whom she thought she knew. And more and more she became sensitive, frightened, and absolutely devoid of confidence. And more and more she became the real *Mrs. Max de Winter.*

All of this time, Hitchcock smiled to himself. While he was ripping into her when she did a bad scene, he was becoming even surer that he was getting the results he wanted. He wasn't anxious to be harsh and domineering, but he had to create a character and he had to keep Joan just as she was. So, without realizing it, he was, in reality, already a *Svengali.*

The amazing part of this peculiar set-up between star and director was that not once did Joan feel like walking out of the picture. Not even in her most harrowing moments did she think of that. She listened to Hitchcock, let him brow-beat her, and was determined to give him what he wanted. She knew that this was her chance to show everyone that she *did* have ability, and she knew that she was working with a man who could help her prove herself. Therefore, any suffering was worth it if success were to be the answer.

Of course, it wasn't easy for Joan. Not only was she continually nervous and high-strung, but she was ill so much of the time. Ever since she was a child, she had been frail and in poor health. Several times she had to be off the picture because of illness. But she stuck it out. She had the courage to refuse defeat. That was no news to Hitchcock. He always knew she could show up

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the doubting Thomases. And, by gad, sir—he'd make her show them.

When *Rebecca* was previewed, the press went wildly batty about Joan's work. She wept with joy. She had proved to everyone now that she was an actress. But in her heart, she knew that she could not have done it without Hitchcock and his stern, unrelenting methods.

Some time passed. *Rebecca* was still winning praises. So was Joan. But people began to wonder just why she wasn't doing anything else. Then came the announcement that she was to appear in *Back Street.* That was great. She was just the type. She would be a sensation as the woman who gave up her life for love. Reporters settled down to get ready to interview Joan on her new picture. Hollywood had already begun to ask: "Can she do it again? Is she a one picture actress?" Some even said hopefully, "Well, at least, she doesn't have to depend on Hitchcock now."

Then the bomb exploded. Joan refused to do the picture. Selznick was quite annoyed with her. Universal was more than annoyed. But she held her ground. She would not do the part. Sure, the role was a good one. She would be co-starred with Charles Boyer. She'd have a good director in Robert Stevenson. It was to be an expensive film. But she said, "No!" And gave no reason.

Alfred Hitchcock, however, could guess the reason. Joan, frankly, knew that he knew it. It was just a case that she had attained success because of one director. She was still not sure enough of herself or her ability to take the chance of throwing that success away in one picture. *Back Street* was to have been her test. If she flopped—it was all over. Therefore, she would wait—for Hitchcock.

Hollywood began to see through the refusal after a while. At first the natives thought it was because she had been so ill for the past months, for everyone knew about the serious operation she had undergone some time back. But illness wasn't the real reason. So—was she really a *Trilby?* This might very well have spelled the end of Joan Fontaine's career. It had made many producers afraid to take a chance with her. Undoubtedly, she would have been dismissed again if it hadn't been for Hitchcock.

He had just finished doing a picture at RKO, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith.* In preparation was a film called *Before the Fact,* a psychological thriller, the type of thing he does best. Cary Grant was cast for the male lead. But the role of the wife was open. And there was only one person for it as far as he was concerned—Joan Fontaine. When he approached the producer about Joan, a great to-do was raised.

"Fontaine isn't right for it," Hitchcock was told. "I've sounded out others in the studio, and they all agree with me. No, I don't think she'll do."

Hitchcock was adamant, however. He insisted that Joan be given the part and even went so far as to say that he would not do the film without her. Sure, he knew he was giving himself extra work. He would have to be very careful with Joan this time. He believed in her and saw her in the part.

So Joan was cast in *Before the Fact.* Some were surprised again but not for long. The talk was open and above-board now. "Oh, well, didn't I tell you? She can't do anything without Hitchcock."

It was a different Joan that began work again, though. She had more poise. She wasn't entirely too confident of herself, but she didn't have as many doubts as she had had before. And instinctively, she knew that Hitchcock would bring out the best in her and would complete her character reformation.

As for Hitchcock, he knew he had a definite responsibility. A publicity man at RKO said to me just recently: "All

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during the production of *Before the Fact*, Hitchcock felt considerable responsibility for Fontaine. He felt that it was his job to see that she did not fail to repeat her success in *Rebecca*."

To see that Joan made another solid hit, Hitchcock adopted some typical technique, typical, at least of him. When he wanted to get her mind off anything that was bothering her and to put her in the proper mood for a scene, he would start to be very blunt with her. He'd usually say, "All right, dopey"—that being his pet name for her—"you can do better than that. What's holding you back? Come on!" His voice would become more and more intense, he would move closer and closer to her while he was directing her, and she would become so nervous that she would do the scene exactly as he had told her to.

Occasionally, Hitchcock resorted to a subterfuge. He would be rehearsing Joan in a scene. When he felt that she was playing the sequence flawlessly, he would say, "Let's rehearse it again." But, instead and without her realizing it, he would wave his hand and the scene would be filmed. Everyone on the set knew that when he carelessly raised his hand it meant a take without the players knowing it. This system worked wonders with Joan in many cases. She would have finished playing the scene for the supposed rehearsal, she'd turn to him and say, "I've got it now, can we take it?" And he'd smile and say, "We just did." Then to the cameraman, "Print that one."

On another occasion, he wanted Cary Grant to appear extremely tense and angry. He had drilled and drilled them. But the scene wasn't quite as he wanted it. So he turned to his assistant director and said, "See if you can make these dopes play this thing intelligently." He walked off the set smiling. In a few moments he returned, and Grant and Joan really did some tall acting to prove to Hitchcock that they could do the scene. He had made them so nervous, that he captured just the right mood.

I was out on the set one day when Joan was supposed to be cutting a hedge with one of those long hedge shears. A shadow crossed in front of her. Supposed to be frightened, she dropped the shears. When they fell, they just missed hitting her foot. Three times the scene was shot, and each time it seemed certain that the shears would injure her. Joan was getting very nervous. Finally, the assistant turned to Hitchcock and said, "Shouldn't we give her a stand-box to protect her?" (A stand-box is a wooden affair with holes cut in it for the player's feet. By using this, the sharp instrument would have fallen on wood and not on Joan's feet.) Hitchcock answered, "No. I want her to be frightened and those shears are helping to create the illusion." The assistant then said, "But what if they do fall on her feet?" Hitchcock said very definitely, "They won't. Besides, there's only going to be one more 'take.' "

Several times Joan got too much in the mood. She became very confident and over-exuberant. To prevent the scene from tinging on the theatrical, as a result, Hitchcock usually created some off-stage noise. Joan would have to stop then. When he told her to do the scene over again, she would become nervous and bobble a part of it. With surprising nonchalance, he would say to her, "All right, dopey, what's the matter with you? You did it once. Now surely you can read the lines again."

But Hitchcock wasn't all badgering. Many times he would take her aside and talk to her privately for as long as fifteen and twenty minutes. After such conversations, Joan would return to the set and deliver an astounding performance . . . He was also considerate when he was directing her in a highly dramatic scene. On a later visit to the studio I found the set closed to everyone, including Hitchcock's secretary, because Joan was spending the day crying for some sequences. And when Hitchcock closes a set, no one is admitted. He keeps only a skeleton crew and cuts off the view of the set from everyone possible. At one time in a living-room scene, he even closed the drapes so that members of the crew could not see what was going on.

Often Hitchcock becomes so engrossed in directing his players in a tense moment that he is almost sitting on their laps. More than once the cameraman had to tell him that he could be seen in the camera. But this system creates the tension he is after.

Despite the fact that he kept Joan in a tension every single day, he was considerate of her. He realizes she is not very strong, and he gives her every chance possible to rest after a scene. During lunch time, she always goes to her dressing-room to lie down. So it's easy to see that if Hitchcock were a demon in disguise, he would not stop to consider anything as "insignificant" as his pet star's health.

During *Rebecca*, Joan was too nervous to let go of her real sense of humor. But in *Before the Fact*, she gave Hitchcock back much of the kidding and badgering he gave her. In one scene the telephone was supposed to ring and Joan, eager but yet afraid to answer it, was supposed to wait just a second before she actually got up from the table to go to the phone.

"I want you to wait just a bare second," Hitchcock told her. "Just the tiniest bit of a second."

Joan smiled and said, "Do you mean about one-thirty-sixth of a second?"

The mere fact that she could occasionally banter a little herself is conclusive proof that she was becoming more confident.

In spite of this gruelling direction—the type that would send most stars into violent rages—Joan idolizes Hitchcock. Not only has he given her more confidence in herself, but he has made her see what she was without him. Several times recently, she has seen some of her earliest pictures. When she compares them with *Rebecca*, she needs no more proof. No wonder Hitchcock is, to her, nothing short of a god. No wonder she still feels that her career is safer under his direction. She realizes he has used tricks to get the performances out of her, but she also realizes that without the knowledge of those tricks, she would never be able to be completely confident.

Another thing he has done for her is to teach her to analyze her scenes. During production of *Before the Fact*, she came to him and asked him about his reaction to a certain sequence. Should the girl do this or should she do that? What does he think about this interpretation? Her role became more than dialogue to her. It became a real person, one to be studied.

As for Hitchcock's impression of her, he thinks she has great ability. He doesn't think he has done any more than mould that ability, to teach her how to project it. And he doesn't hesitate to say that if she weren't talented, he could have done nothing for her.

So you have the new Joan Fontaine. A girl who is more certain of her success. A girl who knows how to use her gifts. A girl who is losing her inferiority complex gradually. A girl who has been transformed from an inept young beauty to a gifted dramatic actress.

Is Joan Fontaine a *Trilby* to Hitchcock's *Svengali*, then? The question cannot be finally answered until she is seen in a picture directed by someone else. But up to this point, what do you think?

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"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

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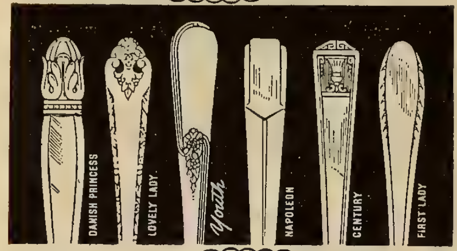

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Warners gave premiere of *The Sea Wolf* on *S. S. America* bound from L. A. to S. F. Oomphlets at ship's pool are Misses Montez, Chapman, Smith, Ames, Talton, Wrixon

at the home of Kay St. Germaine and Jack Carson—by the time you read this, there'll probably be an occupant in the nursery of the Richard Carlsons' new valley home—other Stork-daters include the Jack Dawns' (he's M-G-M's make-up wizard) and the Duncan Renaldos'—and even Lois Jessel, herself, now admits that the rumors of approaching mamahood are true—but the J. Walter Rubens' (Virginia Bruce, you know) are still trying to keep it a secret that there's going to be a half-brother-or-sister for Jack Gilbert's daughter—it's a boy at the Leland Hayward house (Margaret Sullavan, to you)—and even white-haired Lewis Stone breaks into the baby-talk column, because his daughter, Barbara, presented hubby, Arnold Ion, with a daughter.

■

HOLLYWOOD wouldn't be at all surprised if Alice Faye takes the leap again—this time with Phil Harris.

For a long time after her break-up with Tony Martin, Alice wore sackcloth-and-ashes aplenty. Alice isn't the sort of girl who can do the Hollywood fling the moment she's rid of one husband. Alice takes her love-life seriously—and her unhappiness after the Martin marital debacle wasn't just an act.

But even though she swore she'd never go head over heels for any man again, Alice has learned the inescapable, trite old adage that "time heals all wounds." And then along came Phil Harris—and all the in-between little twosomings Alice did went phooey. That "romance" with Charles Wrightsman, the Texas oil richie, faded. And she stopped stepping with John Conti. And when Hollywood saw quite plainly that Alice had fallen in love not only with Harris but also with Phil's little boy, the town's wise-guys settled back to wait for the wedding date.

In late summer, Phil will have his final decree. It's a fairly safe bet that right afterward, there'll be wedding bells for him and the Faye.

IT LOOKS like a new Hollywood industry is developing. A recording company has just issued a series of phonograph records in which outstanding film personalities perform their most entertaining scenes. Barrymore, for instance, has made a swell recording of Shakespeare's immortal "To be or not to be. . ." Other discs feature Franchot Tone, Luise Rainer, Joe E. Brown and Ilka Chase.

■

FRIENDS for years, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland finally put over a wedding at Yuma, Ariz. It was her fourth, his first.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Wayne Morris and Patsy Stewart—
Cupid's got 'em neatly skewered!

—*Chas. Rhodes*

When *The Sea Wolf* gang reached S. F. they were partied around city. Eddie Norris found secluded spot to talk sweet and lowdown to oomphlet Alexis Smith

Bowl Him Over With Salads

[*Continued from page* 61]

a wonderful book which colorfully illustrates over a hundred gay salad combinations your man will enjoy. Included are all the new twists to making salad dressings you can possibly use this summer. Be sure to send for your copy of "The Salad Bowl."

THUS far, I seem to have favored the preparation of fruits and vegetables as ingredients in salad bowls, but actually, regardless of the type of salad, the ingredients should be given the same careful treatment. Remember, that salads are "year 'round" fodder. Through these warm months they can be your life-saving solution to the "main dish" problem, whether in a bowl or on a platter. But don't forget, salads also make appetizing *beginnings* or flourishing *finalics* to meals.

If your main dish is to be a salad bowl—intrigue your hubby and guests by mixing, or tossing the salad right at the table. And *never* forget that a good part of every salad's appeal is in its attractive arrangement. One of the newer ways of arranging fruit and vegetable salads is to put each of the ingredients on its own lettuce leaf instead of mixing them all together in the usual fashion. This, you see, makes it possible to alternate the red of the beets with the green of broccoli or asparagus, the orange of carrots and the like. Either individual or large salad platters may be made up in colorful (and tasty) arrays.

Here are recipes for various types of salads which we think are sure bets for "bowling him over." He'll love this Cold Meat Salad for although it is quite hearty—it is still *cooling*.

COLD MEAT SALAD

2 cups cold meat, diced
1 cup celery, cut fine
1 green pepper, minced, or two pimientos, minced
½ cup sliced olives
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
French dressing
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup cream
Paprika
Crisp lettuce leaves

Cut meat in even dice. Cut celery and pepper or pimiento very fine and place with meat in a bowl. Pour cold French dressing over mixture, mix well and allow to stand in refrigerator at least 1 hour. Drain off any extra French dressing. Add sliced olives and hard-cooked eggs. Add cream to cold mayonnaise and add to other ingredients. Fold carefully until well mixed. Place in crisp lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with paprika and serve very cold. If cream is heavy enough, whip before adding to mayonnaise.

PUT a salad in a roll, and luncheon *or* supper's ready! Chateau and Salad Roll certainly belongs in a man's world. It's good to look at, and grand to eat!

CHATEAU AND SALAD ROLL

½ pound package Chateau, cut in cubes
½ cucumber, cut in cubes
Diced celery
Green pepper rings
Tomatoes
½ cup flaked tuna fish, lobster, salmon, or chicken
½ cup mayonnaise
Lettuce
Finger rolls

Mix cucumber, cheese, celery and tuna fish with ¼ cup mayonnaise. Slit rolls lengthwise, scoop out center and stuff with salad mixture. Place on lettuce leaves, surround with quartered or sliced tomatoes. Decorate top of salad roll with mayonnaise, pepper ring, and thinly sliced stuffed olives.

YOUR man will thank you for this Sparkling Pineapple Jelly Salad served with Hawaiian French Dressing. It's as refreshing as a summer breeze.

SPARKLING PINEAPPLE JELLY

2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
½ cup sugar
1¾ cups canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
1¾ cups ginger ale (dry)
1 cup orange segments
½ cup sliced fresh strawberries

Soak the gelatin five minutes in one-quarter cup of pineapple juice. Heat one cup of the pineapple juice, add gelatin and sugar, and stir until dissolved. Cool by adding the remainder of the pineapple juice and ginger ale. When gelatin begins to thicken, fold in fruit and pour into a one-quart mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and fill center of mold with cold fresh strawberries. Garnish platter with fresh greens. Yield: eight servings.

HAWAIIAN FRENCH DRESSING

¼ cup canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

Combine ingredients, chill. Shake or beat thoroughly before serving. Serve with sparkling pineapple jelly. Yield: approximately seven-eighths cup.

BECAUSE I know you want to be prepared with salad recipes that will fit perfectly into your summertime menu planning, I have arranged a most unusual offer for you this month. By filling in the coupon below, and mailing it to me, you will receive (entirely free of charge) a copy of "The Salad Bowl" which contains full color illustrations of the most mouth-watering salads you've ever seen. In addition, "The Salad Bowl" includes the excellent salad dressing recipes I mentioned in this article. There are pages devoted entirely to special salads for men, instructions on how to be a salad-artist, and what to keep on your salad shelf in order to always be prepared. Be sure to fill in the coupon and send for your *free* copy of "The Salad Bowl" TODAY!

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HE-est HE in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 24]

excites her about as much as a vanilla parfait, while Jimmy Cagney reminds her only of her little boy when said little boy's trying to act tough, like little boys do. But let her go to a Gary Cooper show, and for days afterward, her staid husband wonders what's come over Ma again!

Funniest thing about all this is that Coop—that's what his friends call him, you know; never "Gary," but just Coop—must know that that's the way he affects the girls, young and old. But it simply appalls him! At the same time that he's the "HE-est" he in Hollywood, as that woman said, he's one of the bashfulest. And his bashfulness increases in direct ratio as does the crowd of women around him—

I REMEMBER a day on the location shooting on *Sergeant York.* It was the day those 150 girls from Stephens College—150 of the most co-educationally-sophisticated little honeys in all the land—swarmed onto the set to watch how movies are made and how Gary does his stuff. It so happened that when they first arrived, Gary wasn't in the scene—and true to the Gary tradition, he'd taken a quick powder, and holed out in a little hillside spot he'd found, out of sight from the set. There he'd laid down for one of those famous between-scene naps of his—and there two of the Stephens vixens found him, after bribing one of the boys on the set to tip them off as to where Coop was hiding.

Well, Coop was fussed when they found him. But after looking affrightedly around and finding there were only two of them, he collected his wits and conquered his blush and within a few minutes, having learned that they weren't going to push him over right then and there, he became the thorough good guy. He posed for candid camera-shots for and with them; he cleaned the lenses of their camera, told them they'd "get better pictures that way," and was utterly charming.

Then he was called back to the set—and faced that mob of 150 girls in all. Gary gulped as though he'd been hit in the Adam's-apple. And ten minutes later, when the company was dismissed for the day, he had to go right through the crowd to get off the set.

Honestly, it took Cooper, the brave he-man, fifteen full minutes to gather up his courage for that dash through those 150 girls. And when he finally mustered courage and did it, he was eighteen shades of red, sweating like a man walking up the gallows stairs—and couldn't say a thing except "Gulp—pleased to—gulp—h e l l o—g u l p—gulp—gulp—" and into his car and a slammed door and the accelerator down to the floor, and home to Sandra and domesticity and safety from admiring girls.

Maybe a psychologist—or a psychiatrist?—can make something by adding up Gary's shyness and his sex-appeal, and finding that one depends on the other, or vice-versa. But anyway, Coop's shyness is not part of his act—like the phony modesty of so many movie stars. Coop is that way not only with strangers, but with the very men and women with whom he works and deals every day of his life.

IF THERE'S one thing that irks him more than anything else, it's fulsome praise. Too much of it sometimes makes him forget that he isn't a cowhand any more, out on the ranch where he can slap down a flatterer with salty barnyard language. . . . like the night Bill Holden, who's a Cooper

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fan if there ever was one, galloped over to Gary's table at Ciro's, after the *Meet John Doe* premiere, to tell Gary how he felt about it. Bill was extravagant in his praise, overflowing in his congratulations, in his open admiration of Coop's work in the film.

Coop tried to parry. He resorted to his usual self-abnegation by trying to place the credit on his director's shoulders. "Sure, sure," he evaded: "Capra did a fine job of it, didn't he?" But Holden kept right on—and finally, Coop glared at him and said:

"Bill, you cut out the bull—"

Sandra tugged frantically at his coat-tails, and Coop remembered where he was and said:

"You cut out the BOLONEY—! How's the gang at Paramount? Remember, I used to work there? How's so-and-so, and what's-his-name—?"

That is typical of Coop, and that's why I'm telling you. If he can switch the conversation from himself, no matter how flattering to himself it may have been, he's happy—and that's just the other way around from how it is with so many of his competitors before the lens.

I did mention about his being at that Ciro's party after *Doe* premiered. But that was a rare occasion. Coop doesn't go for the social life. It scares him to death, and even though he's an excellent dancer, he never does enjoy himself out in a social crowd at the niteries or a Hollywood party somewhere.

The other day, after he'd been at a public Hollywood party, some of the gang on the set ribbed him with innocent questions—"have a good time last night, Coop?"

Coop didn't say anything for nearly a minute. Finally he flicked that famous look of his at his buddies, and drawled—with just the suggestion of a grin at the corner of his mouth—

"Sure were a lot of people there who THOUGHT they were havin' themselves a good time!"

TRUE, out of all this don't-like-night-clubs stuff, and out of his shyness, there has come the legend that he's The Big Strong Silent Man of Hollywood. Silent, my EYE!! Gary talks plenty when he's got something to say. You just watch his jaw wagging throughout lunch-time on the lot, with Howard Hawks and George Raft and Jimmy Cagney, and you'd be surprised to see how few words Raft and Cagney get in—and George and Jimmy are no slouches when it comes to getting words in, either! No, no; this guy Coop can talk the hind-leg off a mule when he gets started—but you've got to know him pretty well before he'll get started with you.

And despite Stepin Fetchit's ancient claims, Gary is just about one of the laziest guys in Hollywood. When I say "lazy" about Coop, I don't mean the usual opprobrium. I use the word in the sense in which I believe it's a compliment—because I maintain that laziness is basic intelligence, and that the man who can manage to get the most out of life by doing the least may be called "lazy" but he IS smart! And you watch Coop for a day, and you'll find that he can't be rushed, and that when there's nothing to do, he does it superbly.

He loves to sleep, and makes no secret of it. He isn't ever going to put on that "ball-of-energy" or "human-dynamo" act to kid anybody—strangers, or his bosses, or himself, either. He'd rather fall off to sleep at the drop of a hat, and does whenever he can. Except when there's something to do that he LIKES to do. Then he doesn't sleep—

During *Sergeant York*, for instance, he has hardly ever spent his lunch-time in sleep, as he likes to. Reason?—well, the picture is full of guns and shooting, of course. And during lunch, Coop and Howard Hawks, the director, take their guns to the commissary with them. They rush through the meal—and they rush out to a range—and they spend every minute plugging away at targets. And Gary lopes like a coyote, back and forth over that 100 or 150-yard stretch from target to firing-line, time and again, to check up on his marksmanship. Which gives you an idea of what I really mean when I say Coop's lazy. He's lazy as hell on the boss's time, but on his own, when he's doing something he likes to do, he WORKS at it! Smart guy, this Coop.

WHEN he's not working, he loves to get away from Hollywood and all its phony business. Right now, he's plotting to go down to Mexico and hunt mountain lions, soon as the picture is finished. Probably, Sandra'll stay at home for Gary, naturally, really roughs it on vacation. None of those Hollywood "roughing it" jaunts with still-cameramen and portable dressing-rooms.

Sandra'll stay home in that eight-room house over in Brentwood Heights, alongside of the Fred MacMurrays and Cesar Romero. They're like small-town neighbors out that way—always dropping in on each other, or calling each other over for a fourth at bridge. Or leaving each other comfortably alone, with a mutual understanding of how nice it is to lock the front door and pull down the shades and stop being a movie actor for the public and the tourists and the columnists and the fan-mag writers . . . .!

Coop's place isn't large, and if you call it a "mansion," he'll probably try to bust you in the nose. And whether you like it or not, and whether his press-agent likes it or not, Coop IS a family man. He's positively the original doting daddy about his little girl, Maria Veronica, who's going on four, now. All you've got to do to realize what a nice, domestic papa Coop can be, is to see him sprawling on the floor after breakfast, reading the funnies to Maria Veronica, before he goes over to the studio to don his make-up and his costume.

And I think that one of the most startling Hollywood pictures I've ever seen was the one I came upon the other day. . . .

Coop had met Marlene Dietrich in the make-up department, the other morning. First time they'd seen each other in weeks and months—the HE-est Man of the Screen, and the Sex-Glamourest Girl of 'em all. So they started talking—and they talked and talked and talked and talked . . . . And do you know what about?—why, *the problems of raising their children*! Just Mama Dietrich and Papa Cooper!!

AND there's one thing, too, about *Sergeant York*, that gets a little under *PAPA* Cooper's skin. He doesn't beef about it, but it embarrasses him, no end, that his leading lady is Joan Leslie—who's only 16 years old, herself. I recall the day they first met on the set. She was wearing a gingham dress and flat-heeled shoes and looked about 12 years old, and then someone brought her to Coop and gave her the cast-of-characters introduction to him: "Coop, here's your wife."

Coop looked and blushed and gulped again, and finally 'lowed as how now he "really feels like a hill-billy with a child-bride." For the rest of the day, every time he looked at Joan, he blushed, and became more inarticulate than ever.

You see, though he does talk, he does it with difficulty. Extravagant phraseology is foreign to him. The less he says, the more he expresses himself, if you know him. There's no pretense about him, and for that reason he likes the sort of people he doesn't have to talk to if he doesn't feel like it. If he feels he can get his thought across by forgetting words, he's happy—then he can just grunt.

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First Love

[*Continued from page 35*]

'picky' eaters. You take 'em to the Barclay Kitchen, where dinner costs enough and you want 'em to enjoy themselves. So they order hearts-of-lettuce, and not too much oil in the dressing, but you go ahead and eat, they say, we don't mind, it must be wonderful to have such a hearty appetite. So you feel like a boa constrictor. Bun" he concluded, "makes me feel skinny."

They're as engaging a pair as you'd meet in a month's march—clear-eyed, level-headed. There's a popular conception that movie youngsters are brats. Your kids and mine should be brats like these two. Whatever behavior-hazards the industry presents are offset by corresponding disciplines. A reporter asked Jackie, at the cops-and-robbers age of eleven, what he thought of girls. "Nuts to girls," he replied—the proper and normal sentiment for his years. A lunatic fringe construed it as an insult to American womanhood.

Movie children are early made aware of their dependence on the public—and remain more keenly aware of that dependence than of their privileges. Bonita and Jack like to skate at public-rinks. Asked about the problem of autograph hounds, of which one hears constant plaints from their elders, they hooted derision.

"What problem?" said Jack. "So you take a few minutes off to sign 'em. Does that hurt you?"

"Where would we be," Bonita chimed in, "if they didn't want our autographs?"

Granted they're nice to begin with, film kids are likely to stay that way. On which premise, Bun and Jack must have been extremely nice to begin with. She takes his ribbing serenely, as well she may. Through its protective coloration, the warmth of his affection is plain. To inject any note of incongruous maturity into this boy-and-girl attachment would be purposeless as well as tasteless. You don't force a spring leaf open to see what it's going to look like next summer. They're having a swell time together now, thank you, and no plans at all. Beyond their picture plans. Bonita will be the first girl-guest star in the *Kildare* series, *People vs. Kildare*. Having finished in *Ziegfeld Girl* and *Her First Beau*, Jack goes into a musical at Paramount.

FIVE years ago Judy Garland gave a party, and invited Bonita who had just done the unforgettable meanie in *These Three*. Deanna Durbin was there. So was Jackie Cooper, aged thirteen, and beginning to change his mind about girls. It was Bun's first party. Her mother delivered her and picked her up promptly at eleven. Many of the children, including Jackie, she'd never met before. They said howdy-ado and good evening, which is all either remembers of the other on that occasion. Jackie liked Judy. There was a treasure hunt, and they went out and bought everything instead of looking for it, which gave them more time to talk.

Two years later Jack and Bonita were cast in *White Banners*. Secretly tickled by "this little fluffy thing fluttering around," he dubbed her Stinky, and kidded her because her mother wouldn't let her go out with boys. She had her fifteenth birthday on the picture, and found in her dressing-room flowers and perfume with a friendly note from Jack, informing her that her feet were too big.

The picture was finished in March. She didn't see him again till July, when they were scheduled to do a broadcast of *White Banners*. Jack asked permission to call for

Bonita and take her to breakfast before the rehearsal. They went to a drive-in. He remembers that "she phoned her mother when we got to the drive-in, when we left, when we got to the theater, when we left. She still calls her almost as much."

"I thought then he was nice," Bun mused.

He corrected her. "You thought I was a little bit cute."

But it wasn't till a year ago last Christmas that they had their first real date. "He called me," Bonita observed, "for lack of anything else to do."

Jack grinned his approval of such candor. "As long as she admits it. It was a Saturday night, too, and you didn't have a date—"

"Now I'll tell it *my* way, and this is honestly the truth. Jack always gave lovely parties at his house, and I used to go over there with different boys, and we'd have more fun, and then we'd go out with a crowd or sometimes on double dates. Well, this night he phoned and said, 'I've got nothing to do. Had your dinner yet?' I had, but I asked Mother and she said okay, so I told him I'd go along with him and watch him eat. So he had dinner—"

"And she had dessert—"

"And we talked about our respective girl friends and boy friends."

"She was having trouble with one fellow. She liked him, but he didn't want her to go out with anyone else. So I fixed it up. Diplomatically. Be smart, I told him, she's got to go out with other people. She's only a kid. Now I feel like a heel, because she doesn't go out with anyone but me."

Asked what led to this state of affairs, he squirmed a little. "Well, that was the first night I really got to know her. I didn't think she was the way she is. You know. Unsilly. Unflighty. Sense—"

Demure Bonita came to his rescue. "I liked the way he danced and he liked the way I danced, and we had a lot of fun together."

THEY see each other three or four times a week. If they're not working, they'll go skating in the afternoon or to a show at night. They're both close to their mothers, and like to make a foursome with Mrs. Granville and Mrs. Bigelow for dinner and a picture. He taught her to ride, and she knits him sweaters. She made him a yellow one for Christmas.

They go to the beach with a gang or to Jack's house, where there's more room to entertain than at Bonita's. They play gin-rummy or they play records. They're all mad about music. "We murder it," says Jack. "We get together with Sid Miller and Buddy Pepper and we try to write tunes. They're stinking tunes but it's fun. Or we get into deep conversations, we love to do that. We'll sit for a couple of hours, shooting the breeze about old times or we'll get on the world situation and try to figure it out for ourselves. If we get bored, we start a fight or eat."

Sometimes on a Saturday night they'll go to Ciro's. Not often. Jack gets a moderate allowance and thinks it's no more than fair to stay within it. When he's working, as he is almost constantly, it covers breakfast as well as lunch. His mother is convalescing from a recent illness and the servants, he says, "are too sleepy to get up and feed me at seven. Anyway, it doesn't cost us much at Ciro's because we don't drink. All they make off us is the cover charge and a couple of lemonades."

They go there mostly to see all the movie stars. This amuses them both—Jack's eyes practically disappear behind the crinkles of his well-known grin—but they make no bones about admitting it.

"Of course we know a lot of 'em, but just from having worked with them—"

"We don't go to their houses, or anything like that—"

"So we get a kick out of walking in and saying, 'Hello, Bob, hello, Dot,' and sometimes getting our picture taken with them—"

They may top off the evening by dancing at the Palladium to Tommy Dorsey's music, and make it a point to be home by one. "So we're not seen around later than twelve," explained Bonita. "We don't think it looks nice, and our mothers don't either."

"Of course once in a while we might phone that we're having an awfully good time and could we make it a little later. They're reasonable about it, and we don't take advantage—"

"That's the only thing we ever get in trouble about. We'll stop at a drive-in for a hamburger, and start gabbing and forget all about the time—"

SHE calls him Coop. "Except when she's mad. I always know she's mad when she calls me Jack. Hello, Jack. Yes, Jack. No, Jack. Very dramatic. Jack. She gets mad if I don't open the car door to let her in and out—"

"And he gets mad if I'm the littlest bit late—"

"It's a phobia with me. Left over from childhood. When Mother used to take me to the studio and we'd have to be there at nine, she'd figure we could make it by leaving the house at nine. It got me nervous—"

"I'm never late at the studio," Bun protested. "But on a date it doesn't seem so important. Coop'll arrive and I won't be finished dressing. When I come out, he'll say, I wish you'd ever be on time, and I'll say, I don't see what terrible difference it makes, and that's how it starts." She sighed. "The trouble is, we both have quick tempers—"

"But we get over it just as quick."

"I can't stand to stay mad at anyone, if it's only the cat—"

"And I guess it's good training when she Jacks me. Next time I remember to help her with a chair or something—"

Bonita's eighteenth birthday came a couple of months ago. They went out to dinner with Sandra and Forrest Tucker. Forrest had been a friend before his marriage, and they think Sandra's one of the nicest girls they ever met. Jack gets an added kick out of the combination "because Sandra's so tall and Bun's so little."

Bonita had been told they were going on to Ciro's after dinner. She didn't know that twenty-five or thirty kids were gathered at Jack's house for a surprise birthday party. She didn't know, when Jack left the table to phone, that he was calling Sid Miller to say they'd be there in twenty minutes. She suspected nothing when Jack said, "Let's stop by and see Mother. It's too early for Ciro's."

At the house he blindfolded her, explaining that he wanted to spring her present on her. Then he led her to the living room, and put a record on the machine. That was the signal for Sid Miller and the kids upstairs. A double staircase leads from the upper floor to the lower. Suddenly a chorus of young voices, singing "Happy birthday to you," broke on Bonita's ears. Jack removed the blindfold. The girls were trooping down one side of the staircase, the boys down the other. From the landing above, Bun's mother and Jack's parents beamed on the scene. "It looked," said Bonita, "like a Buzz Berkeley production number. I couldn't say a word."

Jack's gifts were a ring and bracelet, to match the pin and earrings he'd given her for Christmas. He'd bought them all out of his allowance. She was wearing them all at lunch that day. She always wears them. They're of white and yellow gold, in an intricate design of loops.

"Supposed to be love-knots," said Jack. They smiled at each other.

did he mean doggy legs..

or doggie legs?

If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

getting a single acknowledgement, Eddy checked—and just discovered that the cards were on a ship which had been sunk.

Undaunted by Hitler, Nelson just sent the same 400 new Christmas cards—with a pound of tea tied to each!

Big Kid

■ When Laird Cregar got the MEASLES (!), Rouben Mamoulian sent him a basket of flowers—adorned with baby-rattles, and a card that read:

WHY DON'T YOU
GROW UP?

(Cregar, you know, weighs 360 ALREADY!)

Oh, Oh. What WE Know 'Bout Ida Lupino!

■ That old Hollywood gag, of planting hidden microphones around the house when you're throwing a party—and then playing the records of the guests' supposedly intimate conversations right back at 'em, boomeranged on Ida Lupino, the other night.

Among Ida's guests were three girls she had only met casually—two wives of two of the best friends of Louis Hayward (MISTER Ida L., you know) and the third girl an intimate friend of still another of Louis' pals. Well, one of Ida's hidden microphones picked up a three-way conversation between this trio—and when it was played back, the trio's ears were no redder than Ida's own—for they were sounding off a most unmerciful panning of Ida, Ida's house, Ida's guests, Ida's food and everything else of Ida's, including Ida's Louis.

Well, Ida got square. She presented the record to the three of 'em, with her compliments. And they haven't been to Ida's house since—and vice versa.

Now, Shirley 'S BIG Girlie; and Freddie 'S Big HEADIE:

■ Mental growing pains have come to the top ex-kiddie stars of the screen, Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew.

In Shirley's case, the woe manifests itself with her recent ukase to M-G-M, announcing that now that she's "grown up," she doesn't want her new M-G-M dressing-room "decorated like a little girl's room," and she wants to be right in the same building with sex-appealists Joan Crawford, Garbo, Loy and Lamarr. (My, my, Shirley; my, MY!!)

With Freddie, it's painful, too. He asked Columbia if maybe, when they got out the billing for *Naval Academy,* they wouldn't please call him just FRED Bartholomew, without the "ie" diminutive.

Columbia says he's still just Freddie-weddie to them!

"So This Is Hollywood" Note:

■ Latest feature-menu among Hollywood's eat-spots is the "Sunday Morning Hangover Breakfast" innovated at the House of Romanoff.

(But SOTCH a pless to tryink to tritt a hengkover, hah?!)

How Bing Can Win

■ Bing Crosby has at last figured out a way to bring one of his stable of race-horses home the winner. He has suggested to Paramount that they make a racing picture, and he'd supply the nags. That way, ONE of them will HAVE to win the Big Race.

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In addition, SCREEN LIFE offers dozens of exclusive star interviews, news of big pictures in the making, gossip, Hollywood fashions and beautiful pictorial features showing your favorites at their best. Get your copy today!

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They Hold the Stars Up

[*Continued from page 43*]

After appearing first in stock and repertoire, she got her big break when she met Booth Tarkington. After talking to her, he insisted that she play the aunt in his new play, *Intimate Strangers*. In this show were Alfred Lunt and Billie Burke. At first they, like many others, felt Patty was too young for the role, but her performance soon changed their minds. She and the play were an instantaneous hit. From this she scored another solid bang in Tarkington's *Magnolia*.

Hollywood paged her not long after. She was called by Fox to do a role in a Will Rogers picture. She waited around for weeks and nothing happened. She became annoyed because she had had to turn down an offer from Belasco to do a New York show. Finally, she inquired about the picture she was supposed to do and was informed that someone else was already playing it. She was furious and all set to go back to New York. But she had forgotten about the contract she had signed. She stayed. "I'm glad I did stay now," she said to me.

"Many young people ask me how to become an actor," she commented one day. "I always say by acting. Get anything in a summer stock company, for Broadway producers do see these shows."

TAKING up Charley Grapewin, the rambunctious *Jeeter Lester* of *Tobacco Road*, I find he has saved many pictures, among them *Johnny Apollo*, in which he played the drunken lawyer; Grandpa in *The Grapes of Wrath*; and *The Good Earth*. He is one of the oldest character actors in town, having been born in 1875.

To tell all that he has done in his life would take a book, but in high-lighted fashion here is the background of Grapewin. He began as a fancy roller-skater and trapeze-performer with several circuses . . . did some stock work but thought little of acting then . . . didn't turn to acting seriously until 1890 . . . eventually wrote his own plays and appeared in vaudeville with them . . . his biggest success was *The Awakening of Mr. Pipp*, which he authored and played in, the tour lasting twelve years . . . made his first movie appearance in 1896 in *Above the Limit*, made in New York . . . eloped with 15-year-old Anna Chance and is still married to her . . . retired after much success in 1923 and was known as the third richest actor in America . . . 1929 came and he woke up on Black Friday to find himself a pauper . . . began all over again . . . wrote four books and did more Broadway hits.

Charley's pride and joy is his ranch at Corona, California. He never leaves it except when he's on a picture. He came by this property as the result of a poker game some years ago. He was having his usual luck, so when a fellow-player put up his ranch as a stake, Charley won it. He has his own private lake with a private pier and boat-landing. So famous is he in Corona that he even has a street named after him: "Grapewin Avenue."

He spends his spare time fishing, and working on inlaid woods.

Charley almost didn't get the part of *Jeeter*. He was waiting to test for the part. John Ford, the director, was late, so Charley decided he wouldn't wait. The assistant director had to run after him to coax him to come back and make the test.

From Charley Grapewin we go to Charles Coburn, a man who will long be remembered for his great work as the drunken doctor in *Of Human Hearts*. He is no less significant as the paunchy, monocled actor who has been of inestimable help in making hits out of such pictures as *Bachelor Mother, Vivacious Lady, Lady Eve*, and recently *The Devil and Miss Jones*.

Coburn is a genuine product of the stage, and for that reason he deplores the lack of any real development of important "legit" stars in the last ten or fifteen years.

"The trouble with all these drama colleges and schools," says Coburn, "is that, in most cases, amateurs are teaching amateurs how to be amateurs. And most youngsters think they can be a waitress or a gas-station attendant one day and a leading man in Hollywood the next. That's ridiculous. You can't learn to act in pictures. The stage is the only logical training-ground. Certainly I like Hollywood. Don't get me wrong. But even Hollywood looks to the stage for its stars."

Charles is well known for his organization of the Coburn Players that toured in Shakespeare and the classics for several years. This group came into being when a road company he was in was left stranded by a producer who disappeared with all the money. Coburn and his wife then formed their own company.

"Almost every success I have had has grown out of a failure or a stale-mate," Charles said. "For example, there was that time when, out of a blue sky and when I was wondering what to do, a man walked up to me and said, 'Why don't you do that London play, *The Better Ole?*' I thought it over and decided to buy it, intending only to direct it. I ended up playing the part. Many a time I wished I hadn't turned actor for this show. The cockney dialect worried me so much. In fact, I almost gave it up on dress-rehearsal."

The Better Ole, by the way, made Charles Coburn a great star. In September, 1937, he made a test for the role of *Judge Hardy* in the then planned *Hardy* series. Instead, Clarence Brown saw the test and took him for *Of Human Hearts*. He has been here ever since. Among the jobs he held prior to his acting days were usher in theaters, program-boy, and department-store shipping-clerk at $10 a week. His big interest today is his Mohawk Drama Festival, hailed as the finest present-day influence for advancement on the stage.

ANYONE who goes to the movies remembers Una O'Connor, the little "bantam" lady who plays cockneys so well. Who could ever forget her portrayal of the tipsy housekeeper in *He Stayed for Breakfast*, or her work in *We Are Not Alone, It All Came True*, and more recently *Kisses for Breakfast?*

Una began her career with the Dublin Abbey Players as an understudy, much against her family's wishes. They were members of the gentlemen farmer class, you see. She went to London with just ten pounds in her purse and a dozen photographs that she had had made for a shilling, her only costumes used for the pictures being old pieces of rags, her poses simply those of characters she had in mind. These photos were shot on the spur of the moment, for when she felt herself ready with a certain character, she'd say to the photographer, "Take it now—quick!"

She made the rounds in London but since she knew no one and hadn't the faintest idea how to approach the theater, she was ready to give up at the end of three weeks. Then, out of a clear sky, an agent, who had

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glanced through that group of photographs that she had casually left with him, called her for a part.

"I got many roles as a result of those cheap photos," Una said. "No matter what a producer wanted, I had a picture of me in the exact type."

Her first American film was *Cavalcade*, for which she was brought to Hollywood to play her original role from the Drury Lane production. She's been around rather steadily ever since. She loves Hollywood. Her pet likes are American roast turkey with all the trimmings and to have sales people call her "honey." She was very flattered once when a New York shoe salesman got a gander at her thin ankles and said, "We'd better send you to a farm to get fattened up."

PICTURE a young girl from the Middle West with theatrical inhibitions popping up behind sofas and around corners to shout at visiting clergymen. Such is an introductory portrait of a once youthful Marjorie Main, the tragic mother of *Dead End*, the brisk landlady of *The Women*, the lady blacksmith in *Wyoming*, and the independent manager in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*.

Marjorie used to thrill the natives of Acton, Indiana, with her rendition of a Western epic, *Pard and Ruff*, in which she played both parts and ended by shooting *Ruff*, then whispering a prayer over his body while a village choir hummed *Nearer My God to Thee*. She was a hit to all but her father, who was shocked at her displays.

Since those days, no one has been able to get the western twang out of her system. Not even a season with a Chautauqua circuit and a Shakespearean company could do that. Which is just as well. It was Dr. Stanley Krebs, the man she later married, who encouraged her in acting and who decided on the name of Marjorie Main. The two were reading the book, *Main Street*, so Dr. Krebs suggested Main because it was short, and, Marjorie, because he liked it. She met her future husband while touring in Shakespeare.

Of all of Marjorie's Broadway work, there is one notice that she remembers vividly. She was appearing as Mae West's mother in *The Wicked Age*. Of her work, a critic said: "Marjorie Main fills her tights well."

I asked her how she kept that voice of hers so file-edged.

"Easy," she said. "By practising my lines over the roar of the bus-wheels every morning on the way to the studio."

NO ONE needs to introduce the next actor on the list—Lynne Overman. The list of pictures he has saved reads like a history of Hollywood. To name a few, though, there's *Northwest Mounted Police*, *New York Town*, and *Caught in the Draft*.

"I started to act because I thought it was an easy way to earn a living," he said to me one day at Paramount. "Somehow I landed a job with the Ward and Wade minstrels. I had a pretty good voice then and I could dance."

Lynne really got around when he started out on a career . . . he was a singer in a dance hall at Sitka, Alaska . . . did stock work . . . sang while a pal operated a machine with colored slides . . . worked in vaudeville . . . and was an ensign in the navy in the World War.

By 1929, Lynne had accumulated a good deal of money through his acting. The crash knocked this all for a loop. And on top of it all, he got a severe case of laryngitis just when he was ready to start all over again. When he recovered, his voice had changed. You all know that voice now. He thought

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it was a calamity at first because he couldn't sing any more, but since everyone laughed at him when he started to talk, he thought —"Okay, I'll be a comedian."

When he came to Hollywood "just to see what was doing," an enterprising agent nabbed him and got him a test. In the middle of the test, he learned that another actor was already playing the part. Disgusted, he went back to New York. Just as he and his wife were walking in their front door, the telephone rang. It was a Paramount executive. The big boy had seen Lynne's test and wanted to sign him. Overman's still here.

His acting code: "Be yourself and be self-confident. And if you get the chance to be in pictures, don't talk about Hollywood ruining your art. Instead, get down on your knees and thank God for the chance to work here."

Which brings us to Jane Darwell, *Ma Joad* of *The Grapes of Wrath.* Jane came from a socially-important Eastern family. She was, in short, a debutante. But she also wanted to be an actress. She got her first break on Broadway by talking the producer of a play into giving her a part.

"I still think I got that first part because it called for a rich and extravagant wardrobe which the company couldn't afford—and which I could," Jane confided.

Jane is no recent addition to Hollywood. She used to do featured parts for Lasky when pictures were merely squawling infants. After two years of silents, she returned to Broadway and didn't come back to Hollywood until 1930 when she went into *Tom Sawyer* and then did *Back Street. White Parade* firmly established her.

Jane lives quietly in San Fernando with her two nieces and with five dogs, a dozen cats, chickens, turkeys, a vegetable garden, fruit trees, a few ducks, and tame hummingbirds. What a life! As for her success, Jane has said: "I never really hit until I got my present figure."

From one stout figure to another—and Eugene Pallette. Believe it or not, Eugene used to be a jockey, an acrobat in a circus, a cow-puncher, and a logger. Not to mention that he was quite a leading man. He did most of his acting in the West and Middle West. He never appeared in a New York show. His work since 1908 has mostly been in pictures.

When he first came to Los Angeles, it was to catch a show that was going East. But a friend said to him, "Why don't you get into pictures? Gee! You get $2.50 a day, and all you have to do is ride a horse."

AS FOR any advice, he had this to say to me at Universal where he was appearing in a really different part in *Unfinished Business*: "Why should a kid want to be a star? Can't he see how fast the biggest lose out when their material gets bad? And doesn't he realize that the best actors are not always among the first ten? I've spent 35 years in all different kinds of acting and have played 1,000 parts. Yet, I've never been a star. Once you're a star, there's only one way to go and that's down. Sure I've had chances at stardom, but there has always been a national calamity or an international crisis to stop me. And it's been just as well." Among his successes are *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, First Love, He Stayed for Breakfast,* and *The Mark of Zorro.*

Another robust figure is Guy Kibbee, the *Scattergood Baines* for RKO now and the rabid scene-stealer of many pictures. He has done everything from hunting antelopes with greyhound dogs to appearing in Broadway hits. He is quite a gourmet, however, as you might have guessed. Once when he was at dinner with a friend, he commented about the superlative flavor of the Southern fried chicken. "I'd like to kiss the cook who did this," he enthused. A moment later the huge shiny face of the colored cook loomed in the doorway. "Here ah is," she exclaimed. And Guy *did* kiss her.

He is filmdom's earliest "bedder and riser" . . . likes to retire a little after seven-thirty when he's working and arise at five. He is also a rabid golfer and likes to fish and hunt. His philosophy is "Live and let live—and let nature take its course." He never worries about anything, is perfectly healthy, likes to talk shop, and has a grand sense of humor. His pet dislikes are staying up late and dressing up, especially in a tuxedo. Once he managed to get into a tux, but when he arrived at the party, he was still wearing his golf shoes. His ambition is to portray the life of Benjamin Franklin.

THERE is one man in town who is known as the guy who has saved 10,000 pictures. He is Alan Hale.

"I became an actor because I was so lazy," Alan told me. And how did he become an actor? Simply by walking into a theater one day, being asked what he had done, and saying, "Ha! What haven't I done?" He got the part. He broke into movies in 1911 making one-reel epics for the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia. In one film he made, he was supposed to be choked by another actor. The thespian got too ambitious, and choked Alan so hard that his throat was paralyzed. Some time afterwards, he had an operation. It was all done with a silver hook and without an antiseptic. The doctor would have stopped in the middle if Alan hadn't insisted he go on. And there you have the origin of his individual voice.

Like his father, Alan is a rabid inventor. As for his philosophy about acting, it is simply: "Any intelligent person can act. Experience and sincerity are vitally important, however. An actor has to do more than his share when playing a scene. And he must keep the audience relaxed." . . . Alan has done just that in such pictures as *Robin Hood, Strawberry Blonde, Santa Fe Trail,* and hundreds of others.

Even with all these names, the surface is only scratched. There is George Tobias, who just made four pictures in a row at Warners: *Bride Came C. O. D., Affectionately Yours, Gentle People,* and *Sergeant York.* He is the one-man international settlement at the studio, having played almost every dialect part on record. He was once an active member of the Theater Guild and his parents were prominent in the Yiddish Theater. He has just written a book called "God Bless the Irish."

Fay Bainter is another impressive addition to the list. One of the grandest persons in town, a proud possessor of an Academy Oscar for her work in *Jezebel,* and an excellent wife and mother, she has just been signed on a long-termer at M-G-M. Roland Young, May Robson, Ouspenskaya, Mary Boland, Dame May Whitty (soon to be seen in *Before the Fact*) all stand out. Chris-Pin Martin, the *Cisco Kid's* right-hand man, and John Carradine, the Shakespeare spouter-outer on Hollywood Boulevard until Hollywood let him spout in pictures, deserve attention.

And definitely Albert Basserman is a distinctive addition to these names because of his memorable work in *Foreign Correspondent, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet,* and *New Wine.* Charles Butterworth, soon to be seen in *Sis Hopkins,* is another. And on and on they come.

Such are the seasoned timbers that build the foundations of many an excellent picture —or save some from being too bad for even momentary interest. Such are the stories of the unheralded greats of Filmdom—the real Props of Hollywood.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

Terrific-Colossal

THEY'RE calling Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* the picture to end all pictures. It's that good. When you see it it'll be an experience you won't forget. Here is no stirring saga of heroics, no eloquent epic of triumphant virtue, no masterpiece of fiction conquered by the camera. It's merely a biographical record of a fictitious tycoon—from childhood to old age—the life he lives, the power he commands—all dovetailed with marvelously-wrought incident and detail. It is revolutionary in conception and execution.

Who in Hollywood would have dared introduce an epilogue to start the picture —showing this character's death and funeral—not morbidly or tragically—but in the manner of a newsreel coverage? Welles did. And did it with his own sixth sense of dramatic values. Such an introduction would ruin ten stories out of ten. It would become maudlin under the customary Hollywood treatment and you would have experienced a spiritual and physical letdown. But Welles makes the death and funeral episode register authentically as in a newsreel.

And it builds terrific suspense. You wait impatiently to learn what made up the life of *Charles Foster Kane*. You are eager to know him. And then by the simple process of the flashback you are brought up sharp with realities. The epilogue is over, the story begins and plunges right into the very core of its character. And what a story!

Take a newspaper publisher who builds an empire of his enterprises; play his Napoleonic complex to set up his kingdom against his human, sentimental, romantic impulses; inject his drive for power and more power, his urge to accumulate wealth as well as the world's vast treasures—and you have a powerfully dramatic figure that is bound to command a terrific grip on you as carried out by Dr. Welles.

Okay As Genius

YOU heard of him being called a genius. But they can take "genius" out of quotes when they call Orson Welles that now. When he first came to Hollywood on this assignment—producing, directing and acting his own picture, the tearer-inners-and-downers belittled him on every side as a phony, a half-baked genius, a trickster. The more timid among them just sat back, wisecracked over their cups and carpets and clutches of their cars, waiting hopefully to see him come a cropper. Hollywood, said they, was too wise, too all-knowing to be taught anything new. And then the All-Knowing saw *Citizen Kane*. They are still wondering what hit them.

Here is unfolded a camera technique, a simple, but forward, method of telling a story that the Know-Alls never approached before. For one thing they had never put ceilings in their rooms. Welles did. And by doing so, made his scenes uncommonly intimate, homey, and lifelike. You were brought right into these rooms and made a part of *Kane's* life. You never felt you were looking at mere make-believe. You actually *became Kane*.

The story is like any well-told biography—graphic and human. It is told in various ways—by *Kane's* own actions as well as by his associates. His demise takes place before the story concludes, and still the interest is held because his life is told in retrospect by his associates —who've grown old in his service or on their own. And there's great sympathy for the character. His power becomes his own weakness. For when power can't bring him the ultimate in happiness, love, contentment—he becomes pitifully human. Disaster stalks him once disintegration sets in on his vast enterprises. And disaster creeps along to harass the weaker characters who loved or fought him.

Life-Like Playing

THE story is told in terms of pure camera—like an illustrated feature on page 3 of a live newspaper. The character never becomes monotonous. His is a many-faceted make-up—with terrific drama, suspense and interest in every phase of his development. You never think of Welles as Welles while playing *Kane*. He never intrudes to make himself utterly dominant to the exclusion of the figures that help establish him.

Had the picture been peopled with well-known names it might possibly have lost some of its all-compelling sweep. So the realism is heightened by the fact that none of the faces on the screen is familiar. Welles has drawn on his Mercury Theater players—and they are character-perfect and lifelike to boot. But the photography complements the acting to establish realism. As mentioned above, the rooms have ceilings—and they invite shadows, as you see in real life. There are no heightened close-ups—no mass confusion—no clinches—no effort to create some graphic effect.

Toland Camera Wizard

TO MY way of thinking, Gregg Toland, the photographer, has accomplished the best job ever turned out by a camera. Why, he even has the newsreel scenes "runny" and "spotty" as you will find in newsreel shots captured without benefit of Kliegs and sun-lamps. Wherever he takes his camera—whether it's stalking *Kane*, "shooting" him in his various moods, or bringing into focus the play of scenes and action—every character, every detail is captured—and heightened. The result is a canvas that is perfect in composition and meaning.

Yes, Orson Welles is a genius. He has probably brought on the Hollywood revolution. He'll have a host of imitators. For no one has ever worked with a story and characterization such as this—and made it spell entertainment so convincingly.

Heretofore, pictures have told their story with but timid approaches to life. Occasionally a scene in some opus would register as distinct and apart—something that could be identified with reality. And then would be swallowed up in a meaningless kaleidoscope of assorted backgrounds. It might spell painstaking effort and sincerity—but it would be forced and self-conscious. Here the action and characters move across the screen as evenly and directly as if sprayed out of a gun.

Yes, *Citizen Kane* is fit to carry the words "colossal," and "terrific." You've never seen anything like it before—and probably never will again. Unless Orson Welles has his hand, his mind and his heart in it. And if you want to get a perfectly new "feel" of characters then you're going to be excited over Mercury players, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, and the equally talented others of this Theater Group. It will be the most talked-about picture for months—maybe years—to come. It begins to look that when better pictures are made Orson Welles will make them. And when someone asks you, did you see Such-and-Such, you can answer: "But you haven't seen *Citizen Kane!*"

APR -6 1942

MARY SHANNON

MY BABY IS MADE OF PAPER

I'M an unmarried mother—and proud of it! But my baby isn't the usual kind. My baby is made of paper, and tens of thousands of eager American women welcome it into their homes every month. They know it as LIFE STORY, one of the most vital and absorbing magazines being published today.

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Mary Shannon

Editor, LIFE STORY

● *Actual color photograph—Andrew Wright shows a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

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"—and I know Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder tobaccos!" says Andrew Wright, independent leaf buyer of Kernersville, N. C.

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